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THE WORKS

OF THE

POETS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH

PREFACES

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRD;

CONTAINING

DRYDEN,	KING,
SMYTH,	SPRAT,
DUKE,	HALIFAX.

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THE ENGLISH POETS.

THE POEMS OF JOHN DRYDEN.

ON DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

BY THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

BE gone, you ſlaves, you idle vermin go,
Fly from the ſcourges, and your maſter know;
Let free, impartial men, from Dryden learn
Myſterious ſecrets, of a high concern,
And weighty truths, ſolid convincing ſenſe,
Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.
What can you (Reverend Lees) here take ill?
Men ſtill had faults, and men will have them ſtill;
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Muſt be an angel, but what's that to you?
While mighty Lewis finds the pope too great,
And dreads the yoke of his impoſing ſeat,
Our ſects a more tyrannic power aſſume,
And would for ſcorpions change the rods of Rome;
That church detain'd the legacy divine;
Fanatics caſt the pearls of heaven to ſwine:
What then have thinking honeſt men to do,
But chuſe a mean between th' uſurping two?
Nor can th' Aegyptian patriarch blame thy muſe,
Which for his firmneſs does his heat excuſe;
Where er councils have approv'd his creed,
The preface ſure was his own act and deed.
Our church will have that preface read, you'll ſay:
'Tis true: but ſo ſhe will th' Apocrypha;
And ſuch as can believe them, freely may.
But did that God (ſo little underſtood)
Whoſe darling attribute is being good,
From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring
Such various creatures and make man their king,
Yet leave his favourite man, his chiefeſt care,
More wretched than the vileſt inſects are?
O! how much happier and more ſafe are they?
If helpleſs millions muſt be doom'd a prey
To yelling furies, and for ever burn
In that ſad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not do!
The very fiends know for what crime they fell,
And ſo do all their followers that rebel:
If then a blind, well-meaning, Indian ſtray,
Shall the great gulph be ſhew'd him for the way?
For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the faln angels room will be but ill ſupply'd.
That Chriſt, who at the great deciding day,
(For he declares what he reſolves to ſay)
Will damn the goats for their ill-natur'd faults,
And ſave the ſheep for actions, not for thoughts,
Hath too much mercy to ſend men to hell,
For humble charity, and hoping well.
To what ſtupidity are zealots grown,
Whoſe inhumanity profuſely ſhown
In damning crowds of ſouls, may damn their own.
I'll err at leaſt on the ſecurer ſide,
A convert free from malice and from pride.

TO MY FRIEND, MR. JOHN DRYDEN,

ON HIS SEVERAL EXCELLENT TRANSLATIONS OF THE ANCIENT POETS.

BY G. GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE.

AS flowers tranſplanted from a ſouthern ſky,
Put hardly bear, or in the raiſing die;
Miſſing their native ſun, at leſt retain
But a faint odour, and ſurvive with pain:
Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,
Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,
Is a dead image, and a ſenſeleſs draught.
While we tranſfuſe, the nimble ſpirit flies,
Eſcapes unſeen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then to copy Roman wit deſire,
Muſt imitate with Roman force and fire,
In elegance of ſtyle and phraſe the ſame,
And in the ſparkling genius, and the flame.
Whence we conclude from thy tranſlated ſong,
So juſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſoft, and yet ſo ſtrong,
Cœleſtial poet! ſoul of harmony!
That every genius was reviv'd in thee.
Thy trumpet ſounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
Never to die, and take to heaven their flight;

Deck'd in thy verſe, as clad with rays they ſhine,
All glorified, immortal, and divine.
As Britain in rich ſoil abounding wide,
Furniſh'd for uſe, for luxury, and pride,
Yet ſpreads her wanton ſails on every ſhore
For foreign wealth, inſatiate ſtill of more;
To her own wool the ſilks of Aſia joins,
And to her plenteous harveſts India's mines;
So Dryden, not contented with the fame
Of his own works, though an immortal name,
To lands remote ſends forth his learned muſe,
The nobleſt ſeeds of foreign wit to chooſe:
Feaſting our ſenſe ſo many various ways,
Say, is't thy bounty, or thy thirſt of praiſe?
That, by comparing others, all might ſee
Who moſt excel, are yet excell'd by thee.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

BY

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

HOW long, great poet, ſhall thy ſacred lays
Provoke our wonder and tranſcend our praiſe!
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat and quench thy rage?
Not ſo thy Ovid in his exile wrote;
Griefchill'd his breaſt, and check'd his riſing thought;
Penſive and ſad, his drooping muſe betrays
The Roman genius in its laſt decays.
Prevailing warmth has ſtill thy mind poſſeſt,
And ſecond youth is kindled in thy breaſt.
Thou mak'ſt the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boaſts of riches not her own:
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majeſty,
And Horace wonders at himſelf in thee.
Thou teacheſt Perſius to inform our iſle
In ſmoother numbers, and a clearer ſtyle:
And Juvenal, inſtructed in thy page,
Edges his ſatire, and improves his rage.
Thy copy caſts a fairer light on all,
And ſtill outſhines the bright original.
Now Ovid boaſts th' advantage of thy ſong,
And tells his ſtory in the Britiſh tongue;
Thy charming verſe and fair tranſlations ſhow
How thy own laurel firſt began to grow;
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry Gods,
And frighted at himſelf, ran howling thro' the woods.
O may'ſt thou ſtill the noble tale prolong,
Nor age, nor ſickneſs interrupt thy ſong:
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and diſſolv'd in ſtreams,
Of thoſe rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:
How ſome in feathers, or a ragged hide
Have liv'd a ſecond life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himſelf can tell.

Mag. Coll. Oxon.
June 2, 1693.

FROM
ADDISON'S ACCOUNT
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

BUT ſee where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next! whoſe tuneful muſe affords
The ſweeteſt numbers and the fitteſt words.
Whether in comic ſounds, or tragic airs,
She forms her voice, ſhe moves our ſmiles and tears.
If ſatire or heroic ſtrains ſhe writes,
Her hero pleaſes, and her ſatire bites.
From her no harſh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dreſſes, and ſhe charms in all:
How might we fear our Engliſh poetry,
That long has flouriſh'd, ſhould decay in thee:
Did not the Muſes' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear!
Congreve! whoſe fancy's unexhauſted ſtore
Has given already much, and promiſ'd more.
Congreve ſhall ſtill preſerve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muſe ſhall in his friend ſurvive.

ON
ALEXANDER'S FEAST:
OR,
THE POWER OF MUSIC.
AN ODE.

FROM MR POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM, l. 376

HEAR how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurprize,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While, at each change, the ſon of Lybian Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow.
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdued by ſound.
The power of Muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is Dryden now.

CHARACTER OF DRYDEN,
FROM AN ODE OF GRAY.

BEHOLD, where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courſers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-reſounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But, ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! lyre divine, what daring ſpirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,

That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muſe's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

TO
THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR
OF
ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

TAKE it as earneſt of a faith renew'd,
Your theme is vaſt, your verſe divinely good:
Where, though the Nine their beauteous ſtrokes repeat,
And the turn'd lines on golden anvils beat,
It looks as if they ſtrook them at a heat.
So all ſerenely great, ſo juſt refin'd
Like angels love to human ſeed inclin'd,
It ſtarts a giant, and exalts the kind.
'Tis ſpirit ſeen, whoſe fiery atoms roil,
So brightly fierce, each ſyllable 's a ſoul.
'Tis miniature of man, but he's all heart;
'Tis what the world would be, but wants the art;
To whom even the fanaticks altars raiſe,
Bow in their own deſpite, and grin your praiſe;
As if a Milton from the dead aroſe,
Fl'd off the ruſt, and the right party choſe.
Nor, Sir, be ſhock'd at what the gloomy ſay;
Turn not your feet too inward, nor too ſplay.
'Tis gracious all, and great: puſh on your theme;
Lean your griev'd head on David's diadem.
David, that rebel Iſrael's envy mov'd;
David, by God and all good men belov'd.
The beauties of your Abſalom excel:
But more the charms of charming Annabel:
O, Annabel, than May's firſt morn more bright,
Chearful as ſummer's noon, and chaſte as winter's night,
Of Annabel, the Muſe's deareſt theme;
Of Annabel, the angel of my dream.
Thus let a broken eloquence atte.d,
And to your maſter-piece theſe ſhadows ſend.

NAT. LEE.

TO
THE CONCEALED AUTHOR
OF
ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

HAIL, heaven-born Muſe! hail, every ſacred page!
The glory of our iſle and of our age.
Th' inſpiring ſun to Albion draws more nigh,
The north at length teems with a work, to vie
With Homer's flame and Virgil's majeſty.
While Pindus' lofty height'n our poet fought,
(His raviſh'd mind with vaſt ideas fraught)
Our language fail'd beneath his riſing thought.
This checks not his attempt; for Maro's mines
He drains of all their gold, t' adorn his lines:
Through each of which the Mantuan genius ſhines.
The rock obey'd the powerful Hebrew guide,
Her flinty breaſt diſſolv'd into a tide:
Thus on our ſtubborn language he prevails,
And makes the Helicon in which he fails;
The dialect, as well as ſenſe, invents,
And, with his poem, a new ſpeech preſents.
Hail, then, thou matchleſs Bard, thou great unknown,
That give your country fame, yet ſhun your own!
In vain; for every where your praiſe you find,
And, not to meet it, you muſt ſhun mankind.
Your loyal theme each loyal reader draws,
And ev'n the factious give your verſe applauſe,
Whoſe lightning ſtrikes to ground their idol cauſe:
The cauſe for whoſe dear ſake they drank a flood
Of civil gore, nor ſpar'd the royal blood;
The cauſe, whoſe growth to cruſh, our prelates wrote
In vain, almoſt in vain our heroes fought;
Yet by one ſtab of your keen ſatire dies;
Before your ſacred lines their ſhatter'd Dagon lies.
Oh! if unworthy we appear to know
The fire, to whom this lovely birth we owe:
Deny'd our ready homage to expreſs,
And can at beſt but thankful be by gueſs;
This hope remains: May David's godlike mind
(For him 'twas wrote) the unknown author find;
And, having found, ſhower equal favours down
On wit ſo vaſt, as could oblige a crown

N. TATE.

UPON
THE AUTHOR OF THE MEDAL.

ONCE more our awful poet arms, t' engage
The threatening hydra faction of the age;
Once more prepares his dreadful pen to wield,
And every Muſe attends him to the field.
By art and nature for this taſk deſign'd,
Yet modeſtly the fight he long declin'd;
Forbore the torrent of his verſe to pour,
Nor loos'd his ſatire till the needful hour.
His ſovereign's right, by patience half betray'd,
Wak'd his avenging genius to his aid.
Bleſt Muſe, whoſe wit with ſuch a cauſe was crown'd,
And bleſt the cauſe that ſuch a champion found!
With choſen verſe upon the foe he falls,
And black ſedition in each quarter galls;
Yet, like a prince with ſubjects forc'd t' engage,
Secure of conqueſt he rebates his rage;
His fury not without diſtinction ſheds,
Hurls mortal bolts, but on devoted heads;
To leſs-infected members gentle ſound,
Or ſpares, or elſe pours balm into the wound.

Whoſe regular motions better to our view,
Than Archimedes' ſphere, the heavens did ſhew.
Graces and virtues, languages, and arts,
Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts.
Heaven's gifts, which do like falling ſtars appear
Scatter'd in others; all as in their ſphere,
Were fix'd conglobate in his ſoul; and thence
Shone through his body, with ſweet influence;
Letting their glories ſo on each limb fall,
The whole frame render'd was celeſtial.
Come, learn'd Ptolemy, and trial make,
If thou this hero's altitude canſt take:
But that tranſcends thy ſkill; thrice happy all,
Could we but prove thus aſtronomical.
Liv'd Tycho now, ſtruck with this ray which ſhone
More bright i' th' morn, than others beam at noon,
He'd take his aſtrolabe, and ſeek out here
What new ſtar 'twas did gild our hemiſphere.
Repleniſh'd then with ſuch rare gifts as theſe,
Where was room left for ſuch a ſoul diſeaſe?
The nation's ſin hath drawn that veil which ſhrouds
Our day-ſpring in ſo ſad benighting clouds,
Heaven would no longer truſt its pledge; but thus
Recall'd it; rapt its Ganymede from us.
Was there no milder way but the ſmall-pox,
The very filthineſs of Pandora's box?
So many ſpots, like næves on Venus' ſoil,
One jewel ſet off with ſo many a ſoil;
Bliſters with pride ſwell'd, which through's fleſh
did ſprout
Like roſe-buds, ſtuck i' th' lily ſkin about.
Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wail the fault its riſing did commit:
Which rebel-like, with its own lord at ſtrife;
Thus made an inſurrection 'gainſt his life.
Or were theſe gems ſent to adorn his ſkin,
The cab'net of a richer ſoul within?
No comet need foretel his change drew on,
Whoſe corps might ſeem a conſtellation.
O! had he dy'd of old, how great a ſtrife
Had been, who from his death ſhould draw their
life?
Who ſhould, by one rich draught, become whate'er
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæſar, were?
Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by this
An univerſal metempſychoſis.
Muſt all theſe aged fires in one funeral
Expire? all die in one ſo young, ſo ſmall?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame
Had ſwoln above any Greek or Roman name.
But haſty winter, with one blaſt, hath brought
The hopes of autumn, ſummer, ſpring, to nought.
Thus fades the oak i' th' ſprig, i' th' blade the corn;
Thus without young, this Phœnix dies, new-born.
Muſt then old three-leg'd grey-beards with their
gout,
Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three long ages out?
Time's offals, only fit for th' hoſpital!
Or to hang antiquaries rooms withal!
Muſt drunkards, lechers ſpent with ſinning, live
With ſuch helps as broths, poſſets, phyſic give?
None live, but ſuch as ſhould die? ſhall we meet
With none but ghoſtly fathers in the ſtreet?
Grief makes me rail; ſorrow will force its way;
And ſhowers of tears tempeſtuous ſighs beſt lay,
The tongue may fail; but overflowing eyes
Will weep out laſting ſtreams of elegies.

But thou, O virgin-widow, left alone,
Now thy beloved, heaven-raviſhed ſpouſe is gone,
Whoſe ſkilful fire in vain ſtrove to apply
Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy,
With greater than Platonic love, O wed
His ſoul, though not his body, to thy bed:
Let that make thee a mother; bring thou forth
Th' ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth;
Tranſcribe th' original in new copies; give
Haſtings o' th' better part; ſo ſhall he live
In's nobler half; and the great grandſire be
Of an heroic divine progeny:
An iſſue, which t' eternity ſhall laſt,
Yet but th' irradiations which he caſt.
Erect no mauſoleums: for his beſt
Monument is his ſpouſe's marble breaſt.

HEROIC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF

OLIVER CROMWELL.

WRITTEN AFTER HIS FUNERAL.

I.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haſte,
Who would before have borne him to the ſky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were paſt,
Did let too ſoon the ſacred eagle fly.

II.

Though our beſt notes are treaſon to his fame,
Join'd with the loud applauſe of public voice;
Since heaven, what praiſe we offer to his name,
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

III.

Though in his praiſe no arts can liberal be,
Since they whoſe Muſes have the higheſt flown,
Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendſhip to their own:

IV.

Yet 'tis our duty, and our intereſt too,
Such monuments as we can build to raiſe;
Leſt all the world prevent what we ſhould do,
And claim a title in him by their praiſe.

V.

How ſhall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame ſo truly circular;
For in a round what order can be ſhew'd,
Where all the parts ſo equal perfect are?

VI.

His grandeur he deriv'd from heaven alone;
For he was great ere fortune made him ſo:
And wars, like miſts that riſe againſt the ſun
Made him but greater ſeem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did freſh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poiſon'd ſoon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

VIII.

Fortune, that eaſy miſtreſs to the young,
But to her ancient ſervants, coy and hard,
Him at that age her favourites rank'd among,
When ſhe her beſt-lov'd Pompey did diſcard.

IX.

He private mark'd the faults of others' ſway,
And ſet as ſea-marks for himſelf to ſhun:
Not like raſh monarchs, who their youth betray
By acts their rage too late would wiſh undone.

X.

And yet dominion was not his deſign;
We owe that bleſſing, not to him, but heaven,
Which to fair acts unſought rewards did join;
Rewards, that leſs to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former chiefs, like ſticklers of the war,
Firſt ſought t' inflame the parties, then to poiſe:
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cauſe abhor;
And did not ſtrike to hurt, but make a noiſe.

XII.

War, our conſumption, was their gainful trade:
We inward bled, whilſt they prolong'd our pain;
He fought to end our fighting, and eſſay'd
To ſtaunch the blood by breathing of the vein.

XIII.

Swift and reſiſtleſs through the land he paſt,
Like that bold Greek who did the Eaſt ſubdue,
And made to battles ſuch heroic haſte,
As if on wings of victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought ſecure of fortune as of fame:
Still by new maps the iſland might be ſhewn,
Of conqueſts, which he ſtrew'd where'er he came,
Thick as the galaxy with ſtars is ſown.

XV.

His palms, though under weights they did not ſtand,
Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels fade:
Heaven in his portrait ſhew'd a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a ſhade.

XVI.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which war had baniſh'd, and did now reſtore:
Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To ſeat themſelves more ſurely than before.

XVII.

Her ſafety reſcu'd Ireland to him owes;
And treacherous Scotland, to no intereſt true,
Yet bleſt that fate which did his arms diſpoſe
Her land to civilize, as to ſubdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like thoſe ſtars which only ſhine,
When to pale mariners they ſtorms portend:
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majeſty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true his countenance did imprint an awe;
And naturally all ſouls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw,
And point to beds where ſovereign gold doth grow.

XX.

When paſt all offerings to Feretrian Jove,
He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns made yield;
Succeſsful councils did him ſoon approve
As fit for civil intrigues, as open field.

To ſuppliant Holland he vouchſaf'd a peace,
Our once bold rival of the Britiſh main,
Now tamely glad her unjuſt claim to ceaſe,
And buy our friendſhip with her ideal, gain.

XXII.

Fame of th' aſſerted ſea through Europe blown,
Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
Each knew that ſide muſt conquer he would own,
And for him fiercely, as for empire, ſtrove.

XXIII.

No ſooner was the Frenchman's cauſe embrac'd,
Than the light Monſieur the grave Don out-weigh'd:
His fortune turn'd the ſcale where'er 'twas caſt;
Though Indian mines were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When abſent, yet we conquer'd in his right:
For though ſome meaner artiſt's ſkill were ſhown
In mingling colours, or in placing light;
Yet ſtill the fair deſignment was his own.

XXV.

For from all tempers he could ſervice draw;
The worth of each with its alloy, he knew,
And, as the confident of nature, ſaw
How ſhe complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their ſingle virtues did ſurvey,
By intuition in his own large breaſt,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
That were the rule and meaſure to the reſt.

XXVII.

When ſuch heroic virtue heaven ſets out,
The ſtars, like commons, ſullenly obey;
Becauſe it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they ſeldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high ſpring our foreign conqueſts flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend;
Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
If ſprings as high as mountains may aſcend.

XXIX.

He made us free-men of the continent,
Whom nature did like captives treat before;
To nobler preys the Engliſh lion ſent,
And taught him firſt in Belgian walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unqueſtion'd pirate of the land,
Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dunkirk heard;
And trembling wiſh'd behind more Alps to ſtand,
Although an Alexander were her guard.

XXXI.

By his command we boldly croſs'd the line,
And bravely fought where ſouthern ſtars ariſe;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.

XXXII.

Such was our prince; yet own'd a ſoul above
The higheſt acts it could produce to ſhow:
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
Whilſt the deep ſecrets beyond practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing fame went leſs,
But when freſh laurels courted him to live:
He ſeem'd but to prevent ſome new ſucceſs,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

XXXIV.

His lateſt victories ſtill thickeſt came,
As, near the center, motion doth increaſe;
Till he, preſs'd down by his own weighty name,
Did, like the veſtal, under ſpoils deceaſe.

XXXV.

But firſt the ocean as a tribute ſent
The giant prince of all her watery herd;
And th' iſle, when her protecting genius went,
Upon his obſequies loud ſighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil broils have ſince his death aroſe,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that reſpect for his repoſe,
As winds for halcyons when they breed at ſea.

XXXVII.

His aſhes in a peaceful urn ſhall reſt,
His name a great example ſtands, to ſhow
How ſtrangely high endeavours may be bleſt,
Where piety and valour jointly go.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A POEM ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION AND RETURN OF HIS SACRED MAJESTY CHARLES II, 1660.

"Jam redit & virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna."
VIRG.

The laſt great age foretold by ſacred rhimes
Renews it's finiſh'd courſe: Saturnian times
Roll round again.

NOW with a general peace the world was bleſt,
While our's, a world divided from the reſt,
A dreadful quiet felt, and worſer far
Than arms, a ſullen interval of war:
Thus when black clouds draw down the labouring ſkies,
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
An horrid ſtillneſs firſt invades the ear,
And in that ſilence we the tempeſt fear.
Th' ambitious Swede, like reſtleſs billows toſt,
On this hand gaining what on that he loſt,
Though in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
To his row guideleſs kingdom peace bequeath'd.
And heaven, that ſeem'd regardleſs of our fate,
For France and Spain did miracles create;
Such mortal quarrels to compoſe in peace
As nature bred, and intereſt did increaſe.
We ſigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride
Muſt grow a lily to the lily's ſide,
While our croſs ſtars deny'd us Charles's bed,
Whom our firſt flames and virgin love did wed.
For his long abſence church and ſtate did groan;
Madneſs the pulpit, faction ſeiz'd the throne:
Experienc'd age in deep deſpair was loſt,
To ſee the rebel thrive, the loyal croſt:
Youth that with joys had unacquainted been,
Envy'd grey hairs that once good days had ſeen:
We thought our fires, not with their own content,
Had ere we came to age our portion ſpent.
Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt
Who ruin'd crowns would coronets exempt:
For when by their deſigning leaders taught
To ſtrike at power which for themſelves they ſought,
The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd;
Their blood to action by the prize was warm'd.
The ſacred purple then and ſcarlet gown,
Like ſanguine dye, to elephants was ſhewn.
Thus when the bold Typhœus ſcal'd the ſky,
And forc'd great Jove from his own heaven to fly,
(What king, what crown, from treaſon's reach is free,
If Jove and heaven can violated be?)
The leſſer gods, that ſhar'd his proſperous ſtate,
All ſuffer'd in the exil'd Thunderer's fate.
The rabble now ſuch freedom did enjoy,
As winds at ſea, that uſe it to deſtroy:
Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,
They own'd a lawleſs ſavage liberty,
Like that our painted anceſtors ſo priz'd,
Ere empire's arts their breaſts had civiliz'd.
How great were then our Charles's woes, who thus
Was forc'd to ſuffer for himſelf and us!
He, toſs'd by fate, and hurry'd up and down,
Heir to his father's ſorrows, with his crown,
Could taſte no ſweets of youth's defir'd age;
But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn eſtate,
His manly courage overcame his fate.
His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breaſt,
Which by his virtue were with laurels dreſt.
As ſouls reach heaven while yet in bodies pent,
So did he live above his baniſhment.
That ſun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
Within the water, mov'd along the ſkies.
How eaſy 'tis, when deſtiny proves kind,
With full-ſpread ſails to run before the wind!
But thoſe that 'gainſt ſtiff gales laveering go,
Muſt be at once reſolv'd and ſkilful too.
He would not, like ſoft Otho, hope prevent,
But ſtay'd and ſuffer'd fortune to repent.
Theſe virtues Galba in a ſtranger ſought,
And Piſo to adopted empire brought.
How ſhall I then my doubtful thoughts expreſs,
That muſt his ſufferings both regret and bleſs?
For when his early valour Heaven had croſt;
And all at Worc'ſter but the honour loſt;
Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,
He made all countries where he came his own;
And, viewing monarchs' ſecret arts of ſway,
A royal factor for his kingdom lay,
Thus baniſh'd David ſpent abroad his time,
When to be God's anointed was his crime;
And when reſtor'd, made his proud neighbours rue
Thoſe choice remarks he from his travels drew.
Nor is he only by afflictions ſhown
To conquer other realms, but rule his own:
Recovering hardly what he loſt before,
His right endears it much; his purchaſe more.
Inur'd to ſuffer ere he came to reign,
No raſh procedure will his actions ſtain:
To buſineſs ripen'd by digeſtive thought,
His future rule is into method brought:
As they, who firſt proportion underſtand,
With eaſy practice reach a maſter's hand.
Well might the ancient poets then confer
On night the honour'd name of Counſellor,
Since, ſtruck with rays of proſperous fortune blind,
We light alone in dark afflictions find.

In such adversities to scepters train'd,
The name of Great his famous grandsire gain'd:
Who yet a king alone in name and right,
With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;
Shook'd by a co'enanting league's vast powers,
As holy and as catholic as ours:
'Till fortune's fruitless spite had made it known,
Her blows not shook but riveted his throne.
Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease,
No action leave to busy chronicles:
Such, whose supine felicity but makes
In story chasms, in epocha mistakes;
O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of down,
'Till with his silent sickle they are mown.
Such is not Charles's too too active age,
Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
Of some black star infecting all the skies,
Made him at his own cost like Adam wise.
Tremble, ye nations, which secure before,
Laugh'd at those arms that 'gainst ourselves we bore;
Rous'd by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
Our lion now will foreign foes assail.
With alga who the sacred altar strews?
To all the sea gods Charles an offering owes:
A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain,
A lamb to you, ye tempests of the main:
For those loud storms that did against him roar,
Have cast his shipwreck'd vessel on the shore.
Yet as wise artists mix their colours so,
That by degrees they from each other go;
Black steals unheeded from the neighbouring white,
Without offending the well-cozen'd sight:
So on us stole our blessed change; while we
Th' effect did feel, but scarce the manner see.
Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth deny
To flowers that in its womb expecting lie,
Do seldom their usurping power withdraw,
But raging floods pursue their hasty thaw.
Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,
But lost in kindly heat of lengthen'd day.
Heaven would no bargain for its blessings drive,
But what we could not pay for, freely give.
The Prince of peace would like himself confer
A gift unhop'd, without the price of war:
Yet, as he knew his blessing's worth, took care,
That we should know it by repeated prayer;
Which storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from thence,
As heaven itself is took by violence.
Pooth's forward valour only serv'd to show,
He durst that duty pay we all did owe:
Th' attempt was fair; but heaven's prefixed hour
Not come: so, like the watchful traveller
That by the moon's mistaken light did rise,
Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes.
'Twas Monk, whom Providence design'd to loose
Those real bonds false freedom did impose.
The blessed saints, that watch'd this turning scene,
Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,
To see small clues draw vastest weights along,
Not in their bulk but in their order strong.
Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
With each such fond chimæra we pursue,
As fancy frames for fancy to subdue:
But when ourselves to action we betake,
It shuns the mint like gold that chemists make.

How hard was then his task! at once to be
What in the body naturally we see?
Man's architect distinctly did ordain
The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense;
The springs of motion from the seat of sense.
'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
But the well ripen'd fruit of wise delay.
He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
Would let him play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
Wise leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude:
Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,
'Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.
Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear,
To 'scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
And guard with caution that polluted nest,
Whence Legion twice before was dispossest:
Once sacred house; which when they enter'd in,
They thought the place could sanctify a sin;
Like those that vainly hop'd kind heaven would wink,
While to excess on martyrs' tombs they drink.
And as devouter Turks first warn their souls
To part, before they taste forbidden bowls:
So these, when their black crimes they went about,
First timely charm'd their useless conscience out.
Religion's name against itself was made;
The shadow serv'd the substance to invade;
Like zealous missions, they did care pretend
Of souls in shew, but made the gold their end.
Th' incensed powers beheld with scorn from high
And heaven so far distant from the sky,
Which durst, with horses hoofs that beat the ground,
And martial brass, bely the thunder's sound.
'Twas hence at length just vengeance thought it fit,
To speed their ruin by their impious wit.
Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Lost by his wiles the power his wit did gain.
Henceforth their *fugue* must spend at lesser rate,
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots set,
A virtuous shame within us to beget.
For by example most we sinn'd before,
And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.
But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
We by our sufferings learn to prize our bliss:
Like early lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts
Were long the may-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealousies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.
'Twas thus produc'd the joy that hurry'd o'er
Such swarms of English to the neighbouring shore,
To fetch that prize, by which Batavia made
So rich amends for our impoverish'd trade.
Oh had you seen from Schevelin's barren shore,
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no more,)
Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
True, sorrow'd Holland to regret a king!
While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their lower'd sails deny'd.
The wavering streamers, flags, and standards out,
The merry seamen's rude but chearful shout;
And last the cannons voice that shook the skies,
And, as it fares in sudden ecstasies,
At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.

The Naſeby, now no longer England's ſhame,
But better to be loſt in Charles's name,
(Like ſome unequal bride in nobler ſheets)
Receives her lord: the joyful London meets
The princely York, himſelf alone a freight;
The Swift-ſure groans beneath great Gloſter's weight:
Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with theſe,
He that was born to drown might croſs the ſeas.
Heaven could not own a Providence, and take
The wealth three nations ventur'd at a ſtake.
The ſame indulgence Charles's voyage bleſs'd,
Which in his night had miracles confeſs'd.
The winds that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their ſtrengthen'd lungs, or conſcious of their charge,
The Britiſh Amphytrite, ſmooth and clear,
In richer azure never did appear;
Proud her returning prince to entertain
With the ſubmitted faſces of the main.
AND welcome now, great monarch, to your own;
Behold th' approaching cliffs of Albion:
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and ſorrow bears.
But you, whoſe goodneſs your deſcent doth ſhew,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too;
By that ſame mildneſs, which your father's crown
Before did raviſh, ſhall ſecure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge leſs ſweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when th' Almighty would to Moſes give
A ſight of all he could behold and live;
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-ſuffering, goodneſs, mercy, in his name.
Your power to juſtice doth ſubmit your cauſe,
Your goodneſs only is above the laws;
Whoſe rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
Is ſofter made. So winds that tempests brew,
When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich odours, loſe their ſpite.
And as thoſe lees, that trouble it, refine
The agitated ſoul of generous wine:
So tears of joy, for your returning, ſpilt;
Work out, and expiate our former guilt.
Methinks I ſee thoſe crouds on Dover's ſtrand,
Who, in their haſte to welcome you to land,
Chok'd up the beach with their ſtill-growing ſtore,
And made a wilder torrent on the ſhore:
While, ſpurr'd with eager thoughts of paſt delight,
Thoſe, who had ſeen you, court a ſecond ſight;
Preventing ſtill your ſteps, and making haſte
To meet you often whereſoe'er you paſt.
How ſhall I ſpeak of that triumphant day,
When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May!
(A month that owns an intereſt in your name:
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.)
That ſtar, that at your birth ſhone out ſo bright,
It ſtain'd the duller ſun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worſhip you.
And now Time's whiter ſeries is begun,
Which in ſoft centuries ſhall ſmoothly run:
Thoſe clouds, that overcaſt your morn, ſhall fly,
Diſpell'd to fartheſt corners of the ſky.
Our nation with united intereſt bleſt,
Not now content to poize, ſhall ſway the reſt.
Abroad your empire ſhall no limits know,
But, like the ſea, in boundleſs circles flow.
Your much-lov'd fleet ſhall, with a wide command,
Beſiege the petty monarchs of the land:
And as old Time his offſpring ſwallow'd down,
Our ocean in its depths all ſeas ſhall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants ſhall no more adventurers be:
Nor in the fartheſt Eaſt thoſe gainers fear,
Which humble Holland muſt diſſemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;
For what the powerful takes not he beſtows;
And France, that did an exile's preſence fear,
May juſtly apprehend you ſtill too near.
At home the hateful names of parties ceaſe,
And factious ſouls are wearied into peace.
The diſcontented now are only they,
Whoſe crimes before did your juſt cauſe betray:
Of thoſe your edicts ſome reclaim from ſin,
But moſt your life and bleſt example win.
Oh happy prince, whom heaven hath taught the way
By paying vows to have more vows to pay!
Oh happy age! Oh times like thoſe alone,
By fate reſerv'd for great Auguſtus' throne!
When the joint growth of arms and arts foreſhew
The world a monarch, and that monarch you.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

IN that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,
When life and ſin one common tomb had found,
The firſt ſmall proſpect of a riſing hill
With various notes of joy the ark did fill:
Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd,
It left behind it falſe and ſlippery ground;
And the more ſolemn pomp was ſtill deferr'd,
Till native nature freſh looks appear'd.
Thus, royal ſir, to ſee you landed here,
Was cauſe enough of triumph for a year:
Nor would your care thoſe glorious joys repeat,
Till they at once might be ſecure and great:
Till your kind beams, by their continued ſtay,
Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.
Such vapours, while your powerful influence dries,
Then ſooneſt vaniſh when they higheſt riſe.
Had greater haſte theſe ſacred rites prepar'd,
Some guilty months had in your triumphs ſhar'd:
But this untainted year is all your own;
Your glories may without our crimes be ſhown.
We had not yet exhauſted all our ſtore,
When you refreſh'd our joys by adding more:
As heaven, of old, diſpens'd celeſtial dew,
You gave us manna, and ſtill give us new.
Now our ſad ruins are remov'd from ſight,
The ſeaſon too comes fraught with new delight:
Time ſeems not now beneath his years to ſtoop,
Nor do his wings with ſickly feathers droop:

Soft weſtern winds waſt o'er the gaudy ſpring,
And open'd ſcenes of flowers and bloſſoms bring,
To grace this happy day, while you appear,
Not king of us alone, but of the year.
All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart:
Of your own pomp yourſelf the greateſt part:
Loud ſhouts the nation's happineſs proclaim,
And heaven this day is feaſted with your name.
Your cavalcade the fair ſpectators view,
From their high ſtandings, yet look up to you.
From your brave train each fingles out a prey,
And longs to date a conqueſt from your day.
Now charg'd with bleſſings while you ſeek repoſe,
Officious ſlumbers haſte your eyes to cloſe;
And glorious dreams ſtand ready to reſtore
The pleaſing ſhapes of all you ſaw before.
Next to the ſacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more ſacred head:
How juſtly from the church that crown is due,
Preſerv'd from ruin, and reſtor'd by you!
The grateful choir their harmony employ,
Not to make greater, but more ſolemn joy.
Wrapt ſoft and warm your name is ſent on high,
As flames do on the wings of incenſe fly:
Muſick herſelf is loſt, in vain ſhe tries
Her choiceſt notes to praiſe the beſt of kings:
Her melting ſtrains in you a tomb have found,
And lie like bees in their own ſweetneſs drown'd.
He that brought peace, all diſcord could atone,
His name is muſic of itſelf alone.
Now while the ſacred oil anoints your head,
And fragrant ſcents, beguil from you, are ſpread
Through the large dome; the people's joyful ſound,
Sent back, is ſtill preſerv'd in hallow'd ground;
Which in one bleſſing mix'd deſcends on you;
As heighten'd ſpirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our wiſhes do increaſe your ſtore,
Full of yourſelf you can admit no more:
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expreſſing joy.
Nor is it duty, or our hopes alone,
Create that joy, but full fruition:
We know thoſe bleſſings which we muſt poſſeſs,
And judge of future by paſt happineſs.
No promiſe can oblige a prince ſo much
Still to be good, as long to have been ſuch.
A noble emulation beats your breaſt,
And your own fame now robs you of your reſt.
Good actions ſtill muſt be maintain'd with good,
As bodies nouriſh'd with reſembling food.
You have already quench'd ſedition's brand;
And zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.
The jealous ſects, that dare not truſt their cauſe
So far from their own will as to the laws,
You for their umpire and their ſynod take,
And their appeal alone to Cæſar make.
Kind heaven ſo rare a temper did provide,
That guilt repenting miſt in it confide.
Among our crimes oblivion may be ſet:
But 'tis our king's perfection to forget.
Virtues unknown to theſe rough northern climes
From milder heavens you bring without their crimes.
Your calmneſs does no after-ſtorms provide,
Nor ſeeming patience mortal anger hide.
When empire firſt from families did ſpring,
Then every father govern'd as a king:
But you, that are a ſovereign prince, allay
Imperial power with your paternal ſway.
From thoſe great cares when eaſe your ſoul unbends,
Your pleaſures are deſign'd to noble ends:
Born to command the miſtreſs of the ſeas,
Your thoughts themſelves in that blue empire pleaſe.
Hither in ſummer evenings you repair
To taſte the *freſcum* of the purer air:
Undaunted here you ride, when winter raves,
With Cæſar's heart that roſe above the waves.
More I could ſing, but fear my numbers ſtays;
No loyal ſubject dares that courage praiſe.
In ſtately frigates moſt delight you find,
Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind.
What to your cares we owe, is learnt from hence,
When ev'n your pleaſures ſerve for our defence.
Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide,
Where in new depths the wondering fiſhes glide:
Here in a royal bed the waters ſleep;
When, tir'd at ſea, within this bay they creep.
Here the miſtruſtful fowl no harm ſuſpects,
So ſafe are all things which our king protects.
From your lov'd Thames a bleſſing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you;
A queen, near whoſe chaſte womb ordain'd by fate,
The ſouls of kings unborn for bodies wait.
It was your love before made diſcord ceaſe:
Your love is deſtin'd to your country's peace.
Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
This to a mighty king preſents rich ore,
While that with incenſe does a god implore.
Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you chooſe,
This muſt receive a crown, or that muſt loſe.
Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
Are anſwers ſought, and deſtinies foretold:
Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
And crowns that grow upon the ſacred boughs.
Your ſubjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
Suſpend to both their doubtful love or hate:
Chuſe only, ſir, that ſo they may poſſeſs
With their own peace their children's happineſs.

TO THE

LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.

PRESENTED ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1662.

MY LORD,

WHILE flattering crouds officiouſly appear,
To give themſelves, not you, an happy year;
And by the greatneſs of their preſents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love;
The Muſes, who your early courtſhip boaſt,
Though now your flames are with their beauty loſt,
Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot
They were your miſtreſſes, the world may not:
Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
Their former beauty by your former love;
And now preſent, as ancient ladies do,
That courted long, at length are forc'd to woo.

For ſtill they look on you with ſuch kind eyes,
As thoſe that ſee the church's ſovereign riſe;
From their own order choſe, in whoſe high ſtate,
They think themſelves the ſecond choice of fate.
When our great monarch into exile went,
Wit and religion ſuffer'd baniſhment.
Thus once, when Troy was wrap'd in fire and ſmoke,
The helpleſs gods their burning ſhrines forſook;
They with their vanquiſh'd prince and party go,
And leave their temples empty to the foe.
At length the Muſes ſtand, reſtor'd again
To that great charge which nature did ordain;
And their lov'd Druids ſeem'd reviv'd by fate,
While you diſpenſe the laws, and guide the ſtate.
The nation's ſoul, our monarch, does diſpenſe,
Through you, to us, his vital influence;
You are the channel, where thoſe ſpirits flow,
And work them higher, as to us they go.
In open proſpect nothing bounds our eye,
Until the earth ſeems join'd unto the ſky:
So in this hemiſphere our utmoſt view
Is only bounded by our king and you:
Our ſight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther heaven can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree,
That, though your orbs of different greatneſs be,
Yet both are for each other's uſe diſpos'd,
His to incloſe, and yours to be inclos'd.
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptineſs had come between.
Well may he then to you his cares impart,
And ſhare his burden where he ſhares his heart.
In you his ſleep ſtill wakes; his pleaſures fund
Their ſhare of buſineſs in your laboring mind.
So when the weary ſun his place reſigns,
He leaves his light, and by reflection ſhines.
Juſtice, that ſits and frowns where public laws
Exclude ſoft mercy from a private cauſe,
In your tribunal moſt herſelf does pleaſe;
There only ſmiles becauſe ſhe lives at eaſe;
And, like young David, finds her ſtrength the more,
When diſincumber'd from thoſe arms ſhe wore.
Heaven would our royal maſter ſhould exceed
Moſt in that virtue, which we moſt did need;
And his mild father (who too late did find
All mercy vain but what with power was join'd)
His fatal goodneſs left to fitter times,
Not to increaſe, but to abſolve, our crimes:
But when the heir of this vaſt treaſure knew
How large a legacy was left to you
(Too great for any ſubject to retain),
He wiſely ty'd it to the crown again:
Yet, paſſing through your hands, it gathers more,
As ſtreams, through mines, bear tincture of their ore
While empiric politicians uſe deceit,
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat;
You boldly ſhew the ſkill which they pretend,
And work by means as noble as your end:
Which ſhould you veil, we might unwind the clue,
As men do nature, till we came to you.
And as the Indies were not found, before
Thoſe rich perfumes, which, from the happy ſhore,
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
Whoſe guilty ſweetneſs firſt their world betray'd;
So by your counſels we are brought to view
A rich and undiſcover'd world in you.

By you our monarch does that fame aſſure,
Which kings muſt have, or cannot live ſecure:
For proſperous princes gain their ſubjects heart,
Who love that praiſe in which themſelves have part.
By you he fits thoſe ſubjects to obey,
As heaven's eternal monarch does convey
His power unſeen, and man to his deſigns,
By his bright miniſters the ſtars, inclines.
Our ſetting ſun, from his declining ſeat,
Shot beams of kindneſs on you, not of heat:
And, when his love was bounded in a few,
That were unhappy that they might be true,
Made you the favourite of his laſt ſad times,
That is a ſufferer in his ſubjects crimes:
Thus thoſe firſt favours you receiv'd, were ſent,
Like heaven's rewards in earthly puniſhment.
Yet fortune, conſcious of your deſtiny,
Ev'n then took care to lay you ſoftly by;
And wrap'd your fate among her precious things,
Kept freſh to be unfolded with your king's.
Shewn all at once you dazzled ſo our eyes,
As new-born Pallas did the gods ſurprize:
When, ſpringing forth from Jove's new-cloſing wound,
She ſtruck the warlike ſpear into the ground;
Which ſprouting leaves did ſuddenly incloſe,
And peaceful olives ſhaded as they roſe.
How ſtrangely active are the arts of peace,
Whoſe reſtleſs motions leſs than wars do ceaſe!
Peace is not freed from labour but from noiſe;
And war more force, but not more pains employs:
Such is the mighty ſwiftneſs of your mind,
That, like the earth, it leaves our ſenſe behind,
While you ſo ſmoothly turn and roll our ſphere,
That rapid motion does but reſt appear.
For, as in nature's ſwiftneſs, with the throng
Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,
All ſeems at reſt to the deluded eye,
Mov'd by the ſoul of the ſame harmony,
So, carried on by your unwearied care,
We reſt in peace, and yet in motion ſhare.
Let envy then thoſe crimes within you ſee,
From which the happy never muſt be free;
Envy, that does with miſery reſide,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.
I think it not hard, if at ſo cheap a rate
You can ſecure the conſtancy of fate,
Whoſe kindneſs ſent what does their malice ſeem,
By leſſer ills the greater to redeem.
Nor can we this weak ſhower a tempeſt call,
But drops of heat, that in the ſun-ſhine fall
You have already wearied fortune ſo,
She cannot farther be your friend or foe;
But ſits all breathleſs, and admires to feel
A fate ſo weighty, that it ſtops her wheel.
In all things elſe above our humble fate,
Your equal mind yet ſwells not into ſtate,
But, like ſome mountain in thoſe happy iſles,
Where in perpetual ſpring young nature ſmiles,
Your greatneſs ſhews: no horror to affright,
But trees for ſhade, and flowers to court the ſight:
Sometimes the hill ſubmits itſelf a while
In ſmall deſcents, which do its height beguile;
And ſometimes mounts, but ſo as billows play,
Whoſe riſe not hinders, but makes ſhort our way.
Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,
Sees rowling tempeſts vainly beat below;

And, like Olympus' top, th' impreſſion wears
Of love and friendſhip writ in former years.
Yet unimpair'd with labours, or with time,
Your age but ſeems to a new youth to climb.
Thus heavenly bodies do our time beget,
And meaſure change, but ſhare no part of it.
And ſtill it ſhall without a weight increaſe,
Like this new year, whoſe motions never ceaſe.
For ſince the glorious courſe you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the ſun,
It muſt both weightleſs and immortal prove,
Becauſe the centre of it is above.

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1662.

AS needy gallants, in the ſcrivener's hands,
Court the rich knaves that gripe their mortgag'd lands;
The firſt fat buck of all the ſeaſon's ſent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment;
The dotage of ſome Engliſhmen is ſuch,
To fawn on thoſe who ruin them, the Dutch.
They ſhall have all, rather than make a war
With thoſe, who of the ſame religion are.
The Straits, the Guinea-trade, the herrings too;
Nay, to keep friendſhip, they ſhall pickle you.
Some are reſolv'd not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
What injuries foe'er upon us fall,
Yet ſtill the ſame religion anſwers all.
Religion wheedled us to civil war,
Drew Engliſh blood, and Dutchmen's now would ſpare.
Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith! than you.
Intereſt's the god they worſhip in their ſtate,
And we, I take it, have not much of that.
Well monarchies may own religion's name,
But ſtates are atheiſts in their very frame.
They ſhare a ſin; and ſuch proportions fall,
That, like a ſtink, 'tis nothing to them all.
Think on their rapine, falſhood, cruelty,
And that what once they were, they ſtill would be.
To one well-born th' affront is worſe and more,
When he's abus'd and baffled by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their miſchiefs do;
They've both ill nature and ill manners too.
Well may they boaſt themſelves an ancient nation;
For they were bred ere manners were in faſhion:
And their new commonwealth has ſet them free
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lubber ſtate mankind beſtride.
Their ſway became them with as ill a mien,
As their own paunches ſwell above their chin.
Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.
As Cato, fruits of Afric did diſplay;
Let us before our eyes their Indies lay:
All loyal Engliſh will like him conclude;
Let Cæſar live, and Carthage be ſubdued.

To her Royal Highneſs the DUTCHESS of YORK, on the memorable Victory gained by the DUKE over the HOLLANDERS, June the 3d, 1665, and on her Journey afterwards into the North.

MADAM,

WHEN, for our ſakes, your hero you reſign'd
To ſwelling ſeas, and every faithleſs wind;
When you releas'd his courage, and ſet free
A valour fatal to the enemy;
You lodg'd your country's cares within your breaſt
(The manſion where ſoft love ſhould only reſt):
And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
The nobleſt conqueſt you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your ſouls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love denied:
And 'twas for him much eaſier to ſubdue
Thoſe foes he fought with, than to part from you.
That glorious day, which two ſuch navies ſaw,
As each unmatch'd, might to the world give law.
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he ſhould obey,
Held to them both the trident of the ſea:
The winds were huſh'd, the waves in ranks were caſt,
As awfully as when God's people paſt:
Thoſe, yet uncertain on whoſe ſails to blow,
Theſe, where the wealth of nations ought to flow
Then with the duke your highneſs rul'd the day:
While all the brave did his command obey,
The fair and pious under you did pray.
How powerful are chaſte vows! the wind and tide
You bribe'd to combat on the Engliſh ſide.
Thus to your much-lov'd lord you did convey
An unknown ſuccour, ſent the neareſt way.
New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,
(So Moſes was upheld while Iſrael fought)
While, from afar, we heard the cannon play,
Like diſtant thunder on a ſhiny day.
For abſent friends we were aſham'd to fear,
When we conſider'd what you ventur'd there.
Ships, men, and arms, our country might reſtore;
But ſuch a leader could ſupply no more.
With generous thoughts of conqueſt he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquiſh than return.
Fortune and victory he did purſue,
To bring them as his ſlaves to wait on you.
Thus beauty raviſh'd the rewards of fame,
And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'ercame.
Then, as you meant to ſpread another way
By land your conqueſts, far as his by ſea,
Leaving our ſouthern clime, you march'd along
The ſtubborn North, ten thouſand Cupids ſtrong.
Like commons the nobility reſort,
In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court:
To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like ſome new envoy from the diſtant ſun,
And country beauties by their lovers go,
Bleſſing themſelves, and wondering at the ſhow.
So when the new-born Phœnix firſt is ſeen,
Her feather'd ſubjects all adore their queen,
And while ſhe makes her progreſs through the Eaſt,
From every grove her numerous train's increas'd:
Each Poet of the air her glory ſings,
And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

ening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the cloſe of that one ſyllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the ſenſe of all the reſt. But in this neceſſity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verſe more eaſy, though not ſo proper for this occaſion: for there the work is ſooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet; but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on, and not only ſo, but to bear along in his head the troubleſome ſenſe of four lines together For thoſe, who write correctly in this kind, muſt needs acknowledge, that the laſt line of the ſtanza is to be conſidered in the compoſition of the firſt. Neither can we give ourſelves the liberty of making any part of a verſe for the ſake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current Engliſh, or uſing the variety of female rhymes; all which our fathers practiſed: and for the female rhymes, they are ſtill in uſe amongſt other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiſcuouſly, with the French alternately; as thoſe who have read the Alarique, the Pucelle, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And beſides this, they write in Alexandrins, or verſes of ſix feet; ſuch as amongſt us is the old tranſlation of Homer by Chapman: all which, by lengthning of their chain, makes the ſphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my ſtanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the preface to Gondibert; and therefore I will haſten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only ſay, I have never yet ſeen the deſcription of any naval fight in the proper terms which are uſed at ſea: and if there be any ſuch in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his Pharſalia, yet I could not avail myſelf of it in the Engliſh; the terms of art in every tongue bearing more the idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the ſmoke, the diſorder, and the ſlaughter; but all theſe are common notions. And certainly, as thoſe who in a logical diſpute keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy; ſo thoſe who do it in any poetical deſcription, would veil their ignorance.

"Deſcriptas ſervare vices operumque colores,
"Cur ego, ſi nequeo ignoroque, Poeta ſalutor?"

For my own part I had little knowledge of the ſea, yet I have thought it no ſhame to learn: and if I have made ſome few miſtakes, it is only, as you can bear me witneſs, becauſe I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole poem being firſt written, and now ſent you from a place where I have not ſo much as the converſe of any ſeaman. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was no more than recompenſed by the pleaſure. I found myſelf ſo warm in celebrating the praiſes of military men, two ſuch eſpecially as the prince and general, that it is no wonder if they inſpired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well ſatisfied, that, as they are incomparably the beſt ſubject I ever had, excepting only the royal family, ſo alſo, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praiſe, and I have exalted them; and made them fruitful; but here—"Omnia ſponte ſua reddit juſtiſſima tellus." I have had a large, a fair, and a pleaſant field; ſo fertile, that without my cultivating, it has given me two harveſts in a ſummer, and in both oppreſſed the reaper. All other greatneſs in ſubjects is only counterfeit: it will not endure the teſt of danger; the greatneſs of arms is only real: other greatneſs burdens a nation with its weight; this ſupports it with its ſtrength. And as it is the happineſs of the age, ſo it is the peculiar goodneſs of the beſt of kings, that we may praiſe his ſubjects without offending him. Doubtleſs it proceeds from a juſt confidence of his own virtue, which the luſtre of no other can be ſo great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never ſafely praiſed under a bad or a degenerate prince.

But

t to return from this digreſſion to a farther account of my poem; I muſt crave leave ell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, ſo much more expreſs thoſe thoughts with elocution. The compoſition of all poems is, or ought be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to uſe a ool-diſtinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, e a nimble ſpaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it ſprings : quarry it hunted after: or, without metaphor; which ſearches over all the me- ry for the ſpecies or ideas of thoſe things which it deſigns to repreſent. Wit writ- n is that which is well defined, the happy reſult of thought, or product of imagi- tion. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of heroic or hiſtorical poem; I judge it chiefly to conſiſt in the delightful imaging of rſons, actions, paſſions, or things. It is not the jerk or ſting of an epigram, nor e ſeeming contradiction of a poor antitheſis (the delight of an ill-judging audience a play of rhyme), nor the gingle of a more poor Paranomaſia; neither is it ſo ach the morality of a grave ſentence, affected by Lucan, but more ſparingly uſed by irgil; but it is ſome lively and apt deſcription, dreſſed in ſuch colours of ſpeech, at it ſets before your eyes the abſent object, as perfectly, and more delightfully than ature. So then the firſt happineſs of the poet's imagination is properly invention or ding of the thought; the ſecond is fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding that thought as the judgment repreſents it proper to the ſubject; the third is elo- tion, or the art of cloathing and adorning that thought, ſo found and varied, in apt, gnificant, and ſounding words: the quickneſs of the imagination is ſeen in the in- ention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expreſſion. For the two rſt of theſe, Ovid is famous amongſt the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images ore often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two ontrary paſſions, or extremely diſcompoſed by one. His words therefore are the leaſt art of his care; for he pictures nature in diſorder, with which the ſtudy and choice f words is inconſiſtent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or diſcourſe, and con- ſequently of the drama, where all that is ſaid is to be ſuppoſed the effect of ſudden hought; which, though it excludes not the quickneſs of wit in repartees, yet ad- mits not a too curious election of words, too frequent alluſions, or uſe of tropes, or a fine any thing that ſhews remoteneſs of thought or labour in the writer. On the ther ſide, Virgil ſpeaks not ſo often to us in the perſon of another, like Ovid, but in is own: he relates almoſt all things as from himſelf, and thereby gains more liberty han the other, to expreſs his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more iguratively, and to confeſs as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though e deſcribes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her paſſions, yet he muſt ield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althaea, of Ovid; for, as great an ad- mirer of him as I am, I muſt acknowledge, that if I ſee not more of their ſouls than I ſee of Dido's, at leaſt I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched thoſe tender ſtrokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or perſons are to be deſcribed, when any ſuch image is to be ſet be- fore us, how bold, how maſterly are the ſtrokes of Virgil! We ſee the objects he preſents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but ſo we ſee them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them ſo beautiful in themſelves. We ſee the ſoul of the poet, like that univerſal one of which he ſpeaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

> "—— Totamque infuſa per artus
> "Mens agitat molem, & magno ſe corpore miſcet."

We behold him embelliſhing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her ſon Æneas."

" ———— lumenque juventæ
" Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores :
" Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
" Argentum Pariuſve lapis circumdatur auro."

See his Tempeſt, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas: and in his Georgics, which I eſteem the divineſt part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and thoſe many other excellent images of nature, moſt of which are neither great in themſelves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: but the words wherewith he deſcribes them are ſo excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was ſaid by Ovid, " Materiem " ſuperabat opus! the very ſound of his words has often ſomewhat that is connatural to the ſubject; and while we read him, we ſit, as in a play, beholding the ſcenes of what he repreſents. To perform this, he made frequent uſe of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to ſome other ſignification; and this is it which Horace means in his epiſtle to the Piſo's:

" Dixeris egregiè, notum ſi callida verbum
" Reddiderit junctura novum——"

But I am ſenſible I have preſumed too far to entertain you with a rude diſcourſe of that art which you both know ſo well, and put into practice with ſo much happineſs. Yet, before I leave Virgil, I muſt own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my maſter in this poem: I have followed him every where, I know not with what ſucceſs, but I am ſure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the reſt are imitations of him. My expreſſions alſo are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in tranſlation. And this, ſir, I have done with that boldneſs, for which I will ſtand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your firſt peruſal of this poem, you have taken notice of ſome words, which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to ſay refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into Engliſh proſe, ſo I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether inelegant in verſe; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

" Et nova fictaqe nuper habebunt verba fidem, ſi
" Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta——"

The inference is exceeding plain: for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, ſuppoſing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he uſed this liberty but ſeldom, and with modeſty; how much more juſtly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the ſame pre-requiſites, from the beſt and moſt judicious of Latin writers! In ſome places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not ſeem a plagiary; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediouſneſs, as the affectation of doing it too often. Such deſcriptions or images well wrought, which I promiſe not for mine, are, as I have ſaid, the adequate delight of heroic poeſy; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the burleſque, which is contrary to this, by the ſame reaſon beget laughter; for the one ſhews nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other ſhews her deformed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool with diſtorted face and antique geſtures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, becauſe it is a deviation from nature. But though the ſame images ſerve equally for the Epic poeſy and for the hiſtoric and panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a ſeveral ſort of ſculpture is to be uſed in them. If ſome of them are to be like thoſe of Juvenal, " Stant

" j

" in curribus Æmiliani," heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, " Spirantia mollius æra:" there is ſomewhat more of ſoftneſs and tenderneſs to be ſhewn in them. You will ſoon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have ſeen a paper of verſes, which I wrote laſt year to her Highneſs the Dutcheſs, have accuſed them of that only thing I could defend in them. They ſaid, I did, " humi ſerpere;" that I wanted not only height of Fancy, but dignity of words, to ſet it off. I might well anſwer with that of Horace, " Nunc non erat his locus;" I knew I addreſſed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the ſoftneſs of expreſſion, and the ſmoothneſs of meaſure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to ſay I have ſucceeded. I deteſt arrogance; but there is ſome difference betwixt that and a juſt defence. But I will not farther bribe your candor, or the reader's. I leave them to ſpeak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

And now, ſir, it is time I ſhould relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer. In concluſion, I muſt leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of thoſe, of whom the younger Pliny ſpeaks; " Nec ſunt " parum multi, qui carpere amicos ſuos judicium vocant;" I am rather too ſecure of you on that ſide. Your candor in pardoning my errors may make you more remiſs in correcting them; if you will not withal conſider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greateſt favour you can confer upon an abſent perſon, ſince I repoſe upon your management what is deareſt to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will ſtir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the ſtory of the gameſter who married the rich man's daughter, and when her father denied the portion, chriſtened all the children by his ſurname, that if, in concluſion, they muſt beg, they ſhould do ſo by one name, as well as by the other. But ſince the reproach of my faults will light on you, it is but reaſon I ſhould do you that juſtice to the readers, to let them know, that, if there be any thing tolerable in this poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendſhip, to which he muſt ever acknowledge himſelf to owe all things, who is,

SIR,

The moſt obedient, and moſt

Faithful of your ſervants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

From Charleton in Wiltſhire,
Nov. 10, 1666

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS,

MDCLXVI.

I.

IN thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own;
Our king they courted, and our merchants aw'd.

II.

Trade, which like blood ſhould circularly flow,
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom loſt:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And ſeem'd but ſhipwreck'd on ſo baſe a coaſt.

III.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat;
In eaſtern quarries ripening precious dew:
For them the Idumæan balm did ſweat,
And in hot Ceilon ſpicy foreſts grew.

IV.

The ſun but ſeem'd the labourer of the year;
Each waxing moon ſupply'd her watery ſtore,
To ſwell thoſe tides which from the line did bear
Their brim-full veſſels to the Belgian ſhore.

V.

Thus, mighty in her ſhips, ſtood Carthage long,
And ſwept the riches of the world from far;
Yet ſtoop'd to Rome, leſs wealthy, but more ſtrong:
And this may prove our ſecond Punic war.

VI.

What peace can be, where both to one pretend?
(But they more diligent, and we more ſtrong)
Or if a peace, it ſoon muſt have an end;
For they would grow too powerful were it long.

VII.

Behold two nations then, engag'd ſo far,
That each ſeven years the fit muſt ſhake each land:
Where France will ſide to weaken us by war,
Who only can his vaſt deſigns withſtand.

VIII.

See how he feeds th' Iberian with delays,
To render us his tim'ly friendſhip vain:
And while his ſecret ſoul on Flanders preys,
He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

IX.

Such deep deſigns of empire does he lay
O'er them, whoſe cauſe he ſeems to take in hand;
And prudently would make them lords at ſea,
To whom with eaſe he can give laws by land.

X.

This ſaw our king; and long within his breaſt
His penſive counſels balanc'd to and fro:
He griev'd the land he freed ſhould be oppreſs'd,
And he leſs for it than uſurpers do.

XI.

His generous mind the fair idea drew
Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,
Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

XII.

The loſs and gain each fatally were great;
And ſtill his ſubjects call'd aloud for war:
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people ſet,
Each other's poize and counterbalance are.

XIII.

He firſt ſurvey'd the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbecs riſe,
It would in richer ſhowers deſcend again.

XIV.

At length reſolv'd t' aſſert the watery ball,
He in himſelf did whole Armadoes bring:
Him aged ſeamen might their maſter call,
And chuſe for general, were he not their king.

XV.

It ſeems as every ſhip their ſovereign knows,
His awful ſummons they ſo ſoon obey;
So hear the ſcaly herd when Proteus blows,
And ſo to paſture follow through the ſea.

XVI.

To ſee this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the ſkies;
And heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets riſe.

XVII.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are,
Fir'd by the ſun, or ſeeming ſo alone;
Or each ſome more remote and ſlippery ſtar,
Which loſes footing when to mortals ſhewn.

XVIII.

Or one, that bright companion of the ſun,
Whoſe glorious aſpect ſeal'd our new-born king
And now, a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did bring

XIX.

Victorious York did firſt with fam'd ſucceſs,
To his known valour make the Dutch give pla
Thus heaven our monarch's fortune did confeſs,
Beginning conqueſt from his royal race.

XX.

But ſince it was decreed, auſpicious king,
In Britain's right that thou ſhouldſt wed
main,
Heaven, as a gage, would caſt ſome precious thin
And therefore doom'd that Lawſon ſhould be ſl

XXI.

Lawſon among the foremoſt met his fate,
Whom ſea-green Sirens from the rocks lament:
Thus as an offering for the Grecian ſtate,
He firſt was kill'd who firſt to battle went.

XXII.

Their chief blown up in air, not waves, expir'd,
To which his pride preſum'd to give the law:
The Dutch confeſs'd heaven preſent, and retir'd,
And all was Britain the wide ocean ſaw.

XXIII.

To neareſt ports their ſhatter'd ſhips repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd:
So reverently men quit the open air,
When thunder ſpreads the angry gods abroad.

XXIV.

And now approach'd their fleet from India fraught,
With all the riches of the riſing ſun:
And precious ſand from ſouthern climates brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.

XXV.

Like hunted caſtors, conſcious of their ſtore,
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coaſts they bring:
There firſt the North's cold boſom ſpices bore,
And winter brooded on the eaſtern ſpring.

XXVI.

By the rich ſcent we found our perfum'd prey,
Which, flank'd with rocks, did cloſe in covert lie:
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

XXVII.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The Engliſh undertake th' unequal war:
Seven ſhips alone, by which the port is barr'd,
Beſiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

XXVIII.

Theſe fight like huſbands, but like lovers thoſe:
Theſe fain would keep, and thoſe more fain enjoy:
And to ſuch height their frantic paſſion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to deſtroy.

XXIX.

Amidſt whole heaps of ſpices lights a ball,
And now their odours arm'd againſt them fly:
Some preciouſly by ſhatter'd porcelain fall,
And ſome by aromatic ſplinters die.

XXX.

And though by tempeſts of the prize bereft,
In heaven's inclemency ſome eaſe we find:
Our foes we vanquiſh'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the ſeas and wind.

XXXI.

Nor wholly loſt we ſo deſerv'd a prey;
For ſtorms repenting part of it reſtor'd;
Which, as a tribute from the Baltic ſea,
The Britiſh ocean ſent her mighty lord.

XXXII.

Go mortals now and vex yourſelves in vain
For wealth, which ſo uncertainly muſt come:
When what was brought ſo far, and with ſuch pain,
Was only kept to loſe it nearer home.

XXXIII.

The ſon, who twice three months on th' ocean toſt,
Prepar'd to tell what he had paſs'd before,
Now ſees in Engliſh ſhips the Holland coaſt,
And parents, arms, in vain, ſtretch'd from the ſhore.

XXXIV.

This careful huſband had been long away,
Whom his chaſte wife and little children mourn;
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
On which their father promis'd to return.

XXXV.

Such are the proud deſigns of human-kind,
And ſo we ſuffer ſhipwreck every where!
Alas, what port can ſuch a pilot find,
Who in the night of fate muſt blindly ſteer!

XXXVI.

The undiſtinguiſh'd ſeeds of good and ill,
Heaven in his boſom from our knowledge hides:
And draws them in contempt of human ſkill,
Which oft for friends miſtaken foes provides.

XXXVII.

Let Munſter's prelate ever be accurſt,
In whom we ſeek the German faith in vain:
Alas, that he ſhould teach the Engliſh firſt,
That fraud and avarice in the church could reign!

XXXVIII.

Happy, who never truſt a ſtranger's will,
Whoſe friendſhip 's in his intereſt underſtood!
Since money given but tempts him to be ill,
When power is too remote to make him good.

XXXIX.

Till now, alone the mighty nations ſtrove;
The reſt, at gaze, without the liſts did ſtand;
And threatening France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

XL.

That eunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade,
Who envies us what he wants power t' enjoy;
Whoſe noiſeful valour does no foe invade,
And weak aſſiſtance will his friends deſtroy.

XLI.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his ſecret hate to ſhew:
Which Charles does with a mind ſo calm receive,
As one that neither ſeeks nor ſhuns his foe.

XLII.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite:
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their ſlave.
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They ſilently confeſs that one more brave.

XLIII.

Lewis had chas'd the Engliſh from his ſhore;
But Charles the French as ſubjects does invite:
Would heaven for each ſome Solomon reſtore,
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right!

XLIV.

Were ſubjects ſo but only by their choice,
And not from birth did forc'd dominion take,
Our prince alone would have the public voice;
And all his neighbours realms would deſerts make.

XLV.

He without fear a dangerous war purſues,
Which without raſhneſs he began before:
As honour made him firſt the danger chuſe,
So ſtill he makes it good on virtue's ſcore.

XLVI.

The doubled charge his ſubjects love ſupplies,
Who in that bounty to themſelves are kind:
So glad Egyptians ſee their Nilus riſe,
And in his plenty their abundance find.

XLVII.

With equal power he does two chiefs create,
Two ſuch as each ſeem'd worthieſt when alone;
Each able to ſuſtain a nation's fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.

XLVIII.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
Yet neither envious of the other's praiſe;
Their duty, faith, and intereſt too the ſame,
Like mighty partners equally they raiſe.

XLIX.

The prince long time had courted fortune's love,
But once poſſeſs'd did abſolutely reign:
Thus with their Amazons the heroes ſtrove,
And conquer'd firſt thoſe beauties they would gain.

L.

The duke beheld, like Scipio, with diſdain,
That Carthage, which he ruin'd, riſe once more;
And ſhook aloft the faſces of the main,
To fright thoſe ſlaves with what they felt before.

LI.

Together to the watery camp they haſte,
Whom matrons paſſing to their children ſhow:
Infants firſt vows for them to heaven are caſt,
And future people bleſs them as they go.

LII.

With them no riotous pomp or Aſian train,
To infect a navy with their gaudy fears;
To make ſlow fights, and victories but vain:
But war, ſeverely like itſelf appears.

LIII.

Diffuſive of themſelves, where'er they paſs,
They make that warmth in others they expect:
Their valour works like bodies on a glaſs,
And does its image on their men project.

LIV.

Our fleet divides, and ſtraight the Dutch appear,
In number, and a fam'd commander, bold:
The narrow ſeas can ſcarce their navy bear,
Or crowded veſſels can their ſoldiers hold.

LV.

The Duke, leſs numerous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
And bloody croſſes on his flag-ſtaffs riſe.

LVI.

Both furl their ſails, and ſtrip them for the fight;
Their folded ſheets diſmiſs the uſeleſs air:
Th' Elean plains could boaſt no nobler fight,
When ſtruggling champions did their bodies bare.

LVII.

Forme each by other in a diſtant line,
The ſea-built forts in dreadful order move:
So vaſt the noiſe, as if not fleets did join,
But lands unfix'd, and floating nations ſtrove.

LVIII.

Now paſs'd, on either ſide they nimbly tack;
Both ſtrive to intercept and guide the wind:
And, in its eye, mere cloſely they come back,
To finiſh all the deaths they left behind.

LIX.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whoſe ſhade our humble frigates go:
Such port the elephant bears and ſo defy'd
By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

LX.

And as the built, ſo different is the fight;
Their mounting ſhot is on our ſails deſign'd:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a paſſage find.

LXI.

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,
Whoſe batter'd rigging their whole war receives:
All bare, like ſome old oak which tempeſts beat,
He ſtands and ſees below his ſcatter'd leaves.

LXII.

Heroes of old, when wounded, ſhelter ſought;
But he who meets all danger with diſdain,
Ev'n in their face his ſhip to anchor brought,
And ſteeple-high ſtood propt upon the main.

LXIII.

At this exceſs of courage, all amaz'd,
The foremoſt of his foes a while withdraw:
With ſuch reſpect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
Who on high-chairs the god-like fathers ſaw.

LXIV.

And now as where Patroclus' body lay,
Here Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the Greek;
Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings diſplay,
And theirs the nobleſt ſpoils of Britain ſeek.

LXV.

Mean-time his buſy mariners he haſtes,
His ſhatter'd ſails with rigging to reſtore;
And willing pines aſcend his broken maſts,
Whoſe lofty heads riſe higher than before.

LXVI.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
Like ſwans, in long array his veſſels ſhow,
Whoſe creſts advancing do the waves divide.

LXVII.

They charge, recharge, and all along the ſea
They drive, and ſquander the huge Belgian fleet.
Berkely alone, who neareſt danger lay
Did a like fate with loſt Creüſa meet.

LXVIII.

The night comes on, we eager to purſue
The combat ſtill, and they aſham'd to leave:
Till the laſt ſtreaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moon-light did our rage deceive.

LXIX.

In th' Engliſh fleet each ſhip reſounds with joy,
And loud applauſe of their great leader's fame:
In fiery dreams the Dutch they ſtill deſtroy,
And ſlumbering ſmile at the imagin'd flame.

LXX.

Not ſo the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,
Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen lie:
Faint ſweats all down their mighty members run;
Vaſt bulks which little ſouls but ill ſupply.

LXXI.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread:
Or, ſhipwreck'd, labour to ſome diſtant ſhore:
Or in dark churches walk among the dead:
They wake with horror and dare ſleep no more.

LXXII.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
Till from their main-top joyful news they hear
Of ſhips, which by their mould bring new ſupplies,
And in their colours Belgian Lions bear.

LXXIII.

Our watchful general had diſcern'd from far
This mighty ſuccour, which made glad the foe:
He ſigh'd, but like a father of the war,
His face ſpake hope, while deep his ſorrows flow.

LXXIV.

His wounded men he firſt ſends off to ſhore,
Never till now unwilling to obey;
They, not their wounds, but want of ſtrength, deplore,
And think them happy who with him can ſtay.

LXXV.

Then to the reſt, Rejoice, ſaid he, to-day;
In you the fortune of Great-Britain lies:
Among ſo brave a people, you are they
Whom heaven has choſe to fight for ſuch a prize.

LXXVI.

If number Engliſh courages could quell,
We ſhould at firſt have ſhunn'd, not met our foes:
Whoſe numerous ſails the fearful only tell:
Courage from hearts and not from numbers grows.

LXXVII.

He ſaid, nor needed more to ſay: with haſte
To their known ſtations chearfully they go;
And all at once diſdaining to be laſt,
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

LXXVIII.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,
But bold in others, not themſelves, they ſtood:
So thick, our navy ſcarce could ſteer their way,
But ſeem'd to wander in a moving wood.

LXXIX.

Our little fleet was now engag'd ſo far,
That like the ſword-fiſh in the whale they fought:
The combat only ſeem'd a civil war,
Till through their bowels we our paſſage wrought.

LXXX.

Never had valour, no not ours, before
Done aught like this upon the land or main,
Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the conqueſts former Kings did gain.

LXXXI.

The mighty ghoſts of our great Harries roſe,
And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,
To ſee this fleet among unequal foes,
By which fate promis'd them their Charles ſhould riſe.

LXXXII.

Mean-time the Belgians tack upon our rear,
And raking chaſe-guns through our ſterns they ſend:
Cloſe by their fire-ſhips, like jackals, appear,
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

LXXXIII.

Silent in ſmoke of cannon they come on:
Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide:
In theſe the height of pleas'd revenge is ſhewn,
Who burn contented by another's ſide.

LXXXIV.

Sometimes from fighting ſquadrons of each fleet,
Deceiv'd themſelves, or to preſerve ſome friend,
Two grapling Ætnas on the ocean meet,
And Engliſh fires with Belgian flames contend.

LXXXV.

Now at each tack our little fleet grows leſs;
And, like maim'd fowl, ſwim lagging on the main:
Their greater loſs their numbers ſcarce confeſs,
While they loſe cheaper than the Engliſh gain.

LXXXVI.

Have you not ſeen when whiſtled from the fiſt,
Some falcon ſtoops at what her eye deſign'd,
And with her eagerneſs the quarry miſs'd,
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind?

LXXXVII.

The daſtard crow that to the wood made wing,
And ſees the groves no ſhelter can afford,
With her loud caws her craven kind does bring,
Who ſafe in numbers cuff the noble bird.

LXXXVIII.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
He could not conquer, and diſdain'd to fly;
Paſt hope of ſafety, 'twas his lateſt care,
Like falling Cæſar, decently to die.

LXXXIX.

Yet pity did his manly ſpirit move,
To ſee thoſe periſh who ſo well had fought:
And generouſly with his deſpair he ſtrove,
Reſolv'd to live till he their ſafety wrought.

XC.

Let other Muſes write his proſperous fate,
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings reſtor'd:
But mine ſhall ſing of his eclips'd eſtate,
Which, like the ſun's, more wonders does afford.

XCI.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which the foe his fruitleſs force employs:
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore
Remote from guns, as ſick men from the noiſe.

XCII.

His fiery cannon did their paſſage guide,
And following ſmoke obſcur'd them from the foe:
Thus Iſrael ſafe from the Egyptian's pride,
By flaming pillars and by clouds did go.

XCIII.

Elſewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs ſubdue:
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,
Which firſt the Aſian empire overthrew.

XCIV.

The foe approach'd; and one for his bold ſin
Was ſunk; as he that touch'd the ark was ſlain:
The wild waves maſter'd him and ſuck'd him in,
And ſmiling eddies dimpled on the main.

XCV.

This ſeen, the reſt at awful diſtance ſtood:
As if they had been there as ſervants ſet
To ſtay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not purſue but wait on his retreat.

XCVI.

So Libyan huntſmen, on ſome ſandy plain,
From ſhady coverts rouz'd, the lion chace:
The kingly beaſt roars out with loud diſdain,
And ſlowly moves unknowing to give place.

XCVII.

But if ſome one approach to dare his force,
He ſwings his tail, and ſwiftly turns him round;
With one paw ſeizes on his trembling horſe,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

XCVIII.

Amidſt theſe toils ſucceeds the balmy night;
Now hiſſing waters the quench'd guns reſtore;
And weary waves withdrawing from the fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the ſilent ſhore.

XCIX.

The moon ſhone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where, while her beams like glittering ſilver play,
Upon the deck our careful general ſtood,
And deeply mus'd on the ſucceeding day.

C.

That happy ſun, ſaid he, will riſe again,
Who twice victorious did our navy ſee:
And I alone muſt view him riſe in vain,
Without one ray of all his ſtar for me.

CI.

Yet like an Engliſh general will I die,
And all the ocean make my ſpacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie:
The ſea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.

CII.

Reſtleſs he paſs'd the remnant of the night,
Till the freſh air proclaim'd the morning nigh:
And burning ſhips, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the eaſtern ſky.

CIII.

But now his ſtores of ammunition ſpent,
His naked valour is his only guard:
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon ſent,
And ſolitary guns are ſcarcely heard.

CIV.

Thus far had fortune power, he forc'd to ſtay,
Nor longer durſt with virtue be at ſtriſe:
This as a ranſom Albemarle did pay,
For all the glories of ſo great a life.

CV.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whoſe waving ſtreamers the glad general knows:
With full-ſpread ſails his eager navy ſteers,
And every ſhip in ſwift proportion grows.

CVI.

The anxious prince had heard the cannon long,
And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of Engliſh overmatch'd, and Dutch too ſtrong,
Who never fought three days but to purſue.

CVII.

Then, as an eagle, who with pious care
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
To her now ſilent eiry does repair,
And finds her callow infants forc'd away:

CVIII.

Stung with her love, ſhe ſtoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whiſtling as ſhe flies:
She ſtops and liſtens, and ſhoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones cries.

CIX.

With ſuch kind paſſion haſtes the prince to fight,
And ſpreads his flying canvaſs to the ſound:
Him whom no danger were he there could fright,
Now abſent every little noiſe can wound.

CX.

As in a drought the thirſty creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain;
And firſt the martlet meets it in the ſky,
And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train.

CXI.

With ſuch glad hearts did our deſpairing men
Salute th' appearance of the prince's fleet;
And each ambitiouſly would claim the ken,
That with firſt eyes did diſtant ſafety meet.

CXII.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,
To reap the harveſt their ripe ears did yield,
Now look like thoſe, when rolling thunders roar,
And ſheets of lightning blaſt the ſtanding field.

CXIII.

Full in the prince's paſſage, hills of ſand,
And dangerous flats in ſecret ambuſh lay,
Where the falſe tides ſkim o'er the cover'd land,
And ſeamen with diſſembled depths betray.

CXIV.

The wily Dutch, who like fall'n angels fear'd
This new Meſſiah's coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their braving veſſels ſteer'd,
To tempt his courage with ſo fair a bait.

CXV.

But he unmov'd contemns their idle threat,
Secure of fame whene'er he pleaſe to fight:
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth doth boaſting valour ſlight.

CXVI.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
And he the ſubſtance not th' appearance choſe:
To reſcue one ſuch friend he took more pride,
Than to deſtroy whole thouſands of ſuch foes.

CXVII.

But when approach'd, in ſtrict embraces bound,
Rupert and Albemarle together grow:
He joys to have his friend in ſafety found,
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

CXVIII.

The chearful ſoldiers, with new ſtores ſupply'd,
Now long to execute their ſpleenful will;
And, in revenge for thoſe three days they try'd,
Wiſh one, like Joſhua's, when the ſun ſtood ſtill.

CXIX.

Thus reinforc'd, againſt the adverſe fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way:
With the firſt bluſhes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

CXX.

His preſence ſoon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud guns ſpeak thick like angry men:
It ſeem'd as ſlaughter had been breath'd all night,
And death new pointed his dull dart again.

CXXI.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
And matchleſs courage, ſince the former fight:
Whoſe navy like a ſtiff-ſtretch'd cord did ſhew,
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

CXXII.

The wind he ſhares, while half their fleet offends
His open ſide, and high above him ſhows:
Upon the reſt at pleaſure he deſcends,
And doubly harm'd he double harms beſtows

CXXIII.

Behind the general mends his weary pace,
And ſullenly to his revenge he ſails:
So glides ſome trodden ſerpent on the graſs,
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

CXXIV.

Th' increaſing ſound is borne to either ſhore,
And for their ſtakes the throwing nations fear:
Their paſſions double with the cannons roar,
And with warm wiſhes each man combats there.

CXXV.

Ply'd thick and cloſe as when the fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy navy waſtes away:
So ſicken waneing moons too near the ſun,
And blunt their creſcents on the edge of day.

CXXVI.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
Their ſhips like waſted patrimonies ſhow;
Where the thin ſcattering trees admit the light,
And ſhun each others ſhadows as they grow.

CXXVII.

The warlike prince had ſever'd from the reſt
Two giant ſhips, the pride of all the main;
Which with his one ſo vigorouſly he preſs'd,
And flew ſo home they could not riſe again.

CXXVIII.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
In vain upon the paſſing winds they call:
The paſſing winds through their torn canvaſs play,
And flagging ſails on heartleſs ſailors fall.

CXXIX.

Their open'd ſides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let into ſhades below:
Without grim death rides barefac'd in their ſight,
And urges entering billows as they flow.

CXXX.

When one dire ſhot, the laſt they could ſupply,
Cloſe by the board the prince's main-maſt bore:
All three now helpleſs by each other lie,
And this offends not, and thoſe fear no more.

CXXXI.

So have I ſeen ſome fearful hare maintain
A courſe, till tir'd before the dog ſhe lay:
Who ſtretch'd behind her pants upon the plain,
Paſt power to kill, as ſhe to get away.

CXXXII.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey:
His warm breath blows her flix up as ſhe lies;
She trembling creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beſeeching eyes.

CXXXIII.

The prince unjuſtly does his ſtars accuſe,
Which hinder'd him to puſh his fortune on;
For what they to his courage did refuſe,
By mortal valour never muſt be done.

CXXXIV.

This lucky hour the wiſe Batavian takes,
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:
Proud to have ſo got off with equal ſtakes,
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

CXXXV.

The general's force as kept alive by fight,
Now not oppos'd no longer can purſue:
Laſting till heaven had done his courage right;
When he had conquer'd he his weakneſs knew.

CXXXVI.

He caſts a frown on the departing foe,
And ſighs to ſee him quit the watery field:
His ſtern fix'd eyes no ſatisfaction ſhow,
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

CXXXVII.

Though as when fiends did miracles avow,
He ſtands confeſs'd ev'n by the boaſtful Dutch:
He only does his conqueſt diſavow,
And thinks too little what they found too much.

CXXXVIII.

Return'd, he with the fleet reſolv'd to ſtay;
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
Domeſtic joys and cares he puts away;
For realms are houſholds which the great muſt guide.

CXXXIX.

As thoſe who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digeſts the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be gold another day:

CXL.

So looks our monarch on this early fight,
Th' eſſay and rudiments of great ſucceſs:
Which all maturing time muſt bring to light,
While he like heaven does each day's labour bleſs.

CXLI.

Heaven ended not the firſt or ſecond day,
Yet each was perfect to the work deſign'd:
God and kings work, when they their work ſurvey,
A paſſive aptneſs in all ſubjects find.

CXLII.

In burden'd veſſels firſt with ſpeedy care,
His plenteous ſtores do ſeaſon'd timber ſend:
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
And as the ſurgeons of maim'd ſhips attend.

CXLIII.

With cord and canvas from rich Hamburgh ſent,
His navy's molted wings he imps once more:
Tall Norway fir, their maſts in battle ſpent,
And Engliſh oak, ſprung leaks and planks, reſtore.

CXLIV.

All hands employ'd, the royal work grows warm:
Like labouring bees on a long ſummer's day,
Some ſound the trumpet for the reſt to ſwarm,
And ſome on bells of taſted lilies play.

CXCV.

Behold that navy, which a while before
Provok'd the tardy Engliſh cloſe to fight;
Now draw their beaten veſſels cloſe to ſhore,
As larks lie dar'd to ſhun the hobbies flight.

CXCVI.

Whoe'er would Engliſh monuments ſurvey,
In other records may our courage know:
But let them hide the ſtory of this day,
Whoſe fame was blemiſh'd by too baſe a foe.

CXCVII.

Or if too buſily they will enquire
Into a victory which we diſdain;
Then let them know the Belgians did retire
Before the patron ſaint of injur'd Spain.

CXCVIII.

Repenting England this revengeful day
To Philip's manes did an offering bring:
England, which firſt by leading them aſtray,
Hatch'd up rebellion to deſtroy her king.

CXCIX.

Our fathers bent their baneful induſtry,
To check a monarchy that ſlowly grew;
But did not France or Holland's fate foreſee,
Whoſe riſing power to ſwift dominion flew.

CC.

In fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathleſs deſtiny;
Whoſe dark reſorts ſince prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what ſhall be

CCI.

But whate'er Engliſh to the bleſs'd ſhall go,
And the fourth Harry or firſt Orange meet;
Find him diſowning of a Pourl on toe,
And him deteſting a Batavian fleet.

CCII.

Now on their coaſts our conquering navy rides,
Waylays their merchants, and their land beſets;
Each day new wealth without their care provides;
They lie aſleep with prizes in their nets.

CCIII.

So cloſe behind ſome promontory lie
The huge leviathans t' attend their prey;
And give no chace, but ſwallow in the fry,
Which through their gaping jaws miſtake the way.

CCIV.

Nor was this all; in ports and roads remote,
Deſtructive fires among whole fleets we ſend;
Triumphant flames upon the water float,
And out-bound ſhips at home their voyage end.

CCV.

Thoſe various ſquadrons variouſly deſign'd,
Each veſſel freighted with a ſeveral load,
Each ſquadron waiting for a ſeveral wind,
All find but one to burn them in the road.

CCVI.

Some bound for Guinea golden ſand to find,
Bore all the gauds the ſimple natives wear:
Some for the pride of Turkiſh courts deſign'd,
For ſolded turbants fineſt Holland bear.

CCVII.

Some Engliſh wool vex'd in a Belgian loom,
And into cloth of ſpungy ſoftneſs made,
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
To ruin with worſe ware our ſtaple trade.

CCVIII.

Our greedy ſeamen rummage every hold,
Smile on the booty of each wealthier cheſt;
And as the prieſts who with their gods make bold,
Take what they like, and ſacrifice the reſt.

CCIX.

But ah! how inſincere are all our joys!
Which, ſent from heaven, like lightning make no ſtay:
Their palling taſte the journey's length deſtroys,
Or grief ſent poſt o'ertakes them on the way.

CCX.

Swell'd with our late ſucceſſes on the foe,
Which France and Holland wanted power to croſs,
We urge an unſeen fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with Engliſh loſs.

CCXI.

Each element his dread command obeys,
Who makes or ruins with a ſmile or frown;
Who, as by one he did our nation raiſe,
So now he with another pulls us down.

CCXII.

Yet, London, empreſs of the northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didſt expire;
Great as the world's, which, at the death of time,
Muſt fall, and riſe a nobler frame by fire.

CCXIII.

As when ſome dire uſurper heaven provides,
To ſcourge his country with a lawleſs ſway;
His birth, perhaps, ſome petty village hides,
And ſets his cradle out of fortune's way.

CCXIV.

Till, fully ripe, his ſwelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty miſchiefs on;
His prince, ſurpriz'd at firſt, no ill could doubt,
And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

CCXV.

Such was the riſe of this prodigious fire,
Which in mean buildings firſt obſcurely bred,
From thence did ſoon to open ſtreets aſpire,
And ſtraight to palaces and temples ſpread.

CCXVI.

The diligence of trade and noiſeful gain,
And luxury more late, aſleep were laid:
All was the night's; and in her ſilent reign
No ſound the reſt of nature did invade.

CCXVII.

In this deep quiet, from what ſource unknown,
Thoſe ſeeds of fire their fatal birth diſcloſe;
And firſt few ſcattering ſparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin roſe.

CCXVIII.

Then in ſome cloſe pent room it crept along,
And ſmouldering as it went, in ſilence fed;
Till th' infant monſter with devouring ſtrong,
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

CCXIX.

Now like ſome rich or mighty murderer,
Too great for priſon which he breaks with gold;
Who freſher for new miſchiefs does appear,
And dares the world to tax him with the old:

CCXX.

So ſcapes th' inſulting fire his narrow jail;
And makes ſmall outlets into open air:
There the fierce winds his tender force aſſail,
And beat him downward to his firſt repair.

CCXXI.

The winds like crafty courtezans with-held
His flames from burning, but to blow them more:
And every freſh attempt he is repell'd
With faint denials weaker than before.

CCXXII.

And now no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enrag'd deſire:
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide ſurvey,
And nods at every houſe his threatening fire.

CCXXIII.

The ghoſts of traitors from the bridge deſcend,
With bold fanatic ſpectres to rejoice:
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And ſing their ſabbath notes with feeble voice.

CCXXIV.

Our guardian angel ſaw them where they ſate
Above the palace of our ſlumbering king:
He ſigh'd, abandoning his charge to fate,
And drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing.

CCXXV.

At length the crackling noiſe and dreadful blaze
Call'd up ſome waking lover to the ſight;
And long it was ere he the reſt could raiſe,
Whoſe heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

CCXXVI.

The next to danger, hot purſued by fate,
Half-cloath'd, half-naked, haſtily retire:
And frighted mothers ſtrike their breaſts too late,
For helpleſs infants left amidſt the fire.

CCXXVII.

Their cries ſoon waken all the dwellers near;
Now murmuring noiſes riſe in every ſtreet:
The more remote run ſtumbling with their fear,
And in the dark men juſtle as they meet.

CCXXVIII.

So weary bees in little cells repoſe;
But if night-robbers lift the well-ſtor'd hive,
An humming through their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

CCXXIX.

Now ſtreets grow throng'd and buſy as by day:
Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire:
Some cut the pipes, and ſome the engines play;
And ſome more bold mount ladders to the fire.

CCXXX.

In vain: for from the Eaſt a Belgian wind
His hoſtile breath through the dry rafters ſent;
The flames impell'd ſoon left their foes behind,
And forward with a wanton fury went.

CCXXXI.

A key of fire ran all along the ſhore,
And lighten'd all the river with a blaze:
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
And wondering fiſh in ſhining waters gaze.

CCXXXII.

Old father Thames raiſ'd up his reverend head,
But fear'd the fate of Simois would return:
Deep in his ooze he fought his ſedgy bed,
And ſhrunk his waters back into his urn.

CCXXXIII.

The fire, mean-time, walks in a broader groſs;
To either hand his wings he opens wide:
He wafts the ſtreets, and ſtraight he reaches croſs,
And plays his longing flames on th' other ſide.

CCXXXIV.

At firſt they warm, then ſcorch, and then they take;
Now with long necks from ſide to ſide they feed:
At length grown ſtrong their mother-fire forſake,
And a new colony of flames ſucceed.

CCXXXV.

To every nobler portion of the town
The curling billows roll their reſtleſs tide:
In parties now they ſtraggle up and down,
As armies unoppoſ'd for prey divide.

CCXXXVI

One mighty ſquadron, with a ſide-wind ſped,
Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haſte,
By powerful charms of gold and ſilver led,
The Lombard bankers and the Change to waſte.

CCXXXVII.

Another backward to the Tower would go,
And ſlowly eats his way againſt the wind:
But the main body of the marching foe
Againſt th' imperial palace is deſign'd.

CCXXXVIII.

Now day appears, and with the day the king,
Whoſe early care had robb'd him of his reſt:
Far off the cracks of falling houſes ring,
And ſhrieks of ſubjects pierce his tender breaſt.

CCXXXIX.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of ſmoke
With gloomy pillars cover all the place;
Whoſe little intervals of night are broke
By ſparks, that drive againſt his ſacred face.

CCXL.

More than his guards his ſorrows made him known,
And pious tears which down his cheeks did ſhower:
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;
So much the pity of a king has power.

CCXLI.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd ſo well,
And what ſo well had merited his love;
For never prince in grace did more excel,
Or royal city more in duty ſtrove.

CCXLII.

Nor with an idle care did he behold:
Subjects may grieve, but monarchs may redreſs;
He chears the fearful, and commends the bold,
And makes deſpairers hope for good ſucceſs.

CCXLIII.

Himſelf directs what firſt is to be done,
And orders all the ſuccours which they bring:
The helpful and the good about him run,
And form an army worthy ſuch a king.

CCXLIV.

He ſees the dire contagion ſpread ſo faſt,
That where it ſeizes all relief is vain:
And therefore muſt unwillingly lay waſte
That country, which would elſe the foe maintain.

CCXLV.

The powder blows up all before the fire:
Th' amazed flames ſtand gather'd on a heap;
And from the precipice's brink retire,
Afraid to venture on ſo large a leap.

CCXLVI.

Thus fighting fires a while themſelves conſume,
But ſtraight like Turks forc'd on to win or die,
They firſt lay tender bridges of their fume,
And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

CCXLVII.

Part ſtay for paſſage, till a guſt of wind
Strips o'er their forces in a ſhining ſheet:
Part creeping under ground their journey blind,
And climbing from below their fellows meet.

CCXLVIII.

Thus to ſome deſert plain, or old wood-ſide,
Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round;
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
Or ſweep in clouds above the blaſted ground.

CCXLIX.

No help avails: for, hydra-like, the fire
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way:
And ſcarce the wealthy can one half retire,
Before he ruſhes in to ſhare the prey.

CCL.

The rich grow ſuppliant, and the poor grow proud:
Thoſe offer mighty gain, and theſe aſk more:
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
When others ruin may increaſe their ſtore.

CCLI.

As thoſe who live by ſhores with joy behold
Some wealthy veſſel ſplit or ſtranded nigh;
And from the rocks leap down for ſhipwreck'd gold,
And ſeek the tempeſts which the others fly:

CCLII.

So theſe but wait the owners laſt deſpair,
And what's permitted to the flames invade;
Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morſels tear,
And on their backs the ſpoils of Vulcan lade.

CCLIII.

The days were all in this loſt labour ſpent;
And when the weary king gave place to night,
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
And ſo ſhone ſtill in his reflective light.

CCLIV.

Night came, but without darkneſs or repoſe,
A diſmal picture of the general doom;
Where ſouls diſtracted when the trumpet blows,
And half unready with their bodies come.

CCLV.

Thoſe who have homes, when home they do repair
To a laſt lodging call their wandering friends:
Their ſhort uneaſy ſleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own deſtruction tends.

CCLVI.

Thoſe who have none, ſit round where once it was
And with full eyes each wonted room require:
Haunting the yet warm aſhes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

CCLVII.

Some ſtir up coals and watch the veſtal fire,
Others in vain from ſight of ruin run;
And while through burning labyrinths they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they would ſhun.

CCLVIII.

The moſt in fields like herded beaſts lie down,
To dews obnoxious on the graſſy floor;
And while their babes in ſleep their ſorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their ſtore.

CCLIX.

While by the motion of the flames they gueſs
What ſtreets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant waking to the paps would preſs,
And meets, inſtead of milk, a falling tear.

CCLX.

No thought can eaſe them but their ſovereign's care,
Whoſe praiſe th' afflicted as their comfort ſing:
Ev'n thoſe, whom want might drive to juſt deſpair,
Think life a bleſſing under ſuch a king.

CCLXI.

Mean-time he ſadly ſuffers in their grief,
Out-weeps an hermit, and out-prays a ſaint:
All the long night he ſtudies their relief,
How they may be ſuppli'd, and he may want.

CCLXII.

O God, ſaid he, thou patron of my days,
Guide of my youth in exile and diſtreſs!
Who me unfriended brought'ſt by wondrous ways,
The kingdom of my fathers to poſſeſs:

CCLXIII.

Be thou my judge, with what unweary'd care
I ſince have labour'd for my people's good;
To bind the bruiſes of a civil war,
And ſtop the iſſues of their waſting blood.

CCLXIV.

Thou who haſt taught me to forgive the ill,
And recompenſe as friends the good miſled;
If mercy be a precept of thy will,
Return that mercy on thy ſervant's head.

CCLXV.

Or if my heedleſs youth has ſtep'd aſtray,
Too ſoon forgetful of thy gracious hand;
On me alone thy juſt diſpleaſure lay,
But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

CCLXVI.

We all have ſinn'd, and thou haſt laid us low,
As humble earth from whence at firſt we came.
Like flying ſhades before the clouds we ſhow,
And ſhrink like parchment in conſuming flame.

CCLXVII.

O let it be enough what thou haſt done;
When ſpotted deaths ran arm'd through every ſtreet,
With poiſon'd darts which not the good could ſhun,
The ſpeedy could out-fly, or valiant meet.

CCLXVIII.

The living few, and frequent funerals then,
Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forſaken place:
And now thoſe few who are return'd again,
Thy ſearching judgments to their dwellings trace.

CCLXIX.

O paſs not, Lord, an abſolute decree,
Or bind thy ſentence unconditional:
But in thy ſentence our remorſe foreſee,
And in that foreſight this thy doom recal.

CCLXX.

Thy threatenings, Lord, as thine thou may'ſt revoke:
But if immutable and fix'd they ſtand,
Continue ſtill thyſelf to give the ſtroke,
And let not foreign foes oppreſs thy land.

CCLXXI.

Th' Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
Choſe out the cherub with the flaming ſword;
And bade him ſwiftly drive th' approaching fire
From where our naval magazines were ſtor'd.

CCLXXII.

The bleſſed miniſter his wings diſplay'd,
And like a ſhooting ſtar he cleit the night:
He charg'd the flames, and thoſe that diſobey'd
He laſhed to duty with his ſword of light.

CCLXXIII.

The fugitive flames chaſtis'd went forth to prey
On pious ſtructures, by our fathers rear'd;
By which to heaven they did affect the way,
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

CCLXXIV.

The wanting orphans ſaw with watery eyes,
Their founders charity in duſt laid low;
And ſent to God their ever-anſwer'd cries,
For he protects the poor, who made them ſo.

CCLXXV.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,
Though thou wert ſacred to thy Maker's praiſe:
Though made immortal by a poet's ſong;
And poets ſongs the Theban walls could raiſe.

CCLXXVI.

The daring flames peep'd in, and ſaw from far
The awful beauties of the ſacred quire:
But, ſince it was prophan'd by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

CCLXXVII.

Now down the narrow ſtreets it ſwiftly came,
And widely opening did on both ſides prey:
This benefit we ſadly owe the flame,
If only ruin muſt enlarge our way.

CCLXXVIII.

And now four days the ſun had ſeen our woes:
Four nights the moon beheld th' inceſſant fire:
It ſeem'd as if the ſtars more fickly roſe,
And farther from the frighted north retire.

CCLXXIX.

In th' empyrean heaven, the bleſs'd abode,
The thrones and the dominions proſtrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God;
And an huſh'd ſilence damps the tuneful ſky.

CCLXXX.

At length th' Almighty caſt a pitying eye,
And mercy ſoftly touch'd his melting breaſt:
He ſaw the town's one half in rubbiſh lie,
And eager flames drive on to ſtorm the reſt.

CCLXXXI.

An hallow cryſtal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguiſher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove.

CCLXXXII.

The vanquiſh'd fires withdraw from every place,
Or ſull with feeding ſink into a ſleep:
Each houſhold genius ſhews again his face,
And from the hearths the little lares creep.

CCLXXXIII.

Our king this more than natural change beholds;
With ſober joy his heart and eyes abound:
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

CCLXXXIV.

As when ſharp froſts had long conſtrain'd the earth
A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain;
And firſt the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And ſtraight the green fields laugh with promis'd grain:

CCLXXXV.

By ſuch degrees the ſpreading gladneſs grew
In every heart which fear had froze before:
The ſtanding ſtreets with ſo much joy they view,
That with leſs grief the periſh'd they deplore.

CCLXXXVI.

The father of the people open'd wide
His ſtores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place ſupply'd,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

CCLXXXVII.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And in their minds ſo deep did print the ſenſe;
That if the ruins ſadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear the ſight might drive him thence.

CCLXXXVIII.

But ſo may he live long, that town to ſway,
Which by his auſpice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their aſhes by his ſtay,
And not their humble ruins now forſake.

CCLXXXIX.

They have not loſt their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth ſo low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquiſh'd foe.

CCXC.

Not with more conſtancy the Jews, of old
By Cyrus from rewarded exile ſent,
Their royal city did in duſt behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

CCXCI.

The utmoſt malice of the ſtars is paſt,
And two dire comets, which have ſcourg'd the town,
In their own plague and fire have breath'd the laſt,
Or dimly in their ſinking ſockets frown.

CCXCII.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
And lugh-rais'd Jove from his dark priſon freed,
Thoſe weights took off that on his planet hung,
Will gloriouſly the new-laid work ſucceed.

CCXCIII.

Methinks already from this chemic flame,
I ſee a city of more precious mold:
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With ſilver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

CCXCIV.

Already labouring with a mighty fate,
She ſhakes the rubbiſh from her mourning brow,
And ſeems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which heaven will to the death of time allow.

CCXCV.

More great than human now, and more auguſt,
Now deify'd ſhe from her fires does riſe:
Her widening ſtreets on new foundations truſt,
And opening into larger parts ſhe flies.

CCXCVI.

Before ſhe like ſome ſhepherdeſs did ſhow,
Who ſat to bathe her by a river's ſide;
Not anſwering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

CCXCVII.

Now like a maiden queen ſhe will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly ſuitors come;
The Eaſt with incenſe, and the Weſt with gold,
Will ſtand like ſuppliants to receive her doom.

CCXCVIII.

The ſilver Thames, her own domeſtic flood,
Shall bear her veſſels like a ſweeping train;
And often wind, as of his miſtreſs proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

CCXCIX.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns no more ſhall boaſt,
And Seyne, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her luſtre ſtain'd, and traffic loſt.

CCC.

The venturous merchant, who deſign'd more far,
And touches on our hoſpitable ſhore,
Charm'd with the ſplendor of this northern ſtar,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

CCCI.

Our powerful navy ſhall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade:
The beauty of this town without a fleet,
From all the world ſhall vindicate her trade.

CCCII.

And while this fam'd emporium we prepare,
The Britiſh ocean ſhall ſuch triumphs boaſt,
That thoſe, who now diſdain our trade to ſhare,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coaſt.

CCCIII.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
And the leſs dangerous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not ſo great to vanquiſh as to find.

CCCIV.

Thus to the eaſtern wealth through ſtorms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;
A conſtant trade-wind will ſecurely blow,
And gently lay us on the ſpicy ſhore.

AN

ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

BY MR. DRYDEN, AND THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

HOW dull, and how inſenſible a beaſt
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the reſt!
Philoſophers and poets vainly ſtrove
In every age the lumpiſh maſs to move:
But thoſe were pedants, when compar'd with theſe,
Who know not only to inſtruct, but pleaſe.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Myſterious mortals gently to convey
In charming numbers; ſo that as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiſer too.
Satire has always ſhone among the reſt,
And is the boldeſt way, if not the beſt,
To tell men freely of their fouleſt faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In ſatire too the wiſe took different ways,
To each deſerving its peculiar praiſe.
Some did all folly with juſt ſharpneſs blame,
Whilſt others laugh'd, and ſcorn'd them into ſhame.
But of theſe two, the laſt ſucceeded beſt,
As men aim right beſt when they ſhoot in jeſt.
Yet if we may preſume to blame our guides,
And cenſure thoſe who cenſure all beſides,
In other things they juſtly are preferr'd:
In this alone methinks the ancients err'd;
Againſt the groſſeſt follies they declaim;
Hard they purſue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is eaſier than ſuch blots to hit,
And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:
Beſides 'tis fa! our loſt; for who would preach
Morals to Armſtrong, or dull Aſton teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wiſe at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendſhip to Whitehall.
But with ſharp eyes thoſe nicer faults to find,
Which lie obſcurely in the wiſeſt mind:
That little ſpeck which all the reſt does ſpoil,
To waſh off that would be a noble toil;
Beyond the looſe-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd ſcenes of our declining ſtage;
Above all cenſure too, each little wit
Will be ſo glad to ſee the greater hit;
Who judging better, though concern'd the moſt,
Of ſuch correction will have cauſe to boaſt.
In ſuch a ſatire all would ſeek a ſhare,
And every fool will fancy he is there.
Old ſtory-tellers too muſt pine and die,
To ſee their antiquated wit laid by;

o miſs'd her name in a lampoon,
to find herſelf decay'd ſo ſoon.
coxcomb muſt be mention'd here:
train of dancing ſparks appear;
g officers who never fight;
etched rabble who would write?
lf wits: that's more againſt our rules;
fops, the other are but fools.
not be as ſilly as Dunbar?
ſonmouth, rather than Sir Carr?
g courtier ſhould be ſlighted too,
ull knavery makes ſo much ado;
wd fool, by thriving too too faſt,
s fox, becomes a prey at laſt:
e royal miſtreſſes be nam'd,
too eaſy to be blam'd;
i each rhyming fool keeps ſuch a pother,
common that way as the other:
ing Charles, between his beaſtly brace,
diſſembling ſtill in either place,
mour, or a painted face.
ls we have often told him,
as jilted him, the other ſold him:
ffects to laugh, how this to weep;
i rail ſo long as he can ſleep?
ince by two at once miſled,
h, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Ayleſbury, with all that race
kheads ſhall have here no place;
et as foils on Dorſet's ſcore,
at great falſe jewel ſhine the more;
t while was thought exceeding wiſe,
ing pains and telling lies.
o meddling with ſuch naufeous men;
ames have tir'd my lazy pen:
quit their company and chuſe
ubject for a ſharper Muſe.
, behold the merrieſt man alive
areleſs genius vainly ſtrive;
eaſe, ſome deep deſign to lay,
time, and then forget the day:
laugh at his beſt friends, and be
company as Nokes and Lee.
aims at reaſon or at rule,
nſelf at beſt to ridicule.
uſineſs ne'er ſo earneſt ſit,
it mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
of a jeſt ſhall be enjoy'd,
ſt all mankind to be deſtroy'd.
orm'd ſat gravely and demure,
ppear'd, and thought himſelf ſecure;
lady had him in her eye,
r friend did juſt as oddly fly.
ove our nature does ſo good;
l back to our own fleſh and blood;
tle Machiavel we find
ſt creature of the buſy kind,
crippled, and his body ſhakes;
mind, which all this buſtle makes,
ts poor companion takes.
y can hold from laughing out,
drag his feeble legs about,
ill-coupled? jowler lugs him ſtill
dges, ditches, and through all that 's ill.
e in any man but him alone
dy ſo, though 'tis one's own:
e comfort never gives him o'er,
he creeps his vigorous thoughts can ſoar!

Alas! that ſoaring, to thoſe few that know,
Is but a buſy groveling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the ſky,
Whilſt on the ground th' entranced wretches lie:
So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly,
As the new earl with parts deſerving praiſe,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
Yet loſes all ſoft days and ſenſual nights,
Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune ſlights;
Striving againſt his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a buſy man.
And what is that at beſt, but one, whoſe mind
Is made to tire himſelf and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;
For if ſome odd fantaſtic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beaſt that lives,
Who his own harm ſo wittingly contrives?
Will any dog, that has his teeth and ſtones,
Refinedly leave his bitches and his bones,
To turn a wheel and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a ſtateſman's name,
Forfeits his friend, his freedom, and his fame.
Though ſatire nicely writ no humour ſtings
But thoſe who merit praiſe in other things;
Yet we muſt needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for folly Tropos ſake;
Who was too much deſpis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore ſcarce deſerves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing ſmoothly, and for reaſoning wrong.
As boys on holy-days let looſe to play,
Lay waggiſh traps for girls that paſs that way;
Then ſhout to ſee in diſs and deep diſtreſs
Some ſilly cit in her flower'd fooliſh dreſs:
So have I mighty ſatisfaction found,
To ſee his tinſel reaſon on the ground:
To ſee the florid fool deſpis'd, and know it,
By ſome who ſcarce have words enough to ſhow it:
For ſenſe fits ſilent, and condemns for weaker
The ſinner, nay ſometimes the wittieſt ſpeaker:
But 'tis prodigious ſo much eloquence
Should be acquired by ſuch little ſenſe;
For words and wit did anciently agree,
And Tully was no fool, though this man be:
At bar abuſive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolſack, ſop at council-table.
Theſe are the grievances of ſuch fools as would
Be rather wiſe than honeſt, great than good.
Some other kind of wits muſt be made known,
Whoſe harmleſs errors hurt themſelves alone;
Exceſs of luxury they think can pleaſe,
And lazineſs call loving of their eaſe:
To live diſſolv'd in pleaſures ſtill they feign,
Though their whole life 's but intermitting pain:
So much of ſurfeits, head-aches, claps are ſeen,
We ſcarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning men who make this groſs miſtake,
And pleaſure loſe only for pleaſure's ſake;
Each pleaſure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we ſquander life away.
Thus Dorſet, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Marry'd, but wiſer puſs ne'er thought of that:
And firſt he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's maſtives at his kindeſt time;

Then for one night ſold all his ſlaviſh life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;
Swell'd by contact of ſuch a fulſome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill reſtor'd him to his liberty;
Which he would uſe in his old ſneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his briſker times
Had fam'd for dulneſs in malicious rhymes.
Mulgrave had much ado to ſcape the ſnare,
Though learn'd in all thoſe arts that cheat the fair:
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the ſtocks;
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes,
To ſee him catch his tartar for his prize:
Th' impatient town waited the wiſh'd-for change,
And cuckolds ſmil'd in hopes of ſweet revenge;
Till Petworth plot made us with ſorrow ſee,
As his eſtate, his perſon too was free:
Him no ſoft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
To goid he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet ſailing there he keeps his freedom ſtill,
Forc'd to live happily againſt his will:
'Tis not his fault if too much wealth and power
Break not his toaſted quiet every hour.
And little Sid. for ſimile renown'd,
Pleaſure has always ſought but never found:
Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are ſo bad, ſure he ne'er thinks at all.
The fleſh he lives upon is rank and ſtrong,
His meat and miſtreſſes are kept too long.
But ſure we all miſtake this pious man,
Who mortifies his perſon all he can:
What we uncharitably take for ſin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin;
For never hermit under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common ſenſe;
And 'tis a miracle we may ſuppoſe,
No naſtineſs offends his ſkilful noſe;
Which from all ſtink can with peculiar art
Extract perfume and eſſence from a ſ—t:
Expecting ſupper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night:
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping ſits,
Till he takes Hewit and Jack Hall for wits.
Rocheſter I deſpiſe for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For while he miſchief means to all mankind,
Himſelf alone the ill effects does find:
And ſo like witches juſtly ſuffers ſhame,
Whoſe harmleſs malice is ſo much the ſame.
Falſe are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, ſo ſeldom hit;
To every face he cringes while he ſpeaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,
Manners themſelves are miſchievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes every creature,
A very Killegrew without good-nature.
For what a Deſſus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For there 's the folly that's ſtill mixt with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear;
Of fighting ſparks ſome may their pleaſures ſay,
But 'tis a nobler thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For every fault does prove his penance ſtill:
Falſely he falls into ſome dangerous nooſe,
And then as meanly labours to get looſe;
A life ſo infamous is better quitting,
Spent in baſe injury and low ſubmitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry;
Forgot by all almoſt as well as me.
Sometimes he has ſome humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under ſo much naſty rubbiſh laid,
To find it out 's the cinderwoman's trade;
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Muſt toil all day in aſhes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deſerve no comments here;
Where one poor thought ſometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulneſs muſt atone.
How vain a thing is man, and how unwiſe;
Ev'n he, who would himſelf the moſt deſpiſe!
I, who ſo wiſe and humble ſeem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't ſee.
While the world's nonſenſe is ſo ſharply ſhewn,
We pull down others but to raiſe our own;
That we may angels ſeem, we paint them elves,
And are but ſatires to ſet up ourſelves.
I, who have all this while been finding fault,
Ev'n with my maſter, who firſt ſatire taught;
And did by that deſcribe the taſk ſo hard,
It ſeems ſtupendous and above reward;
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty hill unreach'd by former time:
'Tis juſt that I ſhould to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

" Si propiùs ſtes,
" Te capiet magis——"

PART I.

TO THE READER.

IT is not my intention to make an apology for my poem: ſome will think it needs no excuſe, and others will receive none. The deſign I am ſure is honeſt: but e who draws his pen for one party, muſt expect to make enemies of the other. For it and fool are conſequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a knave or an aſs o the contrary ſide. There is a treaſury of merits in the Fanatic church, as well as n the Popiſh: and a pennyworth to be had of ſaintſhip, honeſty, and poetry, for the ewd, the factious, and the blockheads: but the longeſt chapter in Deuteronomy has ot curſes enough for the Anti-Bromingham. My comfort, is their manifeſt prejudice o my cauſe will render their judgment of leſs authority againſt me. Yet if a poem ave genius, it will force its own reception in the world. For there is a ſweetneſs in good verſe, which tickles even while it hurts: and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleaſes him againſt his will. The commendation of adverſaries is the greateſt triumph of a writer, becauſe it never comes unleſs extorted. But I can be ſatisfied on more eaſy terms: if I happen to pleaſe the more moderate ſort, I ſhall be ſure of an honeſt party, and, in all probability, of the beſt judges: for the leaſt concerned are commonly the leaſt corrupt. And I confeſs I have laid in for thoſe, by rebating the ſatire, where juſtice would allow it, from carrying too ſharp an edge. They who can criticiſe ſo weakly, as to imagine I have done my worſt, may be convinced at their own coſt that I can write ſeverely, with more eaſe than I can gently. I have but laughed at ſome men's follies, when I could have declaimed againſt their vices: and other men's virtues I have commended, as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you ſhould return upon me that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am: but if men are not to be judged by their profeſſions, God forgive you commonwealth's-men for profeſſing ſo plauſibly for the government. You cannot be ſo unconſcionable as to charge me for not ſubſcribing my name; for that would reflect too groſly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to ſecure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may poſſibly be in my writing; though it is hard for an author to judge againſt himſelf. But more probably it is in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent on both ſides will condemn the character of Abſalom, as either too favourably or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent whom I deſire to pleaſe. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and to confeſs freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Beſides the reſpect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himſelf could not be more tender of the young man's life, than I would be of his reputation. But ſince the moſt excellent natures are always the moſt eaſy, and, as being ſuch, are the ſooneſt perverted by ill counſels, eſpecially when baited with fame and glory; it is no more a wonder that he withſtood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam not to have reſiſted the two devils, the ſerpent and the woman. The concluſion of

the ſtory I purpoſely forbore to proſecute, becauſe I could not obtain from myſelf to ſhew Abſalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waiſt; and if the draught be ſo far true, it is as much as I deſigned.

Were I the inventor, who am only the hiſtorian, I ſhould certainly conclude the piece, with the reconcilement of Abſalom to David. And who knows but this may come to paſs? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the ſtory; there ſeems yet to be room left for a compoſure; hereafter there may be only for pity. I have not ſo much as an uncharitable wiſh againſt Achitophel; but am content to be accuſed of a good-natured error, and to hope with Origen, that the devil himſelf may at laſt be ſaved. For which reaſon, in this poem, he is neither brought to ſet his houſe in order, nor to diſpoſe of his perſon afterwards as he in wiſdom ſhall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his vicegerent is only not ſo, becauſe he is not infinite.

The true end of ſatire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he, who writes honeſtly, is no more an enemy to the offender, than the phyſician to the patient, when he preſcribes harſh remedies to an inveterate diſeaſe; for thoſe are only in order to prevent the chirurgeon's work of an *Enſe reſcindendum*, which I wiſh not to my very enemies. To conclude all; if the body politic have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment, an act of oblivion were as neceſſary in a hot diſtempered ſtate, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

imes ere prieſtcraft did begin,
olygamy was made a ſin;
on many multiply'd his kind,
ne was curſedly confin'd;
re prompted, and no law deny'd
s uſe of concubine and bride;
's monarch after heaven's own heart
s warmth did variouſly impart
nd ſlaves; and wide as his command,
s Maker's image through the land.
royal blood, the crown did wear;
ateful to the tiller's care:
reſt; for ſeveral mothers bore
e David ſeveral ſons before.
ke ſlaves his bed they did aſcend,
ceſſion could their ſeed attend.
umerous progeny was none
l, ſo brave as Abſalom:
ſpir'd by ſome diviner luſt,
got him with a greater guſt,
conſcious deſtiny made way,
eauty to imperial ſway.
eign fields he won renown,
and ſtates ally'd to Iſrael's crown:
e thoughts of war he could remove,
d as he were only born for love.
e did was done with ſo much eaſe,
e 'twas natural to pleaſe:
s all accompany'd with grace;
ſe was open'd in his face.
t joy indulgent David view'd
l image in his ſon renew'd:
viſhes nothing he deny'd;
the charming Annabel his bride.
s he had, for who from faults is free?
could not, or he would not ſee.
n exceſſes which the law forbore,
rued youth that purged by boiling o'er;
n's murder by a ſpecious name,
a juſt revenge for injur'd fame.
'd and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
id undiſturb'd in Sion reign'd.
never be ſincerely bleſt:
niſhes the bad, and proves the beſt.
a headſtrong, moody, murmuring race,
'd th' extent and ſtretch of grace;
per'd people, whom debauch'd with eaſe,
uld govern, nor no God could pleaſe;
had try'd of every ſhape and ſize,
iths could produce or prieſts deviſe:
n-wits too fortunately free,
eam they wanted liberty;
no rule, no precedent was found,
laws leſs circumſcrib'd and bound;
eir wild deſires to woods and caves,
t that all but ſavages were ſlaves.
when Saul was dead, without a blow,
Iſhboſheth the crown forego;
Who baniſh'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a general ſhout proclaim'd him king:
Thoſe very Jews, who at their very beſt
Their humour more than loyalty expreſt,
Now wonder'd why ſo long they had obey'd
An idol monarch, which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf a ſtate.
But theſe were random bolts: no form'd deſign,
Nor intereſt made the factious crowd to join:
The ſober part of Iſrael, free from ſtain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And, looking backward, with a wiſe affright,
Saw ſeams of wounds diſhoneſt to the ſight:
In contemplation of whoſe ugly ſcars,
They curſt the memory of civil wars.
The moderate ſort of men thus qualify'd,
Inclin'd the balance to the better ſide;
And David's mildneſs manag'd it ſo well,
The bad found no occaſion to rebel.
But when to ſin our bias'd nature leans,
The careful devil is ſtill at hand with means;
And providently pimps for ill deſires:
The good old cauſe reviv'd a plot requires.
Plots true or falſe are neceſſary things,
To raiſe up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
Th' inhabitants of old Jeruſalem
Were Jebuſites; the town ſo call'd from them;
And theirs the native right——
But when the choſen people grew more ſtrong,
The rightful cauſe at length became the wrong;
And every loſs the men of Jebus bore,
They ſtill were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they muſt to David's government:
Impoveriſh'd and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they loſt their land;
And what was harder yet to fleſh and blood,
Their gods diſgrac'd and burnt like common wood.
This ſet the heathen prieſthood in a flame;
For prieſts of all religions are the ſame.
Of whatſoe'er deſcent their godhead be,
Stock, ſtone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his ſervants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewiſh rabbins, though their enemies
In this conclude them honeſt men and wiſe:
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
T' eſpouſe his cauſe, by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that plot, the nation's curſe,
Bad in itſelf, but repreſented worſe;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows deny'd;
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude;
But ſwallow'd in the maſs, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but daſh'd and brew'd with lies,
To pleaſe the fools, and puzzle all the wiſe.

Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebuſites embrac'd;
Where gods were recommended by their taſte.
Such ſavoury deities muſt needs be good,
As ſerv'd at once for worſhip and for food.
By force they could not introduce theſe gods;
For ten to one in former days was odds.
So fraud was us'd, the ſacrificer's trade:
Fools are more hard to conquer than perſuade.
Their buſy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and ſtews:
Which Hebrew prieſts the more unkindly took,
Becauſe the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to ſlay
By guns invented ſince full many a day:
Our author ſwears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebuſites may go?
This plot, which fail'd for want of common ſenſe,
Had yet a deep and dangerous conſequence:
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The ſtanding lake ſoon floats into a flood,
And every hoſtile humour, which before
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
So ſeveral factions from this firſt ferment,
Work up to foam and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themſelves thought wiſe,
Oppos'd the power to which they could not riſe.
Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence,
Like fiends were harden'd in impenitence.
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinſmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
Of theſe the falſe Achitophel was firſt;
A name to all ſucceeding ages curſt:
For cloſe deſigns, and crooked councils fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Reſtleſs, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of diſgrace:
A fiery ſoul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,
He ſought the ſtorms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would ſteer too nigh the ſands to boaſt his wit.
Great wits are ſure to madneſs near ally'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Elſe why ſhould he with wealth and honour bleſt,
Refuſe his age the needful hours of reſt?
Puniſh a body which he could not pleaſe;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of eaſe?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a ſon;
Got, while his ſoul did huddled notions try;
And born a ſhapeleſs lump, like anarchy.
In friendſhip falſe, implacable in hate;
Reſolv'd to ruin, or to rule the ſtate.
To compaſs this the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public ſafety ſhook;
And fitted Iſrael for a foreign yoke:
Then, ſeiz'd with fear, yet ſtill affecting fame,
Uſurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So eaſy ſtill it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.

How ſafe is treaſon, and how ſacred ill,
Where none can ſin againſt the people's will!
Where crouds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own?
Yet fame deſerv'd no enemy can grudge;
The ſtateſman we abhor, but praiſe the judge.
In Iſrael's court ne'er ſat an Abethdin
With more diſcerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unſought, the wretched to redreſs;
Swift of diſpatch, and eaſy of acceſs.
Oh! had he been content to ſerve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankneſs of the ſoil been freed
From cockle, that oppreſs'd the noble ſeed;
David for him his tuneful harp had ſtrung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal ſong.
But wild ambition loves to ſlide, not ſtand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to poſſeſs
A lawful fame, and lazy happineſs,
Diſdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to ſhake the tree.
Now, manifeſt of crimes contriv'd long ſince,
He ſtood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cauſe
Againſt the crown, and ſculk'd behind the laws.
The wiſh'd occaſion of the plot he takes;
Some circumſtances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing emiſſaries fill the ears
Of liſtening crowds with jealouſies and fears
Of arbitrary counſels brought to light,
And proves the king himſelf a Jebuſite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were ſtrong with people eaſy to rebel.
For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the ſame track when ſhe the prime renews;
And once in twenty years their ſcribes record,
By natural inſtinct they change their lord.
Achitophel ſtill wants a chief, and none
Was found ſo fit as warlike Abſalom.
Not that he wiſh'd his greatneſs to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title not allow'd,
Would keep him ſtill depending on the crowd:
That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with ſtudied arts to pleaſe,
And ſheds his venom in ſuch words as theſe.
Auſpicious prince, at whoſe nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the ſouthern ſky;
Thy longing country's darling and deſire:
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire:
Their ſecond Moſes, whoſe extended wand
Divides the ſeas, and ſhews the promiſ'd land:
Whoſe dawning day, in every diſtant age,
Has exercis'd the ſacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's viſion, and the old men's dream!
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confeſs,
And, never ſatisfy'd with ſeeing, bleſs:
Swift unbeſpoken pomps thy ſteps proclaim,
And ſtammering babes are taught to liſp thy name.
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign;
Content ingloriouſly to paſs thy days,
Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praiſe;
Till thy freſh glories, which now ſhine ſo bright,
Grow ſtale and tarniſh with our daily ſight?

oyal youth, thy fruit muſt be
ipe, or rot upon the tree.
o all allotted, ſoon or late,
evolution of their fate:
ns if we watch and guide w'th ſkill,
ood depends on human will,
rolls as from a ſmooth deſcent,
e firſt impreſſion takes the bent;
'd ſhe glides away like wind,
epenting folly far behind.
he meets you with a glorious prize,
her locks before you as ſhe flies.
l David, from whoſe loins you ſpring,
hen fortune call'd him to be king,
exile he might ſtill remain,
's anointing oil had been in vain.
ſsful youth your hopes engage;
' example of declining age:
ſetting in his weſtern ſkies,
's lengthening as the vapours riſe.
ow, as when on Jordan's ſand
people throng'd to ſee him land,
e beach, and blackening all the ſtrand;
: prince of angels, from his height
bling downward with diminiſh'd light:
one poor plot to public ſcorn:
eſſing ſince his curſt return:
s of people which one ſheaf did bind,
nd ſcatter'd by a puff of wind.
gth can he to your deſigns oppoſe,
iends, and round beſet with foes?
's doubtful ſuccour he ſhould uſe,
id would more incenſe the Jews:
ot would diſſembled friendſhip bring;
e war but not ſupport the king:
the royal party e'er unite
aoh's arms t' aſſiſt the Jebuſite;
hould, their intereſt ſoon would break,
uch odious aid make David weak.
men by my ſucceſsful arts,
kings, eſtrange their alter'd hearts
d's rule; and 'tis their general cry,
commonwealth, and liberty.
champion of the public good,
ir arms a chief of royal blood,
not Iſrael hope, and what applauſe
a general gain by ſuch a cauſe?
praiſe alone, that gaudy flower
o the ſight, but ſolid power:
r is a limited command,
he love of all your native land,
ceſſive title, long and dark,
m the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.
annot praiſe effect in mighty minds,
tery ſooths, and when ambition blinds?
ower, on earth a vicious weed,
g from high is of celeſtial ſeed:
s glory: and when men aſpire,
ſpark too much of heavenly fire.
ious youth, too covetous of fame,
f angel's metal in his frame,
was led from virtue's ways,
ink with honour, and debauch'd with
aiſe.
, and half conſenting to the ill,
blood within him ſtruggled ſtill,
piy'd.—And what pretence have I
p arms for public liberty?

My father governs with unqueſtion'd right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, juſt, obſervant of the laws;
And heaven by wonders has eſpous'd his cauſe.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who ſues for juſtice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom juſt revenge did to his wrath expoſe!
Mild, eaſy, humble, ſtudious of our good;
Inclin'd to mercy, and averſe from blood.
If mildneſs ill with ſtubborn Iſrael ſuit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary ſway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curſe with ſuch a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a ſervile train.
If David's rule Jeruſalem diſplay,
The dog-ſtar heats their brains to this diſeaſe.
Why then ſhould I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant, who by lawleſs might
Oppreſs'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebuſite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
Would curb my ſpirits and reſtrain my hands:
The people might aſſert their liberty:
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wiſhes, and out-runs deſire;
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that—But here he paus'd, then ſighing, ſaid—
Is juſtly deſtin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils ſhall reſt,
And late augment the number of the bleſt,
His lawful iſſue ſhall the throne aſcend,
Or the collateral line, where that ſhall end.
His brother, though oppreſs'd with vulgar ſpite,
Yet dauntleſs and ſecure of native right,
Of every royal virtue ſtands poſſeſt;
Still dear to all the braveſt and the beſt.
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim;
His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
His mercy ev'n th' offending crowd will find;
For ſure he comes of a forgiving kind.
Why ſhould I then repine at heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet oh that fate, propitiouſly inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind;
To my large ſoul not all her treaſure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean deſcent!
I find, I find my mounting ſpirits bold,
And David's part diſdains my mother's mould.
Why am I ſcanted by a niggard birth?
My ſoul diſclaims the kindred of her earth;
And made for empire whiſpers me within,
Deſire of greatneſs is a god-like ſin.
Him ſtaggering ſo, when hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue ſcarce maintain'd her ground,
He pours freſh forces in, and thus replies:
Th' eternal God, ſupremely good and wiſe,
Imparts not theſe prodigious gifts in vain:
What wonders are reſerv'd to bleſs your reign!
Againſt your will your arguments have ſhown,
Such virtue's only given to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildneſs I contemn;
But manly force becomes the diadem.
'Tis true he grants the people all they crave;
And more perhaps than ſubjects ought to have;

For laviſh grants ſuppoſe a monarch tame,
And more his goodneſs than his wit proclaim.
But when ſhould people ſtrive their bonds to break,
If not when kings are negligent or weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty Sanhedrim ſhall keep him poor:
And every ſhekel, which he can receive,
Shall coſt a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots ſhall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in ſome expenſive war;
Which when his treaſure can no more ſupply,
He muſt, with the remains of kingſhip, buy
His faithful friends, our jealouſies and fears
Call Jebuſites, and Pharaoh's penſioners;
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He ſhall be naked left to public ſcorn.
The next ſucceſſor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the ſtate;
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
His right, for ſums of neceſſary gold,
Shall firſt be pawn'd, and afterwards be ſold;
Till time ſhall ever-wanting David draw,
To paſs your doubtful title into law;
If not, the people have a right ſupreme
To make their kings; for kings are made for them.
All empire is no more than power in truſt,
Which, when reſum'd, can be no longer juſt.
Succeſſion, for the general good deſign'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind:
If altering that the people can relieve,
Better one ſuffer than a nation grieve.
The Jews well know their power: ere Saul they choſe,
God was their king, and God they durſt depoſe.
Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that univerſal call,
To which ev'n heaven ſubmitted, anſwers all.
Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
'Tis nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themſelves in their poſterity.
Or let his kindneſs by th' effects be try'd,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aſide.
God ſaid, he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof, than to anoint him king?
It ſurely ſhew'd he lov'd the ſhepherd well,
Who gave ſo fair a flock as Iſrael.
Would David have you thought his darling ſon,
What means he then to alienate the crown?
The name of godly he may bluſh to bear:
Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
He to his brother gives ſupreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land;
Perhaps th' old harp, on which he thrums his lays,
Or ſome dull Hebrew ballad in your praiſe.
Then the next heir, a prince fevere and wiſe,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin diſguiſes of your arts,
And marks your progreſs in the people's hearts;
Though now his mighty ſoul its grief contains:
He meditates revenge who leaſt complains:
And like a lion, ſlumb'ering in the way,
Or ſleep diſſembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearleſs foes within his diſtance draws,
Conſtrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till at the laſt his time for fury found,
He ſhoots with ſudden vengeance from the ground:
The proſtrate vulgar paſſes o'er and ſpares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your caſe no tame expedients will afford:
Reſolve on death, or conqueſt by the ſword,
Which for no leſs a ſtake than life you draw;
And ſelf-defence is nature's eldeſt law.
Leave the warm people no conſidering time:
For then rebellion may be thought a crime:
Avail yourſelf of what occaſion gives,
But try your title while your father lives:
And that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;
Whoſe ſacred life each minute would expoſe
To plots, from ſeeming friends and ſecret foes.
And who can ſound the depth of David's ſoul?
Perhaps his fear his kindneſs may controul.
He fears his brother, though he loves his ſon,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
If ſo, by force he wiſhes to be gain'd:
Like women's lechery, to ſeem conſtrain'd.
Doubt not: but when he moſt affects the frown,
Commit a pleaſing rape upon the crown.
Secure his perſon to ſecure your cauſe:
They who poſſeſs the prince poſſeſs the laws.
He ſaid; and this advice above the reſt,
With Abſalom's mild nature ſuited beſt;
Unblam'd of life, ambition ſet aſide,
Not ſtain'd with cruelty, nor puft with pride.
How happy had he been, if deſtiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not ſo high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And bleſt all other countries but his own.
But charming greatneſs ſince ſo few refuſe,
'Tis juſter to lament him than accuſe.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandiſhments to gain the public love:
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly proſecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Iſraelites:
Whoſe differing parties he could wiſely join,
For ſeveral ends, to ſerve the ſame deſign.
The beſt, and of the princes ſome were ſuch,
Who thought the power of monarchy too much;
Miſtaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but ſeduc'd by impious arts.
By theſe the ſprings of property were bent,
And wound ſo high, they crack'd the government.
The next for intereſt ſought to embroil the ſtate,
To ſell their duty at a dearer rate;
And make their Jewiſh markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to ſerve their own.
Others thought kings an uſeleſs heavy load,
Who coſt too much, and did too little good.
Theſe were for laying honeſt David by,
On principles of pure good huſbandry.
With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the king;
The Solymæan rout; well vers'd of old,
In godly faction, and in treaſon bold;
Cowring and quaking at a conqueror's ſword,
But loſty to a lawful prince reſtor'd;
Saw with diſdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And ſcorn'd by Jebuſites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed theſe; who pull'd before
From th' ark, which in the judges days they bore,

eir cant, and with a zealous cry,
ir old belov'd theocracy:
edrim and prieſt enſlav'd the nation,
'd their ſpoils by inſpiration:
fit to reign as Aaron's race,
inion they could found in grace?
e pack; though not of ſureſt ſcent,
-mouth'd againſt the government.
s hoſt of dreaming ſaints ſucceed,
old enthuſiaſtic breed:
m and order they their power employ,
build, and all things to deſtroy.
re numerous was the herd of ſuch,
too little, and who talk too much,
ot mere inſtinct, they knew not why,
ir fathers God and property;
ſame blind benefit of fate,
nd the Jebuſite did hate:
ſav'd evil in their own deſpite,
ey could not help believing right.
the tools: but a whole Hydra more
ſprouting heads too long to ſtore.
eir chiefs were princes of the land;
rank of theſe did Zimri ſtand:
arious, that he ſeem'd to be
ut all mankind's epitome:
nions, always in the wrong;
thing by ſtarts, and nothing long;
e courſe of one revolving moon,
ſt, fiddler, ſtateſman, and buffoon:
r women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
thouſand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
nan, who could every hour employ,
thing new to wiſh, or to enjoy!
d praiſing were his uſual themes;
to ſhew his judgment, in extremes:
olent, or over-civil,
man with him was God or Devil,
ing wealth was his peculiar art:
ent unrewarded but deſert.
y fools, whom ſtill he found too late;
jeſt, and they had his eſtate.
himſelf from court, then ſought relief
parties, but could ne'er be chief:
him the weight of buſineſs fell
m, and wiſe Achitophel:
ked but in will, of means bereft,
t faction, but of that was left.
nd names 'twere tedious to rehearſe
below the dignity of verſe.
riors, commonwealths-men, were the beſt:
ands, and mere nobles, all the reſt.
ſore, in the name of dulneſs, be
hung Balaam, and cold Caleb, free:
ng Nadab let oblivion damn,
e new porrige for the paſchal lamb.
ſhip's holy hand ſome names aſſure:
r own worth, and ſome let ſcorn ſecure.
the raſcal rabble here have place,
ngs no title gave, and God no grace:
fac'd Jonas, who could ſtatutes draw
rebellion, and make treaſon law.
ough bad, is follow'd by a worſe,
ch who heaven's anointed dar'd to curſe;
whoſe youth did early promiſe bring
God, and hatred to his king;
y from expenſive ſins refrain,
r broke the ſabbath but for gain:

Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curſe unleſs againſt the government.
Thus heaping wealth by the moſt ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray;
The city, to reward his pious hate
Againſt his maſter, choſe him magiſtrate.
His hand a vaſe of juſtice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treaſon was no crime;
The ſons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himſelf.
When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Againſt the monarch of Jeruſalem,
Shimei was always in the midſt of them:
And if they curs'd the king when he was by,
Would rather curſe than break good company.
If any durſt his factious friends accuſe,
He pack'd a jury of diſſenting Jews;
Whoſe fellow-feeling in the godly cauſe
Would free the ſuffering ſaint from human laws.
For laws are only made to punish thoſe
Who ſerve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leiſure time he had from power,
Becauſe 'tis ſin to miſemploy an hour:
His buſineſs was, by writing to perſuade,
That kings were uſeleſs and a clog to trade:
And that his noble ſtyle he might refine,
No Rechabite more ſhunn'd the fumes of wine.
Chaſte were his cellars, and his ſhrieval board
The groſſneſs of a city feaſt abhorr'd:
His cooks with long diſuſe their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuſe;
But ſure 'twas neceſſary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, ſuch magiſtrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With ſpiritual food he fed his ſervants well,
But free from fleſh that made the Jews rebel:
And Moſes' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of faſting in the mount.
To ſpeak the reſt, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breath'd witneſs of the plot.
Yet, Corah, thou ſhalt from oblivion paſs;
Erect thyſelf, thou monumental braſs,
High as the ſerpent of thy metal made,
While nations ſtand ſecure beneath thy ſhade.
What though his birth were baſe, yet comets riſe
From earthly vapours ere they ſhine in ſkies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's iſſue, as by prince's ſon.
This arch-atteſtor for the public good
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
Who ever aſk'd the witneſs's high race,
Whoſe oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harſh and loud,
Sure ſigns he neither choleric was, nor proud:
His long chin prov'd his wit; his ſaint-like grace
A church vermilion, and a Moſes' face.
His memory, miraculouſly great,
Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never ſuch deviſe.
Some future truths are mingled in his book;
But where the witneſs fail'd, the prophet ſpoke:

Some things like viſionary flight appear;
The ſpirit caught him up the Lord knows where;
And gave him his rabinnical degree,
Unknown to foreign univerſity.
His judgment yet his memory did excel;
Which piec'd his wondrous evidence ſo well,
And ſuited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebuſitic crimes.
Let Iſrael's foes ſuſpect his heavenly call,
And raſhly judge his writ apocryphal;
Our laws for ſuch affronts have forfeits made:
He takes his life, who takes away his trade.
Were I myſelf in witneſs Corah's place,
The wretch who did me ſuch a dire diſgrace,
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to heaven made him his prince deſpiſe,
And load his perſon with indignities.
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words:
And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
In terms as coarſe as Samuel us'd to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
The beſt that could be had for love or coin,
In Corah's own predicament will fall:
For witneſs is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every ſort,
Deluded Abſalom forſakes the court:
Impatient with high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And fir'd with near poſſeſſion of a crown.
Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with ſurprize,
And on his goodly perſon feed their eyes.
His joy conceal'd he ſets himſelf to ſhow;
On each ſide bowing popularly low:
His looks, his geſtures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar eaſe repeats their names.
Thus form'd by nature, furniſh'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret hearts.
Then with a kind compaſſionating look,
And ſighs, beſpeaking pity ere he ſpoke,
Few words he ſaid; but eaſy thoſe and fit,
More ſlow than Hybla-drops, and far more ſweet.

I mourn, my countrymen, your loſt eſtate;
Though far unable to prevent your fate;
Behold a baniſh'd man for your dear cauſe
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!
Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a ſon!
Now all your liberties a ſpoil are made;
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
And Jebuſites your ſacred rites invade.
My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into eaſe, is careleſs of his fame;
And, brib'd with petty ſums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bathſheba's embraces old;
Exalts his enemies, his friends deſtroys;
And all his power againſt himſelf employs.
He gives, and let him give, my right away:
But why ſhould he his own and your's betray?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears, with that he wip'd his eyes,
'Tis all the aid my preſent power ſupplies:
No court-informer can theſe arms accuſe;
Theſe arms may ſons againſt their fathers uſe:
And 'tis my wiſh, the next ſucceſſor's reign
May make no other Iſraelite complain.

Youth, beauty, graceful action, ſeldom fail;
But common intereſt always will prevail:
And pity never ceaſes to be ſhown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that ſtill believe their kings oppreſs,
With lifted hands their young Meſſiah bleſs:
Who now begins his progreſs to ordain
With chariots, horſemen, and a numerous train:
From eaſt to weſt his glories he diſplays,
And, like the ſun, the promis'd land ſurveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning ſtar,
And ſhouts of joy ſalute him from afar:
Each houſe receives him as a guardian god,
And conſecrates the place of his abode.
But hoſpitable treats did moſt commend
Wiſe Iſſachar, his wealthy eaſtern friend.
This moving court that caught the people's eyes,
And ſeem'd but pomp, did other friends diſguiſe;
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To ſound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The people's hearts, diſtinguiſh friends from foes,
And try their ſtrength before they came to blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a ſmooth pretence
Of ſpecious love and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redreſs of grievances,
Two names that always cheat, and always pleaſe,
Are often urg'd; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant ſhew a plot is made;
And peace itſelf is war in maſquerade.
Oh fooliſh Iſrael! never warn'd by ill!
Still the ſame bait, and circumvented ſtill!
Did ever men forſake their preſent eaſe,
In midſt of health imagine a diſeaſe;
Take pains contingent miſchiefs to foreſee,
Make heirs for monarch's, and for God decree?
What ſhall we think? Can people give away,
Both for themſelves and ſons, their native ſway?
Then they are left defenceleſs to the ſword
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord:
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unqueſtion'd can thoſe laws deſtroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and juſt,
And kings are only officers in truſt,
Then this reſuming covenant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
If thoſe who gave the ſceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own poſterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly juſtice damn us all,
Who ne'er conſented to our father's fall?
Then kings are ſlaves to thoſe whom they command,
And tenants to their people's pleaſure ſtand.
Add, that the power for property allow'd
Is miſchievouſly ſeated in the crowd:
For who can be ſecure of private right,
If ſovereign ſway may be diſſolv'd by might?
Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The moſt may err as groſsly as the few;
And faultleſs kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppreſſion, and for tyranny.
What ſtandard is there in a fickle rout,
Which flowing to the mark, runs faſter out?
Nor only crowds but ſanhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,

the madneſs of rebellious times,
monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
y give and take whene'er they pleaſe,
alone, the Godhead's images,
iment itſelf at length muſt fall
's ſtate, where all have right to all.
our lords the people kings can make,
lent men a ſettled throne would ſhake?
e'er their ſufferings were before,
ge they covet makes them ſuffer more.
rrors but diſturb a ſtate;
ition is the blow of fate.
fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
their flaws, and buttreſs up the wall,
tis duty: but here fix the mark;
ond it is to touch the ark.
foundations, caſt the frame anew,
r rebels, who baſe ends purſue;
ivine and human laws controul,
l the parts by ruin of the whole.
ering world is ſubject to this curſe,
their diſeaſe into a worſe.
relief can righteous David bring?
'tis to be too good a king!
has few, ſo high the madneſs grows;
he ſuch muſt be the people's foes.
there were, ev'n in the worſt of days;
ne name, and naming is to praiſe.
hort file Barzillai firſt appears;
own'd with honour and with years.
. the riſing rebels he withſtood
waſte beyond the Jordan's flood:
tely brave to buoy the ſtate;
g underneath his maſter's fate;
th his godlike prince he mourn'd;
: ſuffer'd, and with him return'd.
he practis'd, not the courtier's art:
his wealth, but larger was his heart,
ll the nobleſt objects knew to chooſe,
g warrior, and recording Muſe.
uld once a fruitful iſſue boaſt;
than half a father's name is loſt.
hope, with every grace adorn'd,
heaven will have it, always mourn'd,
s honour'd, ſnatch'd in manhood's prime
l fates, and providence's crime:
fore the goal of honour won,
ulfill'd of ſubject and of ſon:
the race, but ſhort the time to run.
circle, but of power divine,
ſpace, but perfect in thy line!
land, thy matchleſs worth was known,
delight, and war was all thy own:
infus'd the fainting Tyrians prop'd:
hty Pharaoh found his fortune ſtop'd.
t honour! Oh unconquer'd hand,
s unpuniſh'd never could withſtand!
was unworthy of his name:
e date of all immoderate fame.
heaven our ruin had deſign'd,
not truſt thy fortune and thy mind.
from earth, thy diſencumber'd ſoul
p, and leaves behind the clouds and ſtarry
le:
ice thy kindred legions mayſt thou bring,
guardian angel of thy king.
my Muſe, here ceaſe thy painful flight:
s can purſue immortal height:

Tell good Barzillai thou canſt ſing no more,
And tell thy ſoul ſhe ſhould have fled before:
Or fled ſhe with his life, and left this verſe
To hang on her departed patron's hearſe?
Now take thy ſteepy flight from heaven, and ſee
If thou canſt find on earth another he:
Another he would be too hard to find;
See then whom thou canſt ſee not far behind.
Zadoc the prieſt, whom ſhunning power and place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.
With him the Sagan of Jeruſalem,
Of hoſpitable ſoul, and noble ſtem;
Him of the weſtern dome, whoſe weighty ſenſe
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The prophets ſons, by ſuch example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred:
For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To theſe ſucceed the pillars of the laws;
Who beſt can plead, and beſt can judge a cauſe.
Next them a train of loyal peers aſcend;
Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muſes' friend,
Himſelf a Muſe: in Sanhedrims debate
True to his prince, but not a ſlave of ſtate;
Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
That from his diſobedient ſon were torn.
Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought;
Endued by nature, and by learning taught,
To move aſſemblies, who but only try'd
The worſe a while, then chooſe the better ſide:
Nor chooſe alone, but turn'd the balance too:
So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Huſhai, the friend of David in diſtreſs:
In public ſtorms of manly ſtedfaſtneſs:
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
And join'd experience to his native truth.
His frugal care ſupply'd the wanting throne,
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis eaſy conduct when exchequers flow:
But hard the taſk to manage well the low:
For ſovereign power is too depreſs'd or high,
When kings are forc'd to ſell, or crowds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muſe,
For Amiel: who can Amiel's praiſe refuſe?
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without title great:
The Sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
Their reaſon guided, and their paſſion cool'd:
So dextrous was he in the crown's defence,
So form'd to ſpeak a loyal nation's ſenſe,
That, as their band was Iſrael's tribes in ſmall,
So fit was he to repreſent them all.
Now raſher charioteers the ſeat aſcend,
Whoſe looſe careers his ſteady ſkill commend:
They, like th' unequal ruler of the day,
Miſguide the ſeaſons, and miſtake the way;
While he withdrawn at their mad labours ſmiles,
And ſafe enjoys the ſabbath of his toils.
These were the chief, a ſmall but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to ſtand,
And tempt th'united fury of the land,
With grief they view'd each powerful engine bent,
To batter down the lawful government.
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In ſanhedrims to plume the regal rights;
The true ſucceſſor from the court remov'd;
The plot, by hireling witneſſes improv'd.

These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They shew'd the king the danger of the wound;
That no concessions from the throne would please,
But lenitives fomented the disease:
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down:
That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state:
The council violent, the rabble worse:
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.
With all these loads of Injuries oppress't,
And long revolving in his careful breast
Th' event of things, at last his patience tir'd,
Thus, from his royal throne, by heaven inspir'd,
The god-like David spoke; with awful fear,
His train their Maker in their master hear.
Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive th' offending age;
So much the father did the king assuage.
But now so far my clemency they slight,
Th' offenders question my forgiving right,
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to rule; for that 's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderness of blood, my fear;
Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
Yet, since they will divert my native course,
'Tis time to shew I am not good by force.
Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring,
Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the state,
Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight:
If my young Samson will pretend a call,
To shake the column, let him share the fall:
But oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
With how few tears a pardon might be won
From nature, pleading for a darling son!
Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care,
Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bear!
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have given his soul another turn:
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
Is one that would by law supplant his prince;
The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.
Whence comes it, that religion and the laws
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?
His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
Was never thought indued with so much grace.
Good heavens, how faction can a patriot paint!
My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
Would they impose an heir upon the throne,
Let Sanhedrims be taught to give their own.
A king 's at least a part of government,
And mine as requisite as their consent:
Without my leave a future king to chuse,
Infers a right the present to depose.
True, they petition me t' approve their choice:
But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious subjects for my safety pray;
Which to secure, they take my power away.
From plots and treasons heaven preserve my years,
But save me most from my petitioners.
Unsatiate as the barren womb or grave;
God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the small remains of royalty?
The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
And the same law teach rebels to obey:
Votes shall no more established pow'r controul,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove;
For Gods and god-like kings their care express,
Still to defend their servants in distress.
Oh, that my power to saving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like heaven, against my mind,
To make examples of another kind?
Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
Oh curst effects of necessary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Law they require, let law then shew her face;
They could not be content to look on grace,
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terror of her front and die.
By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed,
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.
Against themselves their witnesses shall swear,
Till, viper-like, their mother-plot they tear;
And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their principle of life before.
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight:
Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me right.
Nor doubt th' event: for factious crowds engage
In their first onset all their brutal rage.
Then let them take an unresisted course:
Retire, and traverse, and delude their force:
But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
And rise upon them with redoubled might:
For lawful power is still superior found;
When long driven back, at length it stands the ground.
He said: Th' Almighty nodding gave consent;
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Henceforth a series of new time began,
The mighty years in long procession ran:
Once more the god-like David was restor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

" --Si quis tamen hæc quoque, ſi quis
" Captus amore leget--"

PART II.

TO THE READER.

ıe year 1680 Mr. Dryden undertook the poem of Abſalom and Achitophel, upon deſire of king Charles the Second. The performance was applauded by every ıd ſeveral perſons preſſing him to write a ſecond part, he, upon declining it himſelf, to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it; and that eginning with

" Next theſe a troop of buſy ſpirits preſs,"

ding with

" To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee."

ing near two hundred verſes, were entirely Mr. Dryden's compoſition, beſides ouches in other places.—The preceding lines, upwards of three hundred in , were written by Mr. Tate. The poem is here printed compleat.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

E men like beaſts each other's prey were made,
ıle began, and prieſthood grew a trade,
ılms were form'd, none ſure ſo curſt as thoſe
ıdly their own happineſs oppoſe;
:aven itſelf, and god-like kings, in vain
down the manna of a gentle reign;
amper'd crowds to mad ſedition run,
narchs by indulgence are undone.
avid's clemency was fatal grown,
ealthy faction aw'd the wanting throne.
r their ſovereign's orders to contemn
id the charter of Jeruſalem,
ıts t' invade, his tributes to refuſe,
ege peculiar to the Jews;
ɔm heavenly call this licence ſell,
cob's ſeed were choſen to rebel!
ıophel with triumph ſees his crimes
ıited to the madneſs of the times;
'ſalom, to make his hopes ſucceed,
ering charms no longer ſtands in need;
ſond of change, though ne'er ſo dearly bought,
bes outſtrip the youth's ambitious thought;
ſteſt hopes with ſwifter homage meet,
ɔwd their ſervile necks beneath his feet.

Thus to his aid while preſſing tides repair,
He mounts and ſpreads his ſtreamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth miſlead,
But what can our beſotted Iſrael plead?
Sway'd by a monarch, whoſe ſerene command
Seems half the bleſſing of our promis'd land.
Whoſe only grievance is exceſs of eaſe;
Freedom our pain, and plenty our diſeaſe!
Yet as all folly would lay claim to ſenſe,
And wickedneſs ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they'd make their treaſon good,
And righteous David's ſelf with ſlanders load:
That arts of foreign ſway he did affect,
And guilty Jebuſites from law protect,
Whoſe very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have ſeen their ſacrificers bleed!
Accuſers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of ſenſe they did contain,
But ſoon they launch'd into th' unfathom'd tide,
And in the depths they knew diſdain'd to ride.
For probable diſcoveries to diſpenſe,
Was thought below a penſion'd evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor ſuited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.

No leſs than wonders now they will impoſe
And projects void o' grace or ſenſe diſcloſe.
Such was the charge on pious Michal brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel ev'n in thought,
The beſt of queens, and moſt obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curſt deſigns on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal prayer,
'Tis ſcarce ſo much his guardian angel's care.
Not ſummer morns ſuch mildneſs can diſcloſe,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon roſe.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majeſty,
Tranſported Michal feeds her thoughts on high.
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heaven ſometimes to bleſs the world below.
Where, cheriſh'd by her bounty's plenteous ſpring,
Reviving widows ſmile, and orphans ſing.
Oh! when Rebellious Iſrael's crimes at height,
Are threaten'd with her Lord's approaching fate,
The piety of Michal then remain
In heaven's remembrance, and prolong his reign!
Leſs deſolation did the peſt purſue,
That from Dan's limits to Beerſheba ſlew,
Leſs fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And leſs Jeruſalem's avenging fire.
With gentler terror theſe our ſtate o'er-ran,
Than ſince our evidencing days began!
On every cheek a pale confuſion ſat,
Continued fear beyond the worſt of fate!
Truſt was no more, art, ſilence, uſeleſs made,
All occupations loſt but Corah's trade.
Mean while a guard on modeſt Corah wait,
If not for ſafety, needful yet for ſtate.
Well might he deem each peer and prince his ſlave,
And lord it o'er the tribes which he could ſave:
Ev'n vice in him was virtue—what ſad fate
But for his honeſty had ſeiz'd our ſtate!
And with that tyranny had we been curſt,
Had Corah never prov'd a villain firſt!
T' have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in groſs,
Had been, alas, to our deponent's loſs:
The travel'd Levite had th' experience got,
To huſband well, and make the beſt of 's plot;
And therefore, like an evidence of ſkill
With wiſe reſerves ſecur'd his penſion ſtill;
Not quite of future power himſelf bereft,
But limbo's large for unbelievers left.
And now his writ ſuch reverence had got,
'Twas worſe than plotting to ſuſpect his plot.
Some were ſo well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themſelves to help the founder'd ſwearers out.
Some had their ſenſe impos'd on by their fear,
But more for intereſt ſake believe and ſwear:
Ev'n to that height with ſome the frenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.
Yet than all theſe a viler crew remain,
Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
Not urg'd by fear, nor through miſguided ſenſe,
Blind zeal and ſtarving need had ſome pretence,
But for the good old cauſe that did excite
Th' original rebels wiles, revenge, and ſpight.
Theſe raiſe the plot to have the ſcandal thrown
Upon the bright ſucceſſor of the crown,
Whoſe virtue with ſuch wrongs they had purſued,
As ſeem'd all hope of pard'on to exclude.
Thus while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud and ſhare their guilt.
Such practices as theſe, too groſs to lie
Long unobſerv'd by each diſcerning eye,
The more judicious Iſraelites unſpell'd,
Though ſtill the charm the giddy rabble held,
Ev'n Abſalom amidſt the dazzling beams
Of empire, and ambition's flattering dreams,
Perceives the plot too foul to be excus'd,
To aid deſigns, no leſs pernicious, us'd,
And, filial ſenſe yet ſtriving in his breaſt,
Thus to Achitophel his doubts expreſt.
Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd, can be but half enjoy'd?
Not ſo when virtue did my arms require,
And to my father's wars I flew intire.
My regal power how will my foes reſent,
When I myſelf have ſcarce my own conſent!
Give me a ſon's unblemiſh'd truth again,
Or quench the ſparks of duty that remain.
How ſlight to force a throne that legions guard
The taſk to me; to prove unjuſt, how hard!
And if th' imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,
What will it when the tragic ſcene is wrought?
Dire war muſt firſt be conjur'd from below,
The realm we'd rule we firſt muſt overthrow:
And when the civil furies are on wing
That blind and undiſtinguiſh'd ſlaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach the king?
Oh! rather let me periſh in the ſtriſe,
Than have my crown the price of David's life!
Or, if the tempeſt of the war he ſtand,
In peace, ſome vile officious villain's hand
His ſoul's anointed temple may invade,
Or, preſt by clamorous crowds, myſelf be made
His murtherer; rebellious crowds, whoſe guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be ſpilt.
Which if my filial tenderneſs oppoſe,
Since to the empire by their arms I roſe,
Thoſe very arms on me ſhall be employ'd,
A new uſurper crown'd; and I deſtroy'd;
The ſame pretence of public good will hold,
And new Achitophels be found as bold
To urge the needful change, perhaps the old.
He ſaid. The ſtateſman with a ſmile replies,
A ſmile that did his riſing ſpleen diſguiſe,
My thoughts preſum'd our labours at an end,
And are we ſtill with conſcience to contend?
Whoſe want in kings, as needful is allow'd,
As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.
Far in the doubtful paſſage you are gone,
And only can be ſafe by preſſing on.
The crown's true heir, a prince ſevere and wiſe,
Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes:
Your perſon's charms, your more prevailing arts,
And mark'd your progreſs in the people's hearts,
Whoſe patience is th' effect of ſtinted power,
But treaſures vengeance for the fatal hour,
And if remote the peril he can bring,
Your preſent danger 's greater from the king.
Let not a parent's name deceive your ſenſe,
Nor truſt the father in a jealous prince!
Your trivial faults if he could ſo reſent,
To doom you little leſs than baniſhment,
What rage muſt your preſumption ſince inſpire!
Againſt his orders you return from Tyre.
Nor only ſo, but with a pomp more high,
And open court of popularity,
The factious tribes.—and this reproof from thee?
The prince replies, O ſtateſman's winding ſkill!
They firſt condemn, that firſt adviſ'd the ill!

outh, return'd Achitophel,
not the words that mean you well,
you ſteer I worthy blame conclude,
uſe you leave it unpurſued.
s crown with fate ſurrounded lies,
lay hold on death that miſs the prize.
this expoſe yourſelf to ſhow,
crowd bow popularly low!
r glorious progreſs next ordain,
ts, horſemen, and a numerous train.
efore you like the morning ſtar,
of joy ſaluting from afar?
heights you've reach'd but take a view,
ng Lucifer could fall like you!
here my ſhipwreck'd arts bemoan?
his ſo oft made Iſrael groan?
intereſt with the nation weigh'd,
the ſcale where your deſires were laid!
at helm a courſe ſo dangerous mov'd,
r hopes as my removal prov'd.
e, the royal youth replies,
perfection of your policies,
tophel yet grudge or blame,
e that ſtateſmen ever claim;
e intereſt never yet purſued,
tended 'twas for others' good:
cian yet e'er 'ſcap'd his fate,
his own neck not ſav'd the ſtate?
on every humorous wind that veer'd,
l ſails a ſeveral courſe you ſteer'd.
a ſway did David e'er purſue,
l like abſolute, but ſprung from you?
r inſtance quaſh'd each penal law,
iſſenting factious Jews in awe;
ſpends fixt laws, may abrogate,
form new, and ſo enſlave the ſtate.
ty, whoſe champion now you ſtand,
r this the idol of the land,
ſtain ſuch violence before,
ur counſel ſhut the royal ſtore;
ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
ept till your own banks ſecur'd.
th this the triple covenant broke,
tted for a foreign yoke;
ur counſel's fatal progreſs ſtaid,
levied powers to Pharaoh's aid.
and Iſrael, low in ruins laid,
once their ſcorn, their common terror
e.
ſuch a ſeaſon can we dream,
rights you made your darling theme,
nlimited, could reaſons draw,
rerogative above the law;
our fall from office grew unjuſt,
ade king, the king a ſlave in truſt:
ſtate-craft, to intereſt only true,
cuſe of ills contriv'd by you.
ell's agent—Royal youth, fix here,
be the ſtar by which you ſteer,
poſe your truſt in me was wiſe,
eſt moſt in your advancement lies.
as always will avail,
ſhip, nature, and religion, fail;
ſafety of the crowd depends,
rowd, and we obtain our ends,
ll cauſe ſo far our guilt to ſhare,
made our champions by their fear,

What oppoſition can your rival bring,
While ſanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His ſtrength as yet in David's friendſhip lies,
And what can David's ſelf without ſupplies?
Who with excluſive bills muſt now diſpenſe,
Debar the heir or ſtarve in his defence,
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's juſtice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if ſucceſſion once to nought they bring,
Their next advance removes the preſent king:
Perſiſting elſe his ſenate to diſſolve,
In equal hazard ſhall his reign involve.
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's power ſo much alarms,
Shall riſe without their prince t' oppoſe his arms;
Nor boots it on what cauſe at firſt they join,
Their troops once up, are tools for our deſign.
At leaſt ſuch ſubtle covenants ſhall be made,
Till peace itſelf is war in maſquerade.
Aſſociations of myſterious ſenſe,
Againſt, but ſeeming for, the king's defence;
Ev'n on their courts of juſtice fetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up their law.
By which a conqueſt if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn game at worſt, and we ſecure our ſtake.
He ſaid, and for the dire ſucceſs depends
On various ſects, by common guilt made friends.
Whoſe heads though ne'er ſo differing in their creed
I' th' point of treaſon yet were well agreed.
'Moneſt theſe extorting Iſhban firſt appears,
Purſued by a meagre troop of bankrupt heirs.
Bleſt times, when Iſhban, he whoſe occupation
So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
Iſhban, of conſcience ſuited to his trade,
As good a ſaint as uſurer ever made.
Yet Mammon has not ſo engroſt him quite,
But Belial lays as large a claim of ſpight;
Who, for thoſe pardons from his prince he draws,
Returns reproaches, and cries up the cauſe.
That year in which the city he did ſway,
He left rebellion in a hopeful way.
Yet his ambition once was found ſo bold,
To offer talents of extorted gold;
Could David's wants have ſo been brib'd, to ſhame
And ſcandalize our peerage with his name;
For which, his dear ſedition he'd forſwear,
And ev'n turn loyal to be made a peer.
Next him, let railing Rabſheka have place,
So full of zeal he has no need of grace;
A ſaint that can both fleſh and ſpirit uſe,
Alike haunt conventicles and the ſtews:
Of whom the queſtion difficult appears,
If moſt i' th' preachers or the bawds arrears.
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treaſure of Jeruſalem!
Let David's brother but approach the town,
Double our guards, he cries, we are undone.
Proteſting that he dares not ſleep in 's bed
Leſt he ſhould riſe next morn without his head.
"Next theſe, a troop of buſy ſpirits preſs,
Of little fortunes, and of conſcience leſs;
With them the tribe, whoſe luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former ſequeſtrations gain'd;
Who rich and great by paſt rebellions grew,
And long to fiſh the troubled ſtreams anew.

Some future hopes, ſome preſent payment draws,
To ſell their conſcience and eſpouſe the cauſe.
Such ſtipends thoſe vile hirelings beſt befit,
Prieſts without grace, and poets without wit.
Shall that falſe Hebronite eſcape our curſe,
Judas that keeps the rebels penſion-purſe;
Judas that pays the treaſon-writer's fee,
Judas that well deſerves his nameſake's tree;
Who at Jeruſalem's own gates erects
His college for a nurſery of ſects.
Young prophets with an early care ſecures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures.
What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Iſrael's promis'd land have you?
Here Phaleg, the lay Hebronite, is come
'Cauſe like the reſt he could not live at home;
Who from his own poſſeſſions could not drain
An omer even of Hebronitiſh grain,
Here ſtruts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd ſubjects, alter'd property:
An emblem of that buzzing inſect juſt,
That mounts the wheel and thinks ſhe raiſes duſt.
Can dry bones live? or ſkeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?
Slim Phaleg could, and at the table fed,
Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
A waiting-man to travelling nobles choſe,
He his own laws would ſaucily impoſe,
'Till baſtinadoed back again he went,
To learn thoſe manners he to teach was ſent.
Chaſtis'd he ought to have retreated home,
But he reads politicks to Abſalom.
For never Hebronite, though kick'd and ſcorn'd,
To his own country willingly return'd.
—But, leaving famiſh'd Phaleg to be fed,
And to talk treaſon for his daily bread,
Let Hebron, nay let Hell produce a man
So made for miſchief as Ben-Jochanan,
A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, though of low degree:
His pride no higher than the deſk aſpir'd,
But for the drudgery of prieſts was hir'd
To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
And pick up ſingle ſhekels from the grave.
Marry'd at laſt, but finding charge come faſter,
He could not live by God, but chang'd his maſter:
Inſpir'd by want, was made a factious tool,
They got a villain, and we loſt a fool.
Still violent, whatever cauſe he took,
But moſt againſt the party he forſook.
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conſcience to be double knaves.
So this proſe-prophet took moſt monſtrous pains,
To let his maſters ſee he earn'd his gains.
But, as the devil owes all his imps a ſhame,
He choſe th' apoſtate for his proper theme;
With little pains he made the picture true,
And from reflexion took the rogue he drew.
A wondrous work, to prove the Jewiſh nation
In every age a murmuring generation;
To trace them from their infancy of ſinning,
And ſhew them factious from their firſt beginning.
To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Much to the credit of the choſen flock;
A ſtrong authority, which muſt convince,
That ſaints own no allegiance to their prince.
As 'tis a leading-card to make a whore,
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.

But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bleſs
The ſon that ſhew'd his father's nakedneſs?
Such thanks the preſent church thy pen will give,
Which proves rebellion was ſo primitive.
Muſt ancient failings be examples made?
Then murtherers from Cain may learn their trade.
As thou the heathen and the ſaint haſt drawn,
Methinks th' apoſtate was the better man:
And thy hot father, waving my reſpect,
Not of a mother-church but of a ſect.
And ſuch he needs muſt be of thy inditing,
This comes of drinking aſſes milk and writing.
If Balak ſhould be call'd to leave his place,
As profit is the loudeſt call of grace,
His temple, diſpoſeſs'd of one, would be
Repleniſh'd with ſeven devils more by thee.
Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
And ſhew rebellion bare, without a gown;
Poor ſlaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below ev'n David's Pſalms tranſlated.
Some in my ſpeedy pace I muſt out-run,
As lame Mephiboſheth the wizard's ſon:
To make quick way, I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox;
And haſten Og and Doeg to rehearſe,
Two tools that crutch their feeble ſenſe on verſe;
Who by my Muſe to all ſucceeding times,
Shall live in ſpight of their own doggrel rhymes.
Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made ſtill a blundering kind of melody;
Spurr'd boldly on, and daſh'd through thick and thin,
Through ſenſe and nonſenſe, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And in one word, heroically mad:
He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But faggotted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well.
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a ſatyr,
For ſtill there goes ſomething to ill nature;
He needs no more than birds and beaſts to think,
All his occaſions are to eat and drink.
If he call rogue and raſcal from a garret,
He means you no more miſchief than a parrot:
The words for friend and foe alike were made,
To fetter them in verſe is all his trade.
For almonds he'll cry whore to his own mother:
And call young Abſalom king David's brother.
Let him be gallows-free by my conſent,
And nothing ſuffer ſince he nothing meant;
Hanging ſuppoſes human ſoul and reaſon,
This animal's below committing treaſon:
Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
That's a preferment for Achitophel.
The woman that committed buggery,
Was rightly ſentenc'd by the law to die;
But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
The dog that never heard the ſtatute read.
Railing in other men may be a crime,
But ought to paſs for mere inſtinct in him:
Inſtinct he follows and no farther knows,
For to write verſe with him is to tranſpoſe.
'Twere pity treaſon at his door to lay,
Who makes heaven's gate a lock to its own key:
Let him rail on, let his invective Muſe
Have four and twenty letters to abuſe,
Which, if he jumbles to one line of ſenſe,
Indict him of a capital offence.

In fire-works give him leave to vent his ſpight,
Thoſe are the only ſerpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be maſter of a puppet-ſhow,
On that one ſtage his works may yet appear,
And a month's harveſt keeps him all the year.
Now ſtop your noſes, readers, all and ſome,
For here 's a tun of midnight work to come,
Og from a treaſon-tavern rowling home.
Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,
Goodly and great he ſails behind his link;
With all this bulk there 's nothing loſt in Og,
For every inch that is not fool is rogue:
A monſtrous maſs of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had ſpew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to blaſpheme,
He curſes God, but God before curſt him;
And, if man could have reaſon, none has more,
That made his paunch ſo rich, and him ſo poor.
With wealth he was not truſted, for heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
To what would he on quail and pheaſant ſwell,
That ev'n on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But tho' heaven made him poor, with reverence ſpeaking,
He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick ſkull,
With this prophetic bleſſing--Be thou dull;
Drink, ſwear and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk, do any thing but write:
Thou art of laſting make like thoughtleſs men,
A ſtrong nativity--but for the pen!
Eat opium, mingle arſenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayſt live, avoiding pen and ink.
I ſee, I ſee, 'tis counſel given in vain,
For treaſon botcht in rhyme will be thy bane:
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:
Why ſhould thy metre good king David blaſt?
A pſalm of his will ſurely be thy laſt.
Dar'ſt thou preſume in verſe to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in proſe?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are ſo coarſe,
A poet is, though he 's the poet's horſe.
A double ruine thou on thy neck doſt pull
For writing treaſon, and for writing dull;
To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for nonſenſe is the devil:
Had thou the glories of thy king expreſt,
Thy praiſes had been ſatyr at the beſt;
But thou in clumſy verſe, unlickt, unpointed,
Haſt ſhamefully defy'd the Lord's anointed:
I will not rake the dunghill for thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
But of king David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Abſalom!
And for my foes may this their bleſſing be,
"To Talk like Doeg, and to write like thee!"
Achitophel, each rank, degree and age,
For various ends neglects not to engage;
The wiſe and rich for purſe and counſel brought,
The fools and beggars for their number ſought:
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For ev'n in court the faction had its friends;
Theſe thought the places they poſſeſt too ſmall,
And in their hearts wiſh'd court and king to fall:
Whoſe names the Muſe diſdaining, holds I' th' dark,
Thruſt in the villain herd without a mark;
With parafites and libel-ſpawning imps,
Intriguing ſops, dull jeſters and worſe pimps.
Diſdain the raſcal rabble to purſue,
Their ſet cabals are yet a viler crew;
See where involv'd in common ſmoke they ſit;
Some for our mirth, ſome for our ſatyr fit:
Theſe gloomy, thoughtful, and on miſchief bent,
While thoſe for mere good fellowſhip frequent
T' appointed club, can let ſedition paſs,
Senſe, nonſenſe, any thing t' employ the glaſs;
And who believe in their dull honeſt hearts,
The reſt talk treaſon but to ſhew their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for miſchief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a ſet.
But in the ſacred annals of our plot,
Induſtrious Arod never be forgot:
The labours of this midnight-magiſtrate,
May vie with Corah's to preſerve the ſtate.
In ſearch of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On war's moſt powerful dangerous weapon, gold.
And laſt, to take from Jebuſites all odds,
Their altars pillag'd, ſtole their very gods;
Oft would he cry, when treaſure he ſurpriz'd,
'Tis Baaliſh gold in David's coin diſguis'd:
Which to his houſe with richer reliques came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame:
For our wiſe rabble ne'er took pains t' enquire,
What 'twas he burnt, ſo 't made a rouſing fire.
With which our elder was enricht no more
Than falſe Gehazi with the Syrian's ſtore;
So poor, that when our chuſing-tribes were met,
Ev'n for his ſtinking votes he ran in debt;
For meat the wicked, and as authors think,
The ſaints he chous'd for his electing drink;
Thus every ſhift and ſubtle method paſt,
And all to be no Zaken at the laſt.
Now, rais'd on Tyre's ſad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soar'd high, his legions threatning far and wide;
As when a battering ſtorm engender'd high,
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the ſky,
Is gaz'd upon by every trembling ſwain,
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
For blooming plants and flowers new opening, theſe,
For lambs yean'd lately, and far-labouring bees:
To guard his ſtock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall:
Ev'n ſo the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.
Where, Judah, where was now thy lion's roar?
Thou only couldſt the captive lands reſtore:
But thou, with inbred broils and faction preſt,
From Egypt need'ſt a guardian with the reſt.
Thy prince from ſanhedrims no truſt allow'd,
Too much the repreſenters of the crowd,
Who for their own defence give no ſupply,
But what the crown's prerogatives muſt buy:
As if their monarch's rights to violate
More needful were, than to preſerve the ſtate!
From preſent dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir;
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes,
Unjudg'd would ſentence, and ere crown depoſe.
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith ſhall be!
By ſanhedrims and clamorous crowds thus preſt,
What paſſions rent the righteous David's breaſt!

Who knows not how t' oppoſe or to comply,
Unjuſt to grant and dangerous to deny!
How near in this dark juncture Iſrael's fate,
Whoſe peace one ſole expedient could create,
Which yet th' extreameſt virtue did require,
Ev'n of that prince whoſe downfal they conſpire!
His abſence David does with tears adviſe
T' appeaſe their rage. Undaunted he complies;
Thus he who prodigal of blood and eaſe,
A royal life expos'd to winds and ſeas,
At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading dangers in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forſakes his native ſand,
And like an exile quits the promis'd land!
Our monarch ſcarce from preſſing tears refrains,
And painfully his royal ſtate maintains,
Who now embracing on th' extreameſt ſhore
Almoſt revokes what he enjoin'd before:
Concludes at leſt more truſt to be allow'd
To ſtorms and ſeas than to the raging crowd!
Forbear, raſh Muſe, the parting ſcene to draw,
With ſilence charm'd as deep as their's that ſaw!
Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardy ſailors ſwell with tears the deep!
The tide reſtrain'd her courſe, and more amas'd,
The twin-ſtars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
While this ſole fear--
Does trouble to our ſuffering hero bring,
Leſt next the popular rage oppreſs the king!
Thus parting, each for th' other's danger griev'd,
The ſhore the king, and ſeas the prince receiv'd.
Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy conſort's breath, inſpire thy ſails;
Well may ſhe truſt her beauties on a flood,
Where thy triumphant fleets ſo oft have rode!
Safe on thy breaſt reclin'd her reſt be deep,
Rock'd like a Nereid by the waves aſleep;
While happieſt dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elyſian fields convert the main!
Go, injur'd hero, while the ſhores of Tyre
At thy approach ſo ſilent ſhall admire,
Who on thy thunder ſtill their thoughts employ,
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.
On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
Admir'd by every nation but their own;
Yet while our factious jews his worth deny,
Their aking conſcience gives their tongue the lie.
Ev'n in the worſt of men the nobleſt parts
Confeſs him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
Whom to his king the beſt reſpects commend
Of ſubject, ſoldier, kinſman, prince, and friend;
All ſacred names of moſt divine eſteem,
And to perfection all ſuſtain'd by him,
Wiſe, juſt, and conſtant, courtly without art,
Swift to diſcern and to reward deſert;
No hour of his in fruitleſs eaſe deſtroy'd,
But on the nobleſt ſubjects ſtill employ'd:
Whoſe ſteady ſoul ne'er learnt to ſeparate
Between his monarch's intereſt and the ſtate,
But heaps thoſe bleſſings on the royal head,
Which he well knows muſt be on ſubjects ſhed.
On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
Againſt his worth and native rights engage?
Religious fears their argument are made,
Religious fears his ſacred rights invade!
Of future ſuperſtition they complain,
And Jebuſitic worſhip in his reign:
With ſuch alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
With dangers fright which not themſelves believe.
Since nothing can our ſacred rites remove,
Whate'er the faith of the ſucceſſor prove:
Our Jews their ark ſhall undiſturb'd retain,
At leaſt while their religion is their gain,
Who know by old experience Baal's commands
Not only claim'd their conſcience but their lands;
They grudge God's tithes, how therefore ſhall they yield
An idol full poſſeſſion of the field?
Grant ſuch a prince enthron'd, we muſt confeſs
The people's ſufferings than that monarch's leſs,
Who muſt to hard conditions ſtill be bound,
And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
Or ſhould his thoughts to tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compaſs the deſign?
Our crown's revenues are too ſhort a ſtore,
And jealous forbedrims would give no more.
As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid,
Not ſo has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade,
Nor ever with ſuch meaſures can comply,
As ſhock the common rules of policy;
None dread like him the growth of Iſrael's king,
And he alone ſufficient aids can bring;
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law,
That on our ſtubborn tribes his yoke could draw,
At ſuch profound expence he has not ſtood,
Nor dy'd for this his hands ſo deep in blood;
Would ne'er through wrong and right his progreſs take,
Grudge his own reſt, and keep the world awake,
To fix a lawleſs prince on Judah's throne,
Firſt to invade our rights, and then his own;
His dear-gain'd conqueſts cheaply to deſpoil,
And reap the harveſt of his crimes and toil.
We grant his wealth vaſt as the ocean's ſand,
And curſe its fatal influence on our land,
Which our brib'd Jews ſo numerouſly partake,
That ev'n an hoſt his penſioners would make:
From theſe deceivers our diviſions ſpring,
Our weakneſs, and the growth of Egypt's king:
Theſe with pretended friendſhip to the ſtate,
Our crowd's ſuſpicion of their prince create,
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the ſpecious cry,
To guard their ſacred rights and property;
To ruin, thus the choſen flock are ſold,
While wolves are tak'n for guardians of the fold;
Seduc'd by theſe we groundleſsly complain,
And loath the manna of a gentle reign:
Thus our forefathers crooked paths are trod,
We truſt our prince no more than they their God.
But all in vain our reaſoning prophets preach,
To thoſe whom ſad experience ne'er could teach,
Who can commence new broils in bleeding ſcars,
And freſh remembrance of inteſtine wars;
When the ſame houſhold mortar foes did yield,
And brothers ſtain'd with brothers blood the field;
When ſons curſt ſteel the fathers gore did ſtain!
And mothers mourn'd for ſons by fathers ſlain!
When thick as Egypt's locuſts on the ſand,
Our tribes lay ſlaughter'd through the promis'd land,
Whoſe few ſurvivors with worſe fate remain,
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign:
Which ſcene of woes, unknowing, we renew,
And madly ev'n thoſe ills we fear purſue;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domeſtic broils,
And ſafely crowds his tents with nations ſpoils.

erce ſanhedrim in reſtleſs rage,
ır abſent hero ſtill engage,
ly urge, ſuch did their frenzy prove,
ſuit their prince forbids to move,
l obtain'd they ceaſe affairs of ſtate,
dangers wave for groundleſs hate.
id's patience waits relief to bring,
h' indulgence of a lawful king,
ſ till the troubled waves would ceaſe,
l the raging billows ſtill increaſe.
rd, whoſe inſolence forbearance ſwells,
forgives too far, almoſt rebels.
is deep reſentments ſilence broke,
rial palace ſhook, while thus he ſpoke.
Juſtice wake, and Rigor take her time
our mercy is become our crime.
ulting Puniſhment her ſtroke delays,
reign right, heaven's ſacred truſt, decays!
ſe ſupport ev'n ſubjects intereſt calls,
that kingdom where the monarch falls!
nce who yields the leaſt of regal ſway,
s people's freedom does betray.
es by law, and law ſubſiſts by power;
he ſhepherd, wolves the flock devour.
of empire o'er a ſtubborn race,
eaven itſelf in vain has try'd with grace!
vill our reaſon's long-charm'd eyes unclooſe
el judge between her friends and foes?
all we ſee expir'd deceivers ſway,
lit what our God and monarchs ſay?
ed patriots, brib'd with Egypt's gold,
hedrims in blind obedience hold;
atriots falſhood in their actions ſee,
ge by the pernicious fruit the tree;
for which ſo loudly they declaim,
, laws, and freedom were their aim;
tes in due methods they had led,
thoſe miſchiefs which they ſeem to dread;
ere yet they propt the ſinking ſtate,
ach and charge, as urg'd by private hate;
at they ne'er bel.ev'd the fears they preſt,
arquſly deſtroy'd the nation's reſt!
her will ungovern'd ſenates drive,
what bounds licentious votes arrive?
eir injuſtice we are preſs'd to ſhare,
narch urg'd t' exclude the lawful heir;
ices thus diſtinguiſh'd from the crowd,
s the privilege of royal blood?
it we ſhould confirm the wrongs they preſs,
rings yet were than the people's leſs;
n'd for life the murdering ſword to wield,
their heirs entail a bloody field:
adly their own freedom they betray,
th' oppreſſion which they fear make way;
on fix'd by heaven, the kingdom's bar,
once diſſolv'd, admits the flood of war;
rapine, ſpoil, without, th' aſſault begin,
r mad tribes ſupplant the fence within.
en their good they will not underſtand,
e to take the monarch's power in hand;
ty and force to join with ſkill,
't the lunatics againſt their will.
ne rough means that ſwage the crowd, ap-
peaſe
ates raging with the crowd's diſeaſe.
rth unbiaſs'd meaſures let them draw
) falſe gloſs, but genuine text of law;
Nor urge thoſe crimes upon religion's ſcore
Themſelves ſo much in Jebuſites abhor.
Whom laws convict, and only they, ſhall bleed
Nor phariſees by phariſees be freed.
Impartial juſtice from our throne ſhall ſhower,
All ſhall have right, and we our ſovereign power.
He ſaid, th' attendants heard with awful joy,
And glad preſages their fix'd thoughts employ;
From Hebron now the ſuffering heir return'd,
A realm that long with civil diſcord mourn'd;
Till his approach, like ſome arriving God,
Compoſ'd and heal'd the place of his abode;
The deluge check'd that to Judeah ſpread,
And ſtopp'd ſedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
And, chas'd from Iſrael, Iſrael's peace contrives.
The field confeſs'd his power in arms before,
And ſeas proclaim'd his triumphs to the ſhore;
As nobly has his ſway in Hebron ſhown,
How fit t' inherit godlike David's throne.
Through Sion's ſtreets his glad arrival's ſpread,
And conſcious faction ſhrinks her ſnaky head;
His train their ſufferings think o'erpaid, to ſee
The crowd's applauſe with virtue once agree.
Succeſs charms all, but zeal for worth diſtreſt
A virtue proper to the brave and beſt;
'Mongſt whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
To ſerve the crown, and loyal by deſcent,
Whoſe conſtancy ſo firm, and conduct juſt,
Deſerv'd at once two royal maſters truſt;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withſtood
On ſeas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
Of learning yet, no portion was deny'd,
Friend to the Muſes and the Muſes' pride.
Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
Of ſteady ſoul when public ſtorms were high;
Whoſe conduct, while the Moor fierce onſets made,
Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.
Such were the chiefs who moſt his ſufferings
mourn'd,
And view'd with ſilent joys the prince return'd;
While thoſe that fought his abſence to betray,
Preſs firſt their nauſeous falſe reſpects to pay;
Him ſtill th' officious hypocrites moleſt,
And with malicious duty break his reſt.
While real tranſports thus his friends employ,
And foes are loud in their diſſembled joy,
His triumphs ſo reſounded far and near,
Miſs'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
And as when joyful hunters clamorous train
Some ſlumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,
Who oft had forc'd the bold aſſailants yield,
And ſcatter'd his purſuers through the field,
Diſdaining, furls his mane and tears the ground,
His eyes enflaming all the deſart round,
With roar of ſeas directs his chaſers way,
Provokes from far and dares them to the fray;
Such rage ſtorm'd now in Abſalom's fierce breaſt,
Such indignation his fir'd eyes confeſt;
Where now was the inſtructor of his pride?
Slept the old pilot in ſo rough a tide?
Whoſe wiles had from the happy ſhore betray'd,
And thus on ſhelves the credulous youth convey'd;
In deep revolving thoughts he weighs his ſtate,
Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle fate,
At leaſt, if his ſtorm'd bark muſt go adrift,
To baulk his charge, and for himſelf to ſhift,

In which his dextrous wit had oft been ſhown,
And in the wreck of kingdoms ſav'd his own;
But now with more than common danger preſt,
Of various reſolution ſtands poſſeſt,
Perceives the crowd's unſtable zeal decay,
Leſt their recanting chief the cauſe betray,
Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
And for his pardon with their heads compound.
Him therefore, ere his fortune ſlip her time,
The ſtateſman plots t' engage in ſome bold crime
Paſt pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other daring method, and unjuſt,
That may confirm him in the people's truſt.
But failing thus t' enſnare him, nor ſecure
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by as paſt his date,
And try ſome new pretender's luckier fate;
Whoſe hopes with equal toil he would purſue,
Nor cares what claimer 's crown'd, except the true.
Wake, Abſalom, approaching ruin ſhun,
And ſee, O ſee, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
The property of deſperate villains made?
Loſt power and conſcious fears their crimes create,
And guilt in them was little leſs than fate;
But why ſhouldſt thou, from every grievance free,
Forſake thy vineyards for their ſtormy ſea?
For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow,
Love dreſs'd thy bowers, and laurels fought thy brow,
Preferment, wealth, and power, thy vaſſals were,
And of a monarch all things but the care.
Oh ſhould our crimes again that curſe draw down,
And rebel-arms once more attempt the crown,
Sure ruin waits unhappy Abſalom,
Alike by conqueſt or defeat undone;
Who could relentleſs ſee ſuch youth and charms,
Expire with wretched fate in impious arms?
A prince ſo form'd with earth's and heaven's applauſe,
To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cauſe:
Or grant him victor, till his hopes muſt fail,
Who conquering would not for himſelf prevail;
The faction whom he truſts for future ſway,
Him and the public would alike betray;
Amongſt themſelves divide the captive ſtate,
And ſound their hydra-empire in his fate!
Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
The pity'd youth, with ſceptres in his ſight,
So have their cruel politics decreed,
Muſt, by that crew that made him guilty, bleed!
For could their pride brook any prince's ſway,
Whom but mild David would they chuſe t' obey?
Who once at ſuch a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itſelf deſign;
From hate to that their reformations ſpring,
And David not their grievance, but the king.
Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
Leſt this clear truth ſtrike Abſalom's charm'd eyes,
Leſt he perceive, from long enchantment free,
What all beſide the flatter'd youth muſt ſee.
But whate'er doubts his troubled boſom ſwell,
Fair carriage ſtill became Achitophel.
Who now an envious feſtival inſtals,
And to ſurvey their ſtrength the faction calls,
Which fraud, religious worſhip too muſt gild;
But oh how weakly does ſedition build?

For lo! the royal mandate iſſues forth,
Daſhing at once their treaſon, zeal, and mirth!
So have I ſeen diſaſtrous chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage laid,
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had ſeiz'd, engender'd by ſome careleſs ſwain;
Or ſwelling Neptune lawleſs inroads made,
And to their cell of ſtore his flood convey'd;
The commonwealth broke up, diſtracted go,
And in wild haſte their loaded mates o'erthrow;
Ev'n ſo our ſcatter'd gueſts confus'dly meet,
With boil'd, bak'd, roaſt, all juſtling in the ſtreet;
Dejecting all, and ruefully diſmay'd,
For ſhekel without treat or treaſon paid.
Sedition's dark eclipſe now fainter ſhows,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to diſperſe,
In kind conjunction of aſſiſting ſtars.
Here, labouring Muſe, thoſe glorious chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful ſcale of David's fate;
The reſt of that illuſtrious band rehearſe,
Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Aſaph's verſe:
Hard taſk! yet will not I thy flight recal,
View heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.
First write Bezaliel, whoſe illuſtrious name
Foreſtalls our praiſe, and gives his poet fame.
The Kenites rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
Which for its generous natives yet could be
Held worthy ſuch a preſident as he!
Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught,
Serene his looks, ſerene his life and thought;
On whom ſo largely, nature heap'd her ſtore,
There ſcarce remain'd for arts to give him more!
To aid the crown and ſtate his greateſt zeal,
His ſecond care that ſervice to conceal;
Of dues obſervant, firm to every truſt,
And to the needy always more than juſt.
Who truth from ſpecious falſehood can divide,
Has all the gownſmens ſkill without their pride;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,
Sees all his glories copy'd in his ſon,
Whoſe forward fame ſhould every Muſe engage:
Whoſe youth boaſts ſkill deny'd to other's age.
Men, manners, language, books of nobleſt kind,
Already are the conqueſt of his mind.
Whoſe loyalty before its date was prime;
Nor waited the dull courſe of rolling time:
The monſter faction early he diſmay'd,
And David's cauſe long ſince confeſs'd his aid.
Brave Abdael o'er the prophet's ſchool was plac'd;
Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd;
A hero, who, while ſtars look'd wondering down,
Without one Hebrew's blood reſtor'd the crown.
That praiſe was his; what therefore did remain
For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That crown reſtor'd; and in this mark of fame,
Brave Abdael with the firſt a place muſt claim.
Proceed, illuſtrious, happy chief! proceed,
Foreſeize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
While th' inſpir'd tribe attend with nobleſt ſtrain
To regiſter the glories thou ſhalt gain:
For ſure the dew ſhall Gilboah's hills forſake,
And Jordan mix his Stream with Sodom's lake:
Or ſeas retir'd their ſecret ſtores diſcloſe
And to the ſun their ſcaly brood expoſe,

l above the clifts their billows raiſe,
Muſes leave their patron's praiſe.
next labour does invite,
the taſk to do Eliab right:
i the royal wanderer he rov'd,
in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
ent ſervice and deſert ſo large,
n'd the royal houſhold for his charge.
ith only one mild heireſs bleſt,
bloom of ſmiling nature dreſt,
again to ſee his flower ally'd
's ſtock, and made young Othniel's bride!
t reſtorer of his father's youth,
o a ſon's and ſubject's truth:
o bear that prize of duty home,
fought, while fought by Abſalom.
! th' illuſtrious planet of thy birth,
nore powerful virtue guard thy worth;
Achitophel thy ruin boaſt;
much in one ſuch wreck has loſt.
ivy muſt conſent to Helon's worth,
il, though Egypt glories in his birth,
our captive ark its zeal retain,
aoh's altars in their pomp diſdain:
his gods was ſmall; with nobler pride,
allurements of his court defy'd.
ofit nor example could betray,
's friend, and true to David's ſway.
; of favour in his province fall,
he conſers, and freely all.
t of nobles next let Amri grace,
erits claim'd the Abethdin's high place;
h a loyalty that did excel,
ll th' endowments of Achitophel.
vas Amri, and not only knew,
's ſanctions into practice drew;
that did a boundleſs ocean ſeem,
iſted all, and fathom'd all by him.
i ſpeaks like him their myſtic ſenſe,
nd with ſuch charms of eloquence:
i the double bleſſing does belong,
ſes' inſpiration, Aaron's tongue.
Sheva none more loyal zeal have ſhown,
as Judah's lion for the crown,
that cauſe ſtill combats in his ace,
h his youth with danger did engage.
ir factious prieſts the cant revive;
ditious ſcribes with libel ſtrive
ne the crowd; while he with watchful eye
and ſhoots their treaſons as they fly:
ckly frauds his keen replies detect;
ei·es more faſt than they infect.
, when the peſt on legions prey'd,
l his ſignal, and the plague was ſtay'd.
nore, my fainting Muſe, thy pinions try,
ngth's exhauſted ſtore let love ſupply.
bute, Aſaph, ſhall we render thee?
rown thee with a wreath from thy own
ee!
el grove no envy's flaſh can blaſt;
of Aſaph ſhall for ever laſt.
wonder late poſterity ſhall dwell
om and falſe Achitophel:
as ſhall be our ſlumbering prophet's dream,
n our Sion virgins ſing their theme;
ees ſhall with thy verſe be grac'd,
of Aſaph ſhall for ever laſt.

How fierce his ſatyr loos'd; reſtrain'd, how tame;
How tender of th' offending young man's fame!
How well his worth, and brave adventures ſtil'd;
Juſt to his virtues, to his error mild,
No page of thine, that fears the ſtricteſt view,
But teems with juſt reproof, or praiſe as due;
Not Eden could a fairer proſpect yield,
All paradiſe without one barren field:
Whoſe wit the cenſure of his foes has paſt,
The ſong of Aſaph ſhall for ever laſt.
What praiſe for ſuch rich ſtrains ſhall we allow?
What juſt rewards the grateful crown beſtow?
While bees in flowers rejoice, and flowers in dew,
While ſtars and fountains to their courſe are true;
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock ſtand faſt,
The ſong of Aſaph and the fame ſhall laſt.
Still Hebron's honour'd happy ſoil retains
Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains;
Who now ſails off with winds nor wiſhes ſlack,
To bring his ſufferings' bright companion back.
But ere ſuch tranſport can our ſenſe employ,
A bitter grief muſt poiſon half our joy;
Nor can our coaſts reſtor'd thoſe bleſſings ſee
Without a bribe to envious deſtiny!
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where by inglorious chance the valiant dy'd!
Give not inſulting Aſkalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!
No ſailor with the news ſwell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant dy'd!
Weep, Arnon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry,
While Sion's rock diſſolves for a ſupply.
Calm were the elements, night's ſilence deep,
The waves ſcarce murmuring, and the winds aſleep;
Yet fate for ruin takes ſo ſtill an hour,
And treacherous ſands the princely bark devour;
Then death unworthy ſeiz'd a generous race,
To virtue's ſcandal, and the ſtars diſgrace!
Oh! had th' indulgent powers vouchſaf'd to yield,
Inſtead of faithleſs ſhelves, a liſted field:
A liſted field of Heaven's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppoſe,
Each life had on his ſlaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconquering thus expir'd:
But deſtiny is now their only foe,
And dying ev'n o'er that they triumph too;
With loud laſt breaths their maſter's ſcape applaud,
Of whom kind force could ſcarce the fates defraud;
Who for ſuch followers loſt, O matchleſs mind!
At his own ſafety now almoſt repin'd!
Say, royal Sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praiſe in peace, and by Urania's charms;
If all your ſufferings paſt ſo nearly preſt,
Or pierc'd with half ſo painful grief your breaſt?
Thus ſome diviner Muſe her hero forms,
Not ſooth'd with ſoft delights, but toſt in ſtorms
Nor ſtretch'd on roſes in the myrtle grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth his nights with love,
But far remov'd in thundering camps is found,
His ſlumbers ſhort, his bed the herbleſs ground:
In taſks of danger always ſeen the firſt,
Feeds from the hedge, and ſlakes with ice his thirſt.
Long muſt his patience ſtrive with fortune's rage,
And long oppoſing gods themſelves engage,

Muſt ſee his country flame, his friends deſtroy'd,
Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd:
Such toil of fate muſt build a man of fame,
And ſuch, to Iſrael's crown, the god-like David came.
What ſudden beams diſpel the clouds ſo faſt,
Whoſe drenching rains laid all our vineyards waſte!
The ſpring ſo far behind her courſe delay'd,
On th' inſtant is in all her bloom array'd;
The winds breathe low, the elements ſerene;
Yet mark what motion in the waves is ſeen!
Thronging and buſy as Hyblæan ſwarms,
Or ſtraggled ſoldiers ſummon'd to their arms,
See where the princely bark in looſeſt pride,
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
High on her deck the royal lovers ſtand,
Our crimes to pardon ere they touch'd our land.
Welcome to Iſrael and to David's breaſt!
Here all your toils, here all your ſufferings reſt.
This year did Ziloah rule Jeruſalem,
And boldly all ſedition's Syrtes ſtem,
Howe'er incumber'd with a viler pair,
Than Ziph or Shimei to aſſiſt the chair;
Yet Ziloah's loyal labours ſo prevail'd
That faction at the next election fail'd,
When ev'n the common cry did juſtice found,
And merit by the multitude was crown'd:
With David then was Iſrael's peace reſtor'd,
Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord.

KEY to ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

Abdael,	—	General Monk, Duke of Albemarle.
Abethdin,	—	The name given through this poem to a Lord-Chancellor in general.
Abſalom,	—	Duke of Monmouth.
Achitophel,	—	The Earl of Shafteſbury.
Adriel,	—	Earl of Mulgrave.
Agag,	—	Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
Amiel,	—	Mr. Seymour, Speaker of the Houſe of Commons.
Amri,	—	Sir Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelſea, and Lord-Chancellor.
Annabel,	—	Ducheſs of Monmouth.
Arod,	—	Sir William Waller.
Aſaph,	—	A Character drawn by Tate for Dryden, in the ſecond Part of this Poem.
Balaam,	—	Earl of Huntingdon.
Balaak	—	Barnet.
Barzillai,	—	Duke of Ormond.
Bathſheba,	—	Dutcheſs of Portſmouth
Benaiah,	—	General Sackville.
Ben Jochanan,		Rev. Mr. Samuel Johnſ
Benaliel,	—	Duke of Beaufort.
Caleb,	—	Lord Grey.
Corah,	—	Dr. Oates.
David,	—	Charles II.
Doeg,	—	Elkanah Settle.
Egypt,	—	France.
Eliab,	—	Sir Hen. Bennet, E. of ton.
Ethnic-Plot,	—	The Popiſh-Plot.
Gath,	—	The land of Exile, mor cularly Bruſſels, whe Charles II. long reſide
Hebron,	—	Scotland.
Hebrew Priests,		The Church of England
Helon,	—	Earl of Feverſham.
Huſhai,	—	Hyde, Earl of Rocheſte
Jebuſites	—	Papiſts.
Jeruſalem,	—	London.
Jews,	—	Engliſh.
Jonas,	—	Sir William Jones
Jordan,	—	Dover.
Jotham,	—	Marquis of Halifax.
Jothran,	—	Lord Dartmouth.
Iſhboſheth,	—	Richard Cromwell.
Iſrael,	—	England.
Iſſachar,	—	Thomas Thynne, Eſq.
Judas	—	Mr. Ferguſon, a canting er.
Iſhbar,	—	Sir Robert Clayton.
Mephiboſheth,		Pordage.
Michal,	—	Queen Catherine.
Nadab,	—	Lord Howard of Eſcriek
Og,	—	Shadwell.
Phaleg,	—	Forbes.
Pharaoh,	—	King of France.
Rabſheka,	—	Sir Thomas Player.
Sagan of Jeruſalem,		Dr. Compton, Biſhop of
Sanhedrim,	—	Parliament.
Saul	—	Oliver Cromwell.
Shimei,	—	Sheriff Bethel.
Sheva,	—	Sir Roger Leſtrange.
Soÿmean Rout,		London Rebels.
Tyre	—	Holland.
Uzza,	—	Jack Hall.
Zadoc,	—	Sancroft, Archbiſhop terbury.
Zaken	—	A member of the H Commons.
Zimri,	—	Villiers, Duke of Buckir
Ziloah,	—	Sir John Moor.

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

FOR to whom can I dedicate this poem with ſo much juſtice as to you? It is the repreſentation of your own hero: it is the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize ſo much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landſcape of your Tower, nor the riſing ſun; nor the Anno Domini of your new ſovereign's coronation. This muſt needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party; eſpecially to thoſe who have not been ſo happy as to purchaſe the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it: all his kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder ſo inhanced, that many a poor Polander, who would be glad to worſhip the image, is not able to go to the coſt of him: but muſt be content to ſee him here. I muſt confeſs I am no great artiſt; but a ſign poſt painting will ſerve the turn to remember a friend by; eſpecially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort, the lineaments are true: and though he ſat not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have conſulted hiſtory; as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not ſeen the man, they can help their imagination by a ſtatue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have ſpared one ſide of your medal: the head would be ſeen to more advantage if it were placed on a ſpike of the Tower, a little nearer to the ſun; which would then break out to better purpoſe.

You tell us in your preface to the No-proteſtant plot, that you ſhall be forced hereafter to leave off your modeſty: I ſuppoſe you mean that little which is left you: for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practiſed ſuch a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an eſtabliſhed government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in thumb rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his bones to preſerve you againſt monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the perſon of the king. But all men who can ſee an inch before them, may eaſily detect thoſe groſs fallacies. That it is neceſſary for men in your circumſtances to pretend both, is granted you: for without them there could be no ground to raiſe a faction. But I would aſk you one civil queſtion, what right has any man among you, or any aſſociation of men, to come nearer to you, who, out of parliament, cannot be conſidered in a public capacity, to meet as you daily do in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your diſcourſes, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Iſrael? Or how is it conſiſtent with your zeal for the public welfare, to promote ſedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to ſerve the king according to the laws, allow you the licence of traducing the executive power with which you know he is inveſted? You complain that his majeſty has loſt the love and confidence of his people; and, by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies to make him loſe them. All good ſubjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would ſeem, you would not at this rate incenſe the multitude to

aſſume it; for no ſober man can fear it, either from the king's diſpoſition or his practice; or even, where you would odiouſly lay it, from his miniſters. Give us leave to enjoy the government and benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we deſire to tranſmit to our poſterity. You are not the truſtees of the public liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a crowd: much leſs have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs; or to arraign what you do not like; which in effect is every thing that is done by the king and council. Can you imagine that any reaſonable man will believe you reſpect the perſon of his majeſty, when it is apparent that your ſeditious pamphlets are ſtuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, it is eaſy to be evinced from a thouſand paſſages which I only forbear to quote, becauſe I deſire they ſhould die and be forgotten. I have peruſed many of your papers; and to ſhew you that I have, the No-proteſtant Plot is much of it ſtolen from your dead author's pamphlet, called the Growth of Popery; as manifeſtly as Milton's Defence of the Engliſh people is from Buchanan de jure regni apud Scotos: or your firſt Covenant and new Aſſociation from the holy league of the French Guiſards. Any one who reads Davila, may trace your practices all along. There were the ſame pretences for reformation and loyalty, the ſame aſperſions of the king, and the ſame grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the hiſtorian's word, who ſays it was reported, that Poltrot a Hugonot murdered Francis, duke of Guiſe, by the inſtigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Hugonot miniſter, otherwiſe called a Preſbyterian, for our church abhors ſuch a deviliſh tenet, who firſt writ a treatiſe of the lawfulneſs of depoſing and murdering kings of a different perſuaſion in religion: but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they ſet the people above the magiſtrate; which, if I miſtake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the houſe of commons goes on your ſide you are as ready to obſerve it as if it were paſſed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former and yet unrepealed act of parliament, you declare that in ſome caſes you will not be obliged by it. The paſſage is in the ſame third part of the No-proteſtant Plot; and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended aſſociation, you neither wholly juſtify nor condemn; but as the Catholics, when they are unoppoſed, fly out into all the pageantries of worſhip; but in times of war, when they are hard preſſed by arguments, lie cloſe intrenched behind the Council of Trent: ſo now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination. but whenſoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and juſtified to purpoſe. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the ſword: it is the proper time to ſay any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this aſſociation, and that in the time of queen Elizabeth. But there is this ſmall difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly oppoſite to the other: one with the queen's approbation and conjunction as head of it; the other without either the conſent or knowledge of the king, againſt whoſe authority it is manifeſtly deſigned. Therefore you do well to have recourſe to your laſt evaſion, that it was contrived by your enemies, and ſhuffled into the papers that were ſeized; which yet you ſee the nation is not ſo eaſy to believe as your own jury; but the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favour to deſire of you at parting, that when you think of anſwering this poem, you would employ the ſame pens againſt it, who have combated with ſo much ſucceſs againſt Abſalom and Achitophel: for then you may aſſure yourſelves of a clear victory, without the leaſt reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a cuſtom, do it without wit: by this method you will gain a conſiderable point, which is wholly to wave the anſwer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they ſhould be treaſon. Fall ſeverely on the miſcarriages of government; for if ſcandal be not allowed, you are no freeborn ſubjects. If God has not

bleſſed you with the talent of rhyming, make uſe of my poor ſtock and welcome: let your verſes run upon my feet: and for the utmoſt refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the laſt extremity of ſenſe, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter deſpair of your own ſatyr, make me ſatyrize myſelf. Some of you have been driven to this bay already: but, above all the reſt, commend me to the non-conformiſt parſon, who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read ſo much as the piece deſerves, becauſe the bookſeller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You ſee I am charitable enough to do him a kindneſs, that it may be publiſhed as well as printed; and that ſo much ſkill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waſte paper in the ſhop. Yet I half ſuſpect he went no farther for his learning, than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of ſome Engliſh bibles. If Achitophel ſignify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will paſs with his readers for the next of kin. And perhaps it is the relation that makes the kindneſs. Whatever the verſes are, buy them up, I beſeech you, out of pity; for I hear the conventicle is ſhut up, and the brother of Achitophel out of ſervice.

Now footmen you know have the generoſity to make a purſe for a member of their ſociety, who has had his livery pulled over his ears; and even proteſtant ſocks are bought up among you out of veneration to the name. A diſſenter in poetry from ſenſe and Engliſh will make as good a proteſtant rhymer, as a diſſenter from the church of England a proteſtant parſon. Beſides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his ſtyle above the vulgar epithets of prophane, and ſawcy Jack, and atheiſtic ſcribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthuſiaſm is ſtrong upon him: by which well-mannered and charitable expreſſions I was certain of his ſect before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? He has damned me in your cauſe from Geneſis to the Revelations: and has half the texts of both the Teſtaments againſt me, if you will be ſo civil to yourſelves as to take him for your interpreter: and not to take them for Iriſh witneſſes. After all, perhaps, you will tell me, that you retained him only for the opening of your cauſe, and that your main lawyer is yet behind. Now if it ſo happen he meet with no more reply than his predeceſſors, you may either conclude that I truſt to the goodneſs of my cauſe, or fear my adverſary, or diſdain him, or what you pleaſe; for the ſhort of it is, it is indifferent to your humble ſervant, whatever your party ſays or thinks of him.

THE MEDAL.

OF all our antic sights and pageantry,
Which English idiots run in crowds to see,
The Polish Medal bears the prize alone:
A monster more the favourite of the town
Than either stars or theatres have shown.
Never did art so well with nature strive;
Nor ever idol seem'd so much alive:
So like the man; so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light.
One side is filled with title and with face;
And, lest the king should want a regal place,
On the reverse, a tower the town surveys;
O'er which our mounting sun his beams displays.
The word, pronounc'd aloud by shrieval voice,
Laetamur, which, in Polish, is rejoice.
The day, month, year, to the great act are join'd:
And a new canting holiday design'd.
Five days he sat, for every cast and look;
Four more than God to finish Adam took.
But who can tell what essence angels are,
Or how long heaven was making Lucifer?
Oh, could the stile that copy'd every grace,
And plough'd such furrows for an eunuch face,
Could it have form'd his ever-changing will,
The various piece had tir'd the graver's skill!
A martial hero first, with early care;
Blown like a pygmy by the winds, to war.
A beardless chief, a rebel, ere a man:
So young his hatred to his prince began.
Next this, how wildly will ambition steer!
A vermin wriggling in th' usurper's ear.
Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the saint-like mould;
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was gain,
The loudest bag-pipe of the squeaking train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise.
There split the saint; for hypocritic zeal
Allows no sins but those it can conceal.
Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope:
Saints must not trade; but they may interlope.
Th' ungodly principle was all the same;
But a gross cheat betrays his partner's game.
Besides, their pace was formal, grave, and slack;
His nimble wit outran the heavy pack.
Yet still he found his fortune at a stay:
Whole droves of blockheads choaking up his way;
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and wit exact a double price.
Power was his aim: but thrown from that pretence,
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence;
And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.
Him, in the anguish of his soul he serv'd;
Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
Behold! him now exalted into trust;
His counsel 's oft convenient, seldom just.
Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave
He had a grudging still to be a knave.
The frauds he learn'd in his fanatic years
Made him uneasy in his lawful gears.
At best as little honest as he could,
And like white witches mischievously good.
To his first bias longingly he leans;
And rather would be great by wicked means.
Thus fram'd for ill, he lost our triple hold;
Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.
From hence those tears! that Ilium of our woe!
Who helps a powerful friend, fore-arms a foe.
What wonder if the waves prevail so far
When he cut down the banks that made the Bar?
Seas follow but their nature to invade;
But he by art our native strength betray'd.
So Sampson to his foe his force confest;
And to be shorn, lay slumbering on her breast.
But when this fatal counsel, found too late,
Expos'd its author to the public hate;
When his just sovereign, by no impious way
Could he seduc'd to arbitrary sway;
Forsaken of that hope he shifts his sail,
Drives down the current with a popular gale;
And shews the fiend confess'd without a veil.
He preaches to the crowd, that power is lent,
But not convey'd to kingly government;
That claims successive bear no binding force,
That coronation oaths are things of course;
Maintains the multitude can never err;
And sets the people in the papal chair.
The reason's obvious; interest never lies;
The most have still their interest in their eyes;
The power is always theirs, and power is ever wise.
Almighty crowd, thou shortest all dispute,
Power is thy essence; wit thy attribute!
Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
Thou leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindar way!
Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide,
When Phocion and when Socrates were try'd:
As righteously they did those dooms repent;
Still they were wise whatever way they went:
Crowds err not though to both extremes they run
To kill the father, and recal the son.
Some think the fools were most as times went then
But now the world's o'erstock'd with prudent men
The common cry is ev'n religion's test,
The Turk's is at Constantinople best;
Idols in India: popery at Rome;
And our own worship only true at home.
And true, but for the time 'tis hard to know
How long we please it shall continue so.

lay, and that to-morrow burns;
l-almighties in their turns.
octrine, plauſible, and new;
ır fathers were, if this be true!
roy the ſeeds of civil war,
t in monarchs did declare:
ı vful power might never ceaſe,
:ſſion to ſecure our peace.
:y and ſovereign ſway at laſt
nces were juſtly caſt:
Je'ru ſpurs the hot-mouth'd horſe;
beaſt to know his native force;
bit between his teeth, and fly
headlong ſteep of anarchy.
ingland if our good we knew,
offeſs the freedom we purſue!
overnment can give no more;
ne, and plenty makes us poor.
once; our rebel-fathers fought,
hem with all the power they ſought:
'd by their own uſurping brave,
n ſubject ſunk into a ſlave.
r manna, and we long for quails;
man when his own wiſh prevails!
ow ſwift to plunge himſelf in ill!
power, and boundleſs in his will!
:an do no wrong, we muſt believe;
ey do, and muſt they all receive?
ı! or ſadly we ſhall ſee an hour,
:r wrong nor right are in their power!
r have loſt their beſt defence,
of laws which they diſpenſe.
› their righteous cauſe allow'd;
›y an arbitrary crowd.
grav'd their conqueſt to record,
ınd coin of their adopted lord.
who laughed but once, to ſee an aſs
› make the croſs-grain'd thiſtles paſs;
again to ſee a jury chew
; of unpalatable law.
:s, that leech-like liv'd on blood,
them was med'cinally good:
hey faſten'd on their feſter'd ſore,
: and religion they forſwore;
n oaths debauch'd into a whore.
re rais'd by factions, and decry'd;
ınd ſaint diſtinguiſh'd by their ſide.
v'n ſcripture to confeſs their cauſe,
call to preach in ſpight of laws.
ıo news to the poor injur'd page,
ıſed as ill in every age;
rain'd with patience all to take,
fence can Greek and Hebrew make?
can this talking-trumpet ſeize;
it ſpeak whatever ſenſe they pleaſe!
'd at firſt our oracle t' enquire;
ır ſects in prophecy grow higher,
ıſpires not them, but they the text
re.
thou great emporium of our ile,
›ounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!
praiſe or curſe to thy deſert?
hy found from thy corrupted part?
Nile: the parallel will ſtand!
wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;
s from thy large increaſe we find,
ın the ſlime thou leav'ſt behind.

Sedition has not wholly ſeiz'd on thee,
Thy nobler parts are from infection free.
Of Iſrael's tribe thou haſt a numerous band,
But ſtill the Canaanite is in the land.
Thy military chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy diſinchanted burghers few.
The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
But what's a head with two ſuch gouty hands?
The wiſe and wealthy love the ſureſt way,
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But wiſdom is to ſloth too great a ſlave;
None are ſo buſy as the fool and knave.
Theſe let me curſe; what vengeance will they urge,
Whoſe ordures neither plague nor fire can purge?
Nor ſharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry heaven, nor a forgiving king!
In goſpel-phraſe, their chapmen they betray:
Their ſhops are dens, the buyer is their prey.
The knack of trades is living on the ſpoil;
They boaſt ev'n when each other they beguile.
Cuſtoms to ſteal is ſuch a trivial thing,
That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.
All hands unite of every jarring ſect;
They cheat the country firſt, and then infect.
They for God's cauſe their monarchs dare dethrone,
And they 'll be ſure to make his cauſe their own.
Whether the plotting jeſuit lay'd the plan
Of murdering kings, or the French puritan,
Our ſacrilegious ſects their guides outgo,
And kings and kingly power would murder too.
What means that traiterous combination roſs,
Too plain t' evade, too ſhameful to confeſs.
But treaſon is not own'd when 'tis deſcry'd;
Succeſsful crimes alone are juſtify'd.
The men who no conſpiracy would find
Who doubts? but had it taken, they had join'd,
Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence;
At firſt without, at laſt againſt, their prince.
If ſovereign right by ſovereign power they ſcan,
The ſame bold maxim holds in God and man:
God were not ſafe, his thunder could they ſhun;
He ſhould be forc'd to crown another ſon.
Thus, when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
The rich poſſeſſion was the murderer's own.
In vain to ſophiſtry they have recourſe:
By proving their's no plot, they prove 'tis worſe;
Unmaſk'd rebellion, and audacious force;
Which though not actual, yet all eyes may ſee
'Tis working in th' immediate power to be;
For from pretended grievances they riſe,
Firſt to diſlike, and after to deſpiſe.
Then cyclop-like in human fleſh to deal,
Chop up a miniſter at every meal:
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king;
But clip his regal rights within the ring.
From thence t' aſſume the power of peace and war;
And eaſe him by degrees of public care.
Yet, to conſult his dignity and fame,
He ſhould have leave to exerciſe the name;
And hold the cards while commons play'd the game.
For what can power give more than food and drink,
To live at eaſe and not be bound to think?
Theſe are the cooler methods of their crime,
But their hot zealots think 'tis loſs of time;

He gripes the faithleſs owners of the place,
And buys a foreign army to deface
The fear'd and hated remnant of their race.
He ſtarves their forces, and obſtructs their trade;
Vaſt ſums are given, and yet no native paid.
The church itſelf he labours to aſſail,
And keeps fit tools to break the ſacred pale.
Of thoſe let him the guilty roll commence,
Who has betray'd a maſter and a prince;
A man, ſeditious, lewd, and impudent;
An engine always miſchievouſly bent;
One who from all the bands of duty ſwerves;
No tye can hold but that which he deſerves;
An author dwindled to a pamphleteer;
Skilful to forge, and always inſincere;
Careleſs exploded practices to mend;
Bold to attack, yet feeble to defend.
Fate's blindfold reign the atheiſt loudly owns,
And providence blaſphemouſly dethrones.
In vain the leering actor ſtrains his tongue
To cheat, with tears and empty noiſe, the throng,
Since all men know, whate'er he ſays or writes,
Revenge or ſtronger intereſt indites,
And that the wretch employs his venal wit
How to confute what formerly he writ.
Next him the grave Socinian claims a place,
Endow'd with reaſon, though bereft of grace;
A preaching pagan of ſurpaſſing fame:
No regiſter records his borrow'd name.
Oh, had the child more happily been bred,
A radiant mitre would have grac'd his head:
But now unfit, the moſt he ſhould expect,
Is to be enter'd of T——F——'s ſect.
To him ſucceeds, with looks demurely ſad,
A gloomy ſoul with revelation mad;
Falſe to his friend, and careleſs of his word;
A dreaming prophet, and a griping lord;
He ſells the livings which he can't poſſeſs,
And farms that fine-cure his dioceſe.
Unthinking man! to quit thy barren ſee,
And vain endeavours in chronology,
For the more fruitleſs care of royal charity.
Thy hoary noddle warns thee to return,
The treaſon of old age in Wales to mourn;
Nor think the city-poor may loſs ſuſtain,
Thy place may well be vacant in this reign.
I ſhould admit the booted prelate now,
But he is even for lampoon too low:
The ſcum and outcaſt of a royal race;
The nation's grievance, and the gown's diſgrace.
None ſo unlearn'd did ere at London ſit;
This driveler does the ſacred chair beſh——t.
I need not brand the ſpiritual parricide,
Nor draw the weapon dangling by his ſide:
Th' aſtoniſh'd world remembers that offence,
And knows he ſtole the daughter of his prince.
'Tis time enough, in ſome ſucceeding age,
To bring this mitred captain on the ſtage.
Theſe are the leaders in apoſtacy,
The wild reformers of the liturgy,
And the blind guides of poor elective majeſty;
A thing which commonwealth's-men did deviſe,
Till plots were ripe, to catch the people's eyes.
Their king 's a monſter, in a quagmire born,
Of all the native brutes the grief and ſcorn;
With a big ſnout, caſt in a crooked mould,
Which runs with glanders and an inborn cold.
His ſubſtance is of clammy ſnot and phlegm;
Sleep is his eſſence, and his life a dream.
To Capræ this Tiberius does retire,
To quench with catamite his feeble fire.
Dear catamite! who rules alone the ſtate,
While monarch dozes on his unprop height,
Silent, yet thoughtleſs, and ſecure of fate.
Could you but ſee the fulſome hero led
By loathing vaſſals to his noble bed!
In flannel robes the coughing ghoſt does walk,
And his mouth moates like cleaner breech of hawk.
Corruption, ſpringing from his canker'd breaſt,
Furs up the channel, and diſturbs his reſt.
With head propt up the bolſter'd engine lies;
If pillow ſlip aſide, the monarch dies.

RELIGIO LAICI:

OR,

A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

AN EPISTLE.

THE PREFACE.

Poem with ſo bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of ſo ſerious a ſubject would not be expected, may reaſonably oblige the author to ſay hat in defence, both of himſelf and of his undertaking. In the firſt place, if it be ed to me, that being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myſelf with ſpecula- which belong to the profeſſion of divinity; I could anſwer, that perhaps laymen, equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the moſt incompetent judges of l things; but, in the due ſenſe of my own weakneſs and want of learning, I plead iis: I pretend not to make myſelf a judge of faith in others, but only to make a con- n of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it with the reve- that becomes me at a diſtance. In the next place I will ingenuouſly confeſs, that elps I have uſed in this ſmall treatiſe were many of them taken down from the works r own reverend divines of the church of England; ſo that the weapons with which ibat irreligion, are already conſecrated; though I ſuppoſe they may be taken down wfully as the ſword of Goliah was by David, when they are to be employed for the non cauſe againſt the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to intitle them to any y errors, which yet I hope are only thoſe of charity to mankind; and ſuch as my charity has cauſed me to commit, that of others may more eaſily excuſe. Being ally inclined to ſcepticiſm in philoſophy, I have no reaſon to impoſe my opinions ſubject which is above it; but, whatever they are, I ſubmit them with all reverence y mother church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authoriſed, or aſt uncondemned, by her. And, indeed, to ſecure myſelf on this ſide, I have uſed neceſſary precaution of ſhewing this paper before it was publiſhed to a judicious and ied friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the ſervice of the church and ſtate; and ſe writings have highly deſerved of both. He was pleaſed to approve the body of liſcourſe, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaiſance: it is he had too good a taſte to like it all; and amongſt ſome other faults recommended to ſecond view, what I have written perhaps too boldly on St. Athanaſius, which he ſed me wholly to omit. I am ſenſible enough that I had done more prudently to : followed his opinion: but then I could not have ſatisfied myſelf that I had done :ſtly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that heas who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Chriſt, were yet i poſſibility of ſalvation. Neither will it enter eaſily into my belief, that before the ing of our Saviour, the whole world, excepting only the Jewiſh nation, ſhould lie :r the inevitable neceſſity of everlaſting puniſhment, for want of that revelation, :h was confined to ſo ſmall a ſpot of ground as that of Paleſtine. Among the ſons Noah we read of one only who was accurſed; and if a bleſſing in the ripeneſs of time

was reſerved for Japhet (of whoſe progeny we are), it ſeems unaccountable to me, why ſo many generations of the ſame offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the fleſh, ſhould be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their poſterity ſhould be entitled to the hopes of ſalvation: as if a bill of excluſion had paſſed only on the fathers, which debarred not the ſons from their ſucceſſion. Or that ſo many ages had been delivered over to hell, and ſo many reſerved for heaven, and that the devil had the firſt choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his ſons, might continue in ſome ages for the whole poſterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Sem, is manifeſt; but when the progenies of Cham and Japhet ſwarmed into colonies, and thoſe colonies were ſubdivided into many others; in proceſs of time their deſcendants loſt by little and little the primitive and purer rites of divine worſhip, retaining only the notion of one deity; to which ſucceeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in thoſe ages from conquerors to Gods. Revelation being thus eclipſed to almoſt all mankind, the light of nature as the next in dignity was ſubſtituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged. If my ſuppoſition be true, then the conſequence which I have aſſumed in my poem may be alſo true; namely, that Deiſm, or the principles of natural worſhip, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the poſterity of Noah: and that our modern philoſophers, nay and ſome of our philoſophiſing divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our ſouls, when they have maintained that, by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one ſupreme agent or intellectual being, which we call God: that praiſe and prayer are his due worſhip; and the reſt of thoſe deductements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our diſcourſe, I mean as ſimply conſidered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not liſted up ourſelves to God, by the weak pinions of our reaſon, but he has been pleaſed to deſcend to us; and what Socrates ſaid of him, what Plato writ, and the reſt of the heathen philoſophers of ſeveral nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the ſun of it was ſet in the race of Noah That there is ſomething above us, ſome principle of motion, our reaſon can apprehend, though it cannot diſcover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed it is very improbable, that we, who by the ſtrength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any Being, not ſo much as of our own, ſhould be able to find out by them, that ſupreme nature, which we cannot otherwiſe define than by ſaying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a ſubject for our narrow underſtanding. They who would prove religion by reaſon, do but weaken the cauſe which they endeavour to ſupport: it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to deſign a tower like that of Babel, which, if it were poſſible, as it is not, to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confuſion of the workmen. For every man is building a ſeveral way; impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials: reaſon is always ſtriving, and always at a loſs; and of neceſſity it muſt ſo come to paſs, while it is exerciſed about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at laſt to know God by his own methods; at leaſt, ſo much of him as he is pleaſed to reveal to us in the ſacred ſcriptures; to apprehend them to be the work of God, is all our reaſon has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the ſeal of heaven impreſſed upon our human underſtanding.

And now for what concerns the holy biſhop Athanaſius, the preface of whoſe creed ſeems inconſiſtent with my opinion; which is, that heathens may poſſibly be ſaved: in the firſt place I deſire it may be conſidered that it is the preface only, not the creed itſelf, which, till I am better informed, is of too hard a digeſtion for my charity. It is not that I am ignorant how many ſeveral texts of ſcripture ſeemingly ſupport that cauſe; but neither am I ignorant how all thoſe texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation. Every man who is read in church hiſtory, knows that belief was drawn up after a long conteſtation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our bleſſed Saviour, and his being one ſubſtance with the father; and that thus compiled it was ſent abroad

ong the chriſtian churches, as a kind of teſt, which whoſoever took was looked upon
n orthodox believer. It is manifeſt from hence, that the heathen part of the empire
s not concerned in it; for its buſineſs was not to diſtinguiſh betwixt Pagans and
riſtians, but betwixt Heretics and true Believers. This, well conſidered, takes off
heavy weight of cenſure, which I would willingly avoid from ſo venerable a man;
if this propoſition, 'whoſoever will be ſaved,' be reſtrained only to thoſe to whom it
s intended, and for whom it was compoſed, I mean the Chriſtians; then the anathema
ches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Chriſt, and were nothing intereſted
that diſpute. After all, I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the
ed, and as far from caviling at the continuance of it in the liturgy of the church, where
the days appointed it is publicly read: for I ſuppoſe there is the ſame reaſon for it
w, in oppoſition to the Socinians, as there was then againſt the Arians; the one
ing a Hereſy, which ſeems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much
re plauſibility of reaſon it combats our religion, with ſo much more caution it ought
be avoided: therefore the prudence of our church is to be commended, which has in-
poſed her authority for the recommendation of this creed. Yet to ſuch as are
ounded in the true belief, thoſe explanatory creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanaſius
ght perhaps be ſpared; for what is ſupernatural, will always be a myſtery in ſpight of
poſition; and for my own part, the plain apoſtles creed is moſt ſuitable to my weak
derſtanding, as the ſimpleſt diet is the moſt eaſy of digeſtion.

I have dwelt longer on this ſubject than I intended, and longer than perhaps I ought;
r having laid down, as my foundation, that the ſcripture is a rule; that in all things
edful to ſalvation it is clear, ſufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that pur-
ſe, I have left myſelf no right to interpret obſcure places, ſuch as concern the poſſibility
eternal happineſs to heathens: becauſe whatever is obſcure is concluded not neceſſary
be known.

But, by aſſerting the ſcripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created
myſelf two ſorts of enemies: the papiſts indeed, more directly, becauſe they have
pt the ſcripture from us what they could; and have reſerved to themſeves a right of
terpreting what they have delivered under the pretence of infallibility: and the fanatics
ore collaterally, becauſe they have aſſumed what amounts to an infallibility, in the
ivate ſpirit: and have detorted thoſe texts of ſcripture which are not neceſſary to ſal-
ation, to the damnable uſes of ſedition, diſturbance and deſtruction of the civil govern-
ent. To begin with the papiſts, and to ſpeak freely, I think them the leſs dangerous,
leaſt in appearance, to our preſent ſtate; for not only the penal laws are in force
ainſt them, and their number is contemptible; but alſo their peers and commons are
cluded from parliament, and conſequently thoſe laws in no probability of being
pealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever ſince the Reformation,
ſuppoſe all proteſtants believe, for it is not reaſonable to think but that ſo many of their
rders, as were outed from their fat poſſeſſions, would endeavour a re-entrance againſt
hoſe whom they account heretics. As for the late deſign, Mr. Coleman's letters, for
ught I know, are the beſt evidence; and what they diſcover, without wire-drawing
heir ſenſe, or malicious gloſſes, all men of reaſon conclude credible. If there be any
hing more than this required of me, I muſt believe it as well as I am able, in ſpight of
he witneſſes, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of parliament; for I ſuppoſe
he fanatics will not allow the private ſpirit in this caſe. Here the infallibility is at leaſt in
ne part of the government; and our underſtandings as well as our wills are repreſented.
But to return to the Roman Catholics, how can we be ſecure from the practice of jeſuited
apiſts in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as ſome of them would im-
oſe upon us, but almoſt the whole body of them are of opinion, that their infallible
aſter has a right over kings, not only in ſpirituals but temporals. Not to name Ma-
iana, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santare, Simancha, and at leaſt twenty others
f foreign countries; we can produce of our nation, Campian, and Doleman or Parſons,
ſides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them atteſt this doctrine,

that the pope can depoſe and give away the right of any ſovereign prince, "ſi vel paulum de-"flexerit," if he ſhall never ſo little warp: but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from ſubjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another Nebuchadnezzar, "ex hominum Chriſtianorum dominatu," from exerciſing dominion over chriſtians; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conſcience, under no leſs penalty than damnation. If they anſwer me, as a learned prieſt has lately written, that this doctrine of the Jeſuits is not "de fide;" and that conſequently they are not obliged by it, they muſt pardon me, if I think they have ſaid nothing to the purpoſe; for it is a maxim in their church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they pleaſe; but more ſafely the moſt received and moſt authorized. And their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his apology, that the king of England is a vaſſal to the pope, "ratione directi Domini," and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witneſſes, that king John was depoſed by the ſame plea, and Philip Auguſtus admitted tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French king was again ejected when our king ſubmitted to the church, and the crown was received under the ſordid condition of a vaſſalage.

It is not ſufficient for the more moderate and well meaning catholics, of which I doubt not there are many, to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late king, and to declare their innocency in this plot: I will grant their behaviour in the firſt, to have been as loyal and as brave as they deſire; and will be willing to hold them excuſed as to the ſecond, I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for it is a madneſs to be ſober alone, while the nation continues drunk: but that ſaying of their father Creſ. is ſtill running in my head, that they may be diſpenſed with in their obedience to an heretic prince, while the neceſſity of the times ſhall oblige them to it: for that, as another of them tells us, is only the effect of chriſtian prudence; but when once they ſhall get power to ſhake him off, an heretic is no lawful king, and conſequently to riſe againſt him is no rebellion. I ſhould be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our church; namely, that they would join in a public act of diſowning and deteſting thoſe Jeſuitic principles; and ſubſcribe to all doctrines which deny the pope's authority of depoſing kings, and releaſing ſubjects from their oath of allegiance: to which I ſhould think they might eaſily be induced, if it be true that this preſent pope has condemned the doctrine of king-killing, a theſis of the Jeſuits maintained, amongſt others, "ex cathedra," as they call it, or in open conſiſtory.

Leaving them therefore in ſo fair a way, if they pleaſe themſelves, of ſatisfying all reaſonable men of their ſincerity and good meaning to the government, I ſhall make bold to conſider that other extreme in our religion, I mean the fanatics or ſchiſmatics, of the Engliſh church. Since the Bible has been tranſlated into our tongue, they have uſed it ſo, as if their buſineſs was not to be ſaved but to be damned by its contents. If we conſider only them, better had it been for the Engliſh nation, that it had ſtill remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at leaſt in the honeſt Latin of St. Jerome, than that ſeveral texts in it ſhould have been prevarieated to the deſtruction of that government, which put it into ſo ungrateful hands.

How many hereſies the firſt tranſlation of Tindal produced in few years, let my lord Herbert's hiſtory of Henry the Eighth inform you; inſomuch, that for the groſs errors in it, and the great miſchiefs it occaſioned, a ſentence paſſed on the firſt edition of the Bible, too ſhameful almoſt to be repeated. After the ſhort reign of Edward the Sixth, who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun, every one knows that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whoſe conſciences would not diſpenſe with popery, were forced, for fear of perſecution, to change climates: from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions

and imperious diſcipline of Calvin, to graft upon our reformation. Which, though they cunningly concealed at firſt, as well knowing how nauſeouſly that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy, which was preſcribed for a rebellious commonwealth, yet they always kept it in reſerve; and were never wanting to themſelves either in court or parliament, when either they had any proſpect of a numerous party of fanatic members of the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whoſe covetouſneſs was gaping at the patrimony of the church. They who will conſult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this ſubject, by George Cranmer, may ſee by what gradations they proceeded; from the diſlike of cap and ſurplice, the very next ſtep was admonitions to the parliament againſt the whole government eccleſiaſtical: then came out volumes in Engliſh and Latin in defence of their tenets: and immediately practices were ſet on foot to erect their diſcipline without authority. Thoſe not ſucceeding, ſatire and railing was the next: and Martin Mar-prelate, the Marvel of thoſe times, was the firſt preſbyterian ſcribler, who ſanctified libels and ſcurrility to the uſe of the good old cauſe. Which was done, ſays my author, upon this account; that their ſerious treatiſes having been fully anſwered and refuted, they might compaſs by railing what they had loſt by reaſoning; and when their cauſe was ſunk in court and parliament, they might at leaſt hedge in a ſtake amongſt the rabble: for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abuſive; but if church and ſtate were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingſgate: even the moſt ſaintlike of the party, though they durſt not excuſe this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleaſed, and grinned at it with a pious ſmile; and called it a judgment of God againſt the hierarchy. Thus ſectaries, we may ſee, were born with teeth, foulmouthed and ſcurrilous from their infancy: and if ſpiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of ſuperiors, and ſlander, had been the marks of orthodox belief; the preſbytery and the reſt of our ſchiſmatics, which are their ſpawn, were always the moſt viſible church in the chriſtian world.

It is true the government was too ſtrong at that time for a rebellion; but to ſhew what proficiency they had made in Calvin's ſchool, even then their mouths watered at it: for two of their gifted brotherhood Hacket and Coppinger, as the ſtory tells us, got up into a peaſe-cart and harangued the people, to diſpoſe them to an inſurrection, and to eſtabliſh their diſcipline by force: ſo that however it comes about, that now they celebrate queen Elizabeth's birth night, as that of their ſaint and patroneſs; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms againſt her: and in all probability they wanted but a fanatic lord mayor and two ſheriffs of their party, to have compaſſed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface, breaks out into this prophetic ſpeech. "There is in every one "of theſe conſiderations moſt juſt cauſe to fear, leſt our haſtineſs to embrace a thing of ſo "perilous conſequence (meaning the preſbyterian diſcipline) ſhould cauſe poſterity to "feel thoſe evils which as yet are more eaſy for us to prevent, than they would be for "them to remedy."

How fatally this Caſſandra has foretold, we know too well by ſad experience: the ſeeds were ſown in the time of queen Elizabeth, the bloody harveſt ripened in the reign of king Charles the Martyr: and becauſe all the ſheaves could not be carried off without ſhedding ſome of the looſe grains, another crop is too like to follow: nay, I fear it is unavoidable if the conventiclers be permitted ſtill to ſcatter.

A man may be ſuffered to quote an adverſary to our religion when he ſpeaks truth: and it is the obſervation of Maimbourg, in his Hiſtory of Calviniſm, that wherever that diſcipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and miſery, attended it. And how indeed ſhould it happen otherwiſe? Reformation of church and ſtate has always been the ground of our diviſions in England. While we were Papiſts, our holy father rid us, by pretending authority out of the ſcriptures to depoſe princes; when we ſhook off his authority, the ſectaries furniſhed themſelves with the ſame weapons; and out of the ſame magazine, the Bible: ſo that the ſcriptures, which are in themſelves

the greateſt ſecurity of governors, as commanding expreſs obedience to them, are no turned to their deſtruction; and never, ſince the Reformation, has there wanted a tex of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that th doctrines of king-killing and depoſing, which have been taken up only by the wor party of the Papiſts, the moſt frontleſs flatterers of the pope's authority, have bee eſpouſed, defended, and are ſtill maintained by the whole body of non-conformiſts an republicans. It is but dubbing themſelves the people of God, which it is the intereſt c their preachers to tell them they are, and their own intereſt to believe; and after tha they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpoſe if they are under perſecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election; they flouriſh, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the ſaints are to poſſe the earth.

They may think themſelves to be too roughly handled in this paper, but I, who kno beſt how far I could have gone on this ſubject, muſt be bold to tell them they are ſpared though at the ſame time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildneſs of a write to them, as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, an conclude it weakneſs in the other. The beſt way for them to confute me is, as before adviſed the Papiſts, to diſclaim their principles and renounce their practices We ſhall all be glad to think them true Engliſhmen when they obey the king, and tru Proteſtants when hey conform to the church diſcipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that theſe verſes were written for an ingenious young gentleman my friend, upon his tranſlation of the critical hiſtory of the Ol Teſtament, compoſed by the learned father Simon; the verſes therefore are addreſſed t the tranſlator of that work, and the ſtyle of them is, what it ought to be, epiſtolary.

If any one be ſo lamentable a critic as to require the ſmoothneſs, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this poem; I muſt tell him that if he has not read Horace, I have ſtudied him, and hope the ſtyle of his epiſtles is not ill imitated here. The expreſſions of a poem deſigned purely for inſtruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majeſtic: for here the poet is preſumed to be a kind of lawgiver: and thoſe three qualities which I have named, are proper to the legiſlative ſtyle. The florid, elevated, and figurative way is for the paſſions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the ſoul, by ſhewing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life, or leſs: but inſtruction is to be given by ſhewing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into paſſion, but to be reaſoned into truth.

RELIGIO LAICI.

AN EPISTLE.

the borrow'd beams of moon and ſtars
nely, weary, wandering travellers,
the ſoul: and as on high,
g fires diſcover but the ſky,
here; ſo reaſon's glimmering ray
ot to aſſure our doubtful way,
s upward to a better day.
e nightly tapers diſappear
bright lord aſcends our hemiſphere;
vs reaſon at religion's ſight;
l ſo diſſolves in ſupernatural light.
whoſe lamp ſhone brighter, have been led
to cauſe, to nature's ſecret head;
that one firſt principle muſt be;
r who that univerſal He;
ne ſoul incompaſſing this ball
nmov'd; yet making, moving all;
atoms, interfering dance,
form, the noble work of chance;
it all was from eternity;
e Stagirite himſelf could ſee;
us gueſs'd as well as he;
group'd they for a future ſtate;
dg'd of providence and fate:
all could their endeavours find
concern'd the good of human kind:
:ſs was never to be found;
d from them like enchanted ground.
t content the good to be enjoy'd:
ittle accident deſtroy'd:
nadmen did for virtue toil:
r at beſt a barren ſoil:
ſome their glutton ſouls would ſteep;
heir line too ſhort, the well too deep;
/eſſels which no bliſs could keep.
us thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
:entre where to fix the ſoul:
l maze their vain endeavours end:
e leſs the greater comprehend?
aſon reach Infinity?
ould fathom God were more than He.
t thinks he ſtands on firmer ground;
s, the mighty ſecret's found:
ſpring of good; ſupreme and beſt;
o ſerve, and in that ſervice bleſt.
rules of worſhip muſt be given,
alike to all by heaven:
ere partial, and to ſome deny'd
his juſtice ſhould for all provide.
l worſhip is to praiſe and pray:
borrow bleſſings, one to pay:
frail nature ſlides into offence,
e for crimes is penitence.
he effects of providence, we find,
y diſpens'd to human kind;

That vice triumphs, and virtue ſuffers here,
A brand that ſovereign juſtice cannot bear:
Our reaſon prompts us to a future ſtate:
The laſt appeal from fortune and from fate:
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;
The bad meet puniſhment, the good reward.
Thus man by his own ſtrength to heaven would
ſoar:
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain wretched creature, how art thou miſled
To think thy wit theſe god-like notions bred!
Theſe truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd religion firſt inform'd thy ſight,
And reaſon ſaw not till faith ſprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worſhip takes the ſource:
'Tis revelation what thou think'ſt diſcourſe.
Elſe how com'ſt thou to ſee theſe truths ſo clear,
Which ſo obſcure to heathens did appear?
Not Plato theſe, nor Ariſtotle found:
Nor he whoſe wiſdom oracles renown'd.
Haſt thou a wit ſo deep, or ſo ſublime,
Or canſt thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canſt thou by reaſon more of godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Thoſe giant wits in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no ſuch ſyſtem, no ſuch piles could raiſe
Of natural worſhip, built on prayer and praiſe
To one ſole God.
Nor did remorſe to expiate ſin preſcribe:
But ſlew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltleſs victim groan'd for their offence;
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If ſheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might ſin!
And great oppreſſors might heaven's wrath beguile,
By offering his own creatures for a ſpoil!
Dar'ſt thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And muſt the terms of peace be given by thee?
Then thou art Juſtice in the laſt appeal;
Thy eaſy God inſtructs thee to rebel:
And, like a king remote and weak, muſt take
What ſatisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a power too juſt and ſtrong,
To wink at crimes, and bear unpuniſh'd wrong;
Look humbly upward, ſee his will diſcloſe
The forfeit firſt, and then the fine impoſe:
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wiſdom found the way:
And with celeſtial wealth ſupply'd thy ſtore;
His juſtice makes the fine, his mercy quits the
ſcore.
See God deſcending in thy human frame;
Th' offended ſuffering in th' offender's name:

All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.
For, granting we have sinn'd, and that th' offence
Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid;
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deist lost: remorse for vice,
Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:
What farther means can reason now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That shews us sick; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till heaven reveal the cure:
If then heaven's will must needs be understood,
Which must, if we want cure, and heaven be good,
Let all records of will reveal'd be shown;
With scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one sacred book will be that one,
Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With christian faith and virtues, we shall find
None answering the great ends of human kind
But this one rule of life, that shews us best
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is scarce more ancient than the law:
Heaven's early care prescrib'd for every age;
First, in the soul, and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from heaven, could men unskill'd in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lye?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.
If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true:
The doctrine, miracles; which must convince,
For heaven in them appeals to human sense:
And though they prove not, they confirm the cause,
When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.
Then for the style, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line:
Commanding words; whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend;
Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend:
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose:
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin;
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives though pain; its own tormentors tires;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine;
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd;
But stay, the deist here will urge anew,
No supernatural worship can be true:
Because a general law is that alone
Which must to all, and every where, be known:
A style so large, as not this book can claim,
Nor ought that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable earth:
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known:
And what provision could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that ages past,
The scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,
Till sin spread once again the shades of night:
What's that to these, who never saw the light?
Of all objections this indeed is chief
To startle reason, stagger frail belief:
We grant, 'tis true, that heaven from human sense
Has hid the secret paths of providence:
But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
Find ev'n for those bewilder'd souls, a way:
If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his name.
And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone;
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead;
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great apostle has express'd:
"That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd;
By nature did what was by law requir'd;
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themselves both rule and law alone:
To nature's plain indictment they shall plead;
And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed."
Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd reason's dictates right;
Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light;
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.
Nor does it baulk my charity to find
Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind:
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd;
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to say
This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;
Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high, and as his christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.
Thus far my charity this path has try'd;
A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide:
Yet what they are, ev'n these crude thoughts we bred
By reading that which better thou hast read,
Thy matchless author's work: which thou, my friend,
By well translating better dost commend:
Those youthful hours which, of thy equals most
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd;
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author, in the sifting care
Of rabbins old sophisticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can sort
May afterwards make algebra a sport.

ich if country curates buy,
nd Tremellius may defy :
arious readings, and tranſlations ;
Hebrew make moſt learn'd quotations.
with various learning fraught,
ler'd, yet ſo ſtrongly wrought,
ight, and art's laſt hand requir'd :
an could compaſs, uninſpir'd.
y ſee what errors have been made
pyers and tranſlators trade :
Popiſh, intereſts have prevail'd,
fallibility has fail'd.
who have his ſecret meaning gueſs'd,
ar author not too much a prieſt :
ke he ſeems to have recourſe
councils, and tradition's force :
l traditions could ſubdue,
find the weakneſs of the new :
hough deriv'd from heavenly birth,
careleſsly preſerv'd on earth ;
people, who of God before
ve know, and had been promis'd more,
s, of heaven's aſſiſting care,
neither time nor ſtudy ſpare
ook untainted, unperplext,
rors to corrupt the text,
raphs, embroil'd the ſenſe,
litions ſtopt the gaping fence,
ommon hand pull'd up with eaſe :
om ſuch bruſhwood-helps as theſe ?
rds from time are not ſecur'd,
hink have oral ſounds endur'd ?
anſmitted, if one mouth has fail'd
on ages are intail'd :
e ſuch have been, is prov'd too plain ;
intereſt, church, and gain.
one, tradition ſet aſide,
e hope for an unerring guide ?
original ſcripture has been loſt,
greeing, maim'd the moſt,
ith can have no certain ground,
urch tradition muſt be found.
niſcient church we wiſh indeed ;
both Teſtaments ; caſt in the creed :
ther be a guide ſo ſure,
ubts reſolve, all truth ſecure,
llibility, as well
are corrupt or lame can tell ;
anon with as little pains,
icate what ſtill remains :
council dare pretend to do ;
dras they could write it new :
dence ſtill to interpret true,
re that all they have explain'd
original contain'd.
d much more modeſt 'tis, to ſay
ot leave mankind without a way !
ſcriptures, though not every where
ruption, or intire, or clear,
t, ſufficient, clear, intire,
which our needful faith require.
e ſame glaſs better ſee,
ſelves they look, but not for me :
ion muſt its doom receive,
at others, but what I believe.
dition then be ſet aſide ?
, were ignorance or pride.

Are there not many points, ſome needful ſure
To ſaving faith, that ſcripture leaves obſcure ?
Which every ſect will wreſt a ſeveral way,
For what one ſect interprets, all ſects may :
We hold, and ſay we prove from ſcripture plain,
That Chriſt is God ; the bold Socinian
From the ſame ſcripture urges he 's but man.
Now what appeal can end th' important ſuit ?
Both parts talk loudly. But the rule is mute.
Shall I ſpeak plain, and in a nation free
Aſſume an honeſt layman's liberty ?
I think, according to my little ſkill,
To my own mother-church ſubmitting ſtill,
That many have been ſav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this queſtion brought in play.
Th' unletter'd Chriſtian who believes in groſs,
Plods on to heaven ; and ne'er is at a loſs :
For the ſtreight-gate would be made ſtreighter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to inſtruct, as others to be taught,
Muſt ſtudy well the ſacred page ; and ſee
Which doctrine, this, or that, does beſt agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine :
And plainlieſt points to heaven's reveal'd deſign :
Which expoſition flows from genuine ſenſe,
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are uſeleſs here :
When general, old, diſintereſted, clear :
That ancient Fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the reverend majeſty of age :
Confirms its force by bideing every teſt ;
For beſt authorities, next rules, are beſt.
And ſtill the nearer to the ſpring we go
More limpid, more unſoil'd the waters flow.
Thus firſt traditions were a proof alone ;
Could we be certain ſuch they were, ſo known :
But ſince ſome flaws in long deſcent may be,
They make not truth but probability.
Ev'n Arius and Pelagius durſt provoke
To what the centuries preceding ſpoke.
Such difference is there in an oft-told tale :
But truth by its own ſinews will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, than what from voice deſcends :
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the ſacred hiſtory :
Which, from the univerſal church receiv'd,
Is try'd, and after, for itſelf believ'd.
The partial Papiſts would infer from hence
Their church, in laſt reſort, ſhould judge the ſenſe.
But firſt they would aſſume, with wonderous art,
Themſelves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vaſt frame the church ; yet grant they were
The handers-down, can they from thence infer
A right t' interpret ? or would they alone,
Who brought the preſent, claim it for their own ?
The book 's a common largeſs to mankind :
Not more for them than every man deſign'd :
The welcome news is in the letter found ;
The carrier 's not commiſſion'd to expound.
It ſpeaks itſelf, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known is plain.
In times o'ergrown with ruſt and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance :
When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but prieſts were authoriz'd to know :

When what ſmall knowledge was, in them did dwell;
And he a God who could but read and ſpell;
Then mother-church did mightily prevail:
She parcel'd out the Bible by retail:
But ſtill expounded what ſhe ſold or gave;
To keep it in her power to damn and ſave:
Scripture was ſcarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took ſalvation on content;
As needy men take money good or bad:
God's word they had not, but the prieſt's they had.
Yet whate'er falſe conveyances they made,
The lawyer ſtill was certain to be paid.
In thoſe dark times they learn'd their knack ſo well,
That by long uſe they grew infallible:
At laſt a knowing age began t' enquire
If they the book, or that did them inſpire:
And making narrower ſearch they found, though late,
That what they thought the prieſt's, was their eſtate:
Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
How long they had been cheated on record.
Then every man who ſaw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a ſhare:
Conſulted ſoberly his private good;
And ſav'd himſelf as cheap as e'er he could.
'Tis true, my friend, and far be flattery hence,
This good had full as bad a conſequence:
The book thus put in every vulgar hand,
Which each preſum'd he beſt could underſtand,
The common rule was made the common prey;
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fiſts was gall'd;
And he was gifted moſt that loudeſt baul'd:
The ſpirit gave the doctoral degree:
And every member of a company
Was of his trade, and of the Bible free.
Plain truths enough for needful uſe they found;
But men would ſtill be itching to expound:
Each was ambitious of th' obſcureſt place,
No meaſure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace.
Study and pains were now no more their care;
Texts were explain'd by faſting and by prayer:
This was the fruit the private ſpirit brought
Occaſion'd by great zeal and little thought.
While crouds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
About the ſacred viands buz and ſwarm.
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;
And turns to maggots what was meant for food;
A thouſand daily ſects riſe up and die;
A thouſand more the periſh'd race ſupply:
So all we make of heaven's diſcover'd will,
Is not to have it, or to uſe it ill.
The danger's much the ſame; on ſeveral ſhelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourſelves.
What then remains, but waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to ſtem?
Neither ſo rich a treaſure to forego;
Nor proudly ſeek beyond our power to know:
Faith is not built on diſquiſitions vain;
The things we muſt believe are few and plain:
But, ſince men will believe more than they need,
And every man will make himſelf a creed,
In doubtful queſtions 'tis the ſafeſt way
To learn what unſuſpected ancients ſay:
For 'tis not likely we ſhould higher ſoar
In ſearch of heaven, than all the church before:
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unleſs we ſee
The ſcripture and the fathers diſagree.
If after all they ſtand ſuſpected ſtill,
For no man's faith depends upon his will;
'Tis ſome relief, that points not clearly known
Without much hazard may be let alone:
And, after hearing what our church can ſay,
If ſtill our reaſon runs another way,
That private reaſon 'tis more juſt to curb,
Than by diſputes the public peace diſturb,
For points obſcure are of ſmall uſe to learn:
But common quiet is mankind's concern.
Thus have I made my own opinions clear:
Yet neither praiſe expect, nor cenſure fear:
And this unpoliſh'd rugged verſe I choſe;
As fitteſt for diſcourſe, and neareſt proſe:
For while from ſacred truth I do not ſwerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will ſerve.

THE ART OF POETRY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IIS tranſlation of monſieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was made in the year 1680, by Sir William Soame of Suffolk, Baronet; who being very intimately acquainted r. Dryden, deſired his reviſal of it. I ſaw the manuſcript lying in Mr. Dryden's for above ſix months, who made very conſiderable alterations in it, particularly ginning of the fourth Canto: and it being his opinion that it would be better to he poem to Engliſh writers, than keep to the French names, as it was firſt tran- Sir William deſired he would take the pains to make that alteration; and ac- ly that was entirely done by Mr. Dryden.
poem was firſt publiſhed in the year 1683; Sir William was after ſent ambaſſador tantinople, in the reign of king James, but died in the voyage.

J. Tonson.

CANTO I.

t author, 'tis a vain preſumptuous crime,
undertake the ſacred art of rhyme;
birth the ſtars that rul'd thy ſenſe
e with a poetic influence;
ait genius thou wilt ſtill be bound,
bus deaf, and Pegaſus unſound.
hen that burn with the deſire to try
gerous courſe of charming poetry;
in fruitleſs verſe to loſe your time,
for genius the deſire of rhyme:
allurements of a ſpecious bait,
l conſider your own force and weight.
e abounds in wits of every kind,
each author can a talent find:
r in verſe deſcribe an amorous flame,
harpen a ſhort epigram:
hero's mighty acts extol,
ſing Roſalind in paſtoral:
ors that themſelves too much eſteem,
r own genius and miſtake their theme;
times paſt Dubartas vainly writ,
ſacred truth with trifling wit,
ently, and without delight,
l the Iſraelite's triumphant flight,
wing Moſes o'er the ſandy plain,
with Pharaoh in th' Arabian main.
'er you write of pleaſant or ſublime,
et ſenſe accompany your rhyme:
ey ſeem each other to oppoſe:
uſt be made with reaſon's laws to cloſe:

III.

And when to conquer her you bend your force,
The mind will triumph in the noble courſe;
To reaſon's yoke ſhe quickly will incline,
Which, far from hurting, renders her divine:
But if neglected will as eaſily ſtray,
And maſter reaſon which ſhe ſhould obey.
Love reaſon then; and let whate'er you write
Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
Moſt writers mounted on a reſty Muſe,
Extravagant and ſenſeleſs objects chuſe:
They think they err, if in their verſe they fall
On any thought that 's plain or natural:
Fly this exceſs; and let Italians be
Vain authors of falſe glittering poetry.
All ought to aim at ſenſe; but moſt in vain
Strive the hard paſs and ſlippery path to gain:
You drown, if to the right or left you ſtray;
Reaſon to go has often but one way.
Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
Purſues its object till it 's over-wrought:
If he deſcribes a houſe, he ſhews the face,
And after walks you round from place to place;
Here is a viſta, there the doors unfold,
Balconies here are balluſtred with gold;
Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
" The feſtoons, freezes, and the aſtragals:"
Tir'd with his tedious pomp away I run,
And ſkip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
Of ſuch deſcriptions the vain folly ſee,
And ſhun their barren ſuperfluity.

All that is needleſs carefully avoid:
The mind once ſatisfy'd is quickly cloy'd:
He cannot write who knows not to give o'er;
To mend one fault, he makes a hundred more:
A verſe was weak, you turn it, much too ſtrong,
And grow obſcure for fear you ſhould be long.
Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;
Not to be low, another ſoars too high.
Would you of every one deſerve the praiſe?
In writing, vary your diſcourſe and phraſe;
A frozen ſtyle that neither ebbs nor flows,
Inſtead of pleaſing, makes us gape and doze.
Thoſe tedious authors are eſteem'd by none
Who tire us, humming the ſame heavy tone.
Happy who in his verſe can gently ſteer,
From grave to light; from pleaſant to ſevere;
His works will be admir'd where ever found,
And oft with buyers will be compaſs'd round.
In all you write, be neither low nor vile:
The meaneſt theme may have a proper ſtyle.
The dull burleſque appear'd with impudence,
And pleas'd by novelty in ſpite of ſenſe.
All, except trivial points, grew out of date;
Parnaſſus ſpoke the cant of Billingſgate:
Boundleſs and mad, diſorder'd rhyme was ſeen:
Diſguis'd Apollo chang'd to Harlequin.
This plague, which firſt in country towns began,
Cities and kingdoms quickly over-ran:
The dulleſt ſcribblers ſome admirers found,
And the Mock Tempeſt was a while renown'd:
But this low ſtuff the town at laſt deſpis'd,
And ſcorn'd the folly that they once had priz'd;
Diſtinguiſh'd dull from natural and plain,
And left the villages to Fleckno's reign.
Let not ſo mean a ſtyle your Muſe debaſe;
But learn from Butler the buffooning grace:
And let burleſque in ballads be employ'd:
Yet noiſy bombaſt carefully avoid,
Nor think to raiſe, though on Pharſalia's plain,
"Millions of mourning mountains of the ſlain:
Nor with Dubartas bridle up the floods,
And perriwig with wool the baldpate woods.
Chuſe a juſt ſtyle; be grave without conſtraint,
Great without pride, and lovely without paint:
Write what your reader may be pleas'd to hear;
And for the meaſure have a careful ear.
On eaſy numbers fix your happy choice:
Of jarring ſounds avoid the odious noiſe:
The fulleſt verſe and the moſt labour'd ſenſe,
Diſpleaſe us, if the ear once take offence.
Our ancient verſe, as homely as the times,
Was rude, unmeaſur'd, only tagg'd with rhymes;
Number and cadence that have ſince been ſhown,
To thoſe unpoliſh'd writers were unknown.
Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age,
By his juſt rules reſtrain'd poetic rage;
Spenſer did next in paſtorals excel,
And taught the nobler art of writing well:
To ſtricter rules the ſtanza did reſtrain,
And found for poetry a richer vein.
Then Davenant came; who with a new-found art,
Chang'd all, ſpoil'd all, and had his way apart;
His haughty Muſe all others did deſpiſe,
And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,
Till the ſharp-ſighted critics of the times
In their Mock-Gondibert expos'd his rhymes;
The laurels he pretended did refuſe,
And daſh'd the hopes of his aſpiring Muſe.

This headſtrong writer falling from on high,
Made following authors take leſs liberty.
Waller came laſt, but was the firſt whoſe art,
Juſt weight and meaſure did to verſe impart;
That of a well-plac'd word could teach the force,
And ſhew'd for poetry a nobler courſe:
His happy genius did our tongue refine,
And eaſy words with pleaſing numbers join:
His verſes to good method did apply,
And chang'd hard diſcord to ſoft harmony.
All own'd his laws; which, long approv'd and try'd,
To preſent authors now may be a guide.
Tread boldly in his ſteps, ſecure from fear,
And be like him in your expreſſions clear.
If in your verſe you drag, and ſenſe delay,
My patience tires, my fancy goes aſtray;
And from your vain diſcourſe I turn my mind,
Nor ſearch an author troubleſome to find.
There is a kind of writer pleas'd with ſound,
Whoſe fuſtian head with clouds is compaſs'd round,
No reaſon can diſperſe them with its light:
Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea's clear, or elſe obſcure,
Th' expreſſion follows perfect or impure:
What we conceive with eaſe we can expreſs;
Words to the notions flow with readineſs.
Obſerve the language well in all you write,
And ſwerve not from it in your loftieſt flight.
The ſmootheſt verſe and the exacteſt ſenſe
Diſpleaſe us, if ill Engliſh give offence:
A barbarous phraſe no reader can approve;
Nor bombaſt, noiſe, or affectation love.
In ſhort, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.
Take time for thinking, never work in haſte;
And value not yourſelf for writing faſt.
A rapid poem with ſuch fury writ,
Shews want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleas'd we are to ſee a river lead
His gentle ſtreams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters on a muddy ſhore.
Gently make haſte, of labour not afraid:
A hundred times conſider what you 've ſaid:
Poliſh, repoliſh, every colour lay,
And ſometimes add but often take away.
'Tis not enough when ſwarming faults are writ,
That here and there are ſcatter'd ſparks of wit;
Each object muſt be fix'd in the due place,
And differing parts have correſponding grace:
Till, by a curious art diſpos'd, we find
One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.
Keep to your ſubject cloſe in all you ſay;
Nor for a ſounding ſentence ever ſtray.
The public cenſure for your writings fear,
And to yourſelf be critic moſt ſevere.
Fantaſtic wits their darling follies love;
But find you faithful friends that will approve,
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies:
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer deſcry,
Who ſeems to like, but means not what he ſays:
Embrace true counſel, but ſuſpect falſe praiſe.
A ſycophant will every thing admire;
Each verſe, each ſentence, ſets his ſoul on fire:

ne! there 's not a word amiſs!
; with joy, and weeps with tenderneſs,
wers you with his mighty praiſe.
rer moves in thoſe impetuous ways:
friend is careful of your fame,
will your heedleſs errors blame;
t pardon a neglected line,
to rule and order will confine.
of words the too affected ſound;
ſenſe flags, and your expreſſion 's round,
:y tires, and your diſcourſe grows vain,
ns improper, make them juſt and plain.
a faithful friend will freedom uſe;
ors, partial to their darling Muſe,
protect it they have juſt pretence,
our friendly counſel take offence.
of this that the expreſſion 's flat?
ant, ſir, you muſt excuſe me that,
rs you. This word has here no grace,
ve it out: That, ſir, 's the propereſt place.
I like not: 'Tis approv'd by all.
ſolute not from one fault to fall,
a ſyllable of which you doubt,
e reaſon not to blot it out.
ie ſays you may his faults confute,
him your power is abſolute:
feign'd humility take heed;
t laid to make you hear him read.
n he leaves you happy in his Muſe,
e runs ſome other to abuſe,
i finds; for in our ſcribbling times
in want a ſot to praiſe his rhymes:
ſt work has ever in the court
ſome zealous aſs for its ſupport:
times a forward ſcribbling ſop
l ſome greater fool to cry it up.

CANTO II.

PASTORAL.

fair nymph, when riſing from her bed,
th ſparkling diamonds dreſſes not her head,
out gold or pearl, or coſtly ſcents,
om neighbouring fields her ornaments:
ely in its dreſs, but plain withal,
appear a perfect Paſtoral:
e method nothing has of fierce,
the rattling of a lofty verſe:
ive beauty pleaſes, and excites,
r with harſh ſounds the ear affrights.
s ſtyle a poet often ſpent,
rows by his rural inſtrument,
y, when diſorder'd thoughts abound
ie Eclogue makes the trumpet ſound:
alarm'd into the neighbouring woods,
ted nymphs dive down into the floods.
o this another, low in ſtyle,
pherds ſpeak a language baſe and vile:
ngs, flat and heavy, without ſound:
ie earth, and creeping on the ground;
You'd ſwear that Randal, in his ruſtic ſtrains,
Again was quavering to the country ſwains,
And changing, without care of ſound or dreſs,
Strephon and Phyllis, into Tom and Beſs.
'Twixt theſe extremes 'tis hard to keep the right;
For guides take Virgil, and read Theocrite:
Pe their juſt writing, by the Gods inſpir'd,
Your conſtant pattern practis'd and admir'd.
By them alone you 'll eaſily comprehend
How poets, without ſhame, may condeſcend
To ſing of gardens, fields, of flowers, and fruit,
To ſtir up ſhepherds, and to tune the flute;
Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
Daphne a tree, Narciſſus made a flower,
And by what means the Eclogue yet has power
To make the woods worthy a conqueror:
This of their writings is the grace and flight;
Their riſings lofty, yet not out of ſight.

ELEGY.

The Elegy, that loves a mournful ſtyle,
With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile;
It paints the lover's torments and delights,
A miſtreſs flatters, threatens and invites:
But well theſe raptures if you 'll make us ſee,
You muſt know love as well as poetry.
I hate thoſe lukewarm authors, whoſe forc'd fire
In a cold ſtyle deſcribes a hot deſire,
That ſigh by rule, and raging in cold blood
Their ſluggiſh Muſe whip to an amorous mood:
Their tranſports feign'd appear but flat and vain;
They always ſigh, and always hug their chain,
Adore their priſon, and their ſufferings bleſs,
Make ſenſe and reaſon quarrel as they pleaſe.
'Twas not of old in this affected tone,
That ſmooth Tibullus made his amorous moan;
Nor Ovid, when, inſtructed from above,
By nature's rules he taught the art of love.
The heart in Elegies forms the diſcourſe.

ODE.

The ode is bolder, and has greater force.
Mounting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
Amongſt the Gods and heroes takes delight;
Of Piſa's wreſtlers tells the ſinewy force,
And ſings the duſty conqueror's glorious courſe:
To Simois' ſtreams does fierce Achilles bring,
And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.
Sometimes ſhe flies like an induſtrious bee,
And robs the flowers by nature's chemiſtry,
Deſcribes the ſhepherd's dances, feaſts, and bliſs,
And boaſts from Phyllis to ſurprize a kiſs,
When gently ſhe reſiſts with feign'd remorſe,
That what ſhe grants may ſeem to be by force:
Her generous ſtyle at random oft will part,
And by a brave diſorder ſhows her art.
Unlike thoſe fearful poets, whoſe cold rhyme
In all their raptures keeps exacteſt time.
That ſing th' illuſtrious hero's mighty praiſe
(Lean writers!) by the terms of weeks and days;
And dare not from leaſt circumſtances part,
But take all towns by ſtricteſt rules of art:

Apollo drives thoſe fops from his abode;
And ſome have ſaid that once the humorous god
Reſolving all ſuch ſcribblers to confound,
For the ſhort Sonnet order'd this ſtrict bound:
Set rules for the juſt meaſure, and the time,
The eaſy running and alternate rhyme;
But, above all, thoſe licenſes deny'd
Which in theſe writings the lame ſenſe ſupply'd;
Forbad an uſeleſs line ſhould find a place,
Or a repeated word appear with grace.
A faultleſs ſonnet, finiſh'd thus, would be
Worth tedious volumes of looſe poetry
A hundred ſcribbling authors, without ground,
Believe they have this only phœnix found:
When yet th' exacteſt ſcarce have two or three,
Among whole tomes from faults and cenſure free.
The reſt but Little read, regarded leſs,
Are ſhovel'd to the paſtry from the preſs.
Cloſing the ſenſe within the meaſur'd time,
'Tis hard to fit the reaſon to the rhyme.

EPIGRAM.

The Epigram with little art compos'd,
Is one good ſentence in a diſtich clos'd.
Theſe points, that by Italians firſt were priz'd,
Our ancient authors knew not, or deſpis'd:
The vulgar, dazzled with their glaring light,
To their falſe pleaſures quickly they invite;
But public favour ſo increas'd their pride,
They overwhelm'd Parnaſſus with their tide.
The Madrigal at firſt was overcome,
And the proud Sonnet fell by the ſame doom;
With theſe grave Tragedy adorn'd her flights,
And mournful Elegy her funeral rites:
A hero never fail'd them on the ſtage,
Without his point a lover durſt not rage;
The amorous ſhepherds took more care to prove
True to his point, than faithful to their love.
Each word like Janus had a double face:
And proſe, as well as verſe, allow'd it place:
The lawyer with conceits adorn'd his ſpeech,
The parſon without quibbling could not preach,
At laſt affronted reaſon look'd about,
And from all ſerious matters ſhut them out:
Declar'd that none ſhould uſe them without ſhame,
Except a ſcattering in the Epigram;
Provided that by art, and in due time,
They turn'd upon the thought, and not the rhyme.
Thus in all parts diſorders did abate:
Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate:
Inſipid jeſters, and unpleaſant fools,
A corporation of dull punning drolls.
'Tis not, but that ſometimes a dextrous Muſe
May with advantage a turn'd ſenſe abuſe,
And on a word may trifle with addreſs;
But above all avoid the fond exceſs;
And think not when your verſe and ſenſe are lame,
With a dull point to tag your Epigram,
Each poem his perfection has apart;
The Britiſh round in plainneſs ſhows his art.
The Ballad, though the pride of ancient time,
Has often nothing but his humorous rhyme;
The Madrigal may ſofter paſſions move,
And breathe the tender ecſtaſies of love.
Deſire to ſhew itſelf, and not to wrong,
Arm'd Virtue firſt with Satire in its tongue.

SATIRE.

Lucilius was the man who, bravely bold,
To Roman vices did this mirror hold,
Protected humble goodneſs from reproach,
Show'd worth on foot, and raſcals in the coach.
Horace his pleaſing wit to this did add,
And none uncenſur'd could be fool or mad:
Unhappy was that wretch, whoſe name might be
Squar'd to the rules of their ſharp poetry.
Perſius obſcure, but full of ſenſe and wit,
Affected brevity in all he writ:
And Juvenal, learned as thoſe times could be,
Too far did ſtretch his ſharp hyperbole;
Though horrid truth through all his labours ſhine,
In what he writes there 's ſomething of divine,
Whether he blames the Caprean debauch,
Or of Sejanus' fall tells the approach,
Or that he makes the trembling ſenate come
To the ſtern tyrant to receive their doom;
Or Roman vice in coarſeſt habits ſhews,
And paints an empreſs reeking from the ſtews,
In all he writes appears a noble fire;
To follow ſuch a maſter then deſire.
Chaucer alone, fix'd on this ſolid baſe,
In his old ſtyle conſerves a modern grace:
Too happy, if the freedom of his rhymes
Offended not the method of our times.
The Latin writers decency neglect;
But modern authors challenge our reſpect,
And at immodeſt writings take offence,
If clean expreſſion cover not the ſenſe.
I love ſharp ſatire from obſceneneſs free;
Not impudence that preaches modeſty:
Our Engliſh, who in malice never fail,
Hence in lampoons and libels learn to rail;
Pleaſant detraction, that by ſinging goes
From mouth to mouth, and as it marches grows
Our freedom in our poetry we ſee,
That child of joy begot by liberty.
But, vain blaſphemer, tremble when you chuſe
God for the ſubject of your impious Muſe:
At laſt, thoſe jeſts which libertines invent,
Bring the lewd author to juſt puniſhment.
Ev'n in a ſong there muſt be art and ſenſe;
Yet ſometimes we have ſeen that wine, or cha
Have warm'd cold brains, and given dull w
mettle,
And furniſh'd out a ſcene for Mr. Settle.
But for one lucky hit, that made thee pleaſe,
Let not thy folly grow to a diſeaſe,
Nor think thyſelf a wit; for in our age
If a warm fancy does our ſop engage,
He neither eats nor ſleeps till he has writ,
But plagues the world with his adulterate wit.
Nay, 'tis a wonder, if in his dire rage,
He prints not his dull follies for the ſtage;
And in the front of all his ſenſeleſs plays,
Makes David Logan crown his head with baye

CANTO III.

TRAGEDY.

THERE 's not a monſter bred beneath t
But, well diſpos'd by art, may pleaſe t
A curious workman, by his ſkill divine,
From an ill object makes a good deſign.

ight us, Tragedy in tears
, provokes our hopes and fears:
: Oreſtes aſks relief:
:aſe our pleaſure cauſes grief.
at in this noble art would riſe,
in loſty verſe diſpute the prize.
upon the ſtage acquire renown,
r judges ſummon all the town?
your works for ever ſhould remain,
ges paſt be ſought again?
rite, obſerve with care and art
e paſſions, and incline the heart.
'd act, the pleaſing rage
hopes and fears by turns engage,
mind a feeling pity raiſe:
h learned ſcenes you fill your plays:
liſcourſe can never move the mind
ritic, naturally unkind;
y tir'd with your pedantic flight,
ep, or cenſures all you write.
is, attention firſt to gain;
ur minds and then to entertain:
i the very opening of the ſcenes,
ay ſhew us what the author means.
ſee an actor on the ſtage,
s not whether he's to laugh or rage;
ntrigue unraveling in vain,
leaſing keeps my mind in pain.
nuch the nauſeous dunce ſhould ſay
, My name is Hector in the play;
a maſs of miracles, ill-join'd,
ny ears, and not inſtruct my mind.
t 's never ſoon enough expreſt;
of action muſt be fix'd, and reſt.
poet may with good event,
's ſpace whole ages repreſent;
he hero of a wandering ſtage
uld, and ends the play of age:
it are by reaſon's rules confin'd,
with art the poem be deſign'd,
of action, time, and place,
tage full, and all our labours grace.
what cannot be with eaſe conceiv'd;
is may be too ſtrong to be believ'd.
wonder cannot entertain:
not mov'd if your diſcourſe be vain.
relate what would offend the eye:
leed, would better ſatisfy;
re objects that a curious art
i the eyes, yet offers to the heart.
is moſt agreeably ſurpriz'd,
ell-woven ſubject, long diſguis'd,
udden artfully unfold,
he whole another face and mould.
: Tragedy was void of art;
where each man danc'd and ſung his
t,
d Bacchus roaring out the praiſe,
ood vintage for their jolly days:
: and joy were ſeen in each man's eyes,
goat was the beſt ſinger's prize.
as firſt, who all beſmear'd with lee,
pleaſure for poſterity:
his carted actors, and a ſong,
e people as he paſs'd along.
hyius the different perſons plac'd,
a better maſk his players grac'd:
Upon a theatre his verſe expreſs'd,
And ſhow'd his hero with a buſkin dreſs'd,
Then Sophocles, the genius of his age,
Increas'd the pomp and beauty of the ſtage,
Engag'd the chorus ſong in every part,
And poliſh'd rugged verſe by rules of art:
He in the Greek did thoſe perfections gain,
Which the weak Latin never could attain.
Our pious fathers, in their prieſt-rid age,
As impious and prophane, abhorr'd the ſtage:
A troop of ſilly pilgrims, as 'tis ſaid,
Fooliſhly zealous, ſcandalouſly play'd,
Inſtead of heroes, and of love's complaints,
The angels, God, the virgin, and the ſaints.
At laſt, right reaſon did his laws reveal,
And ſhow'd the folly of their ill-plac'd zeal,
Silenc'd thoſe non-conformiſts of the age,
And rais'd the lawful heroes of the ſtage:
Only th' Athenian maſk was laid aſide,
And chorus by the muſic was ſupply'd.
Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,
Mingled in plays, and quickly touch'd our hearts:
This paſſion never could reſiſtance find,
But knows the ſhorteſt paſſage to the mind.
Paint then, I'm pleas'd my hero he in love;
But let him not like a tame ſhepherd move;
Let not Achillis be like Thyrſis ſeen,
Or for a Cyrus ſhow an Artaben;
That ſtruggling out his paſſions we may find,
The frailty not the virtue of his mind.
Of romance heroes ſhun the low deſign;
Yet to great hearts ſome human frailties join:
Achilles muſt with Homer's heat engage;
For an affront I'm pleas'd to ſee him rage.
Thoſe little failings in your hero's heart
Show that of man and nature he has part;
To leave known rules you cannot be allow'd,
Make Agamemnon covetous and proud,
Æneas in religious rites auſtere,
Keep to each man his proper character.
Of countries and of times the humours know,
From different climates different cuſtoms grow:
And ſtrive to ſhun their fault who vainly dreſs
An antique hero like ſome modern aſs;
Who make old Romans like our Engliſh move,
Show Cato ſparkiſh, or make Brutus love.
In a romance thoſe errors are excus'd:
There 'tis enough that, reading, we 're amus'd:
Rules too ſevere would there be uſeleſs found;
But the ſtrict ſcene muſt have a juſter bound:
Exact decorum we muſt always find.
If then you form ſome hero in your mind,
Be ſure your image with itſelf agree;
For what he firſt appears, he ſtill muſt be,
Affected wits will naturally incline
To paint their figures by their own deſign:
Your bully poets, bully heroes write:
Chapman in Buſſy d'Ambois took delight,
And thought perfection was to huff and fight.
Wiſe nature by variety does pleaſe;
Cloath differing paſſions in a differing dreſs:
Bold anger, in rough haughty words appears;
Sorrow is humble, and diſſolves in tears.
Make not your Hecuba with fury rage,
And ſhow a ranting grief upon the ſtage;
Or tell in vain how the rough Tanais hore
His ſevenfold waters to the Euxine ſhore;

Theſe ſwollen expreſſions, this affected noiſe,
Shows like ſome pedant that declaims to boys.
In ſorrow you muſt ſoſter methods keep;
And, to excite our tears, yourſelf muſt weep.
Thoſe noiſy words with which ill plays abound,
Come not from hearts that are in ſadneſs drown'd.
The theatre for a young poet's rhymes
Is a bold venture in our knowing times.
An author cannot eaſily purchaſe fame;
Critics are always apt to hiſs, and blame:
You may be judg'd by every aſs in town,
The privilege is bought for half a crown.
To pleaſe, you muſt a hundred changes try;
Sometimes be humble, then muſt ſoar on high:
In noble thoughts muſt every where abound,
Be eaſy, pleaſant, ſolid, and profound:
To theſe you muſt ſurpriſing touches join,
And ſhow us a new wonder in each line:
That all, in a juſt method well-deſign'd,
May leave a ſtrong impreſſion in the mind.
Theſe are the arts that tragedy maintain:
But the Heroic claims a loftier ſtrain.

THE EPIC.

In the narration of ſome great deſign,
Invention, art, and fable, all muſt join;
Here fiction muſt employ its utmoſt grace;
All muſt aſſume a body, mind, and face:
Each virtue a divinity is ſeen;
Prudence is Pallas, beauty Paphos' queen.
'Tis not a cloud from whence ſwift lightnings fly;
But Jupiter, that thunders from the ſky:
Nor a rough ſtorm that gives the ſailor pain;
But angry Neptune ploughing up the main:
Echo no more an empty airy ſound;
But a fair nymph that weeps her lover drown'd.
Thus, in the endleſs treaſure of his mind,
The poet does a thouſand figures find,
Around the work his ornaments he pours,
And ſtrows with lavish hand his opening flowers.
'Tis not a wonder if a tempeſt bore
The Trojan fleet againſt the Lybian ſhore;
From faithleſs fortune this is no ſurprize,
For every day 'tis common to our eyes;
But angry Juno, that ſhe might deſtroy,
And overwhelm the reſt of ruin'd Troy:
That Æolus with the fierce goddeſs join'd,
Open'd the hollow priſons of the wind;
Till angry Neptune looking o'er the main,
Rebukes the tempeſt, calms the waves again,
Their veſſels from the dangerous quickſands ſteers;
Theſe are the ſprings that move our hopes and tears;
Without theſe ornaments before our eyes,
Th' unfinew'd poem languiſhes and dies:
Your poet in his art will always fail,
And tell you but a dull inſipid tale.
In vain have our miſtaken authors try'd
To lay theſe ancient ornaments aſide,
Thinking our God, and prophets that he ſent,
Might act like thoſe the poets did invent,
To fright poor readers in each line with hell,
And talk of Satan, Aſhtaroth, and Bel;
The myſteries which Chriſtians muſt believe,
Diſdain ſuch ſhifting pageants to receive:
The goſpel offers nothing to our thoughts
But penitence, or puniſhment for faults;
And mingling falſehoods with thoſe myſteries,
Would make our ſacred truths appear like lies:
Beſides, what pleaſure can it be to hear
The howlings of repining Lucifer,
Whoſe rage at your imagin'd hero flies,
And oft with God himſelf diſputes the prize?
Taſſo you 'll ſay has done it with applauſe?
It is not here I mean to judge his cauſe:
Yet though our age has ſo extoll'd his name,
His works had never gain'd immortal fame,
If holy Godfrey in his ecſtaſies
Had only conquer'd Satan on his knees;
If Tancred and Armida's pleaſing form
Did not his melancholy theme adorn.
'Tis not, that chriſtian poems ought to be
Fill'd with the fictions of idolatry;
But in a common ſubject to reject
The gods, and heathen ornaments neglect;
To baniſh Tritons who the ſeas invade,
To take Pan's whiſtle, or the Fates degrade,
To hinder Charon in his leaky boat
To paſs the Shepherd with the man of note,
Is with vain ſcruples to diſturb your mind,
And ſearch perfection you can never find:
As well they may forbid us to preſent
Prudence or Juſtice for an ornament,
To paint old Janus with his front of braſs,
And take from Time his ſcythe, his wings and glaſs
And every where, as 'twere idolatry,
Baniſh deſcriptions from our poetry.
Leave them their pious follies to purſue;
But let our reaſon ſuch vain fears ſubdue:
And let us not, amongſt our vanities,
Of the true God create a God of lies.
In fable we a thouſand pleaſures ſee,
And the ſmooth names ſeem made for poetry;
As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, and Achilles:
In ſuch a crowd, the poet were to blame
To chuſe king Chilperic for his hero's name.
Sometimes the name being well or ill apply'd,
Will the whole fortune of your work decide.
Would you your reader never ſhould be tir'd?
Chuſe ſome great hero, fit to be admir'd;
In courage ſignal, and in virtue bright,
Let e'en his very failings give delight;
Let his great actions our attention bind,
Like Cæſar, or like Scipio, frame his mind,
And not like Oedipus his perjur'd race;
A common conqueror is a theme too baſe.
Chuſe not your tale of accidents too full:
Too much variety may make it dull:
Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with ſkill,
Abundantly does a whole Iliad fill.
Be your narrations lively, ſhort, and ſmart;
In your deſcriptions ſhow your nobleſt art:
There 'tis your poetry may be employ'd:
Yet you muſt trivial accidents avoid.
Nor imitate that fool, who, to deſcribe
The wondrous marches of the choſen tribe,
Plac'd on the ſides to ſee their armies paſs,
The fiſhes ſtaring through the liquid glaſs;
Deſcrib'd a child, who, with his little hand,
Pick'd up the ſhining pebbles from the ſand.
Such objects are too mean to ſtay our ſight;
Allow your work a juſt and nobler flight.
Be your beginning plain; and take good heed
Too ſoon you mount not on the airy ſteed;

'eader in a thundering verſe,
»nqueror of the univerſe."
uthor after this produce?
mountain muſt bring forth a mouſe.
re we pleas'd with his addreſs,
t making ſuch vaſt promiſes,
ıfier ſtyle and plainer ſenſe,
ombats of that pious prince
the Phrygian coaſt his armies bore,
d firſt on the Lavinian ſhore."
Muſe ſets not the world on fire,
»rms more than we can require:
'll hear him celebrate the fame
lory of the Roman flame;
Acheron deſcribe the floods,
wandering in th' Elyſian woods:
numberleſs his ſtory grace,
ing in beauteous colours trace.
may be pleaſing and ſublime:
y melancholy rhyme:
d Orlando's comic tale,
uthor always ſtiff and ſtale,
himſelf diſhonour'd in his ſtyle,
ks the graces do but ſmile.
at Homer, matchleſs in his art,
girdle to engage the heart:
deed vaſt treaſures do unfold,
e'er he touches turns to gold:
nds new beauty does acquire;
leaſes, and can never tire.
rmth he every where may boaſt;
too long digreſſions loſt:
ithout rule a method find,
ıſelves appear in order join'd;
trouble anſwers his intent;
is tending to th' event.
ıple your endeavours raiſe:
writings is a kind of praiſe.
where we all perfections find,
ork of a fantaſtic mind:
be care, and time, and ſkill, and pains;
heat of unexperienc'd brains.
ıes artleſs poets, when the rage
ancy does their minds engage,
vain pride, preſume they underſtand,
take the trumpet in their hand;
n Muſe each accident confounds;
fly, but riſe by leaps and bounds,
mall ſtock of learning quickly ſpent,
dies for want of nouriſhment.
ıkind the hot-brain'd fool decries,
cenſures can unveil his eyes;
dence the laurel they invade,
like the monſters they have made.
ıpar'd to them, is flat and dry;
underſtood not poetry:
ir merit if this age rebel,
imes for juſtice they appeal.
; till mankind ſhall do them right,
their works triumphantly to light;
ıeaps we in bye-corners lay,
become to worms and moths a prey;
duſt and cobwebs let them reſt,
return from whence we firſt digreſt.
t ſucceſs which tragic writers found,
firſt the comedy renown'd,
Grecian there by pleaſing ways,
is natural malice in his plays:

Wiſdom and virtue, honour, wit, and ſenſe,
Were ſubject to buffooning inſolence:
Poets were publicly approv'd, and ſought,
That vice extoll'd, and virtue ſet at nought!
A Socrates himſelf, in that looſe age,
Was made the paſtime of a ſcoffing ſtage,
At laſt the public took in hand the cauſe,
And curb'd this madneſs by the power of laws;
Forbad at any time, or any place,
To name the perſon, or deſcribe the face.
The ſtage its ancient fury thus let fall,
And comedy diverted without gall:
By mild reproofs, recover'd minds diſeas'd,
And ſparing perſons innocently pleas'd.
Each one was nicely ſhown in this new glaſs,
And ſmil'd to think he was not meant the aſs:
A miſer oft would laugh at firſt, to find
A faithful draught of his own ſordid mind;
And ſops were with ſuch care and cunning writ,
They lik'd the piece for which themſelves did ſit.
You then that would the comic laurels wear,
To ſtudy nature be your only care:
Whoe'er knows man, and by a curious art
Diſcerns the hidden ſecrets of the heart;
He who obſerves, and naturally can paint
The jealous fool, the fawning ſycophant,
A ſober wit, an enterpriſing aſs,
A humorous Otter, or a Hudibras;
May ſafely in thoſe noble liſts engage,
And make them act and ſpeak upon the ſtage.
Strive to be natural in all you write,
And paint with colours that may please the ſight,
Nature in various figures does abound;
And in each mind are different humours found:
A glance, a touch, diſcovers to the wiſe;
But every man has not diſcerning eyes.
All-changing time does alſo change the mind;
And different ages different pleaſures find:
Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay,
By flattering vice is eaſily led away;
Vain in diſcourſe, inconſtant in deſire,
In cenſure, raſh; in pleaſures, all on fire.
The manly age does ſteadier thoughts enjoy;
Power and ambition do his ſoul employ:
Againſt the turns of fate he ſets his mind;
And by the paſt the future hopes to find.
Decrepit age ſtill adding to his ſtores,
For others heaps the treaſure he adores,
In all his actions keeps a frozen pace;
Paſt times extols, the preſent to debaſe:
Incapable of pleaſures youth abuſe,
In others blames what age does him refuſe.
Your actors muſt by reaſon be control'd;
Let young men ſpeak like young, old men like old:
Obſerve the town, and ſtudy well the court:
For thither various characters reſort:
Thus 'twas great Jonſon purchas'd his renown,
And in his art had borne away the crown;
If, leſs deſirous of the people's praiſe,
He had not with low farce debas'd his plays;
Mixing dull buffoonry with wit refin'd,
And Harlequin with noble Terence join'd.
When in the Fox I ſee the tortoiſe hiſt,
I loſe the author of the Alchemiſt.
The comic wit, born with a ſmiling air,
Muſt tragic grief and pompous verſe forbear;
Yet may he not, as on a market place,
With baudy jeſts amuſe the populace:

With well-bred converſation you muſt pleaſe,
And your intrigue unravel'd be with eaſe:
Your action ſtill ſhould reaſon's rules obey,
Nor in an empty ſcene may loſe its way.
Your humble ſtyle muſt ſometimes gently riſe;
And your diſcourſe ſententious be, and wiſe:
The paſſions muſt to nature be confin'd;
And ſcenes to ſcenes with artful weaving join'd.
Your wit muſt not unſeaſonably play;
But follow buſ'neſs, never lead the way.
Obſerve how Terence does this error ſhun;
A careful father chides his amorous ſon:
Then ſee that ſon, whom no advice can move,
Forget thoſe orders, and purſue his love:
'Tis not a well-drawn picture we diſcover:
'Tis a true ſon, a father, and a lover.
I like an author that reforms the age,
And keeps the right decorum of the ſtage;
That always pleaſes by juſt reaſon's rule:
But for a tedious droll, a quibbling fool,
Who with low nauſeous bawdry fills his plays;
Let him begone, and on two treſſels raiſe
Some Smithfield ſtage, where he may act his pranks,
And make Jack-Puddings ſpeak to mountebanks.

CANTO IV.

IN Florence dwelt a doctor of renown,
The ſcourge of God, and terror of the town,
Who all the cant of phyſic had by heart,
And never murder'd but by rules of art.
The public miſchief was his private gain;
Children their ſlaughter'd parents fought in vain:
A brother here his poiſon'd brother wept;
Some bloodleſs dy'd, and ſome by opium ſlept.
Colds, at his preſence, would to frenzies turn;
And agues, like malignant fevers, burn.
Hated, at laſt, his practice gives him o'er;
One friend, unkill'd by drugs, of all his ſtore,
In his new country-houſe affords him place;
'Twas a rich abbot and a building aſs:
Here firſt the doctor's talent came in play,
He ſeems inſpir'd, and talks like Wren or May:
Of this new portico condemns the face,
And turns the entrance to a better place;
Deſigns the ſtair-caſe at the other end,
His friend approves, does for his maſon ſend.
He comes; the doctor's arguments prevail.
In ſhort, to finiſh this our humorous tale,
He Galen's dangerous ſcience does reject,
And from ill doctor turns good architect.
In this example we may have our part;
Rather be maſon, 'tis a uſeful art!
Than a dull poet; for that trade accurſt,
Admits no mean betwixt the beſt and worſt.
In other ſciences, without diſgrace,
A candidate may fill a ſecond place;
But poetry no medium can admit,
No reader ſuffers an indifferent wit:
The ruin'd ſtationers againſt him baul,
And Herringham degrades him from his ſtall.
Burleſque, at leaſt, our laughter may excite:
But a cold writer never can delight.
The Counter-Scuffle has more wit and art,
Than the ſtiff formal ſtyle of Condibert.
Be not affected with that empty praiſe
Which your vain flatterers will ſometimes raiſe,
And when you read, with ecſtacy will ſay,
"The finiſh'd piece! the admirable play!"
Which, when expos'd to cenſure and to light,
Cannot endure a critic's piercing ſight.
A hundred authors fates have been foretold,
And Shadwell's works are printed but not ſold.
Hear all the world; conſider every thought;
A fool by chance may ſtumble on a fault:
Yet, when Apollo does your Muſe inſpire,
Be not impatient to expoſe your fire:
Nor imitate the Settles of our times,
Thoſe tuneful readers of their own dull rhymes,
Who ſeize on all th' acquaintance they can meet,
And ſtop the paſſengers that walk the ſtreet:
There is no ſanctuary you can chuſe
For a defence from their purſuing Muſe.
I've ſaid before, be patient when they blame;
To alter for the better, is no ſhame.
Yet yield not to a fool's impertinence:
Sometimes conceited ſceptics, void of ſenſe,
By their falſe taſte condemn ſome finiſh'd part,
And blame the nobleſt flights of wit and art,
In vain their fond opinions you deride,
With their lov'd follies they are ſatisfy'd;
And their weak judgment, void of ſenſe and light,
Thinks nothing can eſcape their feeble ſight:
Their dangerous counſels do not cure but wound;
To ſhun the ſtorm, they run your verſe a-ground,
And, thinking to eſcape a rock, are drown'd.
Chuſe a ſure judge to cenſure what you write,
Whoſe reaſon leads, and knowledge gives you light,
Whoſe ſteady hand will prove your faithful guide,
And touch the darling follies you would hide:
He, in your doubts, will carefully adviſe,
And clear the miſt before your feeble eyes.
'Tis he will tell you, to what noble height
A generous Muſe may ſometimes take her flight;
When too much fetter'd with the rules of art,
May from her ſtricter bounds and limits part:
But ſuch a perfect judge is hard to ſee,
And every rhymer knows not poetry;
Nay ſome there are, for writing verſe extoll'd,
Who know not Lucan's droſs from Virgil's gold.
Would you in this great art acquire renown?
Authors, obſerve the rules I here lay down.
In prudent leſſons every where abound;
With pleaſant join the uſeful and the ſound:
A ſober reader a vain tale will ſlight;
He ſeeks as well inſtruction as delight.
Let all your thoughts to virtue be confin'd,
Still offering nobler figures to our mind:
I like not thoſe looſe writers who employ
Their guilty Muſe good manners to deſtroy;
Who with falſe colours ſtill deceive our eyes,
And ſhow us vice dreſs'd in a fair diſguiſe.
Yet do I not their ſullen Muſe approve,
Who from all modeſt writings baniſh love;
That ſtrip the play-houſe of its chief intrigue,
And make a murderer of Roderigue:
The lightеſt love, if decently expreſt,
Will raiſe no vicious motions in our breaſt.
Dido in vain may weep, and aſk relief;
I blame her folly, whilſt I ſhare her grief,
A virtuous author, in his charming art,
To pleaſe the ſenſe needs not corrupt the heart;

never cauſe a guilty fire:
rtue then be your deſire.
art and vigour are expreſt;
expreſſion ſhows th' infected breaſt.
baſe jealouſies avoid,
racting poets are employ'd.
lare, liberally contend;
o grudge at his deſerving friend.
who true wit and merit hate,
l againſt it with the great,
ſpire to gain renown,
up, and pulling others down.
yourſelf by treacherous ways,
abject methods ſeek for praiſe:
only buſineſs be to write;
juſt, and in your friends delight.
ugh your poems be admir'd;
our converſation be deſir'd:
mortal fame; nor ever chuſe
object of a generous Muſe.
ble wit may, without crime,
wful tribute for his time:
thoſe writers, who deſpiſe
r; and alone their profits prize;
Apollo baſely will degrade,
le ſcience make a trade.
reaſon did her light diſplay,
nent taught mortals to obey,
wild beaſts, did nature's laws purſue,
herbs, and drink from rivers drew;
force, on luſt and rapine bent,
murder without puniſhment:
ſt, by her all-conquering arts,
ſe ſavages, and turn'd their hearts;
rom logs, and woods, and caverns,

and cities fortifies with walls:
juſtice made proud rapine ceaſe,
d innocence by laws and peace.
nefits from poets we receiv'd,
ce are rais'd thoſe fictions ſince be-
d.
es, by his ſoft harmonious ſtrains,
ierce tigers of the Thracian plains;
notes, by their melodious powers,
s and woods, and rais'd the Theban
rs;
les from numbers did ariſe:
, in verſe heaven taught his myſteries,
reſt, poſſeſs'd with rage divine,
e from his prophetic ſhrine.
Homer the old heroes prais'd,
minds by great examples rais'd;
d did his Grecian ſwains incline
ields and prune the bounteous vine.
rules were by the poets aid,
mbers to rude men convey'd,
gly their precepts did impart;
'd the ear, and then engag'd the heart:
thus their reputation rais'd,
aſt gratitude in Greece were prais'd.
ire mortals did their wonders ſee,
ed to their divinity;
t laſt, baſe flattery entertain'd,
maſſus with this vice was ſtain'd:
in dazzling the poets eyes,
s were fill'd with fulſome flatteries.

Thus needy wits a vile revenue made,
And verſe became a neceſſary trade.
Debaſe not with ſo mean a vice thy art:
If gold muſt be the idol of thy heart,
Fly, fly th' unfruitful Heliconian ſtrand,
Thoſe ſtreams are not inrich'd with golden ſand:
Great wits, as well as warriors, only gain
Laurels and honours for their toil and pain:
But what? an author cannot live on fame,
Or pay a reckoning with a lofty name:
A poet to whom fortune is unkind,
Who when he goes to bed has hardly din'd;
Takes little pleaſure in Parnaſſus' dreams,
Or reliſhes the Heliconian ſtreams.
Horace had eaſe and plenty when he writ,
And free from cares for money or for meat,
Did not expect his dinner from his wit.
'Tis true; but verſe is cheriſh'd by the great,
And now none famiſh who deſerve to eat:
What can we hear, when virtue, arts, and ſenſe,
Receive the ſtars propitious influence;
When a ſharp-ſighted prince, by early grants,
Rewards your merits, and prevents your wants?
Sing then his glory, celebrate his fame:
Your nobleſt theme is his immortal name.
Let mighty Spenſer raiſe his reverend head,
Cowley and Denham ſtart up from the dead;
Waller his age renew, and offerings bring,
Our monarch's praiſe let bright-ey'd virgins ſing;
Let Dryden with new rules our ſtage refine,
And his great models form by this deſign:
But where 's a ſecond Virgil to rehearſe
Our hero's glories in his epic verſe?
What Orpheus ſing his triumph's o'er the main,
And make the hills and foreſts move again;
Shew his bold fleet on the Batavian ſhore,
And Holland trembling as his canons roar;
Paint Europe's balance in his ſteady hand,
Whilſt the two worlds in expectation ſtand
Of peace or war that wait on his command?
But as I ſpeak new glories ſtrike my eyes,
Glories, which heaven itſelf does give, and prize,
Bleſſings of peace; that with their milder rays
Adorn his reign and bring Saturnian days:
Now let rebellion, diſcord, vice and rage,
That have in patriots forms debauch'd our age,
Vaniſh with all the miniſters of hell:
His rays their poiſonous vapours ſhall diſpel:
'Tis he alone our ſafety did create,
His own firm ſoul ſecur'd the nation's fate,
Oppos'd to all the Fout'ſeu's of the ſtate,
Authors, for him your great endeavours raiſe;
The loftieſt numbers will but reach his praiſe.
For me, whoſe verſe in ſatire has been bred,
And never durſt heroic meaſures tread;
Yet you ſhall ſee me, in that famous field,
With eyes and voice, my beſt aſſiſtance yield:
Offer your leſſons, that my infant Muſe
Learnt, when ſhe Horace for her guide did chuſe:
Second your zeal with wiſhes, heart, and eyes,
And afar hold up the glorious prize.
But pardon too, if, zealous for the right,
A ſtrict obſerver of each noble flight,
From the fine gold I ſeparate the allay,
And ſhow how haſty writers ſometimes ſtray:
Apter to blame, than knowing how to mend;
A ſharp, but yet a neceſſary friend.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS.

A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM,

SACRED TO

THE HAPPY MEMORY OF KING CHARLES II.

I.

THUS long my grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there's a lethargy in mighty woe,
Tears ſtand congeal'd, and cannot flow:
And the ſad ſoul retires into her inmoſt room:
Tears, for a ſtroke foreſeen, afford relief;
But, unprovided for a ſudden blow,
Like Niobé we marble grow;
And petrify with grief.
Our Britiſh heaven was all ſerene,
No threatening cloud was nigh,
Not the leaſt wrinkle to deform the ſky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the firſt age in nature's golden ſcene;
Supine amidſt our flowing ſtore,
We ſlept ſecurely, and we dreamt of more:
When ſuddenly the thunder-clap was heard,
It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,
Already loſt before we fear'd.
Th' amazing news of Charles at once were ſpread,
At once the general voice declar'd,
"Our gracious prince was dead."
No ſickneſs known before, no ſlow diſeaſe,
To ſoften grief by juſt degrees,
But like an hurricane on Indian ſeas,
The tempeſt roſe;
An unexpected burſt of woes:
With ſcarce a breathing ſpace betwixt,
This now becalm'd, and periſhing the next.
As if great Atlas from his height
Should ſink beneath his heavenly weight,
And with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall
As once it ſhall,
Should gape immenſe, and ruſhing down, o'erwhelm this nether ball;
So ſwift and ſo ſurpriſing was our fear:
Our Atlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

II.

His pious brother, ſure the beſt
Who ever bore that name,
Was newly riſen from his reſt,
And, with a fervent flame,
His uſual morning vows had juſt addreſt
For his dear ſovereign's health;
And hop'd to have them heard,
In long increaſe of years,
In honour, fame, and wealth:
Guiltleſs of greatneſs, thus he always pray'd,
Nor knew nor wiſh'd thoſe vows he made,
On his own head ſhould be repay'd.
Soon as th' ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace,
Who can deſcribe th' amazement of his face!
Horror in all his pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent without a tear:
And then the hero firſt was ſeen to fear.
Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,
So haſty and ſo artleſs was his grief:
Approaching greatneſs met him in her charms
Of power and future ſtate;
But look'd ſo ghaſtly in a brother's fate,
He ſhook her from his arms.
Arriv'd within the mournful room, he ſaw
A wild diſtraction, void of awe,
And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law.
God's image, God's anointed lay
Without motion, pulſe, or breath,
A ſenſeleſs lump of ſacred clay,
An image now of death,
Amidſt his ſad attendants groans and cries,
The lines of that ador'd forgiving face,
Diſtorted from their native grace;
An iron ſlumber ſat on his majeſtic eyes.
The pious Duke--Forbear audacious Muſe!
No terms thy feeble art can uſe
Are able to adorn ſo vaſt a woe:
The grief of all the reſt like ſubject-grief did ſhow,
His like a ſovereign did tranſcend:
No wife, no brother, ſuch a grief could know,
Nor any name but friend.

III.

O wondrous changes of a fatal ſcene,
Still varying to the laſt!
Heaven, though its hard decree was paſt,
Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn again:
And death's uplifted arm arreſted in its haſte.
Heaven half repented of the doom,
And almoſt griev'd it had foreſeen,
What by foreſight it will'd eternally to come.
Mercy above did hourly plead
For her reſemblance here below;
And mild forgiveneſs intercede
To ſtop the coming blow.
New miracles approach th' etherial throne,
Such as his wondrous life had oft and lately known
And urg'd that ſtill they might be ſhown.
On earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
Renouncing greatneſs at ſo dear a rate,
Himſelf defending what he could,
From all the glories of his future fate.
With him th' innumerable crowd,
Of armed prayers
Knock'd at the gates of heaven, and knock'd aloud
The firſt well-meaning rude petitioners.
All for his life aſſail'd the throne,
All would have brib'd the ſkies by offering up their own.

throng not heaven itſelf could bar;
oft borne by force as in the giants' war.
s at leaſt for his reprieve were heard;
ike Hezekiah's, was deferr'd:
the ſun the ſhadow went;
's, thoſe five degrees, were lent
our patience and prepare th' event.
l cauſes took the ſwift command,
inal head, the ready hand,
o perform their part;
rnal doom was conquer'd by their art:
the fleeting ſoul came back
re the mortal frame;
body took a doubtful ſtand,
l and hovering like expiring flame,
its and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the
nd.

IV.

ſhort-liv'd news ſoon ſpread around,
ame train, the ſame impetuous bound:
ing town in ſmiles again was dreſt,
every face expreſt,
before their tongues confeſt.
ach other with erected look,
were higher that they took,
congratulate their friends made haſte;
inveterate foes ſaluted as they paſt:
reſt heroic James appear'd
ore, becauſe he more had fear'd:
heart, whoſe noble pride
bove
d hate or varniſh'd love,
han common tranſport could not hide;
n eagre rode in triumph o'er the tide.
alternate courſe,
t paſſions, hope and fear,
remes appear,
'd upon the ſoul with equal force.
half ebb, a rolling ſea
nd wins upon the ſhore;
ry herd, affrighted at the roar,
eir fins a while, and ſtay,
kward take their wondering way:
het wonders more than they,
ies but rarely ſeen before,
s, a king muſt fall, or kingdoms change
eir ſway.
e our counter-tides at land, and ſo
of the fatal blow,
rodigious ebb and flow.
l ſoul, that, like the labouring moon,
s of art was hurried down,
ith regret to leave her native ſphere,
t while on liking here:
ry of the painful ſtrife,
le but faint eſſays of life:
ing light
t in night:
diſtemper, and a weak relief,
ervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

V.

of art all medicines try'd,
y noble remedy apply'd;
ulation each eſſay'd
oft ſkill, nay more, they pray'd:
as loſing game with better conduct play'd.
Death never won a ſtake with greater toil,
Nor ere was fate ſo near a foil:
But like a fortreſs on a rock,
Th' impregnable diſeaſe their vain attempts did
mock;
They min'd it near, they batter'd from afar
With all the cannon of the medicinal war;
No gentle means could be eſſay'd,
'Twas beyond parly when the ſiege was laid:
Th' extremeſt ways they firſt ordain,
Preſcribing ſuch intolerable pain,
As none but Cæſar could ſuſtain:
Undaunted Cæſar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could invent:
In five ſuch days he ſuffer'd more
Than any ſuffer'd in his reign before;
More, infinitely more, than he,
Againſt the worſt of rebels, could decree,
A traitor or twice-pardon'd enemy.
Now art was tir'd without ſucceſs,
No racks could make the ſtubborn malady confeſs.
The vain inſurancers of life,
And he who moſt performed and promis'd leſs,
Ev'n Short himſelf forſook th' unequal ſtrife.
Death and deſpair were in their looks,
No longer they conſult their memories or books;
Like helpleſs friends who view from ſhore
The labouring ſhip, and hear the tempeſt roar;
So ſtood they with their arms acroſs;
Not to aſſiſt, but to deplore
Th' inevitable loſs.
Death was denounc'd; that frightful ſound
Which ev'n the beſt can hardly bear,
He took the ſummons void of fear;
And unconcern'dly caſt his eyes around;
As if to find and dare the grieſly challenger,
What death could do he lately try'd,
When in four days he more than dy'd.
The ſame aſſurance all his words did grace:
The ſame majeſtic mildneſs held its place:
Nor loſt the monarch in his dying face.
Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII.

As if ſome angel had been ſent
To lengthen out his government,
And to foretel as many years again,
As he had number'd in his happy reign,
So chearfully he took the doom
Of his departing breath;
Nor ſhrunk nor ſtept aſide from death:
But with unalter'd pace kept on;
Providing for events to come,
When he reſign'd the throne.
Still he maintain'd his kingly ſtate;
And grew familiar with his fate.
Kind, good, and gracious, to the laſt,
On all he lov'd before his dying beams he caſt:
Oh truly good, and truly great,
For glorious as he roſe benignly ſo he ſet!
All that on earth he held moſt dear,
He recommended to his care,
To whom both heaven,
The right had given
And his own love bequeath'd ſupreme command:
He took and preſt that ever-loyal hand,

Which could in peace ſecure his reign,
Which could in wars his power maintain,
That hand on which no plighted vows were ever vain.
Well, for ſo great a truſt he choſe
A prince who never diſobey'd:
Not when the moſt ſevere commands were laid;
Nor want nor exile with his duty weigh'd:
A prince on whom, if heaven its eyes could cloſe,
The welfare of the world it ſafely might repoſe.

VIII.

That king who liv'd to God's own heart,
Yet leſs ſerenely died than he:
Charles left behind no harſh decree
For ſchoolmen with laborious art
To ſalve from cruelty:
Thoſe, for whom love could no excuſes frame,
He graciouſly forgot to name.
Thus far my Muſe, though rudely, has deſign'd
Some faint reſemblance of his godlike mind:
But neither pen nor pencil can expreſs
The parting brothers' tenderneſs:
Though that's a term too mean and low;
The bleſt above a kinder word may know:
But what they did, and what they ſaid,
The monarch who triumphant went,
The militant who ſtaid,
Like painters, when their heightening arts are ſpent,
I caſt into a ſhade.
That all-forgiving king,
The type of him above,
That unexhauſted ſpring
Of clemency and love;
Himſelf to his next ſelf accus'd,
And aſk'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd:
For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
Of godleſs men, and of rebellious times:
For an hard exile, kindly meant,
When his ungrateful country ſent
Their beſt Camillus into baniſhment:
And forc'd their ſovereign's act, they could not his conſent.
Oh how much rather had that injur'd chief
Repeated all his ſufferings paſt!
Than hear a pardon begg'd at laſt,
Which given could give the dying no relief:
He bent, he ſunk beneath his grief:
His dauntleſs heart would fain have held
From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd.
Perhaps the godlike hero in his breaſt
Diſdain'd, or was aſham'd to ſhow
So weak, ſo womaniſh a woe,
Which yet the brother and the friend ſo plenteouſly confeſt.

IX.

Amidſt the ſilent ſhower, the royal mind
An eaſy paſſage found,
And left its ſacred earth behind:
Nor murmuring groan expreſt, nor labouring ſound,
Nor any leaſt tumultuous breath;
Calm was his life, and quiet was his death.
Soft as thoſe gentle whiſpers were,
In which th' Almighty did appear;
By the ſtill voice the prophet knew him there.
That peace which made thy proſperous reign ſhine,
That peace thou leav'ſt to thy imperial line,
That peace, oh happy ſhade, be ever thine!

X.

For all thoſe joys thy reſtoration brought,
For all the miracles it wrought,
For all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd
Into the nation's bleeding wound,
And care that after kept it ſound,
For numerous bleſſings yearly ſhower'd,
And property with plenty crown'd;
For freedom ſtill maintain'd alive,
Freedom which in no other land will thrive,
Freedom, an Engliſh ſubject's ſole prerogative,
Without whoſe charms even peace would be
But a dull quiet ſlavery:
For theſe and more, accept our pious praiſe:
'Tis all the ſubſidy
The preſent age can raiſe,
The reſt is charg'd on late poſterity.
Poſterity is charg'd the more,
Becauſe the large abounding ſtore
To them and to their heirs, is ſtill entail'd by thee.
Succeſſion of a long deſcent
Which chaſtely in the channels ran,
And from our demi-gods began,
Equal almoſt to time in its extent,
Through hazards numberleſs and great,
Thou haſt deriv'd this mighty bleſſing down,
And fixt the faireſt gem that decks th' imperial crown;
Not faction, when it ſhook thy regal ſeat,
Not ſenates, inſolently loud,
Thoſe echoes of a thoughtleſs crowd,
Not foreign or domeſtic treachery,
Could warp thy ſoul to their unjuſt decree.
So much thy foes thy manly mind miſtook,
Who judg'd it by the mildneſs of thy look:
Like a well-temper'd ſword it bent at will;
But kept the native toughneſs of the ſteel.

XI.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name!
But draw him ſtrictly ſo,
That all who view, the piece may know;
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame:
The loud 's too weighty: thou may'ſt chuſe
Some parts of praiſe, and ſome refuſe:
Write, that his annals may be thought more lavish than the Muſe.
In ſcanty truth thou haſt confin'd
The virtues of a royal mind,
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, juſt, and kind:
His converſation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the nobleſt uſeful arts,
Were ſuch, dead authors could not give;
But habitudes of thoſe who live;
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:
He drain'd from all, and all they knew;
His apprehenſion quick, his judgment true:
That the moſt learn'd, with ſhame, confeſs
His knowledge more, his reading only leſs.

XII.

: peaceful triumphs of his reign,
· if the kindly beams he ſhed,
lrooping arts again,
i'd her head,
ıanity that from rebellion fled?
ced, too fruitful was before;
tivated lay
lar walk and heaven's high way;
ieneva weeds run o'er,
at the beſt, amidſt the corn it bore:
ſbandman appear'd,
d, and ſow'd, and till'd,
ıe rooted out, the rubbiſh clear'd,
th' obedient field.
a double harveſt roſe;
ſwarthy Indian mows;
dimates near the line,
manur'd and dreſt by hands divine.

XIII.

he new-born phœnix takes his way,
ernal regions to ſurvey,
iſters a numerous train
ondrous progreſs o'er the plain;
om his father's urn,
lid our Charles return;
s Muſes came along,
onious quire like angels ever young:
ıat mourns him now his happy triumph
,
ould thrive in his auſpicious reign:
plentcous crop they bore
id well-winnow'd grain,
ıever knew before.
e was their hire, and light their gain,
ıat to their ſhare he threw;
s hand, they ſung and flew,
f paradiſe that liv'd on morning dew.
: their lays his name forget!
ı of a prince's praiſe is great.
hou great encourager of arts,
our thankful hearts;
.ove, almoſt invok'd below;
eive this pious vow,
once, our guardian angel now.
s of a ſinking ſtate,
oy wiſe delays divert our fate,
on like a tempeſt roſe,
noſt hideous form,
rage thou didſt oppoſe,
out the ſtorm:
g thy ſupreme command,
ſt the rudder with thy ſteady hand,
on the ſhore the bark did land:
ıat all our bleſſings brought,
ith thyſelf and James, a doubly royal
ight.

XIV.

eſtate of human things,
ry hopes below!
r coſt your emptineſs we know:
ſſon dearly bought,
here is never to be ſought.
ınd beſt-belov'd of kings,
And beſt deſerving to be ſo,
When ſcarce he had eſcap'd the fatal blow
Of faction and conſpiracy,
Death did his promis'd hopes deſtroy:
He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
What miſts of Providence are theſe
Through which we cannot ſee!
So ſaints, by ſupernatural power ſet free,
Are left at laſt in martyrdom to die;
Such is the end of oft-repeated miracles.
Forgive me, heaven, that impious thought,
'Twas grief for Charles, to madneſs wrought,
That queſtion'd thy ſupreme decree!
Thou didſt his gracious reign prolong,
Ev'n in thy ſaints and angels wrong,
His fellow-citizens of immortality:
For twelve long years of exile borne,
Twice twelve we number'd ſince his bleſt return:
So ſtrictly wert thou juſt to pay,
Ev'n to the driblet of a day.
Yet ſtill we murmur and complain,
The quails and manna ſhould no longer rain;
Thoſe miracles 'twas needleſs to renew;
The choſen flock has now the promis'd land in view.

XV.

A warlike prince aſcends the regal ſtate,
A prince long exercis'd by fate:
Long may he keep, though he obtains it late!
Heroes in heaven's peculiar mould are caſt,
They and their poets are not form'd in haſte;
Man was the firſt in God's deſign, and man was made the laſt.
Falſe heroes made by flattery ſo,
Heaven can ſtrike out, like ſparkles, at a blow;
But ere a prince is to perfection brought,
He coſts Omnipotence a ſecond thought.
With toil and ſweat,
With hardening cold, and forming heat,
The Cyclops did their ſtrokes repeat,
Before th' impenetrable ſhield was wrought:
It looks as if the Maker would not own
The noble work for his,
Before twas try'd and found a maſter-piece.

XVI.

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne.
Alcides thus his race began,
O'er infancy he ſwiftly ran;
The future God at firſt was more than man:
Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate
Ev'n o'er his cradle lay in wait:
And there he grappled firſt with fate:
In his young hands the hiſſing ſnakes he preſt.
So early was the Deity conſeſt;
Thus by degrees he roſe to Jove's imperial ſeat;
Thus difficulties prove a ſoul legitimately great.
Like his our hero's infancy was try'd;
Betimes the Furies did their ſnakes provide;
And to his infant arms oppoſe
His father's rebels, and his brother's foes;
The more oppreſt, the higher ſtill he roſe:
Thoſe were the preludes of his fate,
That form'd his manhood, to ſubdue
The hydra of the many-headed hiſſing crew.

XVII.

As, after Numa's peaceful reign,
The martial Ancus did the ſceptre wield,
Furbiſh'd the ruſty ſword again,
Reſum'd the long-forgotten ſhield,
And led the Latins to the duſty field;
So James the drowſy genius wakes
Of Britain long entranc'd in charms,
Reſtiff and ſlumbering on its arms:
'Tis rous'd, and with a new-ſtrung nerve, the ſpear already ſhakes.
No neighing of the warrior ſteeds,
No drum or louder trumpet, needs
T' inſpire the coward, warm the cold,
His voice, his ſole appearance makes them bold.
Gaul and Batavia dread th' impending blow;
Too well the vigour of that arm they know;
They lick the duſt, and crouch beneath their fatal foe.
Long may they fear this awful prince,
And not provoke his lingering ſword;
Peace is their only ſure defence,
Their beſt ſecurity his word:
In all the changes of his doubtful ſtate,
His truth, like heaven's, was kept inviolate,
For him to promiſe is to make it fate.
His valour can triumph o'er land and main
With broken oaths his fame he will not ſtain;
With conqueſt baſely bought, and with inglorious gain.

XVIII.

For once, O heaven, unfold thy adamantine book;
And let his wondering ſenate ſee,
If not thy firm immutable decree,
At leaſt the ſecond page of ſtrong contingency;
Such as conſiſts with wills originally free:
Let them with glad amazement look
On what their happineſs may be:
Let them not ſtill be obſtinately blind,
Still to divert the good thou haſt deſign'd,
Or with malignant penury,
To ſtarve the royal virtues of his mind,
Faith is a chriſtian's and a ſubject's teſt,
Oh give them to believe, and they are ſurely bleſt.
They do; and with a diſtant view I ſee
Th' amended vows of Engliſh loyalty.
And all beyond that object, there appears
The long retinue of a proſperous reign,
A ſeries of ſucceſsful years,
In orderly array, a martial, manly train.
Behold even the remoter ſhores,
A conquering navy proudly ſpread;
The Britiſh cannon formidably roars,
While, ſtarting from his oozy bed,
Th' aſſerted ocean rears his reverend head;
To view and recognize his ancient lord again:
And with a willing hand reſtores
The ſafces of the main.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR ſpirit, by whoſe aid
The world's foundations firſt were laid,
Come viſit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From ſin and ſorrow ſet us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O ſource of uncreated light,
The Father's promiſed Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inſpire;
Come, and thy ſacred unction bring
To ſanctify us, while we ſing.
Plenteous of grace, deſcend from high,
Rich in thy ſevenfold energy!
Thou ſtrength of his Almighty hand,
Whoſe power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding ſpirit, our defence,
Who doſt the gifts of tongues diſpenſe,
And crown'ſt thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the ſenſes to the ſoul:
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.
Chace from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, beſtow;
And leſt our feet ſhould ſtep aſtray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practiſe all that we believe:
Give us thyſelf, that we may ſee
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endleſs fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loſt man's redemption dy'd:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

THE SOLILOQUY

OF

A ROYAL EXILE.

UNHAPPY I! who once ordain'd to bear
God's juſtice ſword, and his vicegerent be
Am now depos'd—'gainſt me my children riſe,
My life muſt be their only ſacrifice:
Highly they me accuſe, but nothing prove;
But this is out of tenderneſs and love!
They ſeek to ſpill my blood; 'tis that alone
Muſt for the nation's crying ſins atone.
But careful Heaven forewarn'd me in a dream,
And ſhew'd me that my dangers were extreme;
The heavenly viſion ſpoke, and bade me flee
Th' ungrateful brood that were not worthy me;
Alarm'd I fled at the appointed time;
And mere neceſſity was made my crime!

THE

HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

" ———Antiquam exquirite matrem.
" Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea." VIRG.

THE PREFACE.

HE nation is in too high a ferment, for me to expect either fair war, or even ſo much as fair quarter, from a reader of the oppoſite party. All men are engaged r on this ſide or that; and though conſcience is the common word, which is given oth, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their con-ce, he is knocked down before the reaſons of his own are heard. A preface, fore, which is but a beſpeaking of favour, is altogether uſeleſs. What I deſire reader ſhould know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he but the patience to peruſe it. Only this advertiſement let him take before hand, h relates to the merits of the cauſe. No general characters of parties (call them r ſects or churches) can be ſo fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the al members of them; at leaſt all ſuch as are received under that denomination. example; there are ſome of the church by law eſtabliſhed, who envy not liberty onſcience to diſſenters; as being well ſatisfied that, according to their own princi-they ought not to perſecute them. Yet theſe, by reaſon of their fewneſs, I could diſtinguiſh from the numbers of the reſt, with whom they are embodied in one mon name. On the other ſide there are many of our ſects, and more indeed than uld reaſonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themſelves from the communion of Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his majeſty in point of toleration. neither to the one nor the other of theſe is this ſatire any way intended: it is d only at the refractory and diſobedient on either ſide. For thoſe, who are come to the royal party, are conſequently ſuppoſed to be out of gun-ſhot. Our phy-ns have obſerved, that in proceſs of time, ſome diſeaſes have abated of their lence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, ſo as to be no longer mortal: why may I not ſuppoſe the ſame concerning ſome of thoſe who have formerly been nies to kingly government, as well as Catholic religion? I hope they have now her notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine rſecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to cenſure the proceedings of a foreign prince: but, without ſuſpicion of flattery, I may praiſe our own, who has taken contrary meaſures, and thoſe more ſuitable to the ſpirit of Chriſtianity. Some of the diſſenters in their addreſſes to his majeſty, have ſaid, "That he has reſtored God to his empire over "conſcience." I confeſs, I dare not ſtretch the figure to ſo great a boldneſs: but I may ſafely ſay, that conſcience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is abſolute in his own breaſt, and accountable to no earthly power for that which paſſes only betwixt God and him. Thoſe who are driven into the fold are, generally ſpeaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the ſects, it ought in reaſon to be expected, that they ſhould both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of day, to refuſe the benefit, and adhere to thoſe whom they have eſteemed their perſecutors, what is it elſe, but publicly to own, that they ſuffered not before for conſcience-ſake, but only out of pride and obſtinacy, to ſeparate from a church for thoſe impoſitions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have ſo long contended for their claſſical ordination (not to ſpeak of rites and ceremonies), will they at length ſubmit to an epiſcopal? If they can go ſo far out of complaiſance to their old enemies methinks a little reaſon ſhould perſuade them to take another ſtep, and ſee whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I ſhall ſay no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will conſider from what hand they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince and a foreigner, but from a chriſtian king, their native ſovereign; who expects a return in ſpecie from them, that the kindneſs, which he has graciouſly ſhewn them, may be retaliated on thoſe of his own perſuaſion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far ſatisfy the reader, that it was neither impoſed on me, nor ſo much as the ſubject given me by any man. It was written during the laſt winter, and the beginning of this ſpring; though with long interruptions of ill health and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finiſhed it, his majeſty's declaration for liberty of conſcience came abroad: which if I had ſo ſoon expected, I might have ſpared myſelf the labour of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in ſome hope, that the church of England might have been perſuaded to have taken off the penal laws and the teſt, which was one deſign of the poem, when I propoſed to myſelf the writing of it.

It is evident that ſome part of it was only occaſional, and not firſt intended: I mean that defence of myſelf, to which every honeſt man is bound, when he is injuriouſly attacked in print: and I refer myſelf to the judgment of thoſe, who have read the Anſwer to the defence of the late king's papers, and that of the dutcheſs (in which laſt I was concerned) how charitably I have been repreſented there. I am now informed both of the author and ſupervifors of this pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time let him conſider whether he deſerved not a more ſevere reprehenſion, than I gave him formerly, for uſing ſo little reſpect to the memory of thoſe, whom he pretended to anſwer; and at his leiſure, look out for ſome original treatiſe of humility, written by any Proteſtant in Engliſh; I believe I may ſay in any other tongue; for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that ſubject, which either he muſt mean, or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was tranſlated from the Spaniſh of Rodriguez; though with the omiſſion of the ſeventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth and the laſt chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have inſinuated to the world, that her late highneſs died not a Roman Catholic. He declares himſelf to be now ſatisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cauſe: for matter of fact was the principle betwixt us. In the mean time, he would diſpute the motives of her change; how prepoſterouſly, let all men judge, when he

ſeemed to deny the ſubject of the controverſy, the change itſelf. And becauſe I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue: but he may as well infer, that a Catholic cannot faſt, becauſe he will not take up the cudgels againſt Mr. James to confute the Proteſtant religion.

I have but one word more to ſay concerning the poem as ſuch, and abſtracted from the matters either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The firſt part, conſiſting moſt in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raiſe, and give it the majeſtic turn of heroic poeſy. The ſecond being matter of diſpute, and chiefly concerning church authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perſpicuous as poſſibly I could; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occaſions for the magnificence of verſe. The third, which has more of the nature of domeſtic converſation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two epiſodes or fables, which are interwoven with the main deſign; ſo that they are properly parts of it, though they are alſo diſtinct ſtories of themſelves. In both of theſe I have made uſe of the common-places of ſatire, whether true or falſe, which are urged by the members of the one church againſt the other: at which I hope no reader of either party will be ſcandalized, becauſe they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one ſide, and as thoſe of the Reformation on the other.

In puniſhing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of nature too.
Beaſts are the ſubjects of tyrannic ſway,
Where ſtill the ſtronger on the weaker prey.
Man only of a ſofter mold is made,
Not for his fellow's ruin but their aid:
Created kind, beneficent, and free,
The noble image of the Deity.
One portion of informing fire was given
To brutes, th' inferior family of heaven:
The ſmith divine, as with a careleſs beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat:
But when arriv'd at laſt to human race,
The Godhead took a deep conſidering ſpace;
And to diſtinguiſh man from all the reſt,
Unlock'd the ſacred treaſures of his breaſt;
And mercy mixt with reaſon did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart:
Reaſon to rule, but mercy to forgive:
The firſt is law, the laſt prerogative.
And like his mind his outward form appear'd,
When, iſſuing naked, to the wondering herd,
He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd, they fear'd:
Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to ſeize their furry ſpoils in fight,
Or with increaſe of feet t' o'ertake them in their flight:
Of eaſy ſhape, and pliant every way;
Confeſſing ſtill the ſoftneſs of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation-day:
With open hands, and with extended ſpace
Of arms, to ſatisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
His kingdom o'er his kindred world began:
Till knowledge miſapply'd, miſunderſtood,
And pride of empire ſour'd his balmy blood.
Then, firſt rebelling, his own ſtamp he coins;
The murderer Cain was latent in his loins:
And blood began its firſt and loudeſt cry,
For differing worſhip of the Deity.
Thus perſecution roſe, and farther ſpace
Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.
Not ſo the bleſſed Pan his flock increas'd
Content to fold them from the famiſh'd beaſt:
Mild were his laws; the ſheep and harmleſs hind
Were never of the perſecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious paſtor ſhows,
Such mercy from the Britiſh lion flows,
That both provide protection from their foes.
Oh happy regions, Italy and Spain,
Which never did thoſe monſters entertain!
The wolf, the bear, the boar, can there advance
No native claim of juſt inheritance.
And ſelf-preſerving laws, ſevere in ſhow,
May guard their fences from th' invading foe.
Where birth has plac'd them, let them ſafely ſhare
The common benefit of vital air.
Themſelves unharmful, let them live unharm'd;
Their jaws diſabled, and their claws diſarm'd:
Here only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not ſeize the Hind, nor leap the fold.
More powerful, and as vigilant as they,
The lion awfully forbids the prey.
Their rage repreſs'd, though pinch'd with famine ſore,
They ſtand aloof and tremble at his roar:
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.

Theſe are the chief; to number o'er the reſt,
And ſtand, like Adam, naming every beaſt,
Were weary'work; nor will the Muſe deſcribe
A ſlimy-born and ſun-begotten tribe;
Who, far from ſteeples and their ſacred ſound,
In fields their ſullen conventicles found.
Theſe groſs, half-animated, lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.
But, if they think at all, 'tis ſure no higher
Than matter, put in motion, may aſpire:
Souls that can ſcarce ferment their maſs of clay:
So droſſy, ſo diviſible are they,
As would but ſerve pure bodies for allay:
Such ſouls as ſhards produce, ſuch beetle things
As only buz to heaven with evening wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
They know not beings, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the ſame.
The Panther ſure the nobleſt, next the Hind,
And faireſt creature of the ſpotted kind;
Oh, could her in-born ſtains be waſh'd away,
She were too good to be a beaſt of prey!
How can I praiſe, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend;
Her faults and virtues lie ſo mix'd, that ſhe
Nor wholly ſtands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injur'd lion, let me ſpeak?
He cannot bend her and he would not break.
Unkind already, and eſtrang'd in part,
The wolf begins to ſhare her wandering heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who ſins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platoniſts report,
There could be ſpirits of a middle ſort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who juſt dropt half way down, nor lower fell;
So poiſ'd, ſo gently ſhe deſcends from high,
It ſeems a ſoft diſmiſſion from the ſky.
Her houſe not ancient, whatſoe'er pretence
Her clergy heralds make in her defence.
A ſecond century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her blood begun.
A lion old, obſcene, and furious made
By luſt, compreſs'd her mother in a ſhade;
Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
Covering adultery with a ſpecious name:
So ſchiſm begot; and ſacrilege and ſhe,
A well-match'd pair, got graceleſs hereſy.
God's and king's rebels have the ſame good cauſe,
To trample down divine and human laws:
Both would be call'd reformers, and their hate
Alike deſtructive both to church and ſtate:
The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawful prince
By luxury reform'd incontinence;
By ruins, charity; by riots, abſtinence.
Confeſſions, faſts, and penance ſet aſide;
Oh! with what eaſe we follow ſuch a guide,
Where ſouls are ſtarv'd, and ſenſes gratify'd!
Where marriage pleaſures midnight prayer ſupply,
And mattin bells, a melancholy cry,
Are tun'd to merrier notes, Increaſe and multiply.
Religion ſhews a roſy-colour'd face;
Not batter'd out with drudging works of grace.
A down-hill reformation rolls apace.

ſh and blood would crowd the narrow
te,
ry waſte their pamper'd paunches, wait?
l be happy at the cheapeſt rate.
h our lean faith theſe rigid laws has given,
ſed Muſſulman goes ſat to heaven;
rabian prophet with delights
illur'd his eaſtern proſelytes.
Luther, reading him, began
ret Scriptures by his Alcoran;
the thorns beneath our tender feet,
te the paths of Paradiſe more ſweet:
t him of a wife ere half way gone,
uneaſy travelling alone;
his maſquerade of mirth and love,
the bliſs of heaven for Bacchanals above.
reſum'd of praiſe, who came to ſtock
rial paſtures with ſo fair a flock
d, and battening on their food, to ſhow
igence of careful herds below.
'anther, though like theſe ſhe chang'd her
ead,
e miſtreſs of a monarch's bed,
t erect with majeſty ſhe bore,
ier wielded, and the mitre wore.
er part of decent diſcipline
ffectation of an ancient line;
ers, councils, church and church's head,
her reverend phylacteries read.
t diſgrac'd and diſavow'd the reſt,
vin's brand that ſtigmatiz'd the beaſt.
ke a creature of a double kind,
vn labyrinth ſhe lives confin'd.
gn lands no ſound of her is come,
content to be deſpis'd at home.
ier faith, where good cannot be had,
ſhe leaves the refuſe of the bad:
her choice of ill, though not of beſt,
t deform'd, becauſe deform'd the leaſt.
ful points betwixt her differing friends,
ne for ſubſtance, one for ſign contends,
ntradicting terms ſhe ſtrives to join;
ll be ſubſtance, ſubſtance ſhall be ſign.
refence all her ſons allow,
'tis flat idolatry to bow,
the godhead 's there they know not how.
ices are taught, that bread and wine
the viſible and outward ſign,
by thoſe who in communion join,
nward grace, or the thing ſignify'd,
d and body, who to ſave us dy'd;
aful this thing ſignify'd receive:
't thoſe faithful then partake or leave?
t is ſignify'd and underſtood,
r own confeſſion, fleſh and blood.
y the ſame acknowledgment, we know
ke the ſign, and take the ſubſtance too.
ral ſenſe is hard to fleſh and blood,
ſenſe never can be underſtood.
vild belief on every wave is toſt;
: no church can better morals boaſt.
her king her principles are ſound;
her practice were but half ſo ſound!
in various turns of ſtate ſhe ſtood,
l'd her vow'd affection with her blood:
l I meanly tax her conſtancy,
tereſt or obligement made the tye.
o the fate of murder'd monarchy.

Before the ſounding ax ſo falls the vine,
Whoſe tender branches round the poplar twine,
She choſe her ruin, and reſign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wife:
A rare example! but ſome ſouls we ſee
Grow hard, and ſtiffen with adverſity:
Yet theſe by fortune's favours are undone;
Reſolv'd into a baſer form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the ſun.
Let this be nature's frailty, or her fate,
Or Iſgrim's counſel, her new-choſen mate;
Still ſhe 's the faireſt of the fallen crew,
No mother more indulgent but the true.
Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Becauſe ſhe wants innate authority;
For how can ſhe conſtrain them to obey,
Who has herſelf caſt off the lawful ſway?
Rebellion equals all; and thoſe, who toil
In common theft, will ſhare the common ſpoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Againſt her old ſuperiors firſt to fight;
If ſhe reform by text, even that 's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a different ſenſe will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find:
The word 's a weathercock for every wind:
The bear, the fox, the wolf, by turns prevail;
The moſt in power ſupplies the preſent gale.
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To church and councils, whom ſhe firſt betray'd;
No help from fathers or tradition's train:
Thoſe ancient guides ſhe taught us to diſdain.
And by that ſcripture, which ſhe once abus'd
To reformation, ſtands herſelf accus'd.
What bills for breach of laws can ſhe prefer,
Expounding which ſhe owns herſelf may err;
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
If doubts ariſe, ſhe ſlips herſelf aſide,
And leaves the private conſcience for the guide.
If then that conſcience ſet th' offender free,
It bars her claim to church authority.
How can ſhe cenſure, or what crime pretend,
But ſcripture may be conſtrued to defend?
Ev'n thoſe, whom for rebellion ſhe tranſmits
To civil power, her doctrine firſt acquits;
Becauſe no diſobedience can enſue,
Where no ſubmiſſion to a judge is due;
Each judging for himſelf by her conſent,
Whom thus abſolv'd ſhe ſends to puniſhment.
Suppoſe the magiſtrate revenge her cauſe,
'Tis only for tranſgreſſing human laws.
How anſwering to its end a church is made,
Whoſe power is but to counſel and perſuade!
O ſolid rock, on which ſecure ſhe ſtands!
Eternal houſe not built with mortal hands!
O ſure defence againſt th' infernal gate,
A patent during pleaſure of the ſtate!
Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A meer mock queen of a divided herd;
Whom ſoon by lawful power ſhe might controul,
Herſelf a part ſubmitted to the whole.
Then, as the moon who firſt receives the light
By which ſhe makes our nether regions bright,
So might ſhe ſhine, reflecting from afar
The rays ſhe borrow'd from a better ſtar;
Big with the beams which from her mother flow,
And reigning o'er the riſing tides below:

Now, mixing with a ſavage crowd, ſhe goes,
And meanly flatters her inveterate foes,
Rul'd while ſhe rules, and loſing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power.
One evening while the cooler ſhade ſhe ſought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone ſhe walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rueful viſage, for her vaniſh'd train:
None of her ſylvan ſubjects made their court;
Levées and couchées paſs'd without reſort.
So hardly can uſurpers manage well
Thoſe whom they firſt inſtructed to rebel.
More liberty begets deſire of more;
The hunger ſtill increaſes with the ſtore.
Without reſpect they bruſh'd along the wood
Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loathſome food,
Aſk'd no permiſſion to the neighbouring flood.
The Panther, full of inward diſcontent,
Since they would go, before them wiſely went;
Supplying want of power by drinking firſt,
As if ſhe gave them leave to quench their thirſt.
Among the reſt, the Hind, with fearful face,
Beheld from far the common watering-place,
Nor durſt approach; till with an awful roar
The ſovereign lion bad her fear no more.
Encourag'd thus ſhe brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
And drank a ſober draught; the reſt amaz'd
Stood mutely ſtill, and on the ſtranger gaz'd;
Survey'd her part by part, and ſought to find
The ten-horn'd monſter in the harmleſs Hind,
Such as the Wolf and Panther had deſign'd.
They thought at firſt they dream'd; for 'twas offence
With them, to queſtion certitude of ſenſe,
Their guide in faith: but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultleſs object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heavenly hue!
Some, who before her fellowſhip diſdain'd,
Scarce, and but ſcarce, from in-born rage refrain'd,
Now friſk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or intereſt, every ſect
Of all the ſavage nation ſhew'd reſpect.
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company, the leſs they fear'd.
The ſurly Wolf with ſecret envy burſt,
Yet could not howl; the Hind had ſeen him firſt;
But what he dunſt not ſpeak, the Panther durſt.
For when the herd, ſuffic'd, did late repair
To ferney heaths, and to their foreſt lair,
She made a mannerly excuſe to ſtay,
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way:
That, ſince the ſky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat a while on their adventures paſs'd:
Nor had the grateful Hind ſo ſoon forgot
Her friend and fellow-ſufferer in the plot.
Yet wondering how of late ſhe grew eſtrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her countenance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occaſion would preſent
To learn her ſecret cauſe of diſcontent,
Which, well ſhe hop'd, might be with eaſe redreſs'd,
Conſidering her a well-bred civil beaſt,
And more a gentlewoman than the reſt.
After ſome common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the ſpotted muff began.

THE SECOND PART.

DAME, ſaid the Panther, times are mended well,
Since late among the Philiſtines you fell.
The toils were pitch'd, a ſpacious tract of ground
With expert huntſmen was encompaſs'd round;
Th' incloſure narrow'd; the ſagacious power
Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.
'Tis true, the younger lion ſcap'd the ſnare,
But all your prieſtly calves lay ſtruggling there;
As ſacrifices on their altars laid;
While you their careful mother wiſely fled,
Nor truſting deſtiny to ſave your head.
For whate'er promiſes you have apply'd
To your unfailing church, the ſurer ſide
Is four fair legs in danger to provide.
And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,
Yet, ſaving reverence of the miracle,
The better luck was yours to ſcape ſo well.
As I remember, ſaid the ſober Hind,
Thoſe toils were for your own dear ſelf deſign'd,
As well as me; and with the ſelf-ſame throw,
To catch the quarry and the vermin too,
Forgive the ſlanderous tongues that call'd you ſo
Howe'er you take it now, the common cry
Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
Beſides, in Popery they thought you nurſt,
As evil tongues will ever ſpeak the worſt,
Becauſe ſome forms, and ceremonies ſome
You kept, and ſtood in the main queſtion dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long
The teſt it ſeems at laſt has loos'd your tongue.
And to explain what your fore-fathers meant,
By real preſence in the ſacrament,
After long fencing puſh'd againſt a wall,
Your ſalvo comes, that he 's not there at all:
There chang'd your faith, and what may change
may fall.
Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be, at a ſtay?
Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd myſelf infallible,
Reply'd the Panther: grant ſuch preſence were,
Yet in your ſenſe I never own'd it there.
A real virtue we by faith receive,
And that we in the ſacrament believe.
Then ſaid the Hind, as you the matter ſtate,
Not only Jeſuits can equivocate;
For real, as you now the word expound,
From ſolid ſubſtance dwindles to a ſound.
Methinks an Æſop's fable you repeat;
You know who took the ſhadow for the meat:
Your church's ſubſtance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former figure ſtill.
I freely grant you ſpoke to ſave your life;
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,
But, after all, againſt yourſelf you ſwore;
Your former ſelf: for every hour your form
Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a ſtorm

nd intereſt will prevail with ſome;
not the gift of martyrdom.
ther grinn'd at this, and thus reply'd:
nay err was never yet deny'd.
common principle be true,
, dame, is level'd full at you.
ing long diſputes, I fain would ſee
rous wight Infallibility.
heaven, this mighty champion, come:
elow in ſubterranean Rome?
him ſomewhere, and derive his race,
clude that nothing has no place.
, though I diſown it, ſaid the Hind,
n manſion were not yet aſſign'd:
ful reſidence no proof can bring
e plain exiſtence of the thing.
iloſophers may diſagree,
iſſion or reception be,
thence inferr'd, I do not ſee?
quire an anſwer poſitive,
, when I demand, you dare not give;
:s in univerſals live.
m that this unfailing guide
d general councils muſt reſide;
il, both combin'd: what one decrees
ous votes, the other ratifies:
ıdoubted ſenſe the church relies.
ſome doctors in a ſcantier ſpace,
ı each apart, contract the place.
o to greater length extend the line,
h's after-acceptation join.
ircumference appears too wide;
h diffus'd is by the council ty'd;
ers, by their repreſenta ives
laws, which prince and ſenate gives.
e contract, and ſome enlarge the ſpace:
ıd council who denies the place,
om above with God's unfailing grace?
ions all the needful points contain;
ſe ſo obvious and their words ſo plain,
liſputes about the doubtful text
erto the labouring world perplex'd.
uld in after-times appear,
ncils muſt be call'd to make the meaning
ear:
n them the power ſupreme reſides;
e promiſes are to the guides.
y be taught with ſound and ſafe de-
nce:
how ſandy is your own pretence,
ting councils, pope, and church aſide,
y man his own preſuming guide.
d books you ſay, are full and plain,
y needful point of truth contain:
can read interpreters may be:
ough your ſeveral churches diſagree,
ſaint has to himſelf alone
t of this philoſophic ſtone.
inciples your jarring ſects unite,
ffering doctors and diſciples fight.
Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
ide a battle-royal of beliefs;
vild horſes ſeveral ways have whirl'd
ur'd text about the chriſtian world;
ıu laſhing on with furious force,
rk or Jew could not have us'd it worſe:
er what diſſenſion leaders make,
very private man may ſave a ſtake:

Rul'd by the ſcripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind bye-path to Paradiſe;
Where, driving in a circle ſlow or faſt,
Oppoſing ſects are ſure to meet at laſt.
A wondrous charity you have in ſtore
For all reform'd to paſs the narrow door:
So much, that Mahomet had ſcarcely more.
For he, kind prophet, was for damning none;
But Chriſt and Moſes were to ſave their own:
Himſelf was to ſecure his choſen race,
Though reaſon good for Turks to take the place,
And he allow'd to be the better man,
In virtue of his holier Alcoran.
True, ſaid the Panther, I ſhall ne'er deny
My brethren may be ſav'd as well as I:
Though Hugonots condemn our ordination,
Succeſſion, miniſterial vocation;
And Luther, more miſtaking what he read,
Misjoins the ſacred body with the bread:
Yet, lady, ſtill remember I maintain,
The word in needful points is only plain.
Needleſs, or needful, I not now contend,
For ſtill you have a loop-hole for a friend;
(Rejoin'd the matron): but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them ſtill aſtray,
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
For did not Arius firſt, Socinus now,
The Son's eternal God-head diſavow?
And did not theſe by goſpel texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all heretics the ſame pretence
To plead the ſcriptures in their own defence?
How did the Nicene council then decide
That ſtrong debate? was it by ſcripture try'd?
No, ſure; to that the rebel would not yield;
Squadrons of texts he marſhal'd in the field:
That was but civil war, an equal ſet,
Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.
With texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the foe,
And did not Satan tempt our Saviour ſo?
The good old biſhops took a ſimpler way;
Each aſk'd but what he heard his father ſay,
Or how he was inſtructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth.
The Panther ſmil'd at this; and when, ſaid ſhe,
Were thoſe firſt councils diſallow'd by me?
Or where did I at ſure tradition ſtrike,
Provided ſtill it were apoſtolic?
Friend, ſaid the Hind, you quit your former ground,
Where all your faith you did on ſcripture found:
Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit.
No, ſaid the Panther; for in that I view,
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
I ſet them by the rule, and, as they quare,
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This oral fiction, that old faith declare.
(Hind.) The council ſteer'd, it ſeems, a different courſe;
They try'd the ſcripture by tradition's force:
But you tradition by the ſcripture try;
Purſued by ſects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The word is then depos'd, and in this view,
You rule the ſcripture, not the ſcripture you.
Thus ſaid the dame, and ſmiling, thus purſu'd:
I ſee, tradition then is diſallow'd,

When not evinc'd by ſcripture to be true,
And ſcripture as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithful ground;
Unleſs you could infallibly expound:
Which you reject as odious popery,
And throw that doctrine back with ſcorn on me.
Suppoſe we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to ſcripture to decide;
By various texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often, ground our titles on the ſame:
After long labour loſt, and time's expence,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the ſenſe.
Thus all diſputes for ever muſt depend;
For no dumb rule can controverſies end.
Thus, when you ſaid, tradition muſt be try'd
By ſacred writ, whoſe ſenſe yourſelves decide,
You ſaid no more, but that yourſelves muſt be
The judges of the ſcripture ſenſe, not we.
Againſt our church-tradition you declare,
And yet your clerks would ſit in Moſes' chair:
At leaſt 'tis prov'd againſt your argument,
The rule is far from plain, where all diſſent.
If not by ſcriptures, how can we be ſure
Reply'd the Panther, what tradition's pure?
For you may palm upon us new for old:
All, as they ſay, that glitters, is not gold:
How but by following her, reply'd the dame,
To whom deriv'd from ſire to ſon they came;
Where every age does on another move,
And truſts no farther than the next above;
Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder riſe,
The loweſt in the earth, the topmoſt in the ſkies.
Sternly the ſavage did her anſwer mark,
Her glowing eye-balls glittering in the dark,
And ſaid but this: Since lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times ſuch dreadful gaps have made,
'Tis dangerous climbing: To your ſons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.
(Hind.) The Panther's breath was ever fam'd for ſweet;
But from the Wolf ſuch wiſhes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the blatant beaſt,
Or rather did not ſpeak, but were poſſeſs'd.
As for your anſwer, 'tis but barely urg'd:
You muſt evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs; unblemiſh'd authors uſe
As ancient as thoſe ages they accuſe;
Till when 'tis not ſufficient to deſame;
An old poſſeſſion ſtands, till elder quits the claim.
Then for our intereſt, which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when traditions in your faces fly,
Reſolving not to yield, you muſt decry.
As when the cauſe goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
So when you ſtand of other aid bereft,
You to the twelve apoſtles would be left.
Your friend the Wolf did with more craft provide
To ſet thoſe toys traditions quite aſide;
And fathers, too, unleſs when, reaſon ſpent,
He cites them but ſometimes for ornament.
But, madam Panther, you, though more ſincere,
Are not ſo wiſe as your adulterer:
The private ſpirit is a better blind,
Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.
For they, who left the ſcripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd;
The way to pleaſe them was to make them proud.
Thus with full ſails they ran upon the ſhelf;
Who could ſuſpect a cozenage from himſelf?
On his own reaſon ſafer 'tis to ſtand,
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at ſecond-hand.
But you, who fathers and traditions take,
And garble ſome, and ſome you quite forſake,
Pretending church-authority to fix,
And yet ſome grains of private ſpirit mix,
Are like a mule made up of differing ſeed,
And that's the reaſon why you never breed;
At leaſt not propagate your kind abroad,
For home diſſenters are by ſtatutes aw'd.
And yet they grow upon you every day,
While you, to ſpeak the beſt, are at a ſtay,
For ſects, that are extremes, abhor a middle way.
Like tricks of ſtate, to ſtop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad-brain'd ſenate's mood:
Of all expedients never one was good,
Well may they argue, nor can you deny,
If we muſt fix on church-authority,
Peſt on the beſt, the fountain, not the flood;
That muſt be better ſtill, if this be good.
Shall ſhe command who has herſelf rebell'd?
Is antichriſt by antichriſt expell'd?
Did we a lawful tyranny diſplace,
To ſet aloft a baſtard of the race?
Why all theſe wars to win the book, if we
Muſt not interpret for ourſelves, but ſhe?
Either be wholly ſlaves, or wholly free.
For purging fires traditions muſt not fight;
But they muſt prove epiſcopacy's right.
Thus thoſe led horſes are from ſervice freed;
You never mount them but in time of need.
Like mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,
They will not ſerve againſt their native prince.
Againſt domeſtic foes of hierarchy
Theſe are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly;
But, when they ſee their countrymen at hand,
Marching againſt them under church-command,
Straight they forſake their colours, and diſband.
Thus ſhe, nor could the Panther well enlarge
With weak defence againſt ſo ſtrong a charge;
But ſaid: For what did Chriſt his word provide,
If ſtill his church muſt want a living guide?
And if all-ſaving doctrines are not there,
Or ſacred penmen could not make them clear,
From after-ages we ſhould hope in vain
For truths, which men inſpir'd could not explain.
Before the word was written, ſaid the Hind,
Our Saviour preach'd his faith to human-kind:
From his apoſtles the firſt age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.
Thus by tradition faith was planted firſt;
Succeeding flocks ſucceeding paſtors nurs'd.
This was the way our wiſe Redeemer choſe,
(Who ſure could all things for the beſt diſpoſe)
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He could have writ himſelf, but well foreſaw
Th' event would be like that of Moſes' law;
Some difference would ariſe, ſome doubts remain,
Like thoſe which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
No written laws can be ſo plain, ſo pure,
But wit may gloſs, and malice may obſcure;

ndited by his firſt command,
grav'd the text, an angel held his hand.
was, ere the written word appear'd,
eliev'd not what they read but heard.
:h' apoſtles could not be confin'd
r thoſe, but ſeverally deſign'd
: commiſſion round the world to blow;
their faith, they ſpread their labours too.
eir abſent flock their pains did ſhare,
ken'd ſtill, for love produces care.
iſtakes aroſe, or diſcords fell,
ducers taught them to rebel,
' grew cold, or faction hot,
:glect their leſſons had forgot,
eir wants they wiſely did provide,
:hing by epiſtles was ſupply'd:
hyſicians cannot all attend,
they viſit, and to ſome they ſend.
oſe letters were not writ to all;
intended but occaſional,
ent ſermons; nor if they contain
ıl doctrines, are thoſe doctrines plain.
by frequent preaching muſt be wrought;
t but ſeldom, but they daily taught.
t one ſaint has ſaid of holy Paul,
kly writ," is true apply'd to all.
ecurity could heaven provide
dently than by a living guide,
s aroſe, the difference to decide?
was therefore needful, therefore made;
ppointed, ſure to be obey'd.
th due reverence to th' apoſtles' writ
i my ſons are taught, to which ſubmit;
thoſe truths, their ſacred works contain,
ch alone can certainly explain:
owing ages, leaning on the paſt,
upon the primitive at laſt.
ld I thence the word no rule infer,
: without the church-interpreter.
as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
ſelf the ſubject of diſpute.
t th' apoſtles their ſucceſſors taught,
the next, from them to us is brought,
oubted ſenſe which is in ſcripture ſought.
ace the church is arm'd, when errors riſe,
their entrance, and prevent ſurpriſe;
ſe entrench'd within, her outward foes
lefies.
all feſtering ſores her councils heal,
ime or has diſcloſ'd, or ſhall reveal;
rd cannot end without a laſt appeal.
a council national decide,
ı ſubordination to her guide:
the cauſe were on that iſſue try'd)
ſs the ſcripture; for ſuppoſe debate
pretenders to a fair eſtate,
h'd by ſome legator's laſt intent;
our dying Saviour's teſtament:)
l is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
ubtful heirs their differing titles plead:
ch the words their intereſt to maintain,
:h pretends by thoſe his cauſe is plain.
en the Teſtament award the right?
it's the Hungary for which they fight;
ld of battle, ſubject of debate;
ng contended for, the fair eſtate.
ıſe is intricate, 'tis only clear
owels and what conſonants are there.

Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning muſt be try'd
Before ſome judge appointed to decide.
Suppoſe, the fair apoſtate ſaid, I grant,
The faithful flock ſome living guide ſhould want,
Your arguments an endleſs chaſe purſue:
Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
This mighty Moſes of the choſen crew.
The dame, who ſaw her fainting foe retir'd,
With force renew'd, to victory aſpir'd;
And, looking upward to her kindred ſky,
As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
Pronounc'd his words—"ſhe whom you ſeek
"am I."
Nor leſs amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,
Than were thoſe Jews to hear a God declar'd.
Then thus the matron modeſtly renew'd:
Let all your prophets and their ſects be view'd,
And ſee to which of them yourſelves think fit
The conduct of your conſcience to ſubmit;
Each proſelyte would vote his doctor beſt,
With abſolute excluſion to the reſt:
Thus would your Poliſh diet diſagree,
And end, as it began, in anarchy:
Yourſelf the faireſt for election ſtand,
Becauſe you ſeem crown-general of the land:
But ſoon againſt your ſuperſtitious lawn
Some preſbyterian ſabre would be drawn:
In your eſtabliſh'd laws of ſovereignty
The reſt ſome fundamental flaw would ſee,
And call rebellion goſpel-liberty.
To church-decrees your articles require
Submiſſion mollify'd, if not entire.
Homage deny'd, to cenſures you proceed:
But when Curtana will not do the deed,
You lay that pointleſs clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your ſword of juſtice, fly.
Now this your ſects the more unkindly take,
Thoſe prying varlets hit the blots you make,
Becauſe ſome ancient friends of yours declare,
Your only rule of faith the ſcriptures are.
Interpreted by men of judgment ſound,
Which every ſect will for themſelves expound;
Nor think leſs reverence to their doctors due
For ſound interpretation, than to you.
If then, by able heads, are underſtood
Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad;
Thoſe able heads expound a wiſer way,
That their own ſheep their ſhepherd ſhould obey.
But if you mean yourſelves are only ſound,
That doctrine turns the reformation round,
And all the reſt are falſe reformers found;
Becauſe in ſundry points you ſtand alone,
Not in communion join'd with any one;
And therefore muſt be all the church, or none.
Then, till you have agreed whoſe judge is beſt,
Againſt this forc'd ſubmiſſion they proteſt:
While ſound and ſound a different ſenſe explains,
Both play at hardhead till they break their brains;
And from their chairs each other's force defy,
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
I paſs the reſt, becauſe your church alone
Of all uſurpers beſt could fill the throne.
But neither you, nor any ſect beſide,
For this high office can be qualify'd,
With neceſſary gifts requir'd in ſuch a guide.
For that, which muſt direct the whole, muſt be
Bound in one bond of faith and unity:
But all your ſeveral churches diſagree

The conſubſtantiating church and prieſt
Refuſe communion to the Calviniſt:
The French reform'd from preaching you reſtrain,
Becauſe you judge their ordination vain;
And ſo they judge of yours, but donors muſt ordain.
In ſhort, in doctrine, or in diſcipline,
Not one reform'd can with another join:
But all from each, as from damnation, fly;
Nè union they pretend, but in Non-Popery:
Nor, ſhould their members in a ſynod meet,
Could any church preſume to mount the ſeat,
Above the reſt, their diſcords to decide;
None would obey, but each would be the guide:
And face to face diſſenſions would increaſe;
For only diſtance now preſerves the peace.
All in their turns accuſers, and accus'd:
Babel was never half ſo much confus'd:
What one can plead the reſt can plead as well;
For amongſt equals lies no laſt appeal,
And all confeſs themſelves are fallible.
Now ſince you grant ſome neceſſary guide,
All who can err are juſtly laid aſide:
Becauſe a truſt ſo ſacred to confer
Shews want of ſuch a ſure interpreter;
And how can he be needful who can err?
Then granting that unerring guide we want,
That ſuch there is you ſtand oblig'd to grant:
Our Saviour elſe were wanting, to ſupply
Our needs, and obviate that neceſſity.
It then remains, that church can only be
The guide, which owns unfailing certainty;
Or elſe you ſlip your hold, and change your ſide,
Relapſing from a neceſſary guide.
But this annex'd condition of the crown,
Immunity from errors, you diſown;
Here then you ſhrink, and lay your weak pretenſions down.
For petty royalties you raiſe debate;
But this unfailing univerſal ſtate
You ſhun; nor dare ſucceed to ſuch a glorious weight;
And for that cauſe thoſe promiſes deteſt,
With which our Saviour did his church inveſt;
But ſtrive t' evade, and fear to find them true,
As conſcious they were never meant to you:
All which the mother-church aſſerts her own,
And with unrival'd claim aſcends the throne.
So when of old th' almighty Father ſate
In council, to redeem our ruin'd ſtate,
Millions of millions, at a diſtance round,
Silent the ſacred conſiſtory crown'd,
To hear what mercy, mixt with juſtice, could propound:
All prompt with eager pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their Creator's will.
But when the ſtern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whiſper through the hoſt was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
Submiſſively declin'd the ponderous proffer'd crown.
Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high
Roſe in the ſtrength of all the Deity:
Stood forth t' accept the terms, and underwent
A weight which all the frame of heaven had bent,
Nor he himſelf could bear, but as Omnipotent.
Now, to remove the leaſt remaining doubt,
That ev'n the blear-ey'd ſects may find her out,
Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,
What from his wardrobe her Belov'd allows
To deck the wedding-day of his unſpotted ſpouſe.
Behold what marks of majeſty ſhe brings;
Richer than ancient heirs of eaſtern kings:
Her right hand holds the ſceptre and the keys,
To ſhew whom ſhe commands, and who obeys:
With theſe to bind, or ſet the ſinner free,
With that to aſſert ſpiritual royalty.
One in herſelf, not rent by ſchiſm, but ſound,
Entire, one ſolid ſhining diamond;
Not ſparkles ſhatter'd into ſects like you:
One is the church, and muſt be to be true;
One central principle of unity,
As undivided, ſo from errors free,
As one in faith, ſo one in ſanctity.
Thus ſhe, and none but ſhe, th' inſulting rage
Of heretics oppos'd from age to age:
Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
She ſtoops from heaven, and meets them half way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
But like Egyptian ſorcerers you ſtand,
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,
To ſweep away the ſwarms of vermin from the land:
You could like them, with like infernal force,
Produce the plague, but not arreſt the courſe.
But when the boils and blotches, with diſgrace
And public ſcandal, ſat upon the face,
Themſelves attack'd, the Magi ſtrove no more,
They ſaw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themſelves they could not cure of the diſhoneſt ſore.
Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely ſpread,
Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
From eaſt to weſt triumphantly ſhe rides,
All ſhores are water'd by her wealthy tides.
The goſpel-ſound, diffus'd from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll,
The ſelf-ſame doctrine of the ſacred page
Convey'd to every clime in every age.
Here let my ſorrow give my ſatire place,
To raiſe new bluſhes on my Britiſh race;
Our ſailing ſhips like common-ſewers we uſe,
And through our diſtant colonies diffuſe
The draught of dungeons, and the ſtench of ſtews.
Whom, when their home-bred honeſty is loſt,
We diſembogue on ſome far Indian coaſt:
Thieves, pandars, pailards, ſins of every ſort;
Thoſe are the manufactures we export;
And theſe the miſſioners our zeal has made:
For, with my country's pardon be it ſaid,
Religion is the leaſt of all our trade.
Yet ſome improve their traffic more than we;
For they on gain, their only god, rely,
And ſet a public price on piety.
Induſtrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full ſail to their Japonian mart;
Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame,
Sell all of Chriſtian to the very name;
Nor leave enough of that to hide their naked ſhame.
Thus, of three marks, which in the creed we view,
Not one of all can be applied to you:

he fourth; in vain, alas! you ſeek
ous title of apoſtolic:
ſcent! 'tis well your blood can be
e in the third or fourth degree:
cient that you had before,
at is not borrow'd from our ſtore)
ilminated o'er and o'er;
condemn'd in ages paſt,
time recover'd from the blaſt.
with eaſe, but never can be prov'd,
her old foundations has remov'd,
ew doctrines on unſtable ſands:
ye winds and rains: you prov'd her, yet
ſtands.
nt doctrines charg'd on her for new,
n, and how, and from what hands they
v.
o power, when hereſies grow bold,
w faith, but ſtill declare the old.
uld that obſcene diſeaſe be purg'd,
roverted texts are vainly urg'd?
adition new, there's ſomewhat more
an ſaying, 'twas not us'd before.
umental arms are never ſtirr'd,
or hereſy call down Goliah's ſword.
hat you call corruptions, are, in truth,
antations of the goſpel's youth;
d faith: but caſt your eyes again,
hoſe errors which new ſects maintain,
of old diſturb'd the church's peaceful
n;
n point each period of the time,
began, and who begot the crime;
ite how long th' eclipſe endur'd,
os'd, what digits were obſcur'd:
h are already paſs'd away,
the riſe, the progreſs, and decay.
t our foundations then to ſtrike,
n prove your faith apoſtolic;
ream drawn from the native ſource;
lawful in a lineal courſe.
church, oppos'd to this our head,
pure, ſo unconfin'dly ſpread,
chief of the ſpiritual ſtate,
ers all combin'd, and all ſubordinate.
a ſeamleſs coat, from ſchiſm ſo free,
munion join'd with hereſy.
ie you find, let truth prevail:
your weights will in the balance fail:
inprincipled kicks up the ſcale.
cannot think (nor ſure you can
God what were unjuſt in man)
he fountain of eternal grace,
ſer falſehood, for ſo long a ſpace,
truth, and to uſurp her place:
ſucceſſive ages ſhould be loſt,
h damnation at their proper coſt;
our erring anceſtors ſhould die,
n th' abyſs of deep idolatry:
bid ſuch thoughts to riſe,
nd open your unwilling eyes:
left nothing for each age undone,
to that wherein he ſent his Son:
k but well of him, and half your work is
ne.

See how his church, adorn'd with every grace,
With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
Stands ready to prevent her long-loſt ſon's embrace.
Not more did Joſeph o'er his brethren weep,
Nor leſs himſelf could from diſcovery keep,
When in the crowd of ſuppliants they were ſeen,
And in their crew his beſt-beloved Benjamin.
That pious Joſeph in the church behold,
To feed your famine, and refuſe your gold;
The Joſeph you exil'd, the Joſeph whom you ſold.
Thus, while with heavenly charity ſhe ſpoke,
A ſtreaming blaze the ſilent ſhadows broke;
Shot from the ſkies; a chearful azure light:
The birds obſcene to foreſts wing'd their flight,
And gaping graves receiv'd the wandering guilty ſpright.
Such were the pleaſing triumphs of the ſky,
For James's late nocturnal victory;
The pledge of his Almighty patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above.
I ſaw myſelf the lambent eaſy light
Gild the brown horror, and diſpel the night:
The meſſenger with ſpeed the tidings bore:
News, which three labouring nations did reſtore;
But heaven's own Nuntius was arriv'd before.
By this, the Hind had reach'd her lonely cell,
And vapors roſe, and dews unwholſome fell.
When ſhe, by frequent obſervation wiſe,
As one who long on heaven had fix'd her eyes,
Diſcern'd a change of weather in the ſkies.
The weſtern borders were with crimſon ſpread,
The moon deſcending look'd all-flaming red?
She thought good-manners bound her to invite
The ſtranger dame to be her gueſt that night.
'Tis true, coarſe diet, and a ſhort repaſt,
(She ſaid) were weak inducements to the taſte
Of one ſo nicely bred, and ſo unus'd to faſt:
But what plain fare her cottage could afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board,
Was freely hers; and, to ſupply the reſt,
An honeſt meaning, and an open breaſt:
Laſt, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,
A grace-cup to their common patron's health.
This ſhe deſir'd her to accept, and ſtay,
For fear ſhe might be wilder'd in her way,
Becauſe ſhe wanted an unerring guide,
And then the dew-drops on her ſilken hide
Her tender conſtitution did declare,
Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
But moſt ſhe fear'd that, travelling ſo late
Some evil-minded beaſts might lie in wait,
And without witneſs wreak their hidden hate.
The Panther, though ſhe lent a liſtening ear,
Had more of lion in her than to fear:
Yet, wiſely weighing, ſince ſhe had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks ſhe could afford;
And took her friendly hoſteſs at her word:
Who entering firſt her lowly roof, a ſhed
With hoary moſs, and winding ivy ſpread,
Honeſt enough to hide an humble hermit's head,

Thus graciouſly beſpoke her welcome gueſt:
So might theſe walls, with your fair preſence bleſt,
Become your dwelling-place of everlaſting reſt;
Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
Welcome an owner, not a ſojourner.
This peaceful ſeat my poverty ſecures;
War ſeldom enters but where wealth allures:
Nor yet deſpiſe it; for this poor abode
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives, a God;
A God victorious of a Stygian race
Here laid his ſacred limbs, and ſanctify'd the place.
This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain:
Be emulous of him, and pomp diſdain,
And dare not to debaſe your ſoul to gain.
The ſilent ſtranger ſtood amaz'd to ſee
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty:
And, though ill habits are not ſoon control'd,
A while ſuſpended her deſire of gold.
But civilly drew in her ſharpen'd paws,
Not violating hoſpitable laws,
And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.
The Hind did firſt her country cates provide;
Then couch'd herſelf ſecurely by her ſide.

THE THIRD PART.

MUCH malice mingled with a little wit,
Perhaps, may cenſure this myſterious writ:
Becauſe the Muſe has peopled Caledon
With Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beaſts unknown,
As if we were not ſtock'd with monſters of our own.
Let Æſop anſwer, who has ſet to view
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
And mother Hubbard, in her homely dreſs,
Has ſharply blam'd a Britiſh Lioneſs;
That queen, whoſe feaſt the factious rabble keep,
Expos'd obſcenely naked and aſleep.
Led by thoſe great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words ſupply?
If men tranſact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.
Others our Hind of folly will indite,
To entertain a dangerous gueſt by night.
Let thoſe remember, that ſhe cannot die
Till rolling time is loſt in round eternity;
Nor need ſhe fear the Panther, though untam'd,
Becauſe the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd:
The wary ſavage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her prince:
But watch'd the time her vengeance to complete,
When all her furry ſons in frequent ſenate met.
Meanwhile ſhe quench'd her fury at the flood,
And with a lenten ſallad cool'd her blood.
Their commons, though but coarſe, were nothing ſcant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.
For now the Hind, whole noble nature ſtrove
T' expreſs her plain ſimplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her houſe ſo well,
No ſharp debates diſturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers paſt, a ſadly-pleaſing theme
Remembering every ſtorm which toſs'd the ſtate,
When both were objects of the public hate,
And dropt a tear betwixt for her own children's fate.
Nor fail'd ſhe then a full review to make
Of what the Panther ſuffer'd for her ſake:
Her loſt eſteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unſhaken to an exil'd heir,
Her ſtrength t' endure, her courage to defy;
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On theſe, prolixly thankful, ſhe enlarg'd;
Then with acknowledgment herſelf ſhe charg'd;
For friendſhip, of itſelf an holy tie,
Is made more ſacred by adverſity.
Now ſhould they part, malicious tongues would ſay,
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had poſſeſs'd;
While danger laſted, kindneſs was profeſs'd;
But, that once o'er, the ſhort-liv'd union ends:
The road divides, and there divide the friends.
The Panther nodded when her ſpeech was done,
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone:
But ſaid, her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of chriſtian care.
If to the lawful heir ſhe had been true,
She paid but Cæſar what was Cæſar's due.
I might, ſhe added, with like praiſe deſcribe
Your ſuffering ſons, and ſo return your bribe:
But incenſe from my hands is poorly priz'd;
For gifts are ſcorn'd where givers are deſpis'd.
I ſerv'd a turn, and then was caſt away;
You, like the gaudy fly, your wings diſplay,
And ſip the ſweets, and baſk in your great patron's day.
This heard, the matron was not ſlow to find
What ſort of malady had ſeiz'd her mind:
Diſdain, with gnawing envy, fell deſpight,
And canker'd malice, ſtood in open ſight:
Ambition, intereſt, pride without control,
And jealouſy, the jaundice of the ſoul;
Revenge, the bloody miniſter of ill,
With all the lean tormentors of the will.
'Twas eaſy now to gueſs from whence aroſe
Her new-made union with her ancient foes,
Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindneſs with an alter'd face:
Yet durſt ſhe not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping ſtill the nobler parts were ſound:
But ſtrove with Anodynes t' aſſuage the ſmart,
And mildly thus her medicine did impart.
Complaints of lovers help to eaſe their pain;
It ſhows a reſt of kindneſs to complain;
A friendſhip loth to quit its former hold;
And conſcious merit may be juſtly bold.
But much more juſt your jealouſy would ſhew,
If others' good were injury to you:
Witneſs, ye heavens, how I rejoice to ſee
Rewarded worth and riſing loyalty.
Your warrior offſpring that upheld the crown,
The ſcarlet honour of your peaceful gown,
Are the moſt pleaſing objects I can find,
Charms to my ſight, and cordials to my mind;

When virtue ſpooms before a proſperous gale,
My heaving wiſhes help to fill the ſail;
And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,
Cæſar ſhould ſtill have ſuch, and ſuch ſhould ſtill reward.
The labour'd earth your pains have ſow'd and till'd;
'Tis juſt you reap the product of the field:
Your's be the harveſt, 'tis the beggar's gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain
Such ſcatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity for alms may ſafely ſpare,
For alms are but the vehicles of prayer.
My daily bread is literally implor'd;
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.
If Cæſar to his own his hand extends,
Say which of yours his charity offends:
You know he largely gives to more than are his friends.
Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?
Our mite decreaſes nothing of your ſtore.
I am but few, and by your tare you ſee
My crying ſins are not of luxury
Some juſter motive ſure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendſhip's holy laws;
For barefac'd envy is too baſe a cauſe.
Shew more occaſion for your diſcontent;
Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent:
Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some French, where force is uppermoſt, will do.
When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a ſwilling draught,
How eaſy 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the ſheep for troubling ſtreams below;
Or call her (when no farther cauſe you find)
An enemy profeſs'd of all your kind.
But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think,
The Wolf deſign'd to eat as well as drink.
This laſt alluſion gall'd the Panther more,
Becauſe indeed it rubb'd upon the ſore.
Yet ſeem'd ſhe not to winch, though ſhrewdly pain'd:
But thus her paſſive character maintain'd.
I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,
Your ſtaunting fortune in the Lion's court.
You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the ſuffering ſide:
You know my doctrine, and I need not ſay
I will not, but I cannot diſobey.
On this firm principle I ever ſtood;
He of my ſons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.
Ah, ſaid the Hind, how many ſons have you,
Who call you mother, whom you never knew!
But moſt of them who that relation plead,
Are ſuch ungracious youths as wiſh you dead.
They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grandame gold;
Enquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper ſhews you much declin'd.
Were you not dim, and doated, you might ſee
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you than you to me.
Do you not know, that for a little coin,
Heralds can foiſt a name into the line?
They aſk you bleſſing but for what you have,
But once poſſeſs'd of what with care you ſave,
The wanton boys would piſs upon your grave.

Your ſons of latitude that court your grace,
Though moſt reſembling you in form and face,
Are far the worſt of your pretended race.
And, but I bluſh your honeſty to blot,
Pray God you prove them lawfully begot:
For in ſome popiſh libels I have read,
The Wolf has been too buſy in your bed;
At leaſt her hinder parts, the belly-piece,
The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.
Their malice too a ſore ſuſpicion brings;
For though they dare not bark, they ſnarl at kings:
Nor blame them for intruding in your line;
Fat biſhoprics are ſtill of right divine.
Think you your new French proſelytes are come
To ſtarve abroad, becauſe they ſtarv'd at home?
Your benefices twinkled from afar;
They found the new Meſſiah by the ſtar:
Thoſe Swiſſes fight on any ſide for pay,
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes divide,
Some ſtick to you, and ſome to t' other ſide,
That many churches may for many mouths provide.
More vacant pulpits would more converts make;
All would have latitude enough to take:
The reſt unbenefic'd your ſects maintain;
For ordinations without cures are vain,
And chamber practice is a ſilent gain.
Your ſons of breadth at home are much like theſe;
Their ſoft and yielding metals run with eaſe:
They melt, and take the figure of the mould;
But harden and preſerve it beſt in gold.
Your Delphic ſword, the Panther then reply'd,
Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either ſide.
Some ſons of mine, who bear upon their ſhield
Three ſteeples argent in a ſable field,
Have ſharply tax'd your converts, who unfed
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
Such who themſelves of no religion are,
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.
Bare lies with bold aſſertions they can face;
But dint of argument is out of place.
The grim logician puts them in a fright;
'Tis eaſier far to flourith than to fight.
Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;
They ſay the ſchiſm of beds began the game,
Divorcing from the church to wed the dame:
Though largely prov'd, and by himſelf profeſs'd,
That conſcience, conſcience would not let him reſt:
I mean, not till poſſeſs'd of her he lov'd,
And old, uncharming Catharine was remov'd.
For ſundry years before he did complain,
And told his ghoſtly confeſſor his pain.
With the ſame impudence, without a ground,
They ſay that, took the reformation round,
No treatiſe of humility is found.
But if none were, the goſpel does not want;
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
The ſermon on the mount was proteſtant.
No doubt, reply'd the Hind, as ſure as all
The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul:
On that deciſion let it ſtand or fall.
Now for my converts, who, you ſay, unfed
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
Judge not by hearſay, but obſerve at leaſt,
If ſince their change their loaves have been increas'd.
The Lion buys no converts; if he did,
Beaſts would be ſold as faſt as he could bid.

Tax thoſe of intereſt who conform for gain,
Or ſtay the market of another reign:
Your broad-way ſons would never be too nice
To cloſe with Calvin, if he paid their price;
But rais'd three ſteeples higher would change their note,
And quit the caſſock for the canting-coat.
Now, if you damn this cenſure, as too bold,
Judge by yourſelves, and think not others ſold.
Mean-time my ſons accus'd, by fame's report,
Pay ſmall attendance at the Lion's court,
Nor riſe with early crowds, nor flatter late;
For ſilently they beg, who daily wait.
Preferment is beſtowed, that comes unſought;
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought
How they ſhould ſpeed, their fortune is untry'd;
For not to aſk, is not to be deny'd.
For what they have, their God and king they bleſs,
And hope they ſhould not murmur had they leſs.
But if reduc'd ſubſiſtence to implore,
In common prudence they would paſs your door.
Unpity'd Hudibras, your champion friend,
Has ſhewn how far your charities extend.
This laſting verſe ſhall on his tomb be read,
"He ſham'd you living, and upbraids you dead."
With odious atheiſt names you load your foes;
Your liberal clergy why did I expoſe?
It never fails in charities like thoſe.
In climes where true religion is profeſs'd,
That imputation were no laughing jeſt.
But Imprimatur, with a chaplain's name,
Is here ſufficient licence to defame.
What wonder is 't that black detraction thrives;
The homicide of names is leſs than lives;
And yet the perjur'd murderer ſurvives.
This ſaid, ſhe paus'd a little, and ſuppreſs'd
The boiling indignation of her breaſt.
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
Pollute her ſatire with ignoble blood:
Her panting foe ſhe ſaw before her eye,
And back ſhe drew the ſhining weapon dry.
So when the generous Lion has in ſight
His equal match, he rouzes for the fight;
But when his foe lies proſtrate on the plain,
He ſheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
And, pleas'd with bloodleſs honours of the day,
Walks over and diſdains th' inglorious prey.
So James, if great with leſs we may compare,
Arreſts his rolling thunder bolts in air;
And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd ſpace,
T' implore the remnants of long-ſuffering grace.
This breathing-time the matron took; and then
Reſum'd the thread of her diſcourſe again.
Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,
And let heaven judge betwixt your ſons and mine:
If joys hereafter muſt be purchas'd here
With loſs of all that mortals hold ſo dear,
Then welcome infamy and public ſhame,
And, laſt, a long farewell to worldly fame.
'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but, oh, how hardly try'd
By haughty ſouls to human honour ty'd!
O ſharp convulſive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then thou rebel, never more to riſe,
And what thou didſt and doſt ſo dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy ſacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou haſt given, then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou haſt to give:
Then add thoſe may-be years thou haſt to live:
Yet nothing ſtill; then poor, and naked come:
Thy father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy bleſt Saviour's blood diſcharge the mighty ſum.
Thus (ſhe purſued) I diſcipline a ſon,
Whoſe uncheck'd fury to revenge would run:
He champs the bit, impatient of his loſs,
And ſtarts aſide, and flounders at the croſs.
Inſtruct him better, gracious God! to know,
As thine is vengeance, ſo forgiveneſs too.
That ſuffering from ill tongues, he bears no more
Than what his ſovereign bears, and what his Saviour bore.
It now remains for you to ſchool your child,
And aſk why God's anointed he revil'd;
A king and princeſs dead! did Shimei worſe?
The curſer's puniſhment ſhould fright the curſe:
Your ſon was warn'd, and wiſely gave it o'er,
But he who counſel'd him has paid the ſcore:
The heavy malice could no higher tend,
But woe to him on whom the weights deſcend!
So to permitted ills the dæmon flies;
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the ſkies:
Conſtrain'd to quit his cauſe, no ſuccour found,
The foe diſcharges every tire around,
In clouds of ſmoke abandoning the fight;
But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.
In Henry's change his charge as ill ſucceeds;
To that long ſtory little anſwer needs:
Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.
Were ſpace allow'd, with eaſe it might be prov'd,
What ſprings his bleſſed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open fight,
Which from the cauſe he calls a diſtant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the ſun to light.
Now let your ſons a double pæan ſound,
A treatiſe of humility is found.
'Tis found, but better had it ne'er been ſought,
Than thus in proteſtant proceſſion brought.
The fam'd original through Spain is known,
Rodriguez' work, my celebrated ſon,
Which yours, by ill-tranſlating, made his own;
Conceal'd its author, and uſurp'd the name.
The baſeſt and ignobleſt theft of fame.
My altars kindled firſt that living coal;
Reſtore or practiſe better what you ſtole:
That virtue could this humble verſe inſpire,
'Tis all the reſtitution I require.
Glad was the Panther that the charge was clos'd,
And none of all her favourite ſons expos'd.
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,
To make himſelf a ſaver where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of pirates in whoſe hands he fell;
But at the den of thieves he juſtly flies,
And every Algerine is lawful prize.
No private perſon in the foe's eſtate
Can plead exemption from the public fate.
Yet chriſtian laws allow not ſuch redreſs;
Then let the greater ſuperſede the leſs.
But let th' abetters of the Panther's crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may ſure be found to write
Among her ſons; for 'tis no common ſight,
A ſpotted dam, and all her offspring white.

The Savage, though ſhe ſaw her plea control'd,
Yet would not wholly ſeem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the ſtrife,
And judge converſion by the convert's life.
'Tis true, ſhe ſaid, I think it ſomewhat ſtrange,
So few ſhould follow profitable change:
For preſent joys are more to fleſh and blood,
Than a dull proſpect of a diſtant good.
'Twas well alluded by a ſon of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin)
Two magnets, heaven and earth allude to bliſs;
The larger loadſtone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails;
We nod a while, but neighbourhood prevails:
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come ſo ſlow.
Methinks in thoſe who firm with me remain,
It ſhows a nobler principle than gain.
Your inference would be ſtrong (the Hind reply'd)
If yours were in effect the ſuffering ſide:
Your clergy's ſons their own in peace poſſeſs,
Nor are their proſpects in reverſion leſs.
My proſelytes are ſtruck with awful dread;
Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their head;
The reſpite they enjoy but only lent,
The beſt they have to hope, protracted puniſhment.
Be judge yourſelf if intereſt may prevail,
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the ſcale.
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous eaſe,
That is, till man's predominant paſſions ceaſe,
Admire no longer at my flow increaſe.
By education moſt have been miſled;
So they believe, becauſe they ſo were bred.
The prieſt continues what the nurſe began,
And thus the child impoſes on the man.
The reſt I nam'd before, nor need repeat:
But intereſt is the moſt prevailing cheat,
The ſly ſeducer both of age and youth;
They ſtudy that, and think they ſtudy truth.
When intereſt fortifies an argument,
Weak reaſon ſerves to gain the will's aſſent;
For ſouls, already warp'd, receive an eaſy bent.
Add long preſcription of eſtabliſh'd laws,
And pique of honour to maintain a cauſe,
And ſhame of change, and fear of future ill,
And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And chief among the ſtill-miſtaking crowd,
The fame of teachers obſtinate and proud,
And more than all the private judge allow'd;
Diſdain of fathers which the dance began,
And laſt, uncertain whoſe the narrower ſpan,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.
To this the Panther, with a ſcornful ſmile:
Yet ſtill you travel with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without control,
Among my ſons for proſelytes to prowl,
And here and there you ſnap ſome ſilly ſoul.
You hinted fears of future change in ſtate;
Pray heaven you did not prophely your fate!
Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
But may miſtake the ſeaſon of the year;
The Swallow's fortune gives you cauſe to fear.
For charity, reply'd the Matron, tell
What ſad miſchance thoſe pretty birds befel.
Nay, no miſchance, the Savage Dame reply'd,
But want of wit in their unerring guide,
And eager haſte, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
Yet wiſhing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.
The Swallow, privileg'd above the reſt
Of all the birds, familiar as the gueſt,
Purſues the ſun in ſummer briſk and bold,
But wiſely ſhuns the perſecuting cold:
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
Though 'tis not thought ſhe feeds on ſmoke alone.
From hence ſhe has been held of heavenly line,
Endued with particles of ſoul divine.
This merry choriſter had long poſſeſs'd
Her ſummer ſeat, and feather'd well her neſt:
Till frowning ſkies began to change their chear,
And time turn'd up the wrong ſide of the year;
The ſhedding trees began the ground to ſtrow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blaſts to blow.
Sad auguries of winter thence ſhe drew,
Which by inſtinct, or prophecy, ſhe knew:
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And ſeek a better heaven, and warmer climes.
Her ſons were ſummon'd on a ſteeple's height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that ſhould be fair:
All to the general rendezvous repair,
They try their fluttering wings, and truſt themſelves in air.
But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elſewhere, concerns us not to know.
Southwards, you may be ſure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:
Next morn they roſe, and ſet up every ſail;
The wind was fair, but blew a Mackrel gale:
The ſickly young ſat ſhivering on the ſhore,
Abhorr'd ſalt-water never ſeen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The paſſage, and expect a fairer day.
With theſe the Martin readily concurr'd,
A church-begot and church-believing bird;
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round-belly'd, for a dignity deſign'd,
And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind.
Yet often quoted Canon-laws, and Code,
And fathers which he never underſtood:
But little learning needs in noble blood.
For, ſooth to ſay, the Swallow brought him in,
Her houſhold chaplain, and her next of kin:
In ſuperſtition ſilly to exceſs,
And caſting ſchemes by planetary gueſs:
In fine, ſhort-wing'd, unfit himſelf to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the ſky.
Beſides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
Left of their lodging, was obſerv'd to croak.
That omen lik'd him not: ſo his advice
Was preſent ſafety, bought at any price;
A ſeeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.
To ſtrengthen this, he told a boding dream,
Of riſing waters, and a troubled ſtream,
Sure ſigns of anguiſh, dangers, and diſtreſs,
With ſomething more, not lawful to expreſs:

By which he ſlily ſeemed to intimate
Some ſecret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inſcrib'd with ſacred rhyme,
Whoſe antique characters did well denote
The Sybil's hand of the Cumæan grot:
The mad divineress had plainly writ,
A time ſhould come, but many ages yet,
In which, ſiniſter deſtinies ordain,
A dame ſhould drown with all her feather'd train,
And ſeas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.
At this, ſome ſhook for fear, the more devout
Aroſe, and bleſs'd themſelves from head to foot.
'Tis true, ſome ſtagers of the wiſer ſort
Made all theſe idle wonderments their ſport:
They ſaid, their only danger was delay,
And he, who heard what every fool could ſay,
Would never fix his thought, but trim his time away.
The paſſage yet was good; the wind, 'tis true,
Was ſomewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than uſual equinoxes blew.
The ſun, already from the ſcales declin'd,
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worſe of weather and of wind.
Nor need they fear the dampneſs of the ſky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas only water thrown on ſails to dry.
But, leaſt of all, philoſophy preſumes
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:
Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of ghoſts that walk their midnight round,
Till groſſer atoms tumbling in the ſtream
Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream:
As little weight his vain prefaces bear,
Of ill effect to ſuch alone who fear:
Moſt prophecies are of a piece with theſe,
Each Noſtradamus can foretel with eaſe:
Not naming perſons and confounding times,
One caſual truth ſupports a thouſand lying rhymes.
Th' advice was true; but fear had ſeiz'd the moſt,
And all good counſel is on cowards loſt.
The queſtion crudely put to ſhun delay,
'Twas carried by the major part to ſtay.
His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated thence
His power, and from a prieſt became a prince.
He order'd all things with a buſy care,
And cells and refectories did prepare,
And large proviſions laid of winter fare:
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that heaven ſome miracle might ſhow,
And for their ſakes the ſun ſhould backward go;
Againſt the laws of nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the Ram, renew the prime:
For which two proofs in ſacred ſtory lay,
Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joſhua's day.
In expectation of ſuch times as theſe,
A chapel hous'd them, truly call'd of eaſe:
For Martin much devotion did not aſk;
They pray'd ſometimes, and that was all their taſk.
It happen'd, as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit,
That this accompliſh'd, or at leaſt in part,
Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art.
Some Swifts, the giants of the Swallow kind,
Large-limb'd, ſtout-hearted, but of ſtupid mind,
(For Swiſſes or for Gibeonites deſign'd),
Theſe lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
To ſuck freſh air, ſurvey'd the neighbouring plain;
And ſaw (but ſcarcely could believe their eyes)
New bloſſoms flouriſh and new flowers ariſe;
As God had been abroad, and, walking there,
Had left his footſteps, and reform'd the year:
The ſunny hills from far were ſeen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burniſh'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.
At laſt they heard the fooliſh Cuckow ſing,
Whoſe note proclaim'd the holy-day of ſpring.
No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repoſſeſs their patrimonial ſky.
The prieſt before them did his wings diſplay:
And, that good omens might attend their way,
As luck would have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.
Who but the Swallow triumphs now alone?
The canopy of heaven is all her own:
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and ſkim in air,
And dip for inſects in the purling ſprings,
And ſtoop on rivers to refreſh their wings.
Their mothers think a fair proviſion made,
That every ſon can live upon his trade:
And, now the careful charge is off their hands,
Look out for huſbands, and new nuptial bands:
The youthful widow longs to be ſupply'd;
But firſt the lover is by lawyers ty'd
To ſettle jointure-chimnies on the bride.
So thick they couple in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
That Martin's marriage-offerings riſe apace.
Their ancient houſes, running to decay,
Are furbiſh'd up, and cemented with clay;
They teem already, ſtore of eggs are laid,
And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid.
Fame ſpreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
In flocks to greet the new returning year,
To bleſs the founder, and partake the cheer.
And now 'twas time (ſo faſt their numbers riſe)
To plant abroad and people colonies.
The youth drawn forth, as Martin had deſir'd,
(For ſo their cruel deſtiny requir'd)
Were ſent far off on an ill-fated day;
The reſt would needs conduct them on their way,
And Martin went, becauſe he fear'd alone to ſtay.
So long they flew with inconſiderate haſte,
That now their afternoon began to waſte;
And, what was ominous, that very morn
The Sun was enter'd into Capricorn;
Which, by their bad aſtronomer's account,
That week the Virgin Balance ſhould remount.
An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the ſmall remainders of his day.
The crowd, amaz'd, purſu'd no certain mark;
But birds met birds, and juſtled in the dark:
Few mind the public in a panic fright;
And fear increas'd the horror of the night.

Night came, but unattended with repoſe;
Alone ſhe came, no ſleep their eyes to cloſe:
Alone, and black ſhe came; no friendly ſtars aroſe.
What ſhould they do, beſet with dangers round
No neighbouring dorp, no lodging to be found,
But bleaky plains, and bare unhoſpitable ground.
The latter brood, who juſt began to fly,
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the ſky,
For ſuccour to their helpleſs mother call;
She ſpread her wings; ſome few beneath them crawl;
She ſpread them wider yet, but could not cover all.
T' augment their woes, the winds began to move
Debate in air for empty fields above,
Till Boreas got the ſkies, and pour'd amain
His rattling hailſtones mix'd with ſnow and rain.
The joyleſs morning late aroſe, and found
A dreadful deſolation reign around,
Some bury'd in the ſnow, ſome frozen to the ground.
The reſt were ſtruggling ſtill with death, and lay
The Crows and Ravens rights, an undefended prey:
Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
Had gain'd the ſhelter of a hollow tree:
But, ſoon diſcover'd by a ſturdy clown,
He headed all the rabble of a town,
And finiſh'd them with bats, or poll'd them down.
Martin himſelf was caught alive and try'd
For treaſonous crimes, becauſe the laws provide
No Martin there in winter ſhall abide.
High on an oak, which never leaf ſhall bear,
He breath'd his laſt, expos'd to open air;
And there his corpſe unbleſs'd is hanging ſtill,
To ſhow the change of winds with his prophetic bill.
The patience of the Hind did almoſt fail;
For well ſhe mark'd the malice of the tale:
Which ribbald art their church to Luther owes;
In malice it began, by malice grows;
He ſow'd the ſerpent's teeth, an iron harveſt roſe.
But moſt in Martin's character and fate,
She ſaw her ſlander'd ſons the Panther's hate.
The people's rage, the perſecuting ſtate:
Then ſaid, I take th' advice in friendly part:
You clear your conſcience, or at leaſt your heart:
Perhaps you fail'd in your foreſeeing ſkill,
For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill:
As for my ſons, the family is bleſs'd,
Whoſe every child is equal to the reſt:
No church reform'd can boaſt a blameleſs line;
Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine:
Or elſe an old fanatic author lies,
Who ſummed their ſcandals up by centuries.
But through your parable I plainly ſee
The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;
The ſun-ſhine that offends the purblind ſight:
Had ſome their wiſhes, it would ſoon be night.
Miſtake me not; the charge concerns not you:
Your ſons are malecontents, but yet are true:
As far as non-reſiſtance makes them ſo;
But that's a word of neutral ſenſe, you know,
A paſſive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king.

Reſt well aſſur'd, the Pardelis reply'd,
My ſons would all ſupport the regal ſide,
Though heaven forbid the cauſe by battle ſhould be try'd.
The Matron anſwer'd with a loud Amen,
And thus purſued her argument again.
If, as you ſay, and as I hope no leſs,
Your ſons will practiſe what yourſelves profeſs,
What angry power prevents our preſent peace?
The Lion, ſtudious of our common good,
Deſires (and king's deſires are ill withſtood)
To join our nations in a laſting love;
The bars betwixt are eaſy to remove;
For ſanguinary laws were never made above.
If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
Whoſe mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly;
Make not a worſe example of your own;
Or ceaſe to rail at cauſeleſs rigour ſhown,
And let the guiltleſs perſon throw the ſtone.
His blunted ſword your ſuffering brotherhood
Have ſeldom felt; he ſtops it ſhort of blood:
But you have ground the perſecuting knife,
And ſet it to a razor edge on life.
Curs'd be the wit which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the ſcorpion's joins;
Your finger is more groſs than the great monarch's loins.
But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And ſtick it on the firſt reformers' coat.
Oh let their crime in long oblivion ſleep:
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.'
Unjuſt, or juſt, is all the queſtion now;
'Tis plain, that not revealing you allow.
To name the Teſt, would put you in a rage;
You charge not that on any former age.
But ſmile to think how innocent you ſtand,
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.
Yet ſtill remember, that you wield a ſword,
Forg'd by your foes againſt your ſovereign lord;
Deſign'd to hew th' imperial cedar down,
Defraud ſucceſſion, and diſ-heir the crown.
T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treaſon love.
What means it elſe, which now your children ſay,
We made it not, nor will we take away?
Suppoſe ſome great oppreſſor had, by ſlight
Of law, diſſeiz'd your brother of his right,
Your common ſire ſurrendering a fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title ſtand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More juſt was Judas, who his Saviour ſold;
The ſacrilegious bribe he could not hold,
Nor hang in peace, before he rendered back the gold.
What more could you have done, than now you do,
Had Oates and Bedloe, and their plot, been true?
Some ſpecious reaſons for thoſe wrongs were found;
Their dire magicians threw their miſts around,
And wiſe men walk'd as on inchanted ground.
But now, when time has made th' impoſture plain,
(Late though he follow'd truth, and limping held her train)
What new deluſion charms your cheated eyes again?

The painted harlot might a while bewitch,
But why the hag uncas'd, and all obſcene with itch?
The firſt reformers were a modeſt race;
Our peers poſſeſs'd in peace their native place;
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the ſtate,
They ſuffer'd only in the common fate:
But now the ſovereign mounts the regal chair,
And mitred ſeats are full, yet David's bench is bare.
Your anſwer is, they were not diſpoſſeſt:
They need but rub their metal on the teſt
To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone
Were touch'd and try'd on your diſcerning ſtone;
But that unfaithful teſt unſound will paſs,
The droſs of atheiſts, and ſectarian braſs:
As if th' experiment were made to hold
For baſe production, and reject the gold.
Thus men ungodded may to places riſe,
And ſects may be preferr'd without diſguiſe:
No danger to the church or ſtate from theſe;
The papiſt only has his writ of eaſe.
No gainful office gives him the pretence
To grind the ſubject or defraud the prince.
Wrong conſcience, or no conſcience, may deſerve
To thrive; but ours alone is privileg'd to ſtarve.
Still thank yourſelves, you cry; your noble race
We baniſh not, but they forſake the place;
Our doors are open: true, but ere they come,
You toſs your 'cenſing teſt, and fume the room;
As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the ſmell.
To this the Panther ſharply had reply'd;
But, having gain'd a verdict on her ſide,
She wiſely gave the loſer leave to chide;
Well ſatisfy'd to have the But and Peace,
And for the plaintiff's cauſe ſhe car'd the leſs,
Becauſe ſhe ſued *in forma pauperis*;
Yet thought it decent ſomething ſhould be ſaid;
For ſecret guilt by ſilence is betray'd.
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But anſwer'd with a yawning kind of pride.
Methinks ſuch terms of proffer'd peace you bring,
As once Æneas to th' Italian king:
By long poſſeſſion all the land is mine;
You ſtrangers come with your intruding line,
To ſhare my ſceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him an ancient pedigree,
And claim a peaceful ſeat by fate's decree.
In ready pomp your ſacrificer ſtands,
T' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
And, that the league more firmly may be ty'd,
Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.
Thus plauſibly you veil th' intended wrong,
But ſtill you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavour, in ſucceeding ſpace,
Thoſe houſhold puppets on our hearths to place.
Perhaps ſome barbarous laws have been preferr'd;
I ſpake againſt the teſt, but was not heard;
Theſe to reſcind, and peerage to reſtore,
My gracious ſovereign would my vote implore:
I owe him much, but owe my conſcience more.
Conſcience is then your plea, reply'd the dame,
Which well inform'd will ever be the ſame.
But yours is much of the camelion hue,
To change the die with every diſtant view.
When firſt the Lion ſat with awful ſway,
Your conſcience taught your duty to obey:
He might have had your ſtatutes and your teſt;
No conſcience but of ſubjects was profeſs'd.
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken reed your church rely'd.
In vain the ſects eſſay'd their utmoſt art,
With offer'd treaſure to eſpouſe their part;
Their treaſures were a bribe too mean to move his heart.
But when by long experience you had prov'd,
How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd;
A goodneſs that excell'd his godlike race,
And only ſhort of heaven's unbounded grace;
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our iſle,
Calm in the riſe, and fruitful as the Nile;
Forgetting whence your Egypt was ſupply'd,
You thought your ſovereign bound to ſend the tide:
Nor upward look'd on that immortal ſpring,
But vainly deem'd, he durſt not be a king:
Then Conſcience, unreſtrain'd by fear, began
To ſtretch her limits, and extend the ſpan;
Did his indulgence as her gift diſpoſe,
And make a wiſe alliance with her foes.
Can Conſcience own th' aſſociating name,
And raiſe no bluſhes to conceal her ſhame?
For ſure ſhe has been thought a baſhful dame.
But if the cauſe by battle ſhould be try'd,
You grant ſhe muſt eſpouſe the regal ſide:
O Proteus conſcience, never to be ty'd!
What Phœbus from the Tripod ſhall diſcloſe,
Which are, in laſt reſort, your friends or foes?
Homer, who learn'd the language of the ſky,
The ſeeming Cordian knot would ſoon untye;
Immortal powers the term of Conſcience know,
But intereſt is her name with men below.
Conſcience or Intereſt be't, or both in one,
(The Panther anſwer'd in a ſurly tone)
The firſt commands me to maintain the crown,
The laſt forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no ſons of yours admit,
Our teſt excludes your tribe from benefit.
Theſe are my banks your ocean to withſtand,
Which proudly riſing overlooks the land;
And once let in, with unreſiſted ſway,
Would ſweep the paſtors and their flocks away.
Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjuſt, but hard neceſſity:
Imperious need which cannot be withſtood,
Makes ill authentic for a greater good.
Poſſeſs your ſoul with patience, and attend:
A more auſpicious planet may aſcend;
Good fortune may preſent ſome happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling crime;
(Unwilling, witneſs all ye powers above)
To mend my errors, and redeem your love:
That little ſpace you ſafely may allow;
Your all-diſpenſing power protects you now.
Hold, ſaid the Hind, 'tis needleſs to explain;
You would poſtpone me to another reign;
Till when you are content to be unjuſt:
Your part is to poſſeſs, and mine to truſt.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For preſent profit and inheritance.
Few words will ſerve to finiſh our diſpute;
Who will not now repeal, would perſecute.
To ripen green revenge, your hopes attend,
Wiſhing that happier planet would aſcend.

For ſhame, let Conſcience be your plea no more :
To will hereafter, proves ſhe might before :
But ſhe's a bawd to gain, and holds the door.
Your care about your banks infers a fear
Of threatening floods and inundations near :
If ſo, a juſt repriſe would only be
Of what the land uſurp'd upon the ſea ;
And all your jealouſies but ſerve to ſhow,
Your ground is, like your neighbour-nation, low.
T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,
Is to diſtruſt the juſtice of your cauſe ;
And argues that the true religion lies
In thoſe weak adverſaries you deſpiſe.
Tyrannic force is that which leaſt you fear ;
The ſound is frightful in a chriſtian's ear :
Avert it, heaven! nor let that plague be ſent
To us from the diſpeopled continent.
But piety commands me to refrain ;
Thoſe prayers are needleſs in this monarch's reign.
Behold! how he protects your friends oppreſs'd,
Receives the baniſh'd, ſuccours the diſtreſs'd :
Behold, for you may read an honeſt open breaſt.
He ſtands in day-light, and diſdains to hide
An act, to which by honour he is ty'd,
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.
Your Teſt he would repeal, his peers reſtore ;
This when he ſays he means, he means no more.
Well, ſaid the Panther, I believe him juſt.
And yet—
And yet, 'tis but becauſe you muſt ;
You would be truſted, but you would not truſt.
The Hind thus briefly ; and diſdain'd t' inlarge
On power of kings, and their ſuperior charge,
As heaven's truſtees before the people's choice,
Though ſure the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear thoſe echos given of her once-loyal voice.
The Matron woo'd her kindneſs to the laſt,
But could not win ; her hour of grace was paſt.
Whom, thus perſiſting, when ſhe could not bring
To leave the Wolf, and to believe her king,
She gave her up, and fairly wiſh'd her joy
Of her late treaty with her new ally :
Which well ſhe hop'd would more ſucceſsful prove,
Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
The Panther aſk'd, what concord there could be
Betwixt two kinds whoſe natures diſagree ?
The Dame reply'd : 'Tis ſung in every ſtreet,
The common chat of goſſips when they meet :
But, ſince unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholeſome tale, though told in homely ſtyle.
A plain good man, whoſe name is underſtood,
(So few deſerve the name of plain and good)
Of three fair lineal lordſhips ſtood poſſeſs'd,
And liv'd, as reaſon was, upon the beſt.
Inur'd to hardſhips from his early youth,
Much had he done, and ſuffer'd for his truth :
At land and ſea, in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more adventurous knight,
Who oftener drew his ſword, and always for the right.
As fortune would (his fortune came, though late)
He took poſſeſſion of his juſt eſtate ;
Nor rack'd his tenants with increaſe of rent ;
Nor liv'd too ſparing, nor too largely ſpent ;
But overlook'd his Hinds ; their pay was juſt,
And ready, for he ſcorn'd to go on truſt :
Slow to reſolve, but in performance quick ;
So true, that he was aukward at a trick.
For little ſouls on little ſhifts rely,
And cowards arts of mean expedients try ;
The noble mind will dare do any thing but lye.
Falſe friends, his deadlieſt foes, could find no way
Put ſhows of honeſt bluntneſs, to betray :
That unſuſpected plainneſs he believ'd ;
He look'd into himſelf, and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky planet ſure attends his birth,
Or heaven would make a miracle on earth ;
For proſperous honeſty is ſeldom ſeen
To bear ſo dead a weight, and yet to win.
It looks as fate with nature's law would ſtrive,
To ſhew plain-dealing once an age may thrive :
And, when ſo tough a frame ſhe could not bend,
Exceeded her commiſſion to befriend.
This grateful man, as heaven increas'd his ſtore,
Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.
His houſe with all convenience was purvey'd ;
The reſt he found, but rais'd the fabric where he pray'd ;
And in that ſacred place his beauteous wife
Employ'd her happieſt hours of holy life.
Nor did their alms extend to thoſe alone,
Whom common faith more ſtrictly made their own ;
A ſort of Doves were hous'd too near their hall,
Who croſs the proverb, and abound with gall.
Though ſome, 'tis true, are paſſively inclin'd,
The greater part degenerate from their kind ;
Voracious birds that hotly bill and breed,
And largely drink becauſe on ſalt they feed.
Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws ;
Yet, bound by promiſe, he ſupports their cauſe,
As corporations privileg'd by laws.
That houſe which harbour to their kind affords,
Was built long ſince, God knows, for better birds ;
But fluttering there, they neſtle near the throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
Like Harpies they could ſcent a plenteous board,
Then to be ſure they never fail'd their lord :
The reſt was form, and bare attendance paid ;
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd ſtill for more ;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beerſheba poor.
All this they had by law, and none repin'd ;
The preference was but due to Levi's kind :
But when ſome lay-preferment fell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their inheritance.
When once poſſeſs'd, they never quit their claim ;
For then 'tis ſin to ſtify'd to heaven's high name ;
And hallow'd thus, they cannot give conſent,
The gift ſhould be prophan'd by worldly management.
Their fleſh was never to the table ſerv'd ;
Though 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were ſtarv'd ;
But that their maſter did not like the food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.
Nor did it with his gracious nature ſuit,
Ev'n though they were not doves, to perſecute :
Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton kind ſhould teach him abſtinence.
Nor conſecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which new from treading in their bills they brought :
But left his Hinds each in his private power,
That thoſe who like the bran might leave the flour.

He for himſelf, and not for others, choſe,
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impoſe;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And ſacrifice with ſolemn rites was made,
And ſacred incenſe on his altars laid.
Beſides theſe jolly birds, whoſe corpſe impure
Repaid their commons with the ſalt-manure;
Another farm he had behind his houſe,
Not overſtock'd, but barely for his uſe:
Wherein his poor domeſtic poultry fed,
And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread.
Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes,
Beheld theſe inmates, and their nurſeries:
Though hard their fare, at evening, and at morn,
A cruſe of water, and an ear of corn;
Yet ſtill they grudg'd that modicum, and thought
A ſheaf in every ſingle grain was brought.
Fain would they filch that little food away,
While unreſtrain'd thoſe happy gluttons prey.
And much they griev'd to ſee ſo nigh their hall,
The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall:
That he ſhould raiſe his mitred creſt on high,
And clap his wings, and call his family
To ſacred rites; and vex th' etherial powers
With midnight mattins at uncivil hours:
Nay more, his quiet neighbours ſhould moleſt,
Juſt in the ſweetneſs of their morning reſt.
Beaſt of a bird, ſupinely when he might
Lie ſnug and ſleep, to riſe before the light!
What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
Could he not let a bad example die?
The world was fallen into an eaſier way;
This age knew better than to faſt and pray.
Good ſenſe in ſacred worſhip would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year.
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing Chanticleers in cloyſter'd walls.
Expell'd for this, and for their lands, they fled:
And ſiſter Partlet with her hooded head
Was hooted hence, becauſe ſhe would not pray a-bed.
The way to win the reſtleſs world to God,
Was to lay by the diſciplining rod,
Unnatural faſts, and foreign forms of prayer:
Religion frights us with a mien ſevere.
'Tis prudence to reform her into eaſe,
And put her in undreſs to make her pleaſe:
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.
Such doctrines in the Pigeon-houſe were taught:
You need not aſk how woodrowly they wrought:
But ſure the common cry was all for theſe,
Whoſe life and precepts both encourag'd eaſe.
Yet fearing thoſe alluring baits might fail,
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail;
For vice, though frontleſs, and of harden'd face,
Is daunted at the ſight of awful grace,
An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor looks, nor ſhades, nor colours true;
And this groteſque deſign expos'd to public view.
One would have thought it ſome Egyptian piece,
With garden-gods, and barking deities,
More thick than Ptolemy has ſtuck the ſkies.
All ſo perverſe a draught, ſo far unlike,
It was no libel where it meant to ſtrike.
Yet ſtill the daubing pleas'd, and great and ſmall
To view the monſter crowded Pigeon-hall.

There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
Adoring ſhrines, and ſtocks of painted trees;
And by him, a miſhapen, ugly race;
The curſe of God was ſeen on every face:
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
But ſtill the worſe the look, the fitter for a fiend.
The maſter of the farm, diſpleas'd to find
So much of rancour in ſo mild a kind,
Enquir'd into the cauſe, and came to know,
The paſſive church had ſtruck the foremoſt blow
With groundleſs fears and jealouſies poſſeſt,
As if this troubleſome intruding gueſt
Would drive the birds of Venus from their neſt.
A deed his inborn equity abhorr'd;
But intereſt will not truſt, though God ſhould plight his word.
A law, the ſource of many future harms,
Had baniſh'd all the poultry from the farms;
With loſs of life, if any ſhould be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
That bloody ſtatute chiefly was deſign'd
For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
For them, for their inferiors and allies,
Their foes a deadly Shibboleth deviſe:
By which unrighteouſly it was decreed,
That none to truſt or profit ſhould ſucceed,
Who would not ſwallow firſt a poiſonous wicked weed;
Or that, to which old Socrates was curs'd,
Or henbane juice to ſwell them till they burſt.
The patron (as in reaſon) thought it hard
To ſee this inquiſition in his yard,
By which the ſovereign was of ſubjects' uſe debarr'd.
All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
Th' effects of ſo unnatural a law:
But ſtill the dove-houſe obſtinately ſtood
Deaf to their own, and to their neighbours good;
And which was worſe, if any worſe could be,
Repented of their boaſted loyalty:
Now made the champions of a cruel cauſe,
And drunk with fumes of popular applauſe;
For thoſe whom God to ruin has deſign'd,
He fits for fate, and firſt deſtroys their mind.
New doubts indeed they daily ſtrove to raiſe,
Suggeſted dangers, interpos'd delays;
And emiſſary Pigeons had in ſtore,
Such as the Meccan prophet us'd of yore,
To whiſper counſels in their patron's ear;
And veil'd their falſe advice with zealous fear.
The maſter ſmil'd, to ſee them work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
He ſaw, but ſuffer'd their protractive arts,
And ſtrove by mildneſs to reduce their hearts:
But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
And fondly clos'd with former enemies;
For fools are doubly fools endeavouring to be wiſe.
After a grave conſult what courſe were beſt,
One, more mature in folly than the reſt,
Stood up, and told them with his head aſide,
That deſperate cures muſt be to deſperate ills applied.
And therefore, ſince their main impending fear
Was from th' increaſing race of Chanticleer,

Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
A foe profeſs'd to him, and all his kind:
Some haggard Hawk who had her eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to faſten, and well wing'd to fly:
One they might truſt, their common wrongs to wreak:
The Muſquet and the Coyſtrel were too weak,
Too fierce the Falcon: but, above the reſt,
The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me beſt;
Of ſmall renown, 'tis true; for, not to lye,
We call him but a Hawk by courteſy.
I know he hates the Pigeon-houſe and Farm,
And more, in time of war, has done us harm:
But all his hate on trivial points depends:
Give up our forms, and we ſhall ſoon be friends.
For Pigeons fleſh he ſeems not much to care;
Cramm'd chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high Potentate, without delay,
I wiſh you would confer the ſovereign ſway:
Petition him t' accept the government,
And let a ſplendid embaſſy be ſent
This pithy ſpeech prevail'd; and all agreed,
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard ſhould ſucceed.
Their welcome ſuit was granted ſoon as heard,
His lodgings furniſh'd, and a train prepar'd,
With B's upon their breaſt, appointed for his guard.
He came, and, crown'd with great ſolemnity,
God ſave king Buzzard! was the general cry.
A portly prince, and goodly to the ſight,
He ſeem'd a ſon of Anach for his height:
Like thoſe whom ſtature did to crowns prefer:
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter:
Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight;
A prophet form'd to make a female proſelyte.
A theologue more by need than genial bent;
By breeding ſharp, by nature confident.
Intereſt in all his actions was diſcern'd;
More learn'd than honeſt, more a wit than learn'd:
Or forc'd by fear, or by his prophet led,
Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled:
But brought the virtues of his heaven along;
A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
And yet with all his arts he could not thrive;
The moſt unlucky paraſite alive.
Loud praiſes to prepare his paths he ſent,
And then himſelf purſued his compliment.
But, by reverſe of fortune, chac'd away,
His gifts no longer than their author ſtay:
He ſhakes the duſt againſt th' ungrateful race,
And leaves the ſtench of ordures in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd and blaſphem'd the ſame;
For in his rage he ſpares no ſovereign's name:
The hero and the tyrant change their ſtyle
By the ſame meaſure that they frown or ſmile.
When well receiv'd by hoſpitable foes,
The kindneſs he returns, is to expoſe;
For courteſies, though undeſerv'd and great,
No gratitude in felon-minds beget;
As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat.
His praiſe of foes is venomouſly nice;
So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice:
"A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice."
Seven ſacraments he wiſely does diſown,
Becauſe he knows confeſſion ſtands for one;
Where ſins to ſacred ſilence are convey'd,
And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd:
But he, uncall'd, his patron to controul,
Divulg'd the ſecret whiſpers of his ſoul;
Stood forth th' accuſing Satan of his crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.
Prompt to aſſail, and careleſs of defence,
Invulnerable in his impudence,
He dares the world, and eager of a name,
He thruſts about, and juſtles into fame.
Frontleſs, and ſatire-proof, he ſcours the ſtreets,
And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud report, that not to miſs
Of being known (his laſt and utmoſt bliſs)
He rather would be known for what he is.
Such was, and is, the Captain of the Teſt,
Though half his virtues are not here expreſs'd;
The modeſty of fame conceals the reſt.
The ſpleenful Pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their hate;
Indeed, more proper to revenge, than ſave.
A king, whom in his wrath th' Almighty gave:
For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud;
Gave time to fix their friends, and to ſeduce the crowd.
They long their fellow-ſubjects to inthral,
Their patron's promiſe into queſtion call,
And vainly think he meant to make them lords of all.
Falſe fears their leaders fail'd not to ſuggeſt,
As if the Doves were to be diſpoſſeſs'd;
Nor ſighs nor groans, nor gogling eyes, did want;
For now the Pigeons too had learnt to cant.
The houſe of prayer is ſtock'd with large increaſe;
Nor doors nor windows can contain the preſs:
For birds of every feather fill th' abode;
Ev'n atheiſts out of envy own a God:
And reeking from the ſtews adulterers come,
Like Goths and Vandals to demoliſh Rome.
That Conſcience, which to all their crimes was mute,
Now calls aloud, and cries to perſecute:
No rigour of the laws to be releas'd,
And much the leſs, becauſe it was their Lord's requeſt:
They thought it great their ſovereign to controul,
And nam'd their pride, nobility of ſoul.
'Tis true, the Pigeons, and their prince elect,
Were ſhort of power, their purpoſe to effect:
But with their quills did all the hurt they could,
And cuff'd the tender Chickens from their food:
And much the Buzzard in their cauſe did ſtir,
Though naming not the patron, to infer
With all reſpect, he was a groſs idolater.
But when th' imperial owner did eſpy,
That thus they turn'd his grace to villany,
Not ſuffering wrath to diſcompoſe his mind,
He ſtrove a temper for th' extremes to find,
So to be juſt, as he might ſtill be kind;
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom
Of ſacred ſtrength for every age to come.
By this the Doves their wealth and ſtate poſſeſs,
No rights infring'd, but licence to oppreſs:
Such power have they as factious lawyers long
To crowns aſcrib'd, that kings can do no wrong.

But ſince his own domeſtic birds have try'd
The dire effects of their deſtructive pride,
He deems that proof a meaſure to the reſt,
Concluding well within his kingly breaſt,
His fowls of nature too unjuſtly were oppreſt.
He therefore makes all birds of every ſect
Free of his farm, with promiſe to reſpect
Their ſeveral kinds alike, and equally protect.
His gracious edict the ſame franchiſe yields
To all the wild increaſe of woods and fields,
And who in rocks aloof, and who in ſteeples builds.
To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
And Choughs and Daws, and ſuch republic birds:
Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
Each has his diſtrict, and his bounds decreed:
Confin'd in common intereſt with his own,
But not to paſs the Pigeons Rubicon.
Here ends the reign of his pretended Dove;
All prophecies accompliſh'd from above,
For Shiloh comes the ſceptre to remove.
Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
Like Dionyſius to a private rod,
The paſſive church, that with pretended grace
Did her diſtinctive mark in duty place,
Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.
What after happen'd is not hard to gueſs:
The ſmall beginnings had a large increaſe,
And arts and wealth ſucceed, the ſecret ſpoils of peace.
'Tis ſaid, the Doves repented, though too late,
Become the ſmiths of their own fooliſh fate;
Nor did their owner haſten their ill hour;
But, ſunk in credit, they decreas'd in power:
Like ſnows in warmth that mildly paſs away,
Diſſolving in the ſilence of decay.
The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race;
To hide the thinneſs of their flock from ſight,
And all together make a ſeeming goodly flight:
But each have ſeparate intereſts of their own;
Two Czars are one too many for a throne.
Nor can th' uſurper long abſtain from food;
Already he has taſted Pigeons blood:
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this indulgent lord ſhall late to heaven repair.
Bare benting times, and moulting months may come,
When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home;
Or rent in ſchiſm (for ſo their fate decrees)
Like the tumultuous college of the bees,
They fight their quarrel, by themſelves oppreſt;
The tyrant ſmiles below, and waits the falling feaſt.
Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected yawnings at the cloſe,
Seem'd to require her natural repoſe:
For now the ſtreaky light began to peep;
And ſetting ſtars admoniſh'd both to ſleep.
The dame withdrew, and, wiſhing to her gueſt
The peace of heaven, betook herſelf to reſt.
Ten thouſand angels on her ſlumbers wait,
With glorious viſions of her future ſtate.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA:

A POEM ON THE PRINCE, BORN ON THE TENTH OF JUNE, 1688.

OUR vows are heard betimes, and heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the prayer:
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And ſent us back to praiſe, who came to pray.
Juſt on the day, when the high-mounted ſun
Did fartheſt in its northern progreſs run,
He bended forward, and ev'n ſtretch'd the ſphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year.
To view a brighter ſun in Britain born;
That was the buſineſs of his longeſt morn;
The glorious object ſeen, 'twas time to turn.
Departing Spring could only ſtay to ſhed
Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed,
Put left the manly ſummer in her ſtead,
With timely fruit the longing land to chear,
And to fulfil the promiſe of the year.
Betwixt two ſeaſons comes th' auſpicious heir,
This age to bioſſom, and the next to bear.
Laſt ſolemn ſabbath ſaw the Church attend,
The Paraclete in fiery pomp deſcend:
But when his wondrous octave roll'd again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.
So great a bleſſing to ſo good a king,
None but th' Eternal Comforter could bring.
Or did the mighty Trinity conſpire,
As once in council to create our ſire?
It ſeems as if they ſent the new-born gueſt
To wait on the proceſſion of their feaſt;
And on their ſacred anniverſe decreed
To ſtamp their image on the promis'd ſeed.
Three realms united, and on one beſtow'd,
An emblem of their myſtic union ſhow'd:
The mighty trine the triple empire ſhar'd:
As every perſon would have one to guard.
Hail, ſon of prayers! by holy violence
Drawn down from heaven, but long be baniſh'd thence,
And late to thy paternal ſkies retire:
To mend our crimes, whole ages would require:
To change th' inveterate habit of our ſins,
And finiſh what thy godlike ſire begins.
Kind heaven, to make us Engliſhmen again,
No leſs can give us than a patriarch's reign.
The ſacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye ſeraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;
Thy father's angel, and thy father join,
To keep poſſeſſion, and ſecure the line;
But long defer the honours of thy fate;
Great may they be like his, like his be late;
That James his running century may view,
And give this Son an auſpice to the new.
Our wants exact at leaſt that moderate ſtay:
For ſee the dragon winged on his way,
To watch the travail, and devour the prey.

ıfions may not riſe ſo high,
ıen Alcides rais'd his infant cry,
ts befieg'd his young divinity:
ỹ with their forked tongues they threat;
ſition makes a hero great.
ul ſuccour all the good will run,
affert the godhead of his Son.
repining at your preſent ſtate,
; yourſelves the benefits of fate,
and read in characters of light
g ſent you in your own deſpight.
ına falls, yet that celeſtial bread
s you munch, and murmur while you feed.
your fortune be like theirs, exil'd,
years to wander in the wild!
e, may Moſes live at leaſt,
you to the verge of promis'd reſt!
gh poets are not prophets, to foreknow
ants will take the blight, and what will
row,
ıg heaven, his footſteps may be found:
how awfully he walks the round!
broad, and, wondrous in his ways,
of empires, and their fall ſurveys;
light I ſay, than with an uſual eye,
his bleeding church in ruin lie,
rs the ſouls of ſaints beneath his altar cry.
has he lifted high the ſign,
crown'd the conquering arms of Conſtan-
ine:
on grows pale at that preſaging ſight,
f her train of ſtars have loſt their light.
nother Sylveſter, to bleſs
red ſtandard, and ſecure ſucceſs;
his treaſures, of a ſoul ſo great,
and crowds his univerſal ſeat.
ew at home a ſecond Conſtantine
rmer too was of the Britiſh line);
his healing balm your breaches clos'd,
exile many ſought, and few oppos'd?
not heaven by its eternal doom
thoſe evils, that this good might come?
iſeſt, that ev'n the moon-ey'd ſects
om and what this providence protects.
ks, had we within our minds no more
ıat one ſhipwreck on the fatal ore,
ıly thought may make us think again,
vonders God reſerves for ſuch a reign.
ım that chance his preſervation wrought,
› think Noah was preſerv'd for nought;
ſurviving eight were not deſign'd
ple earth, and to reſtore their kind.
n humbly on the royal babe we gaze,
anly lines of a majeſtic face
wful joy: 'tis paradiſe to look
fair frontiſpiece of Nature's book:
irſt opening page ſo charms the ſight,
how th' unfolded volume will delight!
w the venerable infant lies
y pomp; how through the mother's eyes
ther's ſoul with an undaunted view,
out, and takes our homage as his due.
his future ſubjects how he ſmiles,
eanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
th an open face, as on his throne,
ı our birthrights, and aſſumes his own:
› broad day-light, that th' ungrateful rout
nd no room for a remaining doubt;

Truth, which itſelf is light, does darkneſs ſhun,
And the true eaglet ſafely dares the ſun.
Fain would the fiends have made a dubious birth,
Loth to confeſs the Godhead cloath'd in earth:
But ſicken'd after all their baffled lies,
To find an heir apparent in the ſkies:
Abandon'd to deſpair, ſtill may they grudge,
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.
Not great Æneas ſtood in plainer day,
When the dark mantling miſt diſſolv'd away,
He to the Tyrians ſhew'd his ſudden face,
Shining with all his goddeſs mother's grace:
For ſhe herſelf had made his countenance bright,
Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple light.
If our victorious Edward, as they ſay,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,
Why may not years revolving with his fate
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One, who may carry to a diſtant ſhore
The terror that his ſam'd forefather bore.
But why ſhould James or his young hero ſtay
For ſlight preſages of a name or day?
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our prince was born:
Our prince adorns this day, and ages hence
Shall wiſh his birth-day for ſome future prince.
Great Michael, prince of all th' ætherial hoſts,
And whate'er inborn ſaints our Britain boaſts;
And thou, th' adopted patron of our iſle,
With chearful aſpects on this infant ſmile:
The pledge of heaven, which, dropping from above,
Secures our bliſs, and reconciles his love.
Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
When to the dregs we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy atoms did in plagues conſpire,
Nor did th' avenging angel yet retire,
But purg'd our ſtill-increaſing crimes with fire.
Then perjur'd plots, the ſtill impending teſt,
And worſe—but charity conceals the reſt:
Here ſtop the current of the ſanguine flood;
Require not, gracious God, thy martyrs' blood;
But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a rich harveſt through their native ſoil;
A harveſt ripening for another reign,
Of which this royal babe may reap the grain.
Enough of early ſaints one womb has given;
Enough increas'd the family of heaven:
Let them for his, and our atonement go;
And, reigning bleſt above, leave him to rule below.
Enough already has the year foreſhow'd
His wonted courſe, the ſea has overflow'd,
The meads were floated with a weeping ſpring,
And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to ſing:
The ſtrong-limb'd ſteed beneath his harneſs faints,
And the ſame ſhivering ſweat his lord attaints.
When will the miniſter of wrath give o'er?
Behold him at Araunah's threſhing-floor:
He ſtops, and ſeems to ſheath his flaming brand,
Pleas'd with burnt incenſe from our David's hand.
David has bought the Jebuſite's abode,
And rais'd an altar to the living God.
Heaven, to reward him, makes his joys ſincere;
No future ills nor accidents appear
To ſully and pollute the ſacred infant's year.
Five months to diſcord and debate were given:
He ſanctifies the yet remaining ſeven.

Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be bleſt,
And prelude to the realms perpetual reſt!
Let his baptiſmal drops for us atone;
Luſtrations for offences not his own.
Let Conſcience, which is intereſt ill diſguis'd,
In the ſame font be cleans'd, and all the land baptiz'd.
Un-nam'd as yet; at leaſt unknown to fame:
Is there a ſtriſe in heaven about his name;
Where every famous predeceſſor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the ſkies?
Or muſt it be reſerv'd to thought alone?
Such was the ſacred Tetragrammaton.
Things worthy ſilence muſt not be reveal'd:
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,
To ſhun the ſpells and ſorceries of thoſe,
Who durſt her infant majeſty oppoſe.
But when his tender ſtrength in time ſhall riſe
To dare ill tongues, and faſcinating eyes;
This iſle, which hides the little thunderer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name:
Th' artillery of heaven ſhall make him known:
Crete could not hold the God, when Jove was grown.
As Jove's increaſe, who from his brain was born,
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breaſt was bred, whoſe milky taſte
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd;
So this imperial babe rejects the food
That mixes monarch's with plebeian blood:
Food that his inborn courage might controul,
Extinguiſh all the father in his ſoul,
And for his Eſtian race and Saxon ſtrain,
Might reproduce ſome ſecond Richard's reign.
Mildneſs he ſhares from both his parents' blood;
But kings too tame are deſpicably good:
Be this the mixture of this regal child,
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.
Thus far the furious tranſport of the news
Had to prophetic madneſs fir'd the Muſe;
Madneſs ungovernable, uninſpir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever ſhe deſir'd.
Was it for me the dark abyſs to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I puniſh'd when the ſudden blaſt,
The face of heaven, and our young Sun o'ercaſt!
Fame, the Swift ill, increaſing as ſhe roll'd,
Diſeaſe, deſpair, and death, at three repriſes told:
At three inſulting ſtrides ſhe ſtalk'd the town,
And like contagion, ſtruck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but mounted high,
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the ſky.
Here black rebellion ſhooting from below
(As earth's gigantic brood by moments grow)
And here the ſons of God are petrified with woe:
An apoplex of grief! ſo low were driven
The ſaints, as hardly to defend their heaven.
As, when pent vapours run their hollow round,
Earthquakes, which are convulſions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
Till the third ſettles what the former ſhook;
Such heavings had our ſouls; till, ſlow and late,
Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on fate.
By prayers the mighty bleſſing was implor'd,
To prayers was granted, and by prayers reſtor'd.
So ere the Shunamite a ſon conceiv'd,
The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd.
A ſon was ſent, the ſon ſo much deſir'd;
But ſoon upon the mother's knees expir'd.
The troubled ſeer approach'd the mournful door,
Ran, pray'd, and ſent his paſtoral ſtaff before,
Then ſtretch'd his limbs upon the child, and mourn'd,
Till warmth, and breath, and a new ſoul, return'd.
Thus mercy ſtretches out her hand, and ſaves
Deſponding Peter ſinking in the waves.
As when a ſudden ſtorm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harveſt are deſtroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded ſtem, from tempeſt freed,
Will raiſe the youthful honours of his head;
And ſoon reſtor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.
Nor yet conclude all fiery trials paſt:
For heaven will exerciſe us to the laſt;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,
With doubtful bleſſings, and with mingled fear;
That, ſtill depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may paſs,
With ſparing hands will diet us to good:
Preventing ſurfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the mother bird her craving young
With little morſels, and delays them long.
True, this laſt bleſſing was a royal feaſt;
But where's the wedding garment on the gueſt?
Our manners as religion, were a dream,
Are ſuch as teach the nations to blaſpheme.
In luſts we wallow, and with pride we ſwell,
And injuries with injuries repel;
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Iſrael ſinn'd, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the preſent ark their guard;
But when the haughty Philiſtines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was abſent, though his ark was there.
Ah! leſt our crimes ſhould ſnatch this pledge away,
And make our joys the bleſſings of a day!
For we have ſinn'd him hence; and that he lives,
God to his promiſe, not our practice gives.
Our crimes would ſoon weigh down the guilty ſcale,
But James and Mary, and the church, prevail.
Nor Amalek can rout the choſen bands,
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moſes' hands.
By living well, let us ſecure his days,
Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born ſpirit can conſtrain,
But charity and great examples gain.
Forgiveneſs is our thanks for ſuch a day,
'Tis God-like God in his own coin to pay.
But you, propitious queen, tranſlated here,
From your mild heaven, to rule our rugged ſphere,
Beyond the ſunny walks, and circling year:
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;
Whom piety and beauty make their boaſt,
Though beautiful is well in pious loſt;
So loſt as ſtar-light is diſſolv'd away,
And melts into the brightneſs of the day;
Or gold about the royal diadem,
Loſt to improve the luſtre of the gem.

re add to your triumphant day?
t gift the beauteous giver pay.
our thanks awake the riſing ſun,
n, as his lateſt ſhadows run,
h the longeſt day, would ſoon, too ſoon
one.
oices with their harps conſpire,
' auſpicious infant from the choir;
ſing a' ove, and let us know
muſic than his cries below.
with to you, great monarch, more
n annual income to your ſtore;
ich gave this unit, did not ſhine
nen than to fill the trine.
ce, an admiral beget;
Sovereign wants an anchor yet.
younger titles ſtill in ſtore,
th' exhauſted land can yield no more,
an force them from a foreign ſhore.
e of great your martial mind will ſuit;
is your darling attribute:
reeks, 'twas but one hero's due,
n, Plutarch propheſy'd of you.
avours but on few can fall,
is a virtue ſhar'd by all.
gs the name of conquerors have aſſum'd,
great, ſome to be gods preſum'd;
ſs power, and arbitrary luſt,
ts ſtill abhor the name of Juſt;
'd the praiſe this godlike virtue gives,
a title that reproach'd their lives.
er, from which all kings derive their
,
pretend, at leaſt, to imitate,
h to puniſh and reward;
uld love their God, unleſs they fear'd.
force and immortality
lame, imperfect, deity:
ive force unbounded to deſtroy,
ſs being ev'n the damn'd enjoy;
ven's attributes, both laſt and firſt,
t life, and one with life accurſt:
s heaven's ſelf, ſo ſtrictly he,
it fail, the Godhead could not be.
is your own: but life and ſtate
ortune ſubject, one to fate:
you juſtly frown or ſmile;
or fears your ſteady hand beguile;
balance hold, the world's our iſle.

C-F LECKNOE.

man things are ſubject to decay,
hen fate ſummons, monarchs muſt obey.
oe found, who, like Auguſtus, young
o empire, and had govern'd long:
l verſe, was own'd, without diſpute,
the realms of Nonſenſe abſolute.
rince, now flouriſhing in peace,
ith iſſue of a large increaſe;
/ith buſineſs, did at length debate
e ſucceſſion of the ſtate:
l.

And, pondering, which of all his ſons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cry'd, 'Tis reſolv'd; for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who moſt reſembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulneſs from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my ſons, is he,
Who ſtands confirm'd in full ſtupidity.
The reſt to ſome faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into ſenſe.
Some beams of wit on other ſouls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval:
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His riſing fogs prevail upon the day.
Beſides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And ſeems deſign'd for thoughtleſs majeſty:
Thoughtleſs as monarch oaks, that ſhade the plain,
And ſpread in ſolemn ſtate ſupinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou laſt great prophet of tautology!
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was ſent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarſely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom ſtrung,
When to king John of Portugal I ſung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on ſilver Thames didſt cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celeſtial charge;
And, big with hymn, commander of an hoſt,
The like was ne'er in Epſom blankets toſt.
Methinks I ſee the new Arion ſail,
The lute ſtill trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-ſharpen'd thumb from ſhore to ſhore
The trebles ſqueak for fear, the baſes roar:
Echoes from Piſſing-Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they reſound from Aſton-Hall.
About thy boat the little fiſhes throng,
As at the morning toaſt that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'ſt thy papers in thy threſhing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not even the feet of thy own Pſyche's rhyme:
Though they in number as in ſenſe excel;
So juſt, ſo like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forſwore
The lute and ſword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.
Here ſtopt the good old ſire, and wept for joy,
In ſilent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but moſt his plays, perſuade,
That for anointed dulneſs he was made.
Cloſe to the walls which fair Auguſta bind,
(The fair Auguſta much to ears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric rais'd t' inform the ſight,
There ſtood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tower once; but now, ſo fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houſes riſe,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vaſt courts the mother-ſtrumpets keep,
And, undiſturb'd by watch, in ſilence ſleep.
Near theſe a nurſery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the Gods defy.

Great Fletcher never treads in buſkins here,
Nor greater Jonſon dares in ſocks appear;
But gentle Simkin juſt reception finds
Amidſt this monument of vaniſh'd minds:
Pure clinches the Suburbian Muſe affords,
And Panton waging harmleſs war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiouſly deſign'd his Shadwell's throne.
For ancient Decker prophesy'd long ſince,
That in this pile ſhould reign a mighty prince,
Born for a ſcourge of wit, and flail of ſenſe.
To whom true dulneſs ſhould ſome Pſyches owe,
But worlds of miſers from his pen ſhould flow;
Humoriſts and hypocrites it ſhould produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.
Now empreſs fame had publiſh'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Rouz'd by report of fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and diſtant Watling-ſtreet.
No Perſian carpets ſpread th' imperial way,
But ſcatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From duſty ſhops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almoſt chok'd the way.
Bilk'd ſtationers for yeomen ſtood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majeſty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Aſcanius ſate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the ſtate.
His brows thick fogs, inſtead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulneſs play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his ſire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell ſwore, nor ſhould his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulneſs would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with ſenſe.
The king himſelf the ſacred unction made,
As king by office, and as prieſt by trade.
In his ſiniſter hand, inſtead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his ſceptre, and his rule of ſway;
Whoſe righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whoſe loins recorded Pſyche ſprung.
His temples, laſt, with poppies were o'erſpread,
That nodding ſeem'd to conſecrate his head.
Juſt at the point of time, if fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis ſung by Tyber's brook,
Preſage of ſway from twice ſix vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The ſire then ſhook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion ſhed
Full, on the filial dulneſs: long he ſtood,
Repelling from his breaſt the raging God;
At length burſt out in this prophetic mood.
Heavens bleſs my ſon! from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the weſtern main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him ſtretch his pen!—
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd Amen.

Then thus continued he: My ſon, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Succeſs let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitleſs induſtry.
Let virtuoſos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuſe thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the ſtage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their toſly ſhew the writer's wit.
Yet ſtill thy fool's ſhall ſtand in thy defence,
And juſtify their author's want of ſenſe.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulneſs, and deſire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but iſſue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the ſame,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpoſe,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epſom proſe.
And when falſe flowers of rhetoric thou wouldſt cull,
Truſt nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy beſt, and top, and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, though unbought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let falſe friends ſeduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonſon's hoſtile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praiſe,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raiſe.
Thou art my blood, where Jonſon has no part:
What ſhare have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not underſtand?
Where made he love in prince Nicander's vein,
Or ſwept the duſt in Pſyche's humble ſtrain?
Where ſold he bargains, whip-ſtitch, kiſs my arſe,
Promiſ'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his Muſe from Fletcher ſcenes purloin,
As thou whole Etherege doſt tranſlate to thine?
But ſo tranſlus'd, as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine ſinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boaſted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulneſs 'tis inclin'd:
Which makes thy writings lean on one ſide ſtill,
And in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeneſs; thine's a tympany of ſenſe.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But ſure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic Muſe gives ſmiles, thy comic ſleep.
With whate'er gall thou ſett'ſt thyſelf to write,
Thy inoffenſive ſatires never bite.
In thy ſelonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Iriſh pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchaſe fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and chooſe for thy command,
Some peaceful province in Acroſtic land.
There thou mayſt wings diſplay and altars raiſe,
And torture one poor word ten thouſand ways.
Or if thou wouldſt thy different talents ſuit,
Set thy own ſongs, and ſing them to thy lute.

l; but his laſt words were ſcarcely heard:
e and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,
n they ſent the yet declaiming bard.
ie left his drugget robe behind,
wards by a ſubterranean wind.
tle fell to the young prophet's part,
able portion of his father's art.

PISTLES.

ISTLE THE FIRST.

ONOURED FRIEND SIR ROBERT HOWARD, ON HIS EXCELLENT POEMS.

ıere is muſic uninform'd by art
thoſe wild notes, which with a merry heart
in unfrequented ſhades expreſs,
ter taught at home, yet pleaſe us leſs:
r verſe a native ſweetneſs dwells,
ames compoſure, and its art excels.
o mo e can your ſoft numbers grace,
nt adds charms unto a beauteous face.
vhen mighty rivers gently creep,
n calmneſs does ſuppoſe them deep;
our Muſe: no metaphor ſwell'd high
gerous boldneſs lifts her to the ſky:
ounting fancies, when they fall again,
d and dirt at bottom do remain.
ſtrength, and yet withal ſo ſweet,
but in Samſon's riddle meet.
ge each line ſo great a weight ſhould bear,
o ſign of toil, no ſweat appear.
ur art hides art, as ſtoics feign
to feel, when moſt they ſuffer pain;
dull ſouls, admire, but cannot ſee
den ſprings within the engine be.
ne happineſs that ſtill purſues
and motion of your grateful Muſe.
ortune's work, that in your head
ous net that is for fancies ſpread,
ugh its meſhes every meaner thought,
h ideas there are only caught?
's not all: this is a piece too fair
child of chance, and not of care.
caſually together hurl'd
r produce ſo beautiful a world.
I ſuch a doctrine here admit,
deſtroy the providence of wit.
ſtrong genius then which does not feel
ights, would make a weaker ſpirit reel.
weight, and run ſo lightly too,
lone your Pegaſus can do.
rcules himſelf could ne'er do more,
to feel thoſe heavens and gods he bore.
er odes, which for delight were penn'd,
nſtruction make their ſecond end:
ch enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that
oo
beauty, and a fortune too.

Of moral knowledge poeſy was queen,
And ſtill ſhe might, had wanton wits not been;
Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themſelves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge.
Like ſome brave captain, your ſucceſsful pen
Reſtores the exil'd to her crown again:
And gives us hope, that, having ſeen the days
When nothing flouriſh'd but fanatic bays,
All will at length in this opinion reſt,
"A ſober prince's government is beſt."
This is not all; your art the way has found
To make th' improvement of the richeſt ground,
That ſoil which thoſe immortal laurels bore,
That once the ſacred Maro's temples wore.
Eliza's griefs are ſo expreſs'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had ſhe ſo ſpoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove had ſaid.
If funeral rites can give a ghoſt repoſe,
Your Muſe ſo juſtly has diſcharged thoſe,
Eliza's ſhade may now its wandering ceaſe,
And claim a title to the fields of peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no leſs
Your kindneſs great Achilles doth confeſs;
Who, dreſs'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become thoſe virgin robes he took.
To underſtand how much we owe to you,
We muſt your numbers, with your author's, view;
Then we ſhall ſee his work was lamely rough,
Each figure ſtiff, as if deſign'd in buff:
His colours laid ſo thick on every place,
As only ſhew'd the paint, but hid the face.
But as in perſpective we beauties ſee,
Which in the glaſs, not in the picture, be;
So here our ſight obligingly miſtakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes.
Thus vulgar diſhes are, by cooks diſguis'd,
More for their dreſſing, than their ſubſtance priz'd.
Your curious notes ſo ſearch into that age,
When all was fable but the ſacred page,
That, ſince in that dark night we needs muſt ſtray,
We are at leaſt miſled in pleaſant way.
But, what we moſt admire, your verſe no leſs
The prophet than the poet doth confeſs.
Ere our weak eyes diſcern'd the doubtful ſtreak
Of light, you ſaw great Charles his morning break.
So ſkilful ſeamen ken the land from far,
Which ſhews like miſts to the dull paſſenger.
To Charles your Muſe firſt pays her duteous love,
As ſtill the antients did begin from Jove.
With Monk you end, whoſe name preſerv'd ſhall be,
As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,
Who thought it greater honour to obey
His country's intereſt than the world to ſway.
But to write worthy things of worthy men,
Is the peculiar talent of your pen:
Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to propheſy.
"This work, by merit firſt of fame ſecure,
"Is likewiſe happy in its geniture:
"For, ſince 'tis born when Charles aſcends the
"throne,
"It ſhares at once his fortune and its own."

Roſcommon firſt in fields of honour known,
Firſt in the peaceful triumphs of the gown;
Who both Minervas juſtly makes his own.
Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor ſacred Virgil's page:
Our Engliſh palace opens wide in ſtate;
And without ſtooping they may paſs the gate.

EPISTLE THE SIXTH.

TO THE DUTCHESS OF YORK, ON HER RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, IN THE YEAR 1682.

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty, and the court of love,
The Muſes droop'd with their forſaken arts,
And the ſad Cupids broke their uſeleſs darts:
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deſarts turn'd,
Like Eden's face, when baniſh'd man it mourn'd.
Love was no more, when loyalty was gone,
The great ſupporter of his awful throne.
Love could no longer after beauty ſtay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
As if the ſun and he had loſt their way.
But now th' illuſtrious nymph return'd again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train.
The wondering Nereids, though they rais'd no ſtorm,
Foreſlow'd her paſſage, to behold her form:
Some cry'd, a Venus; ſome, a Thetis paſt;
But this was not ſo fair, nor that ſo chaſte.
Far from her ſight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride;
And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
Whate'er we ſuffer'd from our ſullen fate,
Her ſight is purchas'd at an eaſy rate.
Three gloomy years againſt this day were ſet;
But this one mighty ſum has clear'd the debt:
Like Joſeph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine paſt, the plenty ſtill to come.
For her the weeping heavens become ſerene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green:
For her the nightingales are taught to ſing,
And nature has for her delay'd the ſpring.
The Muſe reſumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love reſtor'd, his ancient realm ſurveys,
Recals our beauties, and revives our plays;
His waſte dominions peoples once again,
And from her preſence dates his ſecond reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead ſit,
Diſpenſing what ſhe never will admit:
Pleaſing, yet cold, like Cynthia's ſilver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
Diſtemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more ſhall vex the church, and tear the ſtate:
No more ſhall Faction civil diſcords move,
Or only diſcords of too tender love:
Diſcord, like that of muſic's various parts;
Diſcord, that makes the harmony of hearts;
Diſcord, that only this diſpute ſhall bring,
Who beſt ſhall love the duke, and ſerve the king.

EPISTLE THE SEVENTH.

A LETTER TO SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

TO you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one,
Methinks all climes ſhould be alike,
From tropic ev'n to pole artique;
Since you have ſuch a conſtitution
As no where ſuffers diminution.
You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love-affairs of ſtate;
And both to wives and huſbands ſhow
The vigour of a plenipo.
Like mighty miſſioner you come
"Ad Partes Infidelium."
A work of wondrous merit ſure,
So far to go, ſo much t' endure;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where ſound of Cupid never came.
Leſs had you done, had you been ſent
As far as Drake or Pinto went,
For cloves or nutmegs to the line-a,
Or ev'n for oranges to China.
That had indeed been charity;
Where love-ſick ladies helpleſs lie,
Chapt, and for want of liquor dry.
But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear.
What region of the earth's ſo dull,
That is not of your labours full?
Triptolemus (ſo ſung the Nine)
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
But, ſpite of all theſe fable-makers,
He never ſow'd on Almain acres:
No, that was left by fate's decree,
To be perform'd and ſung by thee.
Thou break'ſt through forms with as much eaſe
As the French king through articles.
In grand affairs thy days are ſpent,
In waging weighty compliment,
With ſuch as monarchs repreſent.
They, whom ſuch vaſt fatigues attend
Want ſome ſoft minutes to unbend,
To ſhew the world that now and then
Great miniſters are mortal men.
Then Rheniſh rummers walk the round;
In bumpers every king is crown'd;
Beſides three holy mitred Electors,
And the whole college of Electors.
No health of potentate is ſunk,
That pays to make his envoy drunk.
Theſe Dutch delights I mention'd laſt,
Suit not, I know, your Engliſh taſte:
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your excellency's way.
Nor need this title give offence,
For here you were your excellence,
For gaming, writing, ſpeaking, keeping,
His excellence for all but ſleeping.
Now if you tope in form and treat,
'Tis the ſour ſauce to the ſweet meat,
The fine you pay for being great.

Nay, here's a harder impoſition,
Which is indeed the court's petition,
That, ſetting worldly pomp aſide,
Which poet has at ſtrſt deny'd,
You would be pleas'd in humble way
To write a trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a degradation,
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wiſe negotiation.
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will ſay,
The duke St. Aignan made a play.
If Gallic wit convince you ſcarce,
His grace of Bucks has made a farce,
And you whoſe comic wit is terſe all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearſal.
Then finiſh what you have began;
But ſcribble faſter if you can:
For yet no George, to our diſcerning,
Has writ without a ten years warning.

EPISTLE THE EIGHTH.

TO MR. SOUTHERNE, ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE WIVES EXCUSE.

SURE there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write, while theſe malignant planets reign.
Some very fooliſh influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to ſenſe, or juſt to wit:
And whilſt it laſts, let buffoonry ſucceed,
To make us laugh; for never was more need.
Farce, in itſelf, is of a naſty ſcent;
But the gain ſmells not of the excrement.
The Spaniſh nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a ſingle ſhow:
But let a monſter Muſcovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.
May be thou haſt not pleas'd the box and pit;
Yet thoſe who blame thy tale applaud thy wit:
So Terence plotted, but ſo Terence writ.
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
Ev'n lewdneſs is made moral in thy ſcene.
The hearers may for want of Nokes repine;
But reſt ſecure, the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiſs'd,
But with a kind civility diſmiſs'd;
With ſuch good manners, as the Wife did uſe,
Who, not accepting, did but juſt refuſe.
There was a glance at parting; ſuch a look,
As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke.
But if thou wouldſt be ſeen, as well as read,
Copy one living author, and one dead:
The ſtandard of thy ſtyle let Etherege be;
For wit, th' immortal ſpring of Wycherly:
Learn, after both, to draw ſome juſt deſign,
And the next age will learn to copy thine.

EPISTLE THE NINTH.

TO HENRY HIGDEN, ESQ. ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE Grecian wits, who Satire firſt began,
Were pleaſant paſquins on the life of man;
At mighty villains, who the ſtate oppreſt,
They durſt not rail, perhaps they laſh'd, at leaſt,
And turn'd them out of office with a jeſt.
No tool could peep abroad, but ready ſtand
The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wiſe legiſlators never yet could draw
A ſop within the reach of common law;
For poſture, dreſs, grimace, and affectation,
Though foes to ſenſe, are harmleſs to the nation.
Our laſt redreſs is dint of verſe to try,
And Satire is our Court of Chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age,
Not had enough to need an author's rage.
But yours who liv'd in more degenerate times,
Was forc'd to faſten deep, and worry crimes.
Yet you, my friend, have temper'd him ſo well,
You make him ſmile in ſpite of all his zeal:
An art peculiar to yourſelf alone,
To join the virtues of two ſtyles in one.
Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the labouring world would be reliev'd:
For not to wiſh is not to be deceiv'd.
Revenge would into charity be chang'd,
Becauſe it coſts too dear to be reveng'd:
It coſts our quiet and content of mind,
And when 'tis compaſs'd leaves a ſting behind.
Suppoſe I had the better end o' th' ſtaff,
Why ſhould I help th' ill-natur'd world to laugh?
'Tis all alike to them, who get the day;
They love the ſpite and miſchief of the fray.
No; I have cur'd myſelf of that diſeaſe;
Nor will I be provok'd, but when I pleaſe:
Put let me half that cure to you reſtore;
You give the ſalve, I laid it to the ſore.
Our kind relief againſt a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our ſpleen away.
If all your tribe, too ſtudious of debate,
Would ceaſe falſe hopes and titles to create,
Led by the rare example you begun,
Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

EPISTLE THE TENTH.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND MR. CONGREVE, ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE DOUBLE DEALER.

WELL then, the promis'd hour is come at laſt,
The preſent age of wit obſcures the paſt:
Strong were our ſires, and as they fought they writ,
Conquering with force of arms, and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race, before the flood;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire ſtood.

Like Janus he the ſtubborn ſoil manur'd,
With rules of huſbandry the rankneſs cur'd;
Tam'd us to manners, when the ſtage was rude;
And boiſterous Engliſh wit with art indued.
Our age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in ſkill we loſt in ſtrength.
Our builders were with want of genius curſt;
The ſecond temple was not like the firſt:
Till you, the beſt Vitruvius, come at length;
Our beauties equal, but excel our ſtrength.
Firm Doric pillars ſound your ſolid baſe:
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher ſpace:
Thus all below is ſtrength, and all above is grace.
In eaſy dialogue is Fletcher's praiſe;
He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raiſe.
Great Jonſon did by ſtrength of judgment pleaſe;
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his eaſe.
In differing talents both adorn'd their age;
One for the ſtudy, t'other for the ſtage.
But both to Congreve juſtly ſhall ſubmit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we ſee,
Etherege's courtſhip, Southern's purity,
The ſatire, wit, and ſtrength of manly Wycherly.
All this in blooming youth you have atchiev'd:
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the ſweetneſs of your manners move,
We cannot envy you becauſe we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he ſaw
A beardleſs conſul made againſt the law,
And join his ſuffrage to the votes of Rome;
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And ſcholar to the youth he taught became.
O that your brows my laurel had ſuſtain'd!
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd:
The father had deſcended for the ſon;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the ſtate one Edward did depoſe,
A greater Edward in his room aroſe.
But now, not I, but poetry is curs'd;
For Tom the ſecond reigns like Tom the firſt.
But let them not miſtake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own deſert.
Yet this I prophely; thou ſhalt be ſeen,
(Though with ſome ſhort parenthetic between)
High on the throne of wit, and, ſeated there,
Not mine, that's little, but thy laurel wear.
Thy firſt attempt an early promiſe made;
That early promiſe this has more than paid.
So bold, yet ſo judiciouſly you dare,
That your leaſt praiſe is to be regular.
Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought;
But genius muſt be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion; this your native ſtore;
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakeſpeare gave as much; ſhe could not give him more.
Maintain your poſt: That's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impoſſible you ſhould proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And juſt abandoning th' ungrateful ſtage:
Unprofitably kept at heaven's expence,
I live a rent-charge on his providence;
But you, whom every Muſe and Grace adorn,
Whom I foreſee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Againſt your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' inſulting foe my fame purſue,
But ſhade thoſe laurels which deſcend to you:
And take for tribute what theſe lines expreſs:
You merit more; nor could my love do leſs.

EPISTLE THE ELEVENTH.

TO MR. GRANVILLE, ON HIS EXCELLENT TRAGEDY CALLED HEROIC LOVE.

AUSPICIOUS poet, were thou not my friend,
How could I envy, what I muſt commend!
But ſince 'tis nature's law in love and wit,
That youth ſhould reign, and withering age ſubmit,
With leſs regret thoſe laurels I reſign,
Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long-contended honours of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a caſt,
And fight, like Hannibal, to loſe at laſt.
Young princes, obſtinate to win the prize,
Though yearly beaten, yearly yet they riſe:
Old monarchs, though ſucceſsful, ſtill in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wiſely turn devout.
Thine be thy laurel then; thy blooming age
Can beſt, if any can, ſupport the ſtage;
Which ſo declines, that ſhortly we may ſee
Players and plays reduc'd to ſecond infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtleſs of renown,
They plot not on the ſtage, but on the town,
And, in deſpair their empty pit to fill,
Set up ſome foreign monſter in a bill.
Thus they jog on, ſtill tricking, never thriving,
And murdering plays, which they miſcall reviving
Our ſenſe is nonſenſe, through their pipes convey'd;
Scarce can a poet know the play he made;
'Tis ſo diſguis'd in death; nor thinks 'tis he
That ſuffers in the maneled tragedy.
Thus Itys firſt was kill'd, and after dreſs'd
For his own fire, the chief invited gueſt.
I ſay not this of thy ſucceſsful ſcenes,
Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains.
With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
Not ill they acted, what they could not ſpoil.
Their ſetting ſun ſtill ſhoots a glimmering ray,
Like ancient Rome, majeſtic in decay:
And better gleanings their worn ſoil can boaſt,
Than the crab-vintage of the neighbouring coaſt.
This difference yet the judging world will ſee;
Thou copieſt Homer, and they copy thee.

EPISTLE THE TWELFTH.

TO MY FRIEND MR. MOTTEUX, ON HIS TRAGEDY CALLED BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

'TIS hard, my friend, to write in ſuch an age,
As damns, not only poets, but the ſtage,
That ſacred art by heaven itſelf infus'd,
Which Moſes, David, Solomon, have us'd,

: no more: the Muſes' ſoes
their Maker's praiſes into proſe.
:ontent to prune the laviſh vine
g branches, and improve the wine,
madman, would his thoughts defend?
ubmit; for all but fools will mend.
common ſenſe they give the lye,
ſtorted words to blaſphemy,
.e ſcandal; and the wiſe diſcern,
s teach an age, too apt to learn.
e looſely or prophanely writ,
fires, their due deſert, commit:
accus'd by me, let them complain:
, and not their functions, I arraign.
vorſe than witchcraft, they purſued;
reach'd the crime, the people rued.
as ſilenc'd; for the ſaints would ſee
form'd their plotted tragedy.
rſt reform, and then ſo live,
y teach our teachers to forgive:
plac'd below their lofty chairs;
practice, as the precept theirs.
art, at leaſt, we may divide,
ward, and puniſh pride;
ntereſt, avarice, accuſe:
e province of a Tragic Muſe.
ou choſen; and the public voice
thy performance with thy choice.
, place, are ſo preſerv'd by thee
rnëille might with envy ſee
of his Tripled Unity.
s, perhaps, too thick are ſown;
h plenty is thy fault alone.
:wo can that good crime commit,
gn, and Wycherly in wit.
Gauls condemn thee, if they dare;
be thinly regular:
ut not for them, our fruitful ſoil
:creaſe rewards thy happy toil.
, enfeebled, is refin'd too much;
re gold, it bends at every touch:
euron yet will art obey,
manly thought, and ſtrengthen'd with

rt thou inſpir'd, and thou alone,
an idiom not thy own?
wonder, that a foreign gueſt
natch the moſt, and match the beſt.
ſing thy deſerts, I wrong;
firſt deficience of our tongue:
my ſtock, are wanting, to commend
t, and ſo good a friend.

E THE THIRTEENTH.

OUBTED FRIEND, JOHN DRYDEN, ERTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HUN-ESQ.

'd is he, who leads a country life,
with anxious cares, and void of
!

Who, ſtudying peace, and ſhunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age:
All who deſerve his love, he makes his own;
And, to be lov'd himſelf, needs only to be known.
Juſt, good, and wiſe, contending neighbours come,
From your award to wait their final doom;
And, foes before, return in friendſhip home.
Without their coſt, you terminate the cauſe:
And ſave th' expence of long litigious laws:
Where ſuits are travers'd; and ſo little done,
That he who conquers, is but laſt undone:
Such are not your decrees; but ſo deſign'd,
The ſanction leaves a laſting peace behind;
Like your own ſoul, ſerene; a pattern of your mind.
Promoting concord, and compoſing ſtrife;
Lord of yourſelf, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence ſucceeds a ſhort delight:
Minds are ſo hardly match'd, that ev'n the firſt,
Tho' pair'd by Heaven, in Paradiſe were curs'd.
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet, firſt or laſt, return again to two.
He to God's image, ſhe to his was made,
So, farther from the fount the ſtream at random ſtray'd.
How could he ſtand, when, put to double pain,
He muſt a weaker than himſelf ſuſtain!
Each might have ſtood perhaps; but each alone;
Two wreſtlers help to pull each other down.
Not that my verſe would blemiſh all the fair;
But yet, if ſome be bad, 'tis wiſdom to beware;
And better ſhun the bait, than ſtruggle in the ſnare.
Thus have you ſhunn'd, and ſhun the marry'd ſtate,
Truſting as little as you can to fate.
No porter guards the paſſage of your door,
T' admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart,
To ſanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heaven, who foreſaw the will, the means has wrought,
And to the ſecond ſon a bleſſing brought;
The firſt-begotten had his father's ſhare:
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.
So may your ſtores and fruitful fields increaſe,
And ever be you bleſs'd, who live to bleſs.
As Ceres ſow'd, where-e'er her chariot flew;
As heaven in deſerts rain'd the bread of dew;
So free to many, to relations moſt,
You feed with manna your own Iſrael hoſt.
With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You ſeek the champion ſports, or ſylvan chace:
With well-breath'd beagles you ſurround the wood,
Ev'n then, induſtrious of the common good:
And often have you brought the wily fox
To ſuffer for the firſtlings of the flocks;
Chas'd ev'n amid the folds; and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murderous deed.
This fiery game your active youth maintain'd;
Not yet by years extinguiſh'd, though reſtrain'd:
You ſeaſon ſtill with ſports your ſerious hours:
For age but taſtes of pleaſures, youth devours.
The hare in paſtures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round;

And, after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Juſt as the ſetting meets the riſing ſun.
Thus princes eaſe their cares; but happier he,
Who ſeeks not pleaſure through neceſſity,
Than ſuch as once on ſlippery thrones were plac'd;
And, chaſing, ſigh to think themſelves are chas'd.
So liv'd our fires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.
The firſt phyſicians by debauch were made:
Exceſs began, and ſloth ſuſtains the trade:
Pity the generous kind their cares beſtow
To ſearch forbidden truths; (a ſin to know:)
To which if human ſcience could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain.
In vain the leech would interpoſe delay;
Fate fattens firſt, and vindicates the prey.
What help from art's endeavours can we have?
Gibbons but gueſſes, nor is ſure to ſave:
But Maurus ſweeps whole pariſhes, and people's every grave;
And no more mercy to mankind will uſe,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's Muſe.
Wouldſt thou be ſoon diſpatch'd, and periſh whole,
Truſt Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy ſoul.
By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toil ſtrung the nerves, and purify'd the blood:
But we their ſons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threeſcore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
Than ſee the doctor for a nauſeous draught.
The wiſe, for cure, on exerciſe depend;
God never made his work, for man to mend.
The tree of knowledge, once in Eden plac'd,
Was eaſy found, but was forbid the taſte:
O, had our grandſire walk'd without his wife,
He firſt had ſought the better plant of life!
Now both are loſt: yet, wandering in the dark,
Phyſicians, for the tree, have found the bark:
They, labouring for relief of human kind,
With ſharpen'd ſight ſome remedies may find;
Th' apothecary train is wholly blind.
From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one preſcription make.
Garth, generous as his Muſe, preſcribes and gives;
The ſhopman ſells; and by deſtruction lives:
Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood!
From medicine iſſuing, ſuck their mother's blood!
Let theſe obey, and let the learn'd preſcribe;
That men may die, without a double bribe:
Let them, but under their ſuperiors, kill;
When doctors firſt have ſign'd the bloody bill:
He ſcapes the beſt, who, nature to repair,
Draws phyſic from the fields, in draughts of vital air.
You hoard not health, for your own private uſe;
But on the public ſpend the rich produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,
And ſends to ſenates, charg'd with common care,
Which none more ſhuns; and none can better bear:
Where could they find another form'd ſo fit,
The poiſe, with ſolid ſenſe, a ſprightly wit!
Were theſe both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could ſo firm integrity be found?
Well born, and wealthy, wanting no ſupport,
You ſteer betwixt the country and the court:
Nor gratify whate'er the great deſire,
Nor grudging give, what public needs require.
Part muſt be left, a fund when foes invade;
And part employ'd to roll the watery trade:
Ev'n Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a ſabbath year to mend the meagre ſoil.
Good ſenators (and ſuch as you) ſo give,
That kings may be ſupply'd, the people thrive.
And he, when wart requires, is truly wiſe,
Who fights not foreign aids, nor over-buys;
But on our native ſtrength, in time of need, relies.
Munſter was bought, we boaſt not the ſucceſs;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.
Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd:
The peace both parties want, is like to laſt:
Which, if ſecure, ſecurely we may trade;
Or, not ſecure, ſhould never have been made.
Safe in ourſelves, while on ourſelves we ſtand,
The ſea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval ſtores the nation's care,
New ſhips to build, and batter'd to repair.
Obſerve the war, in every annual courſe;
What has been done, was done with Britiſh force:
Namur ſubdued, is England's palm alone:
The reſt beſieg'd; but we conſtrain'd the town:
We ſaw th' event that follow'd our ſucceſs;
France, though pretending arms, purſued the peace;
Oblig'd, by one ſole treaty, to reſtore
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought:
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the Perſian king was put to flight,
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight:
Themſelves their own mortality confeſs'd;
And left the ſon of Jove, to quarrel for the reſt.
Ev'n victors are by victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own.
While ſore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why ſhould we tempt the doubtful die again?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of ſucceſs;
Sure of a ſhare, as umpires of the peace.
A patriot both the king and country ſerves:
Prerogative, and privilege, preſerves:
Of each our laws the certain limits ſhow:
One muſt not ebb, nor t'other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we ſtand;
The barriers of the ſtate on either hand:
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full, they feed our bleſs'd abode:
Like thoſe that water'd once the paradiſe of God.
Some over-poiſe of ſway by turns they ſhare;
In peace the people, and the prince in war:
Conſuls of moderate power in calms were made;
When the Gauls came, one ſole dictator ſway'd.
Patriots, in peace, aſſert the people's right;
With noble ſtubborneſs reſiſting might:
No lawleſs mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
Such was your generous grandſire; free to grant
In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's want:
But ſo tenacious of the common cauſe,
As not to lend the king againſt his laws.
And in a loathſome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
And ſham'd oppreſſion, till it ſet him free.

ue deſcendant of a patriot line,
while thou ſhar'ſt their luſtre, lend'ſt them
thine,
aſe this picture of thy ſoul to ſee;
ar good, as it reſembles thee.
uties to th' original I owe:
when I miſs, my own defects I ſhow:
ik the kindred Muſes thy diſgrace:
s not born in every race.
a houſe few ages can afford;
erform, another to record.
orthy actions are by thee embrac'd;
my praiſe, to make thy praiſes laſt.
when death diſſolves our human frame,
returns to heaven from whence it came;
eps the body, verſe preſerves the ſame.

TLE THE FOURTEENTH.

ODFREY KNELLER, PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

I beheld the faireſt of her kind,
d ſtill the ſweet idea charms my mind:
e was dumb; for nature gaz'd ſo long,
ith her work, that ſhe forgot her tongue;
ing, ſaid, She ſtill ſhall gain the prize;
ve transferr'd it to her eyes.
thy pictures, Kneller: ſuch thy ſkill,
ure ſeems obedient to thy will;
it, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
ere, and wants but words to ſpeak her
ought.
thy pictures look a voice; and we
ſounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
'tis ſomewhat more than juſt to ſee.
ws are but privations of the light;
n we walk, they ſhoot before the ſight;
approach, retire, ariſe, and fall;
themſelves, and yet expreſſing all.
thy pieces, imitating life
they almoſt conquer in the ſtrife;
n their animated canvaſs came,
ng ſouls, and looſen'd from the frame.
theus, were he here, would caſt away
n, and refuſe a ſoul to clay:
r would thy noble work inſpire,
it warm enough without his fire.
ilgar hands may vulgar likeneſs raiſe;
e leaſt attendant on thy praiſe:
ice the rudiments of art began;
r chalk, firſt imitated man:
he ſhadow taken on a wall,
lines to the rude original;
ſs yet was ſtrain'd, before the grace
d colours found their uſe and place,
s tablets firſt receiv'd a face.
r degrees the godlike art advanc'd;
rew poliſh'd, picture was inhanc'd:
ided poſture, ſhade, and perſpective;
the mimic piece began to live.

Yet perſpective was lame, no diſtance true,
But all came forward in one common view:
No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But glaring on remoter objects play'd;
Not languiſh'd, and inſenſibly decay'd.
Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did ſtrive:
Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchleſs monuments deface.
Then all the Muſes in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began t' enervate poetry.
Thus, in a ſtupid military ſtate,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.
Flat faces, ſuch as would diſgrace a ſkreen,
Such as in Rantam's embaſſy were ſeen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.
Long time the ſiſter arts, in iron ſleep,
A heavy ſabbath did ſupinely keep:
At length in Raphael's age, at once they riſe,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.
Thence roſe the Roman, and the Lombard line:
One colour'd beſt, and one did beſt deſign.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.
Thy genius gives thee both; where true deſign,
Poſtures unforc'd, and lively colours join.
Likeneſs is ever there; but ſtill the beſt,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language dreſt:
Where light, to ſhades deſcending, plays, not ſtrives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.
Shakeſpeare, thy gift, I place before my ſight:
With awe, I aſk his bleſſing ere I write;
With reverence look on his majeſtic face;
Proud to be leſs, but of his godlike race.
His ſoul inſpires me, while thy praiſe I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight.
Bids thee, through me, be bold; with dauntleſs breaſt
Contemn the bad, and emulate the beſt.
Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are loſt:
When moſt they rail, know then, they envy moſt.
In vain they ſnarl aloof; a noiſy crowd,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren induſtry deplore,
Paſs on ſecure, and mind the goal before.
Old as ſhe is, my Muſe ſhall march behind,
Bear off the blaſt, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are ſiſters, though not twins in birth:
For hymns were ſung in Eden's happy earth:
But oh, the painter Muſe, though laſt in place,
Has ſeiz'd the bleſſing firſt, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found;
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.
Thou hadſt thy Charles awhile, and ſo had I;
But paſs we that unpleaſing image by.
Rich in thyſelf, and of thyſelf divine;
All pilgrims come and offer at thy ſhrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can command;
The fair themſelves go mended from thy hand.
Likeneſs appears in every lineament;
But likeneſs in thy work is eloquent.

Though nature there her true reſemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.
So warm thy work, ſo glows the generous frame,
Fleſh looks leſs living in the lovely dame.
Thou paint'ſt as we deſcribe, improving ſtill,
When on wild nature we ingraft our ſkill;
But not creating beauties at our will.
But poets are confin'd in narrower ſpace,
To ſpeak the language of their native place:
The painter widely ſtretches his command;
Thy pencil ſpeaks the tongue of every land
From hence, my friend, all climates are your own,
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All nations, all immunities will give
To make you theirs, where'er you pleaſe to live;
And not ſeven cities, but the world would ſtrive.
Sure ſome propitious planet then did ſmile,
When firſt you were conducted to this iſle:
Our genius brought you here, t' inlarge our fame;
For your good ſtars are every where the ſame.
Thy matchleſs hand, of every region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.
Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee th' examples of their wondrous art.
Thoſe maſters then, but ſeen, not underſtood,
With generous emulation fir'd thy blood:
For what in nature's dawn the child admir'd,
The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.
If yet thou haſt not reach'd their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.
Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare deſign
A more exalted work, and more divine.
For what a ſong, or ſenſeleſs opera,
Is to the living labour of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a ſingle piece to hiſtory.
But we, who life beſtow, ourſelves muſt live:
Kings cannot reign, unleſs their ſubjects give:
And they, who pay the taxes, bear the rule:
Thus thou, ſometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool:
But ſo his follies in thy poſture ſink,
The ſenſeleſs ideot ſeems at laſt to think.
Good heaven! that ſots and knaves ſhould be ſo vain,
To wiſh their vile reſemblance may remain!
And ſtand recorded, at their own requeſt,
To future days, a libel or a jeſt!
Elſe ſhould we ſee your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place:
A whole compos'd of parts, and thoſe the beſt,
With every various character expreſt:
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view;
Leſs, and at diſtance, an ignobler crew.
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to compleat the main deſign.
More cannot be by mortal art expreſt;
But venerable age ſhall add the reſt.
For time ſhall with his ready pencil ſtand;
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand;
Mellow your colours, and imbrown the teint;
Add every grace, which time alone can grant;
To future ages ſhall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes away.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPH

I.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM

FAREWELL, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think, and call my own;
For ſure our ſouls were near allied, and thine
Caſt in the ſame poetic mould with mine.
One common note on either lyre did ſtrike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike.
To the ſame goal did both our ſtudies drive;
The laſt ſet out, the ſooneſt did arrive.
Thus Niſus fell upon the ſlippery place,
Whilſt his young friend perform'd, and won the race.
O early ripe! to thy abundant ſtore
What could advancing age have added more?
It might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the ſmoothneſs of thy native tongue.
But ſatire needs not thoſe, and wit will ſhine
Through the harſh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble error, and but ſeldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd.
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime,
Still ſhew'd a quickneſs; and maturing time
But mellows what we write, to the dull ſweets of rhyme.
Once more, hail, and farewel; farewel, thou young,
But ah too ſhort, Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
But fate and gloomy night encompaſs thee around.

II.

AN ODE

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISHT YOUNG LADY MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW, EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER-ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING.

I.

THOU youngeſt virgin-daughter of the ſkies,
Made in the laſt promotion of the bleſt,
Whoſe palms, new-pluck'd from paradiſe,
In ſpreading branches more ſublimely riſe,
Rich with immortal green above the reſt:
Whether, adopted to ſome neighbouring ſtar,
Thou roll'ſt above us, in thy wandring race
Or, in proceſſion fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the heaven majeſtic pace;

Or, call'd to more ſuperior bliſs,
Thou treadſt, with ſeraphims, the vaſt abyſs:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Ceaſe thy celeſtial ſong a little ſpace;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muſe thy praiſe rehearſe,
In no ignoble verſe;
But ſuch as thy own voice did practiſe here,
When thy firſt fruits of poeſy were given;
To make thyſelf a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the leſs to find
A ſoul ſo charming from a ſtock ſo good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful ſtrain,
An early, rich, and inexhauſted vein.
But if thy pre-exiſting ſoul
Was form'd, at firſt, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho laſt, which once it was before.
If ſo, then ceaſe thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou haſt no droſs to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy ſoul a fairer manſion find,
Than was the beauteous frame ſhe left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celeſtial kind.

III.

May we preſume to ſay, that, at thy birth,
New joy was ſprung in heaven, as well as here on earth.
For ſure the milder planets did combine
On thy auſpicious horoſcope to ſhine,
And ev'n the moſt malicious were in trine.
Thy brother angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the ſky
Might know a poteſs was born on earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the muſic of the ſpheres.
And if no cluſtering ſwarm of bees
On thy ſweet mouth diſtill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that ſuch vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leiſure to renew:
For all thy bleſt fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-day above.

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Prophan'd the heavenly gift of poeſy?
Made proſtitute and profligate the Muſe,
Debas'd to each obſcene and impious uſe,
Whoſe harmony was firſt ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
T' increaſe the ſtreaming ordures of the ſtage?
What can we ſay t' excuſe our ſecond fall?
Let this thy veſtal, heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethuſian ſtream remains unſoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

V.

Art ſhe had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want ſupply:
So rich in treaſures of her own,
She might our boaſted ſtores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verſe adorn,
That it ſeem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her boſom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the beſt of books, her father's life, ſhe read.
And to be read herſelf ſhe need not fear;
Each teſt, and every light, her Muſe will bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
Ev'n love (for love ſometimes her Muſe expreſt)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breaſt:
Light as the morning vapours of a dream,
So cold herſelf, whilſt ſhe ſuch warmth expreſt,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's ſtream.

VI.

Born to the ſpacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought, ſhe ſhould have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious ſouls confine?
To the next realm ſhe ſtretch'd her ſway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A chamber of Dependencies was fram'd,
As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to juſtify th' offence)
And the whole fief, in right of Poetry, ſhe claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:
For Poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could repreſent
The ſhape, the face, with every lineament;
And all the large domains which the Dumb Siſter ſway'd.
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wheree'er ſhe went,
Her pencil drew, whate'er her ſoul deſign'd,
And oft the happy draught ſurpaſs'd the image in her mind
The ſylvan ſcenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of ſhallow brooks that flow'd ſo clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, ſhew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with ſacred ſhades,
And perſpectives of pleaſant glades,
Where nymphs of brighteſt form appear,
And ſhaggy Satyrs ſtanding near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of ſome majeſtic piece,
Boaſting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whoſe ſtatues, freezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durſt frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So ſtrange a concourſe ne er was ſeen before,
But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The ſcene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the ſight with reverence ſtrook:

For, not content t' expreſs his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his ſoul devoid of fear,
His high-deſigning thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghoſts are made appear,
Our phœnix queen was pourtray'd too ſo bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take ſo right:
Her dreſs, her ſhape, her matchleſs grace,
Were all obſerv'd, as well as heavenly face.
With ſuch a peerleſs majeſty ſhe ſtands,
As in that day ſhe took the crown from ſacred hands:
Before a train of heroines was ſeen,
In beauty foremoſt, as in rank, the queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze ſhe ſhone,
And her bright ſoul broke out on every ſide.
What next ſhe had deſign'd, heaven only knows:
To ſuch immoderate growth her conqueſt roſe,
That Fate alone its progreſs could oppoſe.

VIII.

Now all thoſe charms that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd ſhape and beauteous face,
Shall never more be ſeen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Nor wit, nor piety, could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel deſtiny content
To finiſh all the murder at a blow,
To ſweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more miſchievouſly ſlow,
And plunder'd firſt, and then deſtroy'd.
O double ſacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relick, and deface the ſhrine!
But thus Orinda dy'd:
Heaven, by the ſame diſeaſe, did both tranſlate;
As equal were their ſouls, ſo equal was their fate.

IX.

Meantime her warlike brother on the ſeas
His weaving ſtreamers to the winds diſplays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wiſh forbear,
The winds too ſoon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy ſails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'ſt not, thou art weck'd at home!
No more ſhalt thou behold thy ſiſter's face,
Thou haſt already had her laſt embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'ſt from far
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled ſtar,
If any ſparkles than the reſt more bright;
'Tis ſhe that ſhines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump ſhall ſound,
To raiſe the nations under ground;
When in the valley of Jehoſhaphat,
The judging God ſhall cloſe the book of fate;
And there the laſt aſſizes keep,
For thoſe who wake, and thoſe who ſleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the ſky;
When ſinews o'er the ſkeletons are ſpread,
Thoſe cloth'd with fleſh, and life inſpires the dead
The ſacred poets firſt ſhall hear the ſound,
And foremoſt from the tomb ſhall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lighteſt ground;
And ſtraight, with inborn vigour on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning ſing.

III.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF DUNDEE.

Tranſlated from the Latin of Dr. PITCAIRN.

OH laſt and beſt of Scots! who didſt maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign
New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thou did each in other live;
Nor wouldſt thou her, nor could ſhe thee ſurvive
Farewell, who dying didſt ſupport the ſtate,
And couldſt not fall but with thy country's fate.

IV.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM, DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ABINGDON, &c.

MY LORD,

THE commands with which you honoured me ſome months ago are now performed: they had been ſooner; but betwixt ill health, ſome buſineſs, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his baniſhment, and writing from on ſhipboard to his friends, excuſed the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them, that good verſes never flow but from a ſerene and compoſed ſpirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings faſtened to his head and heels, can fly but ſlowly in a damp air. I therefore choſe rather to obey you late than ill; if at leaſt I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your peruſal and your patronage, I cannot ſay that I have eſcaped from a ſhipwreck; but have only gained a rock by hard ſwimming, where I may pant awhile and gather breath: for the doctors give me a ſad aſſurance, that my diſeaſe never took its leave of any man, but with a purpoſe to return. However, my lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the ſmall ſtock, which age has left me, to the beſt advantage, in performing this inconſiderable ſervice to my lady's memory. We, who are prieſts of Apollo, have not the inſpiration when we pleaſe; but muſt wait till the God comes ruſhing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to reſiſt: which gives us double ſtrength while the fit continues, and leaves us languiſhing and ſpent at its departure. Let me not ſeem to boaſt, my lord: for I have really felt it on this occaſion, and propheſied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the ſubject contributed much to the happineſs of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me while I was writing. I ſwam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will eaſily obſerve, that I was tranſported by the multitude and variety of my ſimilitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonneſs of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my aſſiſtance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not, let them paſs for beautiful faults amongſt the better ſort of critics: for the whole poem, though written in that which they call Heroic verſe, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expreſſion; and, as ſuch, requires the ſame grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your lordſhip ſees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of apotheoſis, indeed,

if a Heathen word may be applied to a Chriſtian uſe. And on all occaſions of praiſe, if we take the Ancients for our patterns, we are bound by preſcription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the ſublimity of thoughts. Iſocrates amongſt the Grecian orators, and Cicero and the Younger Pliny amongſt the Romans, have left us their precedents for our ſecurity: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who ſtretches on theſe pinions out of ſight, and is carried upwards, as it were, into another world.

This, at leaſt, my lord, I may juſtly plead, that, if I have not performed ſo well as I think I have, yet I have uſed my beſt endeavours to excel myſelf. One diſadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or ſeen my lady: and to draw the lineaments of her mind from the deſcription which I have received from others, is for a painter to ſet himſelf at work without the living original before him: which, the more beautiful it is, will be ſo much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of ſuch and ſuch features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches which give the beſt reſemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artiſt is apt enough to flatter himſelf (and I amongſt the reſt) that their own ocular obſervations would have diſcovered ſome perfections, at leaſt others, than have been delivered to them: though I have received mine from the beſt hands, that is, from perſons who neither want a juſt underſtanding of my lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greateſt wit, though not the greateſt poet of our nation, acknowledges, that he had never ſeen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniverſaries. I have had the ſame fortune, though I have not ſucceeded to the ſame genius. However, I have followed his footſteps in the deſign of his panegyric; which was to raiſe an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have called this poem "The Pattern:" and though, on a ſecond conſideration, I changed the title into the name of the illuſtrious perſon, yet the deſign continues, and Eleonora is ſtill the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the beſt wife, the beſt mother, and the beſt of friends.

And now, my lord, though I have endeavoured to anſwer your commands, yet I could not anſwer it to the world, nor to my conſcience, if I gave not your lordſhip my teſtimony of being the beſt huſband now living: I ſay my teſtimony only; for the praiſe of it is given you by yourſelf. They who deſpiſe the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happineſs of the Counteſs of Abingdon, to have been ſo truly loved by you while ſhe was living, and ſo gratefully honoured after ſhe was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, ſuch a loſs; and yet fewer who carried their love and conſtancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the uſual ſtints of common huſbands; and perhaps their wives deſerve no better than to be mourned with hypocriſy, and forgot with eaſe. But you have diſtinguiſhed yourſelf from ordinary lovers, by a real and laſting grief for the deceaſed; and by endeavouring to raiſe for her the moſt durable monument, which is that of verſe. And ſo it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your deſign. Yet as Phidias, when he had made the ſtatue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name, as author of the piece: ſo give me leave to hope that, by ſubſcribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddeſs, and tranſmit my name to poſterity by the memory of hers. 'Tis no flattery to aſſure your lordſhip, that ſhe is remembered, in the preſent age, by all who have had the honour of her converſation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company, ſince the news of her death was firſt brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even ſpoken the ſame things of her in proſe which I have done in verſe.

I therefore think myſelf obliged to thank your lordſhip for the commiſſion which you have given me: how I have acquitted myſelf of it, muſt be left to the opinion of the world, in ſpite of any proteſtation which I can enter againſt the preſent age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Engliſhmen, and, as ſuch, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconſtant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongſt them. The good of both ſexes are ſo few in England, that they ſtand like exceptions againſt general rules: and though one of them has deſerved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I ſhould not tire my pen with frequent exerciſe on the like ſubjects; that praiſes, like taxes, ſhould be appropriated, and left almoſt as individual as the perſon. They ſay, my talent is ſatire: if it be ſo, it is a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a ſingle hand is inſufficient for ſuch a harveſt: they have ſown the dragon's teeth themſelves, and it is but juſt they ſhould reap each other in lampoons. You, my lord, who have the character of honour, though it is not my happineſs to know you, may ſtand aſide, with the ſmall remainders of the Engliſh nobility, truly ſuch, and, unhurt yourſelves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleaſed you, and ſome few others, I have obtained my end. You ſee I have diſabled myſelf, like an elected Speaker of the Houſe: yet like him I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden ſufficiently recompenſed by the honour. Be pleaſed to accept of theſe my unworthy labours, this paper monument; and let her pious memory, which I am ſure is ſacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiouſly ſought by,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

AS when ſome great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whiſpers, firſt, and mourniful murmurs riſe
Among the ſad attendants; then the ſound
Soon gathers voice, and ſpreads the news around,
Through town and country, till the dreadful blaſt
Is blown to diſtant colonies at laſt;
Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign:
So ſlowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did matchleſs Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loſs the news became.

The nation felt it in th' extremeſt parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts;
But moſt the poor, whom daily ſhe ſupply'd,
Beginning to be ſuch but when ſhe dy'd.
For, while ſhe liv'd, they ſlept in peace by night,
Secure of bread, as of returning light;
And with ſuch firm dependence on the day,
That Need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:
So ſure the dole, ſo ready at their call,
They ſtood prepar'd to ſee the manna fall.

Such multitudes ſhe fed, ſhe cloath'd, ſhe nurſt,
That ſhe herſelf might fear her wanting firſt.
Of her five talents, other five ſhe made;
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely paid:
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from oſtentation fall,
Or proud deſires of praiſe; the ſoul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
No leſs than heaven; to heap huge treaſures there.

Want paſs'd for merit at her open door:
Heaven ſaw, he ſafely might increaſe his poor,
And truſt their ſuſtenance with her ſo well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy, whom ſhe ſaw, or knew;
All in the compaſs of her ſphere ſhe drew:
He, who could touch her garment, was as ſure,
As the firſt Chriſtians of th' apoſtles' cure.
The diſtant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremeſt needs;
A future cordial for a fainting mind,
For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,
Each in his turn: the rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas home.
As to ſome holy houſe th' afflicted came,
The hunger-ſtarv'd, the naked, and the lame;
Want and diſeaſes fled before her name.
For zeal like her's her ſervants were too ſlow;
She was the firſt, where need requir'd, to go;
Herſelf the foundreſs and attendant too.

Sure ſhe had gueſts ſometimes to entertain,
Gueſts in diſguiſe, of her great maſter's train:
Her Lord himſelf might come, for aught we know;
Since in a ſervant's form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to ſtay;
Or ſome benighted angel, in his way,
Might eaſe his wings, and, ſeeing heaven appear
In its beſt work of mercy, think it there:
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as conſtant method as above,
All carried on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praiſes, and as warm her prayers.

Yet was ſhe not profuſe; but fear'd to waſte,
And wiſely manag'd, that the ſtock might laſt
That all might be ſupply'd, and ſhe not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, ſhe had not to relieve:
Which to prevent ſhe ſtill increas'd her ſtore;
Laid up, and ſpar'd, that ſhe might give the more.
So Pharaoh, or ſome greater king than he,
Provided for the ſeventh neceſſity:
Taught from above his magazines to frame;
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus Heaven, though all-ſufficient, ſhews a thrift
In his œconomy, and bounds his gift:
Creating, for our day, one ſingle light;
And his reflection too ſupplies the night;
Perhaps a thouſand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the ſky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurſt;
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worſt.

Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet ſomewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her ſoul; abhorring avarice,
Bounteous, but almoſt bounteous to a vice:
Had ſhe given more, it had profuſion been,
And turn'd th' exceſs of goodneſs into ſin.

Theſe virtues rais'd her fabric to the ſky;
For that, which is next heaven, is charity.
But, as high turrets, for their airy ſteep,
Require foundations, in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upward ſhoot,
As to the nether heavens they drive the root:
So low did her ſecure foundation lie,
She was not humble, but humility.
Scarcely ſhe knew that ſhe was great, or fair,
Or wiſe, beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durſt compare:
For to be conſcious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
But ſtill ſhe found, or rather thought ſhe found,
Her own worth wanting, others to abound;
Aſcrib'd above their due to every one,
Unjuſt and ſcanty to herſelf alone.

ıer devotion was, as might give rules
ılation to diſputing ſchools,
:h us equally the ſcales to hold
the two extremes of hot and cold;
us heat may moderately prevail,
be warm'd, but not be ſcorch'd with zeal.
might ſhorten, not diſturb her prayer;
ıad the beſt, if not the greater ſhare.
: life long oraiſons forbids;
ſhe pray'd, for ſtill ſhe pray'd by deeds.
'ery day was ſabbath; only free
urs of prayer, for hours of charity.
:he Jews from ſervile toil releas'd;
'orks of mercy were a part of reſt;
)leſt angels exerciſe above,
/ith ſacred hymns and acts of love:
)aths as that one ſhe now enjoys,
: perpetual one, which ſhe employs
h viciſſitudes in heaven there are)
alternate, and alternate prayer.
he practis'd here; that when ſhe ſprung
he choirs, at the firſt ſight ſhe ſung:
d was ſung herſelf in angels lays;
ſing her, they did her Maker praiſe.
's of heaven ſo well ſhe knew,
e came, that nothing there was new:
was ſo familiarly receiv'd,
turning, not as one arriv'd.
down again precipitate thy flight:
can mortal eyes ſuſtain immortal light?
e ſun in water we can bear.
he ſun, but his reflection there,
view her, here, in what ſhe was,
her image in this watery glaſs:
not every lineament to ſee:
ll be caſt in ſhades, and ſome will be
/ drawn, you'll ſcarcely know, 'tis ſhe.
e ſuch various virtues we recite,
the milky-way, all over bright,
ſo thick with ſtars, 'tis undiſtinguiſh'd
ght.
rtue, not her virtues let us call;
ieroic comprehends them all:
a conſtellation is but one.
tis a train of ſtars, that, rolling on,
ieir turn, and in the zodiac run:
notion; now 'tis faith aſcends,
e, now charity, that upward tends,
nwards with diffuſive good deſcends.
perfumes compos'd with art and coſt,
to ſay what ſcent is uppermoſt;
part muſk or civet can we call,
r; but a rich reſult of all;
as all a ſweet, whoſe every part,
oportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's art.
virtue we could moſt commend,
the wife, the mother, or the friend;
/as all, in that ſupreme degree,
o one prevail'd, ſo all was ſhe.
al parts lay hidden in the piece;
ſion but exerted that, or this
as tender, and as true withal,
ſt woman was before her fall:
the man, of whom ſhe was a part;
attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
Eve, but by no crime accurſt;
ous, not as brittle as the firſt.

Had ſhe been firſt, ſtill Paradiſe had been,
And death had found no entrance by her ſin.
So ſhe not only had preſerv'd from ill
Her ſex and ours, but liv'd their pattern ſtill.
Love and obedience to her lord ſhe bore;
She much obey'd him, but ſhe lov'd him more:
Not aw'd to duty by ſuperior ſway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God, as author of our good;
So ſubjects love juſt kings, or ſo they ſhould.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the bliſsful couple burn'd;
One joy poſſeſs'd them both, and in one grief they mourn'd.
His paſſion ſtill improv'd; he lov'd ſo faſt,
As if he fear'd each day would be her laſt.
Too true a prophet to foreſee the fate
That ſhould ſo ſoon divide their happy ſtate:
When he to heaven entirely muſt reſtore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the ſoul is all in every part,
So God and he might each have all her heart.
So had her children too; for charity
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than ſhe:
Each under other by degrees they grew;
A goodly perſpective of diſtant view.
Anchiſes look'd not with ſo pleas'd a face,
In numbering o'er his future Roman race,
And marſhalling the heroes of his name,
As, in their order, next, to light they came.
Nor Cybele, with half ſo kind an eye,
Survey'd her ſons and daughters of the ſky;
Proud, ſhall I ſay, of her immortal fruit?
As far as pride with heavenly minds may ſuit,
Her pious love excell'd to all ſhe bore;
New objects only multiply'd it more.
And as the choſen found the pearly grain
As much as every veſſel could contain;
As in the bliſsful viſion each ſhall ſhare
As much of glory as his ſoul can bear:
So did ſhe love, and ſo diſpenſe her care.
Her eldeſt thus, by conſequence, was beſt,
As longer cultivated than the reſt.
The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her ſmiles:
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young ſoul, and gave it room to play,
At his firſt aptneſs, the maternal love
Thoſe rudiments of reaſon did improve:
The tender age was pliant to command;
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:
True to th' artificer, the labour'd mind
With eaſe was pious, generous, juſt, and kind:
Soft for impreſſion, from the firſt prepar'd,
Till virtue with long exerciſe grew hard:
With every act confirm'd, and made at laſt
So durable as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to habit; and from vices free,
Goodneſs reſolv'd into neceſſity.
Thus fix'd ſhe virtue's image, that's her own,
Till the whole mother in the children ſhone;
For that was their perfection; ſhe was ſuch,
They never could expreſs her mind too much.
So unexhauſted her perfections were,
That, for more children, ſhe had more to ſpare;
For ſouls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath;

And (could they take th' impreſſions of her mind)
Enough ſtill left to ſanctify her kind.
Then wonder not to ſee this ſoul extend
The bounds, and ſeek ſome other ſelf, a friend:
As ſwelling ſeas to gentle rivers glide,
To ſeek repoſe, and empty out the tide;
So this full ſoul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, ſought a vent,
To iſſue out, and in ſome friendly breaſt
Diſcharge her treaſures, and ſecurely reſt:
T' unboſom all the ſecrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart.
For 'tis the bliſs of friendſhip's holy ſtate,
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Though bodies cannot, ſouls can penetrate:
Fixt to her choice, inviolably true,
And wiſely chooſing, for ſhe choſe but few.
Some ſhe muſt have; but in no one could find
A tally fitted for ſo large a mind.
The ſouls of friends like kings in progreſs are;
Still in their own, though from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling was,
A ſweet retirement to a coarſer place;
Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
Where greatneſs was ſhut out, and buſineſs well forgot.
This is th' imperfect draught; but ſhort as far
As the true height and bigneſs of a ſtar
Exceeds the meaſures of the aſtronomer.
She ſhines above, we know; but in what place,
How near the throne, and heaven's imperial face,
By our weak optics is but vainly gueſt;
Diſtance and altitude conceal the reſt.
Though all theſe rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrower ſpace of life confin'd,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd;
Though not ſo large an orb, as truly round.
As when in glory, through the public place,
The ſpoils of conquer'd nations were to paſs,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The conſul was conſtrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And ſo the ſwift proceſſion hurry'd on,
That all, though not diſtinctly, might be ſhown:
So in the ſtraiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpſes of her glorious mind:
And multitudes of virtues paſs'd along;
Each preſſing foremoſt in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be ſeen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.
Yet unemploy'd no minute ſlipt away;
Moments were precious in ſo ſhort a ſtay.
The haſte of heaven to have her was ſo great,
That ſome were ſingle acts, though each compleat;
But every act ſtood ready to repeat.
Her fellow-ſaints with buſy care will look
For her bleſt name in fate's eternal book;
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will ſee
Numberleſs virtues, endleſs charity:
But more will wonder at ſo ſhort an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page:
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the reſt torn out.
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, could there be
A copy near th' original, 'twas ſhe.
As precious gums are not for laſting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire:
So was ſhe ſoon exhal'd, and vaniſh'd hence;
A ſhort ſweet odour, of a vaſt expence.

She vaniſh'd, we can ſcarcely ſay ſhe dy'd;
For but a Now did heaven and earth divide:
She paſs'd ſerenely with a ſingle breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:
One ſigh did her eternal bliſs aſſure;
So little penance needs, when ſouls are almoſt pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts purſue;
Or, one dream paſs'd, we ſlide into a new;
So cloſe they follow, ſuch wild order keep,
We think ourſelves awake, and are aſleep:
So ſoftly death ſucceeded life in her:
She did but dream of heaven, and ſhe was there.
No pains ſhe ſuffer'd, nor expir'd with noiſe;
Her ſoul was whiſper'd out with God's ſtill voice;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feaſt,
And treated like a long-familiar gueſt.
He took her as he found, but found her ſo,
As one in hourly readineſs to go:
Ev'n on that day, in all her trim prepar'd;
As early notice ſhe from heaven had heard,
And ſome deſcending courier from above
Had given her timely warning to remove;
Or counſel'd her to dreſs the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where ſhe lay
Cloath'd all in white, the livery of the day:
Scarce had ſhe ſinn'd in thought, or word, or act;
Unleſs omiſſions were to paſs for fact:
That hardly death a conſequence could draw,
To make her liable to nature's law.
And that ſhe dy'd, we only have to ſhow
The mortal part of her ſhe left below:
The reſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſuddenly ſhe went,
Look'd like tranſlation through the firmament,
Or like the fiery car on the third errand ſent.
O happy ſoul! if thou canſt view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If, looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'ſt, that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruins of thy houſe, and ſee
Thy widow'd and thy orphan family:
Look on thy tender pledges left behind;
And, if thou canſt a vacant minute find
From heavenly joys, that interval afford
To thy ſad children, and thy mourning lord.
See how they grieve, miſtaking in their love,
And ſhed a beam of comfort from above;
Give them as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A tranſient view of thy full glories there;
That they with moderate ſorrow may ſuſtain
And mollify their loſſes in thy gain.
Or elſe divide the grief; for ſuch thou wert,
That ſhould not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a ſingle heart.
Let this ſuffice: nor thou, great ſaint, refuſe
This humble tribute of no vulgar Muſe:
Who, not by cares, or wants, or age depreſt,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntleſs breaſt;
And dares to ſing thy praiſes in a clime
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;
Where ev'n to draw the picture of thy mind,
Is ſatire on the moſt of human kind:
Take it, while yet 'tis praiſe; before my rage,
Unſafely juſt, break looſe on this bad age;
So bad, that thou thyſelf hadſt no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence.
Be what and where thou art: to wiſh thy place,
Were, in the beſt, preſumption more than grace.

(ſuch thy works of mercy are)
is poem, been my holy care.
body keeps, thy ſoul the ſky,
verſe preſerve thy memory;
ıalt make it live, becauſe it ſings of

V.

HE DEATH OF AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

on a joyleſs and a gloomy morn,
was the graſs, and hung with pearls the
ɔrn;
ın, who deſign'd to paſs the day
s and horns, and chace the flying prey,
om his bed; but ſoon he found
pitch'd with ſullen clouds around,
vind, and dew upon the ground.
he ſtood, and ſighing did ſurvey
nd curſt th' ill omens of the day,
ıalcas come with heavy pace;
s eyes, and chearleſs was his face:
is hands, diſtracted with his care,
voice before him from afar.
ry'd, return, unhappy ſwain,
clouds are fill'd with gathering rain:
of the day not only croſs'd,
ſpring, the ſpring itſelf is loſt.
h! he could not ſpeak the reſt,
for preſaging Damon gueſs'd.
ıeaven young Damon lov'd the boy,
nature, both his parents' joy.
form revolving in his mind;
nius, and a ſoul ſo kind,
ırance that his fears were true;
envy of the gods he knew:
ir gifts too laviſhly are plac'd,
ɔent, and will not make them laſt.
as too bountiful a dole,
s features, and the father's ſoul.
cry'd: the morn beſpoke the news:
did her chearful light diffuſe:
ſuddenly ſhe chang'd her face,
t on clouds and rain, the day's diſ-
;
myntas, was thy promis'd race.
ıs adorn'd thy youth, where nature
t,
ıan man was given us in a child!
was ripe: a ſoul ſublime
ender that prevented time:
him all at once; then ſnatch'd away,
ll his beauties could ſurvey:
flower that buds and withers in a

MENALCAS.

er, lovely, though with grief oppreſt,
dying head upon her breaſt,

The mournful family ſtood all around;
One groan was heard, one univerſal ſound:
All were in floods of tears and endleſs ſorrow drown'd.
So dire a ſadneſs ſat on every look,
Ev'n death repented he had given the ſtroke.
He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of life to thoſe who yet remain'd.
The mother's and her eldeſt daughter's grace,
It ſeems, had brib'd him to prolong their ſpace.
The father bore it with undaunted ſoul,
Like one who durſt his deſtiny controul:
Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
Reſign'd his ſon, but not reſign'd his heart.
Patient as Job; and may he live to ſee,
Like him, a new increaſing family!

DAMON.

Such is my wiſh, and ſuch my prophecy.
For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains;
Long may ſhe exerciſe her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More laſting, and endued with equal grace!
Equal ſhe may, but farther none can go:
For he was all that was exact below.

MENALCAS.

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud;
Hear'ſt thou not hymns and ſongs divinely loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play
About their godlike mate, and ſing him on his way.
He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,
And every moment gains upon the ſkies.
The new-come gueſt admires th' etherial ſtate,
The ſaphire portal, and the golden gate;
And now admitted in the ſhining throng,
He ſhows the paſſport which he brought along.
His paſſport is his innocence and grace,
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now ſing, ye joyful angels, and admire
Your brother's voice that comes to mend your quire:
Sing you, while endleſs tears our eyes beſtow;
For like Amyntas none is left below.

VI.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

HE who could view the book of deſtiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming youth, in the firſt opening page,
So many graces in ſo green an age,
Such wit, ſuch modeſty, ſuch ſtrength of mind,
A ſoul at once ſo manly, and ſo kind;
Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after ſome few leaves ſhould find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void ſpace,
A ſtep of life that promiſed ſuch a race
We muſt not, dare not think, that heaven began
A child, and could not finiſh him a man;
Reflecting what a mighty ſtore was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made:
The coſt already furniſh'd; ſo beſtow'd,
As more was never to one ſoul allow'd:

Yet, after this profuſion ſpent in vain,
Nothing but mouldering aſhes to remain,
I gueſs not, leſt I ſplit upon the ſhelf,
Yet, durſt I gueſs, heaven kept it for himſelf;
And giving us the uſe, did ſoon recal,
Ere we could ſpare the mighty principal.
Thus then he diſappear'd, was rarify'd;
For 'tis improper ſpeech to ſay he dy'd:
He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His ſpirit, as the ſun the morning dew.
'Tis ſin produces death; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on every ſon,
He added not, he was ſo pure, ſo good,
'Twas but the original forfeit of his blood:
And that ſo little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the firſt muddy clay;
The length of courſe had waſh'd it in the way:
So deep, and yet ſo clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.
As ſuch we lov'd, admir'd, almoſt ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford.
Perhaps we gave ſo much, the powers above
Grew angry at our ſuperſtitious love:
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cauſe is juſtly ſnatch'd away.
Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone:
And yet we murmur that he went ſo ſoon:
Though miracles are ſhort and rarely ſhown.
Hear then, ye mournful parents, and divide
That love in many which in one was ty'd.
That individual bleſſing is no more,
But multiply'd in your remaining ſtore.
The flame's diſpers'd, but does not all expire;
The ſparkles blaze, though not the globe of fire.
Love him by parts, in all your numerous race,
And from thoſe parts form one collected grace;
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

VII.

UPON YOUNG MR. ROGERS OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

OF gentle blood, his parents only treaſure,
Their laſting ſorrow, and their vaniſh'd pleaſure,
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large proviſion for ſo ſhort a race;
More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better ſtate;
But, knowing heaven his home, to ſhun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the ſhorteſt way.

VIII.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BLOW.

I.

MARK how the lark and linnet ſing:
With rival notes
They ſtrain their warbling throats,
To welcome in the ſpring.
But in the cloſe of night,
When Philomel begins her heavenly lay,
They ceaſe their mutual ſpite,
Drink in her muſic with delight,
And liſtening ſilently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came;
They ſung no more, or only ſung his fame:
Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man:
The godlike man,
Alas! too ſoon retir'd,
As he too late began.
We beg not hell our Orpheus to reſtore:
Had he been there,
Their ſovereign's fear
Had ſent him back before.
The power of harmony too well they knew:
He long ere this had tun'd their jarring ſphere,
And left no hell below.

III.

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the ſcale of muſic from the ſky:
They handed him along,
And all the way he taught, and all the way he ſung.
Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot: but at your own rejoice:
Now live ſecure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

IX.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY WHITMORE.

FAIR, kind, and true, a treaſure each alone,
A wife, a miſtreſs, and a friend in one,
Reſt in this tomb, rais'd at thy huſband's coſt,
Here ſadly ſumming, what he had, and loſt.
Come, virgins, ere in equal bands ye join,
Come firſt, and offer at her ſacred ſhrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the reſt, with longer life;
And wiſh your vows, like hers, may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead ſo mourn'd.

X.

EPITAPH ON SIR PALMES FAIRBONE'S TOMB IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir PALMES FAIRBONE, *Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which command, he was mortally wounded by ſhot from the Moors, then beſieging the town, in the forty-ſixth year of his age, October* 24, 1680.

YE ſacred relics, which your marble keep,
Here, undiſturb'd by wars, in quiet ſleep:
Diſcharge the truſt, which, when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted ſoul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.

dead theſe walls he will defend:
ons great examples muſt attend.
.an ſiege his early valour knew,
ırkiſh blood did his young hands imbrue.
ıce returning with deſerv'd applauſe,
he Moors his well-fleſh'd ſword he
aws;
the courage, and the ſame the cauſe.
and age, his life, and death, combine,
e great and regular deſign,
ıece throughout, and all divine.
r heaven his virtues ſhone more bright,
g flames expanding in their height;
yr's glory crown'd the ſoldier's fight.
ely Britiſh general never fell,
al's death was e'er reveng'd ſo well;
s pleas'd eyes beheld before their cloſe,
by thouſand victims of his foes.
nented loſs for time to come
widow conſecrates this tomb.

XI.

MR. MILTON'S PICTURE, BEFORE HIS PARADISE LOST.

EE Poets, in three diſtant ages born,
ece, Italy, and England did adorn.
in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſs'd;
, in majeſty; in both the laſt.
of nature could no further go;
a third, ſhe join'd the former two.

XII.

MONUMENT OF A FAIR MAIDEN LADY, DAT BATH, AND IS THERE INTERRED.

W this marble monument is laid
hat heaven wants of this celeſtial maid.
O ſacred tomb, thy truſt conſign'd;
ld was made on purpoſe for the mind:
ould loſe, if, at the latter day,
could be mix'd of other clay.
e the features of her heavenly face,
s were form'd with ſuch harmonious grace:
ſs was the frame, as if the whole
an emanation of the ſoul;
er own inward ſymmetry reveal'd;
a picture ſhone, in glaſs anneal'd.
e ſun eclips'd, with ſhaded light:
cing, elſe, to be ſuſtain'd by ſight.
ught was viſible that roll'd within:
a cryſtal caſe the figur'd hours are ſeen.
ren did this tranſparent veil provide,
he had no guilty thought to hide.
, a virgin-ſaint, ſhe ſought the ſkies:
iage, though it fullies not, it dies.
ugh her wit, yet humble was her mind;
could not, or ſhe would not find
ch her worth tranſcended all her kind.

Yet ſhe had learn'd ſo much of heaven below,
That when arriv'd ſhe ſcarce had more to know:
But only to refreſh the former hint;
And read her Maker in a fairer print.
So pious, as ſhe had no time to ſpare
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to prayer.
Yet in ſuch charities ſhe paſs'd the day,
'Twas wond'rous how ſhe found an hour to pray.
A ſoul ſo calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which paſſion could but curl, not diſcompoſe.
A female ſoftneſs, with a manly mind:
A daughter duteous, and a ſiſter kind:
In ſickneſs patient, and in death reſign'd.

XIII.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON, OF BURMINGHAM IN NORFOLK.

SO fair, ſo young, ſo innocent, ſo ſweet,
So ripe a judgment, and ſo rare a wit,
Require at leaſt an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not ſtay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay.
Heaven's image was in her ſo well expreſt,
Her very ſight upbraided all the reſt;
Too juſtly raviſh'd from an age like this,
Now ſhe is gone, the world is of a piece.

XIV.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.

HE, who in impious times undaunted ſtood,
And midſt rebellion durſt be juſt and good:
Whoſe arms aſſerted, and whoſe ſufferings more
Confirm'd the cauſe for which he fought before;
Reſts here, rewarded by an heavenly prince;
For what his earthly could not recompence.
Pray, reader, that ſuch times no more appear:
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Aſk of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preſerve them, heaven confin'd in thee.
Few ſubjects could a king like thine deſerve:
And fewer, ſuch a king, ſo well could ſerve.
Bleſt king, bleſt ſubject, whoſe exalted ſtate
By ſufferings roſe, and gave the law to fate.
Such ſouls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven.

XV.

EPITAPH UPON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER'S BEING DISMISSED FROM THE TREASURY, IN 1687.

HERE lies a creature of indulgent fate,
From Tory Hyde rais'd to a chit of ſtate;
In chariot now, Eliſha-like he's hurl'd
To th' upper empty regions of the world:

The airy thing cuts through the yielding ſky;
And as it goes does into atoms fly:
While we on earth ſee, with no ſmall delight,
The bird of prey turn'd to a paper kite.
With drunken pride and rage he did ſo well,
The hated thing without compaſſion fell;
By powerful force of univerſal prayer,
The ill-blown bubble is now turn'd to air:
To his firſt leſs than nothing he is gone,
By his prepoſterous tranſaction!

XVI.

EPITAPH.

INTENDED FOR DRYDEN'S WIFE.

HERE lies my wife: here let her lie!
Now ſhe's at reſt, and ſo am I.

XVII.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE DUTCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH'S PICTURE.

SURE we do live by Cleopatra's age,
Since Sunderland does govern now the ſtage:
She of Septimius had nothing made,
Pompey alone had been by her betray'd.
Were ſhe a poet, ſhe would ſurely boaſt,
That all the world for pearls had well been lo

XVIII.

DESCRIPTION OF OLD JACOB TONSON

WITH leering look, bull-fac'd, and f
fair,
With two left-legs, with Judas-colour'd hair
And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air.-

* On Tonſon's refuſing to give Dryden th
he aſked for his Virgil, the Poet ſent hi
above; and added, "Tell the dog, that h
"wrote them, can write more." The mon
paid.

SONGS, ODES, AND A MASQUE.

I.

THE FAIR STRANGER.

A SONG.

HAPPY and free, ſecurely bleſt;
No beauty could diſturb my reſt;
My amorous heart was in deſpair,
To find a new victorious fair.

II.

Till you, deſcending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without control
The mighty ſovereign of my ſoul.

III.

Your ſmiles have more of conquering charms,
Than all your native country arms:
Their troops we can expel with eaſe,
Who vanquiſh only when we pleaſe.

IV.

But in your eyes, oh! there's the ſpell,
Who can ſee them, and not rebel?
You make us captives by your ſtay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

II.

ON THE YOUNG STATESMEN.

CLARENDON had law and ſenſe,
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
And Danby's matchleſs impudence
Help'd to ſupport the knave.

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
Theſe will appear ſuch chits in ſtory,
'Twill turn all politicks to jeſts.
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fidlers ſing at feaſts.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
What would theſe madmen have?
Firſt, they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common ſenſe,
And without power enſlave.

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
Submit to ſervile ſhame;
Who from conſent and cuſtom draw
The ſame right to be rul'd by law,
Which kings pretend to reign?

ıall wield his conquering ſword,
chancellor make a ſpeech,
all paſs his honeſt word,
l revenue ſums afford,
then, come kiſs my breech.

en a king on cheſs
rooks and knights withdrawn,
nd biſhops in diſtreſs)
ut, grow leſs and leſs,
ı here and there a pawn.

III.

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

I.

armony, from heavenly harmony
s univerſal frame began:
nature underneath a heap
ırring atoms lay,
uld not heave her head,
voice was heard from high,
', ye more than dead.
and hot, and moiſt, and dry,
heir ſtations leap,
Muſic's power obey.
ny, from heavenly harmony,
univerſal frame began:
ı harmony to harmony
the compaſs of the notes it ran,
n cloſing full in Man.

II.

m cannot Muſic raiſe and quell!
m Jubal ſtruck the chorded ſhell,
ing brethren ſtood around,
d'ring, on their faces fell
ıip that celeſtial ſound.
God they thought there could not dwell
hin the hollow of that ſhell,
t ſpoke ſo ſweetly and ſo well.
n cannot Muſic raiſe and quell?

III.

umpet's loud clangor
ites us to arms,
hrill notes of anger
l mortal alarms.
ouble double double beat
he thundering drum
! the foes come;
arge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

ft complaining flute
ng notes diſcovers
oes of hopeleſs lovers,
e is whiſper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

violins proclaim
us pangs, and deſperation,
tic indignation,
ains, and height of paſſion,
r the fair, diſdainful dame.
il.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The ſacred organ's praiſe?
Notes inſpiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the ſavage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and ſtraight appear'd
Miſtaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of ſacred lays,
The ſpheres began to move,
And ſung the great Creator's praiſe
To all the bleſs'd above;
So when the laſt and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant ſhall devour,
The trumpet ſhall be heard on high,
The dead ſhall live, the living die,
And Muſic ſhall untune the ſky.

IV.

THE

TEARS OF AMYNTA,

FOR THE

DEATH OF DAMON.

SONG.

I.

ON a bank, beſide a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow.
Sad Amynta ſigh'd alone:
From the chearleſs dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night returning,
Sighing thus ſhe made her moan:
Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

II.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a youth, and ſuch a lover;
Oh! ſo true, ſo kind, was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me;
Melting kiſſes,
Murmuring bliſſes:
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we!

XIII.

SONG,

FROM TYRANNIC LOVE.

AH, how ſweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young deſire!
And what pleaſing pains we prove
When we firſt approach Love's fire!
Pains of love be ſweeter far
Than all other pleaſures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
Do but gently heave the heart:
E'en the tears they ſhed alone
Cure, like trickling balm, their ſmart.
Lovers, when they loſe their breath,
Bleed away in eaſy death.

Love and Time with reverence uſe,
Treat them like a parting friend:
Nor the golden gifts refuſe
Which in youth ſincere they ſend:
For each year their price is more,
And they leſs ſimple than before.

Love, like ſpring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein:
But each tide does leſs ſupply,
Till they quite ſhrink-in again:
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

XIV.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate
The godlike hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound.
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd:)
The lovely Thais, by his ſide,
Sate like a blooming Eaſtern bride
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerve the fair.

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heavenly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd:
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſovereign world.
The liſtening crowd admire the lofty ſound
A preſent deity, they ſhout around:
A preſent deity the vaulted roofs rebound:
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

CHORUS.

With raviſh'd ears,
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

III.

The praiſe of Bacchus then, the ſweet ſong;
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He ſhews his honeſt face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes,
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure:
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure,
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure;
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure,
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the ſound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defy'd
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful Muſe
Soft pity to infuſe:
He ſung Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high eſtate,
And weltring in his blood;

d, at his utmoſt need,
e his former bounty fed:
bare earth expos'd he lies,
ot a friend to cloſe his eyes.
own-caſt looks the joyleſs victor ſate
olving in his alter'd ſoul
e various turns of chance below;
now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
d tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

lving in his alter'd ſoul
e various turns of chance below;
now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
d tears began to flow.

V.

ghty maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
ve was in the next degree:
but a kindred ſound to move,
melts the mind to love.
y ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
e ſung, is toil and trouble;
but an empty bubble;
r endine, ſtill beginning,
g ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
e world be worth thy winning,
O think, it worth enjoying:
ly Thais ſits beſide thee,
: the good the gods provide thee.
any rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
e was crown'd, but Muſic won the cauſe.
he prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
gh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
th, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
nquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

CHORUS.

he prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
gh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
th, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
nquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

VI.

trike the golden lyre again:
er yet, and yet a louder ſtrain.
his bands of ſleep aſunder,
uſe him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he ſtares around.
ge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
e the furies ariſe:
e the ſnakes that they rear,
low they hiſs in their hair,
e ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly band,
ach a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hoſtile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies:
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down.

XV.

THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter JANUS.

JANUS. CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy pace,
An hundred times the rolling ſun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold the goal in ſight,
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

Enter CHRONOS *with a ſcythe in his hand, and a globe on his back; which he ſets down at his entrance.*

CHRONOS. Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear,
Another year,
The load of human-kind.

Enter MOMUS *laughing.*

MOMUS. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well haſt thou done
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back,
The world was a fool, e'er ſince it begun,
And ſince neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I,
Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

Cho. of all three. *'Tis better to laugh than to cry.*

JANUS. Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the ſhow,
That he may ſee, in every ſcene,
What changes in this age have been.

CHRONOS. Then, goddeſs of the ſilver bow, begin.
[*Horns, or hunting muſic, within.*]

Enter DIANA.

DIANA. With horns and with hounds, I waken the day;
And hye to the woodland-walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buſkin'd ſoon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing moon.
I courſe the fleet ſtag, unkennel the fox,
And chace the wild goats o'er ſummits of rocks,
With ſhouting and hooting we pierce through the ſky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

Cho. of all. *With ſhouting and hooting we pierce through the ſky,*
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

JANUS. Then our age was in its prime,

CHRONOS. Free from rage:

DIANA. ——And free from crime.

MOMUS. A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

Cho. of all. *Then our age was in its prime,*
Free from rage, and free from crime,
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.
[*Dance of Diana's attendants.*]

Enter MARS.

MARS. Inſpire the vocal braſs, inſpire;
The world is paſt its infant age:
Arms and honour,
Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has look'd the ſky to red;
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.
Plenty, peace, and pleaſure fly;
The ſprightly green,
In woodland walks no more is ſeen;
The ſprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.

Cho. of all. *Plenty, peace, &c.*

MARS. Sound the trumpet, beat the dru
Through all the world around,
Sound a reveille, ſound, ſound,
The warrior god is come.

Cho. of all. *Sound the trumpet,* &c.

MOMUS. Thy ſword within the ſcabbard k
And let mankind agree;
Better the world were faſt aſleep
Than kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
With all our coſt and care;
But neither ſide a winner,
For things are as they were.

Cho. of all. *The fools are only,* &c.

Enter VENUS.

VENUS. Calms appear, when ſtorms are p
Love will have his hour at laſt:
Nature is my kindly care;
Mars deſtroys, and I repair:
Take me, take me, while you m
Venus comes not every day.

Cho. of all. *Take her, take her,* &c.

CHRONOS. The world was then ſo light,
I ſcarcely felt the weight;
Joy rul'd the day, and love the ni
But, ſince the queen of pleaſur ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag
The pondrous orb around.

MOMUS. All, all of a piece throughout;

Pointing to Diana. Thy chace had a beaſt in view;

[To Mars] Thy wars brought nothing about

[To Venus] Thy lovers were all untrue.

JANUS. 'Tis well an old age is out,

CHRONOS. And time to begin a new.

Cho. of all. *All, all of a piece throughout;*
Thy chace had a beaſt in view:
Thy wars brought nothing about:
Thy lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.

Dance of huntſmen, nymphs, warriors, an

XVI.

SONG OF A SCHOLAR AND HIS MIS

WHO BEING CROSS'D BY THEIR FRI
FELL MAD FOR ONE ANOTHER; A
NOW FIRST MEET IN BEDLAM.

[Muſic within.]

The Lovers enter at oppoſite doors, each kept Keeper.

PHYLLIS. LOOK, look, I ſee—I ſee appear!
For, like him, there is none:
'Tis the dear, dear man, 'tis thee,

AMYNTAS. Hark! the winds war;
The foamy waves roar;
I ſee a ſhip afar:
Toſſing and toſſing, and making to the ſhore:
But what's that I view,
So radiant of hue,
St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that ſits upon the ſails?
Ah! No, no, no.
St. Hermo, never, never ſhone ſo bright;
'Tis Phyllis, only Phyllis, can ſhoot ſo fair light:
'Tis Phyllis, 'tis Phyllis, that ſaves the ſhip alone,
For all the winds are huſh'd, and the ſtorm is overblown.

PHYLLIS. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.

AMYNTAS. If all the fates combine,
And all the furies join,
Ill force my way to Phillis, and break through the charm.
[*Here they break from their keepers, run to each other, and embrace.*]

PHYLLIS. Shall I marry the man I love?
And ſhall I conclude my pains?
Now bleſs'd be the powers above,
I feel the blood bound in my veins;
With a lively leap it began to move,
And the vapors leave my brains.

AMYNTAS. Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to heart,
To make ſure of the cure,
Go call the man in black, to mumble o'er his part.

PHYLLIS. But ſuppoſe he ſhould ſtay—

AMYNTAS. At worſt if he delay,
'Tis a work muſt be done,
We'll borrow but a day,
And the better, the ſooner begun.

Cho. of both. *At worſt if he delay, &c.*

[*They run out together hand in hand.*]

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

I.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN THE FIRST DAY OF THE KING'S HOUSE ACTING AFTER THE FIRE.

SO ſhipwreck'd paſſengers eſcape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they ſtand
Dropping and cold, and their firſt fear ſcarce o'er,
Expecting famine on a deſart ſhore.
From that hard climate we muſt wait for bread,
Whence ev'n the natives, forc'd by hunger fled.
Our ſtage does human chance preſent to view,
But ne'er before was ſeen ſo ſadly true:
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to ſee
Is but a nobler name for charity.
Your own proviſions furniſh out our feaſts,
While you the founders make yourſelves the gueſts.
Of all mankind beſide fate had ſome care,
But for poor wit no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.
You cheriſh'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their ſcorn,
Who think that fire a judgment on the ſtage,
Which ſpar'd not temples in its furious rage.
But as our new-built city riſes higher,
So from old theatres may new aſpire,
Since fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great metropolis does far ſurpaſs
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
And, like a king, ſhould in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a ſhed;
Your preſence here, for which we humbly ſue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

II.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE, MARCH 26, 1674.

A Plain-built houſe, after ſo long a ſtay,
Will ſend you half unſatisfy'd away;
When, fallen from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is deſign'd.
You, who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero's palace, ſhining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded ſtage will ſcorn, we fear,
And, for the homely room, diſdain the chear.

Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain ſuit, ſince we can make but one,
Is better than to be by tarniſh'd gawdry known.
They, who are by your favours wealthy made,
With mighty ſums may carry on the trade:
We, broken bankers, half deſtroy'd by fire,
With our ſmall ſtock to humble roofs retire;
Pity our loſs, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer ſtrive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live:
Unable to ſupport their vaſt expence,
Who build and treat with ſuch magnificence;
That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial ſtage.
Great neighbours enviouſly promote exceſs,
While they impoſe their ſplendor on the leſs.
But only fools, and they of vaſt eſtate,
Th' extremity of modes will imitate,
The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.
Yet if ſome pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainneſs may be juſtly proud:
Our royal maſter will'd it ſhould be ſo;
Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no ſhow:
That ſacred name gives ornament and grace,
And, like his ſtamp, makes baſeſt metals paſs.
'Twere folly now a ſtately pile to raiſe,
To build a playhouſe while you throw down plays;
While ſcenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
And for the pencil you the pen diſdain:
While troops of famiſh'd Frenchmen hither drive,
And laugh at thoſe upon whoſe alms they live:
Old Engliſh authors vaniſh, and give place
To theſe new conquerors of the Norman race.
More tamely than your fathers you ſubmit;
You're now grown vaſſals to them in your wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine tops advance,
The mighty merits of their men of France,
Keep time, cry *Bon*, and humour the cadence.
Well, pleaſe yourſelves; but ſure 'tis underſtood,
That French machines have ne'er done England good.
I would not propheſy our houſe's fate:
But while vain ſhows and ſcenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be fear'd———
That as a fire the former houſe o'erthrew,
Machines and tempeſts will deſtroy the new.

Who lolling on our foremoſt benches ſit,
And ſtill charge firſt, the true forlorn of wit;
Whoſe favours, like the ſun, warm where you roll,
Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor ſoul;
So may your hats your ſoretops never preſs,
Untouch'd your ribbons, ſacred be your dreſs;
So may you ſlowly to old age advance,
And have th' excuſe of youth for ignorance:
So may ſop-corner full of noiſe remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive train;
So may your midnight ſcowrings happy prove,
And morning batteries force your way to love;
So may not France your warlike hands recal,
But leave you by each other's ſwords to fall;
As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,
When ſober, rail, and roar when you are drunk.
But to the wits we can ſome merit plead,
And urge what by themſelves has oft been ſaid:
Our houſe relieves the ladies from the frights
Of ill-pav'd ſtreets, and long dark winter nights;
The Flanders horſes from a cold bleak road,
Where bears in furs dare ſcarcely look abroad;
The audience from worn plays and fuſtian ſtuff,
Of rhyme, more naufeous than three boys in buff.
Though in their houſe the poets heads appear,
We hope we may preſume their wits are here.
The beſt which they reſerv'd they now will play,
For, like kind cuckolds, though w' have not the way
To pleaſe, we'll find you abler men who may.
If they ſhould fail, for laſt recruits we breed
A troop of friſking Monſieurs to ſucceed:
You know the French ſure cards at time of need.

III.

EPILOGUE

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

THOUGH what our Prologue ſaid was ſadly true,
Yet, gentlemen, our homely houſe is new,
A charm that ſeldom fails with, wicked, you.
A country lip may have the velvet touch;
Though ſhe's no lady, you may think her ſuch:
A ſtrong imagination may do much.
But you, loud ſirs, who through your curls look big,
Critics in plume and white vallancy wig,

IV.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1674.

Spoken by Mr. HART.

POETS, your ſubjects, have their parts aſſign'd
T' unbend, and to divert their ſovereign's mind:
When tir'd with following nature, you think fit
To ſeek repoſe in the cool ſhades of wit,
And, from the ſweet retreat, with joy ſurvey
What reſts, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here, free yourſelves from envy, care, and ſtrife,
You view the various turns of human life:
Safe in our ſcene, through dangerous courts you go,
And undebauch'd, the vice of cities know.
Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you ſet,
As once the ſphere of cryſtal ſhew'd the great.
Bleſt ſure are you above all mortal kind,
If to your fortunes you can ſuit your mind:
Content to ſee, and ſhun, thoſe ills we ſhow,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.
With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit:

Shakeſpeare's, Fletcher's, and great Jonſon's claim,
e renew'd from thoſe who gave them ſame.
of our living poets dare appear;
luſes ſo ſeveie are worſhip'd here,
conſcious of their faults, they ſhun the eye,
as prophane, from ſacred places fly,
r than ſee th' offended God, and die.
ing no imperfections, but our own;
aults as made are by the makers ſhown:
ou have been ſo kind, that we may boaſt,
eateſt judges ſtill can pardon moſt
muſt ſtoop, when they would pleaſe our pit,
l even to the level of their wit;
ing that, which yet they know will take,
themſelves what their applauſe muſt make.
en to praiſe from you they would aſpire,
i they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.
our knowledge all their power tranſcends,
t ſhould be beyond what is extends.

V.

ROLOGUE TO CIRCE.

[By Dr. DAVENANT, 1675.]

RE you but half ſo wiſe as you're ſevere,
Our youthful poet ſhould not need to fear:
teen years your cenſures you would ſuit,
't the bloſſom, but expect the fruit,
, that beſt does pleaſure underſtand,
vays chooſe to err on t'other hand.
eck not him that's aukward in delight
p the young rogue's cheek, and ſet him right.
arten'd well, and fleſh'd upon his prey,
ith may prove a man another day.
n and Fletcher, in their firſt young flight,
Volpone, nor no Arbaces write;
p'd about, and ſhort excurſions made
ugh to bough, as if they were afraid,
h was guilty of ſome ſlighted maid.
:are's own Muſe her Pericles firſt bore;
ice of Tyre was elder than the Moor:
acle to ſee a firſt good play;
thorns do not bloom on Chriſtmas-day.
r poet muſt have time to grow,
ad and burniſh as his brothers do.
l looks lean, ſure with ſome pox is curſt:
nan can be Falſtaff-fat at firſt.
mn not, but indulge his rude eſſays,
ge him, and bloat him up with praiſe,
may get more bulk before he dies:
yet fed enough for ſacrifice.
if now your grace you will not grudge,
grow up to write, and you to judge.

III.

VI.

EPILOGUE

Intended to have been ſpoken by the Lady HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH, when CALISTO was acted at Court.

AS Jupiter I made I made my court in vain;
I'll now aſſume my native ſhape again.
I'm weary to be ſo unkindly us'd,
And would not be a God to be refus'd.
State grows uneaſy when it hinders love;
A glorious burden, which the wiſe remove.
Now as a nymph I need not ſue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a God command;
No Jove could e'er the force of theſe withſtand.
'Tis here that ſovereign power admits diſpute;
Beauty ſometimes is juſtly abſolute.
Our ſullen Cato's, whatſoe'er they ſay,
Ev'n while they frown and dictate laws, obey.
You, mighty ſir, our bonds more eaſy make,
And gracefully, what all muſt ſuffer, take:
Above thoſe forms the grave affect to wear;
For 'tis not to be wiſe to be ſevere.
True wiſdom may ſome gallantry admit,
And ſoften buſineſs with the charms of wit.
Theſe peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midſt of fighting nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And ſit in peace the arbiter of war:
Peace, the loath'd manna, which hot brains deſpiſe.
You knew its worth, and made it early prize:
And in its happy leiſure ſit and ſee
The promiſes of more felicity:
Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
Whoſe morning rays like noon-tide ſtrike and ſhine:
Whom you to ſuppliant monarchs ſhall diſpoſe,
To bind your friends, and to diſarm your foes.

VII.

EPILOGUE

TO THE MAN OF MODE, OR SIR FOPLING FLUTTER.

[By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE, 1676.]

MOST modern wits ſuch monſtrous fools have ſhown,
They ſeem not of heaven's making, but their own.
Thoſe nauſeous harlequins in farce may paſs;
But there goes more to a ſubſtantial aſs:
Something of man muſt be expos'd to view,
That, gallants, they may more reſemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool ſo nicely writ,
The ladies would miſtake him for a wit;

And, when he ſings, talks loud, and cocks would cry,
I vow, methinks, he's pretty company:
So briſk, ſo gay, ſo travel'd, ſo refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True ſops help nature's work, and go to ſchool,
To file and finiſh God Almighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He's knight o' th' ſhire, and repreſents you all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a ſnow-ball grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow;
One taught the toſs, and one the new French wallow.
His ſword-knot this, his cravat that deſign'd;
And this, the yard-long ſnake, he twirls behind.
From one the ſacred perlwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat prophan'd.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a ſhog caſts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And riſes with a water-ſpaniel ſhake.
As for his ſongs, the ladies dear delight,
Theſe ſure he took from moſt of you who write.
Yet every man is ſafe from what he fear'd;
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

VIII.

EPILOGUE

TO MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS.

By Mr. N. Lee, 1678.

YOU'VE ſeen a pair of faithful lovers die:
And much you care; for moſt of you will cry,
'Twas a juſt judgment on their conſtancy.
For, heaven be thank'd, we live in ſuch an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the ſtage:
And ev'n thoſe martyrs are but rare in plays;
A curſed ſign how much true faith decays.
Love is no more a violent deſire:
'Tis a mere metaphor, a painted fire.
In all our ſex, the name examin'd well,
'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.
In woman, 'tis of ſubtle intereſt made:
Curſe on the punk that made it firſt a trade!
She firſt did wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool preſume to prate of love.
Let honour and preferment go for gold;
But glorious beauty is not to be ſold:
Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate ſo high,
That nothing but adoring it ſhould buy.
Yet the rich cullies may their boaſting ſpare;
They purchaſe but ſophiſticated ware.
'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old half-crown way;
And women fight, like Swiſſers, for their pay.

IX.

PROLOGUE TO CÆSAR BORGIA.

[By Mr. N. Lee, 1680.]

TH' unhappy man, who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to pleaſe himſelf, but other men;
Is always drudging, waſtes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What praiſe ſoe'er the poetry deſerve,
Yet every fool can bid the poet ſtarve.
That fumbling letcher to revenge is bent,
Becauſe he thinks himſelf or whore is meant:
Name but a cuckold, all the city ſwarms;
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms:
Were there no fear of Antichriſt or France,
In the beſt time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careleſs and qualmiſh, with a yawning face:
You ſleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may;
Moſt of your talents lie another way.
You love to hear of ſome prodigious tale,
The bell that toll'd alone, or Iriſh whale.
News is your food, and you enough provide,
Both for yourſelves and all the world beſide.
One theatre there is of vaſt reſort,
Which whilome of Requeſts was called the Court;
But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
And full of hum and buz from noon till night.
Up ſtairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wears three nations in his face.
So big you look, though claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French.
But all your entertainment ſtill is fed
By villains in your own dull iſland bred.
Would you return to us, we dare engage
To ſhew you better rogues upon the ſtage.
You know no poiſon but plain ratſbane here;
Death's more refin'd, and better bred elſewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy
By ſmelling a perfume to make you die;
A trick would make you lay your ſnuff-box by.
Murder's a trade, ſo known and practis'd there,
That 'tis infallible as is the chair.
But, mark their feaſt, you ſhall behold ſuch prank
The pope ſays grace, but 'tis the devil gives thank

X.

PROLOGUE

TO SOPHONISBA, AT OXFORD, 1680.

THESPIS, the firſt profeſſor of our art,
At country wakes, ſung ballads from a cart
To prove this true, if Latin be no treſpaſs,
Dicitur & plauſtris vexiſſe Poemata Theſpis.
But Æſchylus, ſays Horace in ſome page,
Was the firſt mountebank that trod the ſtage:
Yet Athens never knew your learned ſport
Of toſſing poets in a tennis-court.

the talent of our Engliſh nation,
be plotting ſome new reformation:
w years hence, if anarchy goes on,
reſbyter ſhall here erect his throne,
out a tub with preaching once a day,
ery prayer be longer than a play.
ll your heathen wits ſhall go to pot,
elieving of a Popiſh-plot:
oets ſhall be us'd like infidels,
orſt the author of the Oxford bells:
ould we 'ſcape the ſentence, to depart,
our firſt original, a cart.
ous brother there would want a ſtone,
il us cardinals, and pelt pope Joan:
n, learning, wit, would be ſuppreſt,
the whore, and trappings of the beaſt:
uarez, Tom of Aquin, muſt go down,
f ſupporters of the triple crown;
iſtotle's for deſtruction ripe;
y, he call'd the ſoul an organ-pipe,
y ſome little help of derivation,
n be prov'd a pipe of inſpiration.

XI.

A PROLOGUE.

there be a few that take delight
at which reaſonable men ſhould write;
a alone we dedicate this night.
may ſatisfy their curious itch
y gazettes, or ſome factious ſpeech,
e'er libel, for the public good,
the ſhrove-tide crew to fire and blood.
your benches, you apoſtate p.t,
e, above, twelve penny worth of wit;
: to your dear dancing on the rope,
hat's worſe, the devil and the pope.
ys that take on our corrupted ſtage,
s, reſemble the diſtracted age;
nadneſs, all unreaſonable things,
ike at ſenſe, as rebels do at kings.
e of forty-one our poets write,
are grown to judge like forty-eight.
nſures our miſtaking audience make,
s almoſt grown ſcandalous to take.
lk of fevers that infect the brains;
ſenſe is the new diſeaſe that reigns.
omachs, with a long diſeaſe oppreſt,
the cordials of ſtrong wit digeſt.
re thin nouriſhment of farce ye chooſe,
ns of a barley-water Muſe:
of tragedy would make you ſick,
: were a very tender chick.
enes in ſippets would be worth our time;
would go down; ſome love that's poach'd in
hyme;
ſhould fail—
t lie down, and, after all our coſt,
Friday, like watermen in froſt;
ou turn players on the world's great ſtage,
yourſelves the farce of your own age.

XII.

EPILOGUE

TO A TRAGEDY CALLED TAMERLANE.

[By Mr. SAUNDERS.]

LADIES, the beardleſs author of this day
Commends to you the fortune of his play.
A woman-wit has often grac'd the ſtage;
But he's the firſt boy-poet of our age.
Early as is the year his fancies blow,
Like Young Narciſſus peeping through the ſnow.
Thus Cowley bloſſom'd ſoon, yet flouriſh'd long;
This is as forward, and may prove as ſtrong.
Youth with the fair ſhould always favour find,
Or we are damn'd diſſemblers of our kind.
What's all this love they put into our parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
Should hag and grey-beard make ſuch tender moan,
Faith, you'd even truſt them to themſelves alone,
And cry, Let's go, here's nothing to be done.
Since Love's our buſineſs, as 'tis your delight,
The young, who beſt can practiſe, beſt can write.
What though he be not come to his full power,
He's mending and improving every hour.
You fly ſhe-jockies of the box and pit,
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit:
By management he may in time be made,
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd jade;
Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a ſweat,
And always fails you at the ſecond heat.

XIII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THE fam'd Italian Muſe, whoſe rhymes advance
Orlando, and the Paladins of France,
Records, that, when our wit and ſenſe is flown,
'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon
In earthen jars, which one, who thither ſoar'd,
Set to his noſe, ſnuff'd up, and was reſtor'd.
Whate'er the ſtory be, the moral's true;
The wit we loſt in town, we find in you.
Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with ſober ſenſe.
When London votes with Southwark's diſagree,
Here may they find their long-loſt loyalty.
Here buſy ſenates, to th' old cauſe inclin'd,
May ſnuff the votes their fellows left behind;
Your country neighbours, when their grain grows dear,
May come, and find their laſt proviſion here:
Whereas we cannot much lament our loſs,
Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one croſs.

We look'd what repreſentatives would bring;
But they help'd us, juſt as they did the king.
Yet we deſpair not; for we now lay forth
The Sybils books to thoſe who know their worth;
And though the firſt was ſacrific'd before,
Theſe volumes doubly will the price reſtore.
Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
To whom by long preſcription you are kind.
He, whoſe undaunted Muſe, with loyal rage,
Has never ſpar'd the vices of the age,
Here finding nothing that his ſpleen can raiſe,
Is forc'd to turn his ſatire into praiſe.

XIV.

PROLOGUE

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, 1682.

IN thoſe cold regions which no ſummers chear,
Where brooding darkneſs covers half the year,
To hollow caves the ſhivering natives go;
Bears rage abroad, and hunt in tracks of ſnow.
But when the tedious twilight wears away,
And ſtars grow paler at th' approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run;
Happy who firſt can ſee the glimmering ſun:
The ſurly ſavage offspring diſappear
And curſe the bright ſucceſſor of the year.
Yet, though rough bears in covert ſeek defence,
White foxes ſtay, with ſeeming innocence:
That crafty kind with day-light can diſpenſe.
Still we are throng'd ſo full with Reynard's race,
That loyal ſubjects ſcarce can find a place:
Thus modeſt truth is caſt behind the crowd:
Truth ſpeaks too low; hypocriſy too loud.
Let them be firſt to flatter in ſucceſs;
Duty can ſtay, but guilt has need to preſs;
Once, when true zeal the ſons of God did call,
To make their ſolemn ſhew at Heaven's Witehall,
The fawning devil appear'd among the reſt
And made as good a courtier as the beſt.
The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
Came cap in hand when he had three times more.
Yet late repentance may, perhaps be true;
Kings can forgive, if rebels can but ſue:
A tyrant's power in rigour is expreſt;
The father yearns in the true prince's breaſt.
We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend;
But moſt are babes, that know not they offend.
The crowd, to reſtleſs motion ſtill inclin'd,
Are clouds, that tack according to the wind.
Driven by their chiefs they ſtorms of hailſtones pour;
Then mourn, and ſoften to a ſilent ſhower.
O welcome to this much-offending land,
The prince that brings forgiveneſs in his hand!
Thus angels on glad meſſages appear:
Their firſt ſalute commands us not to fear:
Thus heaven, that could conſtrain us to obey,
(With reverence if we might preſume to ſay)
Seems to relax the rights of ſovereign ſway:
Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And makes us happy by our own free-will.

XV.

PROLOGUE TO THE EARL O

[By Mr. J. BANKS, 1682.

SPOKEN TO THE KING AND QUEE COMING TO THE HOUSE

WHEN firſt the ark was landed o
And heaven had vow'd to cu
no more;
When tops of hills the longing patriarc
And the new ſcene of earth began to d
The dove was ſent to view the waves
And firſt brought back to man the ple
'Tis needleſs to apply, when thoſe ap
Who bring the olive, and who plant it
We have before our eyes the royal dov
Still innocent as harbinger of love:
The ark is open'd to diſmiſs the train,
And people with a better race the plai
Tell me, ye powers, why ſhould vain r
With endleſs toil, each object that is
And for the ſeeming ſubſtance leave t
Why ſhould he quit for hopes his cert
And loath the manna of his daily food
Muſt England ſtill the ſcene of dange
Toſt and tempeſtuous, like our ambi
Muſt ſtill our weather and our wills a
Without our blood our liberties we ha
Who that is free would fight to be a ſl
Or, what can wars to after-times aſſu
Of which our preſent age is not ſecure
All that our monarch would for us or
Is but t' enjoy the bleſſings of his reig
Our land's an Eden, and the main's o
While we preſerve our ſtate of innoce
That loſt, then beaſts their brutal for
And firſt their lord, and then themſel
What civil broils have coſt, we know
Oh! let it be enough that once we fel
And every heart conſpire, and every t
Still to have ſuch a king, and this kin

XVI.

AN EPILOGU

FOR THE KING'S HOU

WE act by fits and ſtarts, like d
But juſt peep up, and then po
Let thoſe who call us wicked change
For never men liv'd more en Provide
Not lottery cavaliers are half ſo poor,
Nor broken cits nor a vacation whore.
Not courts, nor courtiers living on th
Of the three laſt ungiving parliament
So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could
He might have ſpar'd his dream o
kine,
And chang'd his viſion for the Muſes

mer, that, they ſay, portends a dearth,
it a vapour drawn from play-houſe earth:
ere ſince our laſt fire, and Lilly ſays,
ews our change of ſtate, and thin third days.
it our want of wit that keeps us poor;
n the printer's preſs would ſuffer more.
amphletteers each day their venom ſpit;
rrive by treaſon, and we ſtarve by wit.
the truth, which of you has not laid
rthings out to buy the Hatfield maid?
ich is duller yet, and more would ſpite us,
itus's wars with Heraclitus?
e the authors, who have run us down,
ercis'd you critics of the town.
ſe are pearls to your lampooning rhymes,
e yourſelves more dully than the times.
, the glory of the Engliſh nation,
to rags, and ſcribbled out of faſhion.
rmleſs thruſts, as if, like fencers wiſe,
id agreed their play before their prize.
ney may hang their harps upon the willows;
ſt like children when they box with pillows.
ut an end to civil wars for ſhame;
knight-errant, who has wrong'd a dame,
down his pen, and give her, as he can,
ſfaction of a gentleman.

XVII.

PROLOGUE

E ROYAL BROTHER: OR, THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

[By Mr. SOUTHERNE, 1682.]

'S, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the ſtage,
l critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our
ge.
w they jump: critics would regulate
tres, and Whigs reform our ſtate:
etend love, and both (plague rot them!)
iate.
ic humbly ſeems advice to bring;
ning Whig petitions to the king:
's advice into a ſatire ſlides;
s petition a remonſtrance hides.
ill no taxes give, and thoſe no pence;
would ſtarve the poet, Whigs the prince.
ic all our troops of friends diſcards;
the Whig would fain pull down the guards.
are illegal, that drive foes away,
hful ſhepherds that fright beaſts of prey.
who diſband ſuch needleſs aids as theſe,
—as long as e'er their ſubjects pleaſe:
t would be till next queen Beſs's night:
hus grave penny chroniclers indite.
unbury firſt, in woful wiſe,
the ſhow, and milks their maudlin eyes.
not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
es the poor pageant from her heart;
provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
th a civil congé, does retire:
But guiltleſs blood to ground muſt never fall;
There's Antichriſt behind, to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of ſeventy years:
Whoſe age in vain our mercy would implore;
For few take pity on an old caſt-whore.
The devil, who brought him to the ſhame, takes part;
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart;
Like thief and parſon in a Ty-burn cart.
The word is given; and with a loud huzza
The mitred moppet from his chair they draw:
On the ſlain corpſe contending nations fall:
Alas! what's one poor pope among them all!
He burns; now all true hearts your triumphs ring:
And next, for faſhion, cry, God ſave the king!
A needful cry in midſt of ſuch alarms,
When forty thouſand men are up in arms.
But after he's once ſaved, to make amends,
In each ſucceeding health they damn his friends:
So God begins, but ſtill the devil ends.
What if ſome one, inſpir'd with zeal, ſhould call,
Come, let's go cry, God ſave him at Whitehall?
His beſt friends would not like this over-care,
Or think him e'er the ſafer for this prayer.
Five praying ſaints are by an act allow'd;
But not the whole church-militant in crowd.
Yet, ſhould heaven all the true petitions drain
Of Preſbyterians, who would kings maintain,
Of forty-thouſand, five would ſcarce remain.

XVIII.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

A Virgin poet was ſerved up to-day,
Who, till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play.
He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory-boy:
But, like a girl whom ſeveral would enjoy,
Begs leave to make the beſt of his own natural toy.
Were I to play my callow author's game,
The king's houſe would inſtruct me by the name.
There's loyalty to one; I wiſh no more:
A commonwealth ſounds like a common whore.
Let huſband or gallant be what they will,
One part of woman is true Tory ſtill.
If any factious ſpirit ſhould rebel,
Our ſex, with eaſe, can every riſing quell.
Then, as you hope we ſhould your failings hide,
An honeſt jury for our play provide.
Whigs at their poets never take offence;
They ſave dull culprits, who have murder'd ſenſe.
Though nonſenſe is a nauſeous heavy maſs,
The vehicle call'd Faction makes it paſs.
Faction in play's the commonwealth-man's bribe;
The leaden farthing of the canting tribe:
Though void in payment laws and ſtatutes make it,
The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will take it.
'Tis faction buys the votes of half the pit:
Their's is the penſion-parliament of wit.
In city-clubs their venom let them vent;
For there 'tis ſafe, in its own element.

Here, where their madneſs can have no pretence,
Let them forget themſelves an hour of ſenſe.
In one poor iſle, why ſhould two factions be?
Small difference in your vices I can ſee:
In drink and drabs both ſides too well agree.
Would there were more preferments in the land:
If places ſell, the party could not ſtand:
Of this damn'd grievance every Whig complains:
They grunt like hogs till they have got their grains.
Mean time you ſee what trade our plots advance;
We ſend each year good money into France;
And they that know what merchandize we need,
Send o'er true Proteſtants to mend our breed.

XIX.

PROLOGUE

TO THE DUKE OF GUISE, 1683.

OUR play's a parallel: the Holy League
Begot our Covenant: Guiſards got the Whig:
Whate'er our hot-brain'd ſheriffs did advance
Was, like our faſhions, firſt produc'd in France;
And, when worn out, well ſcourg'd, and baniſh'd there,
Sent over, like their godly beggars, here.
Could the ſame trick, twice play'd, our nation gull?
It looks as if the devil were grown dull,
Or ſerv'd us up, in ſcorn, his broken meat,
And thought we were not worth a better cheat.
The fulſome Covenant, one would think in reaſon,
Had given us all our bellies full of treaſon:
And yet, the name but chang'd, our naſty nation
Chaws its own excrement, th' Aſſociation.
'Tis true we have not learn'd their poiſoning way,
For that's a mode but newly come in play;
Beſides, your drug's uncertain to prevail;
But your true Proteſtant can never fail,
With that compendious inſtrument a flail.
Go on; and bite, e'en though the hook lies bare;
Twice in one age expel the lawful heir:
Once more decide religion by the ſword;
And purchaſe for us a new tyrant lord.
Pray for your king; but yet your purſes ſpare:
Make him not two-pence richer by your prayer.
To ſhew you love him much, chaſtiſe him more;
And make him very great, and very poor.
Puſh him to wars, but ſtill no pence advance;
Let him loſe England, to recover France.
Cry freedom up with popular noiſy votes:
And get enough to cut each other's throats.
Lop all the rights that fence your monarch's throne;
For fear of too much power, pray leave him none.
A noiſe was made of arbitrary ſway;
But, in revenge, you Whigs have found a way,
An arbitrary duty now to pay.
Let his own ſervants turn, to ſave their ſtake;
Glean from his plenty, and his wants forſake.
But let ſome Judas near his perſon ſtay,
To ſwallow the laſt ſop, and then betray.
Make London independent of the crown:
A realm apart; the kingdom of the town.
Let ignoramus juries find no traitors:
And ignoramus poets ſcribble ſatires.
And, that your meaning none may fail to ſcan,
Do what in coffee-houſes you began;
Pull down the maſter, and ſet up the man.

XX.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

MUCH time and trouble this poor play has coſt;
And, faith, I doubted once the cauſe was loſt.
Yet no one man was meant; nor great nor ſmall;
Our poets, like frank gameſters, threw at all.
They took no ſingle aim——
But, like bold boys, true to their prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd broadſides at the whole party.
Duels are crimes; but, when the cauſe is right,
In battle every man is bound to fight.
For what ſhould hinder me to ſell my ſkin
Dear as I could, if once my hand were in?
Se defendendo never was a ſin.
'Tis a fine world, my maſters, right or wrong,
The Whigs muſt talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
They muſt do all they can——
But we, forſooth, muſt bear a chriſtian mind;
And fight, like boys, with one hand ty'd behind.
Nay, and when one boy's down, 'twere wondrous nice
To cry *box fair*, and give him time to riſe.
When fortune favours, none but fools will dally:
Would any of you ſparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipt you th' inviting wink, ſtand ſhall I; ſhall I?
A trimmer cry'd (that heard me tell the ſtory),
Fie, miſtreſs * Cooke! faith, your'e too rank a Tory!
Wiſh not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard caſes;
You women love to ſee men make wry faces.
Pray ſir, ſaid I, dont think me ſuch a Jew;
I ſay no more, but give the devil his due.
Lenitives, ſays he, ſuit beſt with our condition.
Jack Ketch, ſays I, 's an excellent phyſician.
I love no blood—Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.
We Trimmers are for holding all things even:
Yes—juſt like him that hung 'twixt hell and heaven.
Have we not had men's lives enough already?
Yes ſure:—but you're for holding all things ſteady:
Now, ſince the weight hangs all on our ſide, brother,
You Trimmers ſhould, to poize it, hang on t'other.
Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of ſteering,
Are neither fiſh nor fleſh, nor good red-herring:
Not Whigs nor Tories they; nor this nor that;
Not birds, nor beaſts; but juſt a kind of bat,
A twilight animal, true to neither cauſe,
With Tory wings, but Whiggiſh teeth and claws.

* The actreſs, who ſpake the epilogue.

XXI.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE.

DED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN TO THE , BEFORE IT WAS FORBIDDEN LAST IER *.

O houſes join'd, two poets to a play?
ou noiſy Whigs will ſure be pleas'd to
ay;
ſo like two ſhrieves the city way.
e our diſcords and diviſions ceaſe,
lboa gallants, learn to keep the peace:
re no tilts: let our poor ſtage alone:
decent murther muſt be done,
: a civil turn to Mary-bone.
ſwear, we'll pull up all our benches;
our ſakes, but for our orange wenches:
hruſt wide ſometimes: and many a ſpark,
ſes one, can hit the other mark.
es our boxes full; for men of ſenſe
four ſhillings in their own defence;
behind the ladies they may ſtay,
the fan†, and judge the bloody fray.
r foes give beauty worſe alarms;
poetarum's up in arms:
an's frame their libels has eſcap'd;
runs venom, and their pens are clapt,
hs and prayers their ladies cannot move,
, write treaſon, and turn Whigs to love.
I fear they worſe deſigns advance,
a damn'd love-trick now brought o'er from
rance;
n in vain, and dreſs, and keep a pother,
oſe falſe rogues are ogling one another.
eſides admit ſome expiation;
gainſt our ſex is plain damnation.
for libels too theſe women-hateis;
they club for love, they club for ſatires:
on 't is they hurt not: for they wear
their tails, their only venom's there.
, ſome ſhot at firſt the ladies hit,
le marksmen made, and men of wit:
the fools give fire, whoſe bounce is louder:
, like mere train-bands, they ſhoot but
owder.
ke plots, ſweep all in their firſt fury;
indle like an ignoramus jury:
: begins with touzing and with tumbling;
ts, and groans, and ends at laſt in fumbling.

---

ghaine ſays, this play found many enemies
t appearance on the ſtage.

nce Mr. Pope's couplet, Eſſay on Criticiſm.

: modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
l virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before."

XXII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

SPOKEN BY MR. HART, AT THE ACTING OF

THE SILENT WOMAN.

WHAT Greece, when learning flouriſh'd, only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes loſt or won.
Methinks I ſee you, crown'd with olives, ſit,
And ſtrike a ſacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where ev'n the beſt are but by mercy free:
A day which none but Jonſon durſt have wiſh'd to ſee.
Here they, who long have known the uſeful ſtage,
Come to be taught themſelves to teach the age.
As your commiſſioners our poets go,
To cultivate the virtue which you ſow;
In your Lycæum firſt themſelves refin'd,
And delegated thence to human-kind.
But as ambaſſadors, when long from home,
For new inſtructions to their princes come;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elſewhere by them are ſhown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
Th' illiterate writer, emp'ric-like, applies
To minds diſeas'd, unſafe, chance, remedies:
The learn'd in ſchools, where knowledge firſt began,
Studies with care th' anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and paſſions, in their cauſe,
And fame from ſcience, not from fortune, draws.
So Poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade.
There haughty dunces, whoſe unlearned pen
Could ne'er ſpell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poets the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by ſome chance,
They call that nature, which is ignorance.
To ſuch a fame let mere town-wits aſpire,
And their gay nonſenſe their own cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveneſs here,
Would wiſh it rather than a plaudit there.
He owns no crown from thoſe Prætorian bands,
But knows that right is in the ſenate's hands,
Not impudent enough to hope your praiſe,
Low at the Muſes feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, reſigns his bays.
Kings make their poets whom themſelves think fit,
But 'tis your ſuffrage makes authentic wit.

XXIII.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE SAME.

NO poor Dutch peaſant, wing'd with all his fear,
Flies with more haſte, when the French arms draw near,
Then we with our poetic train come down,
For refuge hither, from th' infected town:
Heaven for our ſins this ſummer has thought fit
To viſit us with all the plagues of wit.
A French troop firſt ſwept all things in its way;
But thoſe hot Monſieurs were too quick to ſtay:
Yet, to our coſt, in that ſhort time, we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.
Th' Italian merry-andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the ſtage with lewd grimace:
Inſtead of wit, and humours, your delight
Was there to ſee two hobby-horſes fight;
Stout Scaramoucha with ruſh lance rode in,
And ran a tilt at centaur Arlequin,
For love you heard how amorous aſſes bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their ſerenade.
Nature was out of countenance, and each day
Some new-born monſter ſhewn you for a play.
But when all fail'd, to ſtrike the ſtage quite dumb,
Thoſe wicked engines call'd machines are come.
Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd.
And ſhortly ſcenes in Lapland will be laid,
Art magic is for poetry profeſt;
And cats and dogs, and each obſcener beaſt,
To which Ægyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our Engliſh ſtage are worſhip'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raiſes to renown
Macbeth and Simon Magus of the town,
Fletcher's deſpis'd, your Jonſon's out of faſhion,
And Wit the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are ſhown;
By you thoſe ſtaple authors worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their ſcenes have prais'd,
We'll boldly back, and ſay, the price is raiſ'd.

XXIV.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN AT OXFORD, BY MRS. MARSHALL.

OFT has our poet wiſh'd, this happy ſeat
Might prove his fading Muſe's laſt retreat:
I wonder'd at his wiſh, but now I find
He ſought for quiet, and content of mind;
Which noiſeful towns and courts can never know,
And only in the ſhades like laurels grow.
Youth, ere it ſees the world, here ſtudies reſt,
And age returning thence concludes it beſt.
What wonder if we court that happineſs
Yearly to ſhare, which hourly you poſſeſs,
Teaching ev'n you, while the next world we ſhow,
Your peace to value more, and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours paſt,
Whoſe holy memory ſhall ever laſt,
For patronage from him whoſe care preſides
O'er every noble art, and every ſcience guides:
Bathurſt, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
And ſcarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whoſe age enjoys but what his youth deſerv'd,
To rule thoſe Muſes whom before he ſerv'd.
His learning, and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you:
Such ancient hoſpitality there reſts
In yours, as dwelt in the firſt Grecian breaſts,
Whoſe kindneſs was religion to their gueſts.
Such modeſty did to our ſex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here.
Converſe ſo chaſte, and ſo ſtrict virtue ſhown,
As might Apollo with the Muſes own.
Till our return, we muſt deſpair to find
Judges ſo juſt, ſo knowing, and ſo kind.

XXV.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

DISCORD, and plots, which have undone our age,
With the ſame ruin have o'erwhelm'd the ſtage.
Our houſe has ſuffer'd in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,
And of our ſiſters, all the kinder-hearted,
To Edinburgh gone, or coach'd or carted.
With bonny bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch half-crown, in Engliſh three-pence light.
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falſtaff's dear,
There with her ſingle perſon fills the ſcene.
Another, with long uſe and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, and roſe there a maid.
Our truſty door-keepers of former time
There ſtrut and ſwagger in heroic rhyme.
Tack but a copper lace to druggit ſuit,
And there's a hero made without diſpute:
And that, which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his ſubjects, to expreſs the care
Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare:
Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous thing;
It might perhaps a new rebellion bring;
The Scot, who wore it, would be choſen king.
But why ſhould I theſe renegades deſcribe,
When you yourſelves have ſeen a lewder tribe?
Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,
With Iriſh action ſlander'd Engliſh wit:
You have beheld ſuch barbarous Macs appear,
As merited a ſecond maſſacre:
Such as, like Cain, were branded with diſgrace,
And had their country ſtamp'd upon their face.
When ſtrolers durſt preſume to pick your purſe,
We humbly thought our broken troop not worſe.
How ill ſoe'er our action may deſerve,
Oxford's a place where wit can never ſtarve.

XXVI.

PROLOGUE

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

;H actors cannot much of learning boaſt,
who want it, we admire it moſt:
: praiſes of a learned pit,
)tely are ally'd to wit.
ur poets' wit; and trade in ore,
who touch upon the golden ſhore:
judges can diſtinction make,
much, and why, our poems take:
fools, or men of ſenſe, rejoice;
applauſe be only ſound or voice.
)p-gallants, or our city folly,
ud, it makes us melancholy:
hat ſcene which does their wonder raiſe,
ir ignorance, contemn their praiſe.
if we who act, and they who write,
e proud of giving you delight.
; groſsly; but this nicer pit
athoms all the depths of wit;
nger lays on every blot;
t ſhould juſtly pleaſe, and what ſhould

lf lies open to your view;
y her, what draught of her is true,
es falſe, and colours ſeem too faint,
lers dauh, and where true poets paint.
acred genius of this place,
ſe, by each domeſtic grace,
it, which but endeavours well,
you judge, preſumes not to excel.
:her for adoption come,
ed to be made free of Rome:
ffragating tribes to ſtand,
)tmoſt, laſt, provincial band.
)n may thoſe hopes purſue,
ligion loves your arts and you,
n a dearer name ſhall be,
n mother univerſity.
is green, unknowing, youth engage;
.thens in his riper age.

XXVII.

EPILOGUE

:ONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

[By Mr. N. Lee, 1683.]

)'s happy in the play's concluſion;
ly rogue at laſt has met confuſion:
is all along appear'd a ſaint,
hew'd him a true Proteſtant.
you know I read Greek authors)
t after all theſe plots and ſlaughters,
Conſtantine was full of glory,
rimmer turn'd addreſſing Tory.

They follow'd him in herds as they were mad:
When Clauſe was king, then all the world was glad.
Whigs kept the places they poſſeſt before,
And moſt were in a way of getting more;
Which was as much as ſaying, Gentlemen,
Here's power and money to be rogues again.
Indeed, there were a ſort of peaking tools,
(Some call them modeſt, but I call them fools)
Men much more loyal, though not half ſo loud;
But theſe poor devils were caſt behind the crowd.
For bold knaves thrive without one grain of ſenſe,
But good men ſtarve for want of impudence.
Beſides all theſe, there were a ſort of wights,
I think my author calls them Teckelites,
Such hearty rogues againſt the king and laws,
They favour'd ev'n a foreign rebel's cauſe.
When their own damn'd deſign was quaſh'd and aw'd,
At leaſt they gave it their good word abroad.
As many a man, who, for a quiet life,
Breeds out his baſtard, not to noſe his wife;
Thus o'er their darling plot theſe Trimmers cry;
And though they cannot keep it in their eye,
They bind it prentice to Count Teckeley.
They believe not the laſt plot; may I be curſt,
If I believe they e'er believ'd the firſt.
No wonder their own plot no plot they think;
The man, that makes it, never ſmells the ſtink.
And now it comes into my head, I'll tell
Why theſe damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks ſo well.
Th' original Trimmer, though a friend to no man,
Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman;
He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever
Kind black-ey'd rogues, for every true believer;
And, which was more than mortal man e'er taſted,
One pleaſure that for threeſcore twelvemonths laſted;
To turn for this, may ſurely be forgiven:
Who'd not be circumcis'd for ſuch a heaven?

XXVIII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE DISAPPOINTMENT: OR, THE MOTHER IN FASHION.

[By Mr. Southerne, 1684.]

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

HOW comes it, gentlemen, that now a-days,
When all of you ſo ſhrewdly judge of plays,
Our poets tax you ſtill with want of ſenſe?
All prologues treat you at your own expence.
Sharp citizens a wiſer way can go;
They make you fools, but never call you ſo.
They, in good manners, ſeldom make a ſlip,
But treat a common whore with ladyſhip:
But here each ſaucy wit at random writes,
And uſes ladies as he uſes knights.
Our author, young and grateful in his nature,
Vows, that from him no nymph deſerves a ſatire:
Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhyme—
Againſt the ſweet partaker of his crime.

XXXIII.

PROLOGUE TO THE WIDOW RANTER.

[By Mrs. Behn, 1690.]

HEAVEN save you, gallants, and this hopeful age:
Ye're welcome to the downfall of the stage:
The fools have labour'd long in their vocation;
And vice, the manufacture of the nation,
O'erstocks the town so much, and thrives so well,
That sops and knaves grow drugs, and will not sell.
In vain our wares on theatres are shown,
When each has a plantation of his own.
His cause ne'er fails; for whatsoe'er he spends,
There 's still God's plenty for himself and friends.
Should men be rated by poetic rules,
Lord! what a poll would there be rais'd from fools!
Mean time poor wit prohibited must lie,
As if 'twere made some French commodity.
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast expence;
And yet as soon as seen, they give offence.
Time was, when none would cry, That oaf was me;
But now you strive about your pedigree.
Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there's a muss of more than half the town.
Each one will challenge a child's part at least;
A sign the family is well increas'd.
Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,
When we're supply'd so fast by English breed.
Well! flourish countrymen, drink, swear, and roar;
Let every free-born subject keep his whore,
And wandering in the wilderness about,
At end of forty years not wear her out.
But when you see these pictures, let none dare
To own beyond a limb or single share:
For where the punk is common, he's a sot,
Who needs will father what the parish got.

XXXIV.

TO ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA REVIVED.

[By Lodowick Carlell, Esq.]

Spoken by Mr. Hart.

WITH sickly actors and an old house too,
We're match'd with glorious theatres and new,
And with our alehouse scenes, and cloaths bare worn,
Can neither raise old plays, nor new adorn.
If all these ills could not undo us quite,
A brisk French troop is grown your dear delight;
Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,
To laugh and break your buttons at their play;
Or see some serious piece, which we presume
Is fallen from some incomparable plume;
And therefore, Messieurs, if you'll do us grace,
Send lacquies early to preserve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or ask you why you like them? they are French.
Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor see, but shew their breeding:
Each lady striving to outlaugh the rest;
To make it seem they understood the jest.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us English where to clap the play:
Civil, egad! our hospitable land
Bears all the charge, for them to understand:
Mean time we languish, and neglected lie,
Like wives, while you keep better company;
And wish for your own sakes, without a satire,
You'd less good breeding, or had more good-nature

XXXV.

PROLOGUE TO THE PROPHETESS.

BY

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

REVIVED BY MR. DRYDEN.

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

WHAT Nostradame, with all his art, can guess
The fate of our approaching Prophetess?
A play, which, like a perspective set right,
Presents our vast expences close to sight;
But turn the tube, and there we sadly view
Our distant gains; and those uncertain too:
A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we raise,
And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our losses warn us to be wise?
Our wealth decreases, and our charges rise.
Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raise new objects to provoke delight;
But you grow sated, ere the second sight.
False men, ev'n so you serve your mistresses:
They rise three stories in their towering dress;
And, after all, you love not long enough
To pay the rigging, ere you leave them off.
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Englishmen all o'er.
Now honour calls you hence; and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and scarf, jack-boots and Bilboa blade,
Your silver goes that should support our trade.
Go, unkind heroes, leave our stage to mourn;
Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you return;
And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin-butter, and his usquebaugh.
Go, conquerors of your male and female foes:
Men without hearts, and women without hose.
Each bring his love a Bogland captive home;
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawney backs,
Quite to put down the fashion of our blacks.
Then shall the pious Muses pay their vows,
And furnish all their laurels for your brows;
Their tuneful voice shall raise for your delights:
We want not poets fit to sing your flights.
But you, bright beauties, for whose only sake
Those doughty knights such dangers undertake,

When they with happy gales are gone away,
With your propitious preſence grace our play;
And with a ſigh their empty ſeats ſurvey:
Then think, on that bare bench my ſervant ſat;
I ſee him ogle ſtill, and hear him chat;
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd dumb-founding.
Their loſs with patience we will try to bear;
And would do more, to ſee you often here:
That our dead ſtage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,
Under a female regency may riſe.

XXXVI.

PROLOGUE TO THE MISTAKES.

Enter Mr. BRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN, we muſt beg your pardon; here's no Prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on without a frontiſpiece; as bald as one of you young beaux, without yourperiwig. I left our young poet, ſniveling and ſobbing behind the ſcenes, and curſing ſomebody that has deceived him.

Enter Mr. BOWEN.

Hold your prating to the audience; here's honeſt Mr. Williams, juſt come in, half mellow, from the Roſe Tavern. He ſwears he is inſpired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a proloque of his own, or ſomething like one: O here he comes to his trial, at all adventures; for my part, I wiſh him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.*

Enter Mr. WILLIAMS.

Save ye, ſirs, ſave ye! I am in a hopeful way. I ſhould ſpeak ſomething in rhyme, now, for the play:
But the deuce take me, if I know what to ſay.
I'll ſtick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
To the laſt drop of claret, in my belly.
So far I'm ſure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting
And, if my verſes feet ſtumble—you ſee my own are wanting.
Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which, though much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as long as Corke.
But, for this play—(which till I have done, we ſhow not)
What may be its fortune—By the Lord—I know not.
This I dare ſwear, no malice here is writ:
'Tis innocent of all things—ev'n of wit.
He's no high-flyer—he makes no ſky-rockets.
His ſquibs are only level'd at your pockets.
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up himſelf.
By this time, I'm ſomething recover'd of my fluſter'd madneſs:
And now, a word or two in ſober ſadneſs.
Ours is a common play; and you pay down
A common harlot's price—juſt half a crown.
You'll ſay, I play the pimp on my friend's ſcore;
But, ſince 'tis for a friend, your gibes give o'er,
For many a mother has done that before.
How's this, you cry? an actor write?—we know it;
But Shakeſpeare was an actor, and a poet.
Has not great Jonſon's learning often fail'd?
But Shakeſpeare's greater genius ſtill prevail'd.
Have not ſome writing actors, in this age
Deſerv'd and found ſucceſs upon the ſtage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inſpir'd.
Let your kind preſence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt, is all our buſineſs here:
So much for that;—and the devil take ſmall beer.

XXXVII.

EPILOGUE TO HENRY II.

[By Mr. MOUNTFORD, 1693.]

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THUS you the ſad cataſtrophe have ſeen,
Occaſion'd by a miſtreſs and a queen.
Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they ſay;
But Engliſh manufacture got the day.
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver:
Fair Roſamond was but her Nom de guerre.
Now tell me, gallants, would you lead your life
With ſuch a miſtreſs, or with ſuch a wife?
If one muſt be your choice, which d'ye approve,
The curtain lecture, or the curtain love?
Would ye be godly with perpetual ſtrife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife:
Or take your pleaſure in a wicked way,
Like honeſt whoring Harry in the play?
I gueſs your minds: the miſtreſs would be taken,
And nauſeous matrimony ſent a packing.
The devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you deteſt the clog.
After a year, poor ſpouſe is left i' th' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.
Or, if the name of Church comes croſs your mind,
Chapels of eaſe behind our ſcenes you find.
The playhouſe is a kind of market-place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face:
Nay, ſome of you, I dare not ſay how many,
Would buy of me a pen'worth for your penny.
Ev'n this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
Would make a ſhift my portion to provide,
With ſome ſmall perquiſites I have beſide.
Though for your love, perhaps, I ſhould not care,
I could not hate a man that bids me fair.
What might enſue, 'tis hard for me to tell;
But I was drench'd to-day for loving well,
And fear the poiſon that would make me ſwell.

XXXVIII.

A PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS, a baſhful poet bids me ſay,
He's come to loſe his maidenhead to-day.
Be not too fierce; for he's but green of age,
And ne'er, till now, debauch'd upon the ſtage.
He wants the ſuffering part of reſolution,
And comes with bluſhes to his execution.
Ere you deflour his Muſe, he hopes the pit
Will make ſome ſettlement upon his wit.
Promiſe him well, before the play begin:
For he would fain be cozen'd into ſin.
'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;
But, if you leave him after being frail,
He 'll have, at leaſt, a fair pretence to rail:
To call you baſe, and ſwear you us'd him ill,
And put you in the new deſcribers bill.
Lord, what a troop of perjur'd men we ſee;
Enow to fill another Mercury!
But this the ladies may with patience brook:
Theirs are not the firſt colours you forſook,
He would be loth the beauties to offend;
But, if he ſhould, he's not too old to mend.
He's a young plant, in his firſt year of bearing;
But his friend ſwears, he will be worth the rearing.
His gloſs is ſtill upon him: though 'tis true
He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
You think an apricot half green is beſt;
There's ſweet and ſour, and one ſide good at leaſt.
Mangos and limes, whoſe nouriſhment is little,
Though not for food, are yet preſerv'd for pickle.
So this green writer may pretend at leaſt,
To whet your ſtomachs for a better feaſt.
He makes this difference in the ſexes too;
He ſells to men, he gives himſelf to you.
To both he would contribute ſome delight;
A mere poetical hermaphrodite.
Thus he's equipp'd, loth to be woo'd and woo;
With arms offenſive and defenſive too;
'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

XXXIX.

PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR.

TO ſay, this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it paſs you now.
Yet, gentlemen, your anceſtors had wit;
When few men cenſur'd, and when fewer writ.
And Jonſon of thoſe few the beſt, choſe this,
As the beſt model of his maſter-piece:
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alchemiſt by this Aſtrologer;
Here he was faſhion'd, and we may ſuppoſe
He lik'd the faſhion well, who wore the clothes.
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould;
What was another's lead, becomes his gold:
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjuſtly gains.
But this our age ſuch authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet ſcarce write a word:
Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all,
And what's their plunder, their poſſeſſion call:
Who, like bold padders, ſcorn by night to prey,
But rob by ſunſhine, in the face of day:
Nay ſcarce the common ceremony uſe
Of, Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muſe;
But knock the Poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegaſus before the owner's face.
Faith, if you have ſuch country Toms abroad,
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road.
Yet it were modeſt, could it but be ſaid,
They ſtrip the living, but theſe rob the dead;
Dare with the mummies of the Muſes play,
And make love to them the Ægyptian way;
Or, as a rhyming author would have ſaid,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men in poetry may claim ſome part:
They have the licence, though they want the art.
And might, where theft was prais'd, for Laureſtand,
Poets, not of the head, but of the hand.
They make the benefits of others ſtudying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack-Pudding,
Whoſe diſh to challenge no man has the courage;
'Tis all his own, when once he has ſpit i' th' porridge.
But, gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this;
You are in fault for what they do amiſs:
For they their thefts ſtill undiſcover'd think,
And durſt not ſteal, unleſs you pleaſe to wink.
Perhaps, you may award by your decree,
They ſhould refund; but that can never be.
For ſhould you letters of repriſal ſeal,
Theſe men write that which no man elſe would ſteal.

XL.

AN EPILOGUE.

YOU ſaw our wife was chaſte, yet through try'd.
And, without doubt y're hugely edify'd;
For, like our hero, whom we ſhew'd to-day,
You think no woman true, but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of ſhow:
Eſteem and kindneſs in one breaſt would grow:
But 'twas Heaven knows how many years ago.
Now ſome ſmall-chat, and guinea expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:
In Comedy your little ſelves you meet;
'Tis Covent Garden drawn in Bridges-ſtreet.
Smile on our author then, if he has ſhown
A joily-nut-brown baſtard of your own.
Ah! happy you, with eaſe and with delight,
Who act thoſe follies, Poets toil to write!
The ſweating Muſe does almoſt leave the chace;
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Proteus vices pace

you but in one vice, away you fly
ne new friſk of contrariety.
oll like ſnow-balls, gathering as you run;
et ſeven dev'ls, when diſpoſſeſs'd of one.
Venus once was a Platonic queen;
ig of love beſide the face was ſeen;
ery inch of her you now uncaſe,
ap a vizard maſk upon the face:
s like theſe, the zealous of the land,
ittle hair, and little or no band,
: how circulating peſtilences
, every twenty years, to ſnap offences.
ev'n now, takes doctoral degrees;
o your work this ſummer without fees.
the boxes, Phœbus, find thy grace,
h, preſerve the eighteen-penny place!
the pit confounders, let them go,
id as little mercy as they ſhow:
ſtors thus, and thus thy Poets pray;
ry critic ſav'd, thou damn'ſt a play.

XLI.

PROLOGUE

TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

: ſome raw ſophiſter that mounts the pulpit,
trembles a young poet at a full pit.
to crowds, the Parſon quakes for fear,
nders how the devil he durſt come there;
g three talents needful for the place.
ard, ſome learning, and ſo ne little grace:
he puny Poet void of care.
iors, ſuch as our new authors are,
it much learning nor much wit to ſpare:
ior grace, to tell the truth, there's ſcarce one,
as little as the very Parſon:
', they preach and write for your inſtruction:
for a third day, and for induction.
erence is, that though you like the play,
t's gain is ne'er beyond his day.
the Parſon 'tis another caſe,
hout holineſs, may riſe to grace;
t has one diſadvantage more,
his play be dull, he's damn'd all o'er,
a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd poor.
ieſs well becomes the ſable garment;
t that ne'er ſpoil'd a Prieſt's preferment:
it his buſineſs; and as wit now goes,
not ſo much yours as you ſuppoſe,
like nothing now but naſeous beaux.
gh not, gallants, as by proof appears,
his beauſhip ſays, but what he wears;
our eyes are tickled, not your ears;
or and the furrier find the ſtuff,
lies in the dreſs, and monſtrous muff.
h on 't is, the payment of the pit
r like, clipt money for clipt wit.
ot from our abſent author hope
d equip the ſtage with ſuch a ſop:
Fools change in England, and new fools ariſe,
For though th' immortal ſpecies never dies,
Yet every year new maggots make new flies.
But where he lives abroad, he ſcarce can find
One fool, for millions that he left behind.

XLII.

PROLOGUE TO THE PILGRIM.

Revived for our Author's Benefit, Anno 1700.

HOW wretched is the fate of thoſe who write!
Brought muzzled to the ſtage for fear they bite.
Where, like Tom Dove, they ſtand the common foe;
Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.
Yet, worſe, their brother Poets damn the play,
And roar the loudeſt, though they never pay.
The ſops are proud of ſcandal, for they cry,
At every lewd low character,—That 's I.
He, who writes letters to himſelf, would ſwear,
The world forgot him, if he was not there.
What ſhould a Poet do? 'Tis hard for one
To pleaſure all the fools that would be ſhown:
And yet not two in ten will paſs the town.
Moſt coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a ſop, than ſops can find.
Quack Maurus, though he never took degrees
In either of our univerſities;
Yet to be ſhown by ſome kind wit he looks,
Becauſe he play'd the fool and writ three books.
But, if he would be worth a Poet's pen,
He muſt be more a fool, and write again:
For all the former ſuſtian ſtuff he wrote,
Was dead-born doggrel, or is quite forgot:
His man of Uz, ſtript of his Hebrew robe,
Is juſt the proverb, and As poor as Job.
One would have thought he could no longer jog;
But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog.
There, though he crept, yet ſtill he kept in ſight;
But here, he ſounders in, and ſinks downright.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule,
Tobit had firſt been turn'd to ridicule:
But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
O'er-leaps at once the whole Apocrypha;
Invades the Pſalms with rhymes, and leaves no room
For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.
But when, if, after all, this godly geer
Is not ſo ſenſeleſs as it would appear;
Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
His cant, like Merry Andrew's noble vein,
Cat-calls the ſects to draw them in again.
At leiſure hours, in epic ſong he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels,
Preſcribes in haſte, and ſeldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between ſtool and ſtool.
Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day,
To get himſelf a place in farce or play.
We know not by what name we ſhould arraign him,
For no one category can contain him;

A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one aſs's back:
At laſt grown wanton, he preſum'd to write,
Traduc'd two kings, their kindneſs to requite;
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

XLIII.

EPILOGUE TO THE PILGRIM.

PERHAPS the Parſon ſtretch'd a point too far,
When with our Theatres he wag'd a war.
He tells you, that this very moral age
Receiv'd the firſt infection from the ſtage.
But, ſure, a baniſh'd court with lewdneſs fraught,
The ſeeds of open vice, returning, brought.
Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
It firſt debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
London, a fruitful ſoil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before.
The Poets, who muſt live by courts, or ſtarve,
Were proud, ſo good a government to ſerve;
And, mixing with buffoons and pimps prophane,
Tainted the Stage, for ſome ſmall ſnip of gain.
For they, like harlots, under bawds profeſt,
Took all th' ungodly pains, and got the leaſt.
Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
The court its head, the poets but the tail.
The ſin was of our native growth, 'tis true;
The ſcandal of the ſin was wholly new.
Miſſes they were, but modeſtly conceal'd:
White-hall the naked Venus firſt reveal'd.
Who ſtanding as at Cyprus, in her ſhrine,
The ſtrumpet was ador'd with rites divine.
Ere this, if ſaints had any ſecret motion,
'Twas chamber-practice all, and cloſe devotion.
I paſs the peccadillos of their time;
Nothing but open lewdneſs was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
Compar'd with one foul act of fornication.
Now, they would ſilence us, and ſhut the door,
That let in all the barefac'd vice before,
As for reforming us, which ſome pretend,
That work in England is without an end:
Well may we change, but we ſhall never mend:
Yet, if you can but bear the preſent Stage,
We hope much better of the coming age.
What would you ſay, if we ſhould firſt begin
To ſtop the trade of love behind the ſcene:
Where actreſſes make bold with married men?
For while abroad ſo prodigal the dolt is,
Poor ſpouſe at home as ragged as a colt is.
In ſhort, we'll grow as moral as we can,
Save here and there a woman or a man:
But neither you nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work; there will be ſome remains,
While you have ſtill your Oates and we our Hayne.

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

My Lord, Anno 1699.

SOME eſtates are held in England, by paying a fine at the change of every lord: I have enjoyed the patronage of your family, from the time of your excellent grandfather to this preſent day. I have dedicated the tranſlation of the lives of Plutarch to the firſt Duke; and have celebrated the memory of your heroic father. Though I am very ſhort of the age of Neſtor, yet I have lived to a third generation of your houſe; and by your grace's favour am admitted ſtill to hold from you by the ſame tenure.

I am not vain enough to boaſt that I have deſerved the value of ſo illuſtrious a line: but my fortune is the greater, that for three deſcents they have been pleaſed to diſtinguiſh my poems from thoſe of other men; and have accordingly made me their peculiar care. May it be permitted me to ſay, That as your grandfather and father were cheriſhed and adorned with honours by two ſucceſſive monarchs, ſo I have been eſteemed and patronized by the grandfather, the father, and the ſon, deſcended from one of the moſt ancient, moſt conſpicuous, and moſt deſerving families in Europe.

It is true, that by delaying the payment of my laſt fine, when it was due by your Grace's acceſſion to the titles and patrimonies of your houſe, I may ſeem, in rigour of law, to have made a forfeiture of my claim; yet my heart has always been devoted to your ſervice: and ſince you have been graciouſly pleaſed, by your permiſſion of this addreſs, to accept the tender of my duty, it is not yet too late to lay theſe volumes at your feet.

The world is ſenſible that you worthily ſucceed, not only to the honours of your anceſtors, but alſo to their virtues. The long chain of magnanimity, courage, eaſineſs of acceſs, and deſire of doing good even to the prejudice of your fortune, is ſo far from being broken in your Grace, that the precious metal yet runs pure to the neweſt link of it: which I will not call the laſt, becauſe I hope and pray, it may deſcend to late poſterity: and your flouriſhing youth, and that of your excellent Dutcheſs, are happy omens of my wiſh.

It is obſerved by Livy and by others, that ſome of the nobleſt Roman families retained a reſemblance of their anceſtry, not only in their ſhapes and features, but alſo in their manners, their qualities, and the diſtinguiſhing characters of their minds: ſome lines were noted for a ſtern, rigid virtue, ſavage, haughty, parſimonious, and unpopular: others were more ſweet, and affable; made of a more pliant paſte, humble, courteous, and obliging; studious of doing charitable offices, and diffuſive of the goods which they enjoyed. The laſt of theſe is the proper and indelible character of your grace's family. God Almighty has endued you with a ſoftneſs, a beneficence, attractive behaviour winning on the hearts of others; and ſo ſenſible of their miſery, that the wounds of fortune ſeem not inflicted on them, but on yourſelf. You are ſo ready to redreſs, that you almoſt prevent their wiſhes, and always exceed their expectations: as if what was yours, was not your own,

and not given you to poſſeſs, but to beſtow on wanting merit. But this is a topic which I muſt caſt in ſhades, leſt I offend your modeſty, which is ſo far from being oſtentatious of the good you do, that it bluſhes even to have it known: and therefore I muſt leave you to the ſatisfaction and teſtimony of your own conſcience, which though it be a ſilent panegyric, is yet the beſt.

You are ſo eaſy of acceſs, that Poplicola was not more, whoſe doors were opened on the outſide to ſave the people even the common civility of aſking entrance; where all were equally admitted; where nothing that was reaſonable was denied; where misfortune was a powerful recommendation, and where (I can ſcarce forbear ſaying) that want itſelf was a powerful mediator, and was next to merit.

The hiſtory of Peru aſſures us, that their Incas, above all their titles, eſteemed that the higheſt, which called them Lovers of the poor: a name more glorious than the Felix, Pius, and Auguſtus of the Roman emperors; which were epithets of flattery, deſerved by few of them; and not running in a blood like the perpetual gentleneſs, and inherent goodneſs of the Ormond Family.

Gold, as it is the pureſt, ſo it is the ſofteſt, and moſt ductile of metals: iron, which is the hardeſt, gathers ruſt, corrodes itſelf: and is therefore ſubject to corruption: it was never intended for coins and medals, or to bear faces and the inſcriptions of the great. Indeed it is fit for armour, to bear off inſults, and preſerve the wearer in the day of battle: but the danger once repelled, it is laid aſide by the brave, as a garment too rough for civil converſation: a neceſſary guard in war, but too harſh and cumberſome in peace, and which keeps off the embraces of a more humane life.

For this reaſon, my lord, though you have courage in an heroical degree, yet I aſcribe it to you, but as your ſecond attribute: mercy, beneficence, and compaſſion, claim precedence, as they are firſt in the divine nature. An intrepid courage, which is inherent in your Grace, is at beſt but a holiday kind of virtue, to be ſeldom exerciſed, and never but in caſes of neceſſity: affability, mildneſs, tenderneſs, and a word, which I would fain bring back to its original ſignification of virtue, I mean Good-nature, are of daily uſe: they are the bread of mankind, and ſtaff of life: neither ſighs, nor tears, nor groans, nor curſes of the vanquiſhed follow acts of compaſſion, and of charity: but a ſincere pleaſure and ſerenity of mind in him who performs an action of mercy, which cannot ſuffer the misfortunes of another, without redreſs; leſt they ſhould bring a kind of contagion along with them, and pollute the happineſs which he enjoys.

Yet ſince the perverſe temper of mankind, ſince oppreſſion on one ſide, and ambition on the other, are ſometimes the unavoidable occaſions of war; that courage, that magnanimity, and reſolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended: and here it grieves me that I am ſcanted in the pleaſure of dwelling on many of your actions: but αἰδέομαι τρῶας is an expreſſion which Tully often uſed, when he would do what he dares not, and fears the cenſure of the Romans.

I have ſometimes been forced to amplify on others; but here, where the ſubject is ſo fruitful that the harveſt overcomes the reaper, I am ſhortened by my chain, and can only ſee what is forbidden me to reach: ſince it is not permitted me to commend you according to the extent of my wiſhes, and much leſs is it in my power to make my commendations equal to your merits. Yet, in this frugality of your praiſes, there are ſome things which I cannot

omit without detracting from your character. You have ſo formed your own education as enables you to pay the debt you owe your country; or, more properly ſpeaking, both your countries: becauſe you were born, I may almoſt ſay in purple, at the caſtle of Dublin, when your grandfather was lord-lieutenant, and have ſince been bred in the court of England.

If this addreſs had been in verſe, I might have called you, as Claudian calls Mercury. "Numen commune, gemino faciens commercia mundo." The better to ſatisfy this double obligation, you have early cultivated the genius you have to arms, that when the ſervice of Britain or Ireland ſhall require your courage and your conduct, you may exert them both to the benefit of either country. You began in the cabinet what you afterwards practiſed in the camp; and thus both Lucullus and Cæſar (to omit a crowd of ſhining Romans) formed themſelves to war by the ſtudy of hiſtory, and by the examples of the greateſt captains both of Greece and Italy, before their time. I name thoſe two commanders in particular, becauſe they were better read in chronicle than any of the Roman leaders; and that Lucullus in particular, having only the theory of war from books, was thought fit, without practice, to be ſent into the field againſt the moſt formidable enemy of Rome. Tully indeed was called the learned conſul in deriſion; but then he was not born a ſoldier: his head was turned another way; when he read the Tactics, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle. The knowledge of warfare is thrown away upon a general who dares not make uſe of what he knows. I commend it only in a man of courage and reſolution; in him it will direct his martial ſpirit; and teach him the way to the beſt victories, which are thoſe that are leaſt bloody, and which, though atchieved by the hand, are managed by the head. Science diſtinguiſhes a man of honour from one of thoſe athletic brutes whom undeſervedly we call heroes. Curſed be the poet, who firſt honoured with that name a mere Ajax, a man-killing ideot. The Ulyſſes of Ovid upbraids his ignorance, that he underſtood not the ſhield for which he pleaded: there were engraven on it, plans of cities, and maps of countries, which Ajax could not comprehend, but looked on them as ſtupidly as his fellow-beaſt the lion. But, on the other ſide, your Grace has given yourſelf the education of his rival: you have ſtudied every ſpot of ground in Flanders, which for theſe ten years paſt has been the ſcene of battles and of ſieges. No wonder if you performed your part with ſuch applauſe on a theatre which you underſtood ſo well.

If I deſigned this for a poetical encomium, it were eaſy to enlarge on ſo copious a ſubject; but, confining myſelf to the ſeverity of truth, and to what is becoming me to ſay, I muſt not only paſs over many inſtances of your military ſkill, but alſo thoſe of your aſſiduous diligence in the war: and of your perſonal bravery, attended with an ardent thirſt of honour; a long train of generoſity; profuſeneſs of doing good, a ſoul unſatisfied with all it has done; and an unextinguiſhed deſire of doing more. But all this is matter for your own hiſtorians; I am, as Virgil ſays, "Spatiis excluſus iniquis."

Yet not to be wholly ſilent of all your charities, I muſt ſtay a little on one action, which preferred the relief of others to the conſideration of yourſelf. When, in the battle of Landen, your heat of courage (a fault only pardonable to your youth) had tranſported you ſo far before your friends, that they were unable to follow, much leſs to ſuccour you; when you were not only dangerouſly, but in all appearance mortally wounded, when in that deſperate condition you were made priſoner, and carried to Namur. at that

time in poſſeſſion of the French; then it was, my lord, that you took a conſiderable part of what was remitted to you of your own revenues, and as a memorable inſtance of your heroic charity, put into the hands of Coun Guiſcard, who was governor of the place, to be diſtributed among your fellow-priſoners. The French commander, charmed with the greatneſs o your ſoul, accordingly conſigned it to the uſe for which it was intended by the donor: by which means the lives of ſo many miſerable men were ſaved, and a comfortable proviſion made for their ſubſiſtence; who had otherwiſe periſhed, had you not been the companion of their misfortune: or rather ſent by Providence, like another Joſeph, to keep out famine from thoſe whom in humility you called your brethren. How happy was it for thoſe poor creatures that your Grace was made their fellow-ſufferer! and how glorious for you, that you choſe to want, rather than not relieve the wants of others! The heathen poet, in commending the charity of Dido to the Trojans, ſpoke like a chriſtian; "Non ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco." All men, even thoſe of a different intereſt, and contrary principles, muſt praiſe this action, as the moſt eminent for piety, not only in this degenerate age, but almoſt in any of the former; when men were made "de meliore luto;" when examples of charity were frequent, and when they were in being, "Teucri pulcherrima proles, magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis." No envy can detract from this: it will ſhine in hiſtory; and, like ſwans, grow whiter the longer it endures: and the name of ORMOND will be more celebrated in his captivity, than in his greateſt triumphs.

But all actions of your grace are of a piece; as waters keep the tenor of their fountains: your compaſſion general, and has the ſame effect as well on enemies as friends. It is ſo much in your nature to do good, that your life is but one continued act of placing benefits on many, as the ſun is always carrying his light to ſome part or other of the world: and were it not that your reaſon guides you where to give, I might almoſt ſay that you could not help beſtowing more, than is conſiſting with the fortune of a private man, or with the will of any but an Alexander.

What wonder is it then, that, being born for a bleſſing to mankind, your ſuppoſed death in that engagement was ſo generally lamented through the nation! The concernment for it was as univerſal as the loſs: and though the gratitude might be counterfeit in ſome, yet the tears of all were real: where every man deplored his private part in that calamity, and even thoſe, who had not taſted of your favours, yet built ſo much on the fame of your beneficence, that they bemoaned the loſs of their expectations.

This brought the untimely death of your great father into freſh remembrance; as if the ſame decree had paſſed on two, ſhort ſucceſſive generations of the virtuous; and I repeated to myſelf the ſame verſes, which I had formerly applied to him: "Oſtendunt terris hunc tantùm fata, nec ultra eſſe ſinunt." But to the joy not only of all good men, but of mankind in general, the unhappy omen took not place. You are ſtill living to enjoy the bleſſings and applauſe of all the good you have performed, the prayers of multitudes whom you have obliged, for your long proſperity; and that your power of doing generous and charitable actions may be as extended as your will; which is by none more zealouſly deſired than by

Your Grace's
Moſt humble,
Moſt obliged, and
Moſt obedient ſervant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE

PREFIXED TO THE FABLES.

s with a poet as with a man who deſigns to build, and is very exact, as ſuppoſes, in caſting up the coſt beforehand; but, generally ſpeaking, miſtaken in his account, and reckons ſhort in the expence he firſt in- : he alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that ience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it ied to me: I have built a houſe, where I intended but a lodge: yet with ſucceſs than a certain nobleman, who beginning with a dog-kennel, lived to finiſh the palace he had contrived.

n tranſlating the firſt of Homer's Iliads (which I intended as an eſſay to iole work) I proceeded to the tranſlation of the twelfth book of Ovid's iorphoſes, becauſe it contains, among other things, the cauſes, the ing, and ending of the Trojan war: here I ought in reaſon to have d: but the ſpeeches of Ajax and Ulyſſes lying next in my way, I could lk them. When I had compaſſed them, I was ſo taken with the former f the fifteenth book (which is the maſter-piece of the whole Metamor-), that I enjoined myſelf the pleaſing taſk of rendering it into Engliſh. ow I found, by the number of my verſes, that they began to ſwell into : volume; which gave me an occaſion of looking backward on ſome :s of my author, in his former books: there occurred to me the hunting boar, Cinyras and Myrrha, the good-natured ſtory of Baucis and ion, with the reſt, which I hope I have tranſlated cloſely enough, ven them the ſame turn of verſe which they had in the original; and may ſay without vanity, is not the talent of every poet: he who has l the neareſt to it, is the ingenious and learned Sandys, the beſt r of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name which was rmer part of this concluding century. For Spenſer and Fairfax both ied in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; great maſters in our language; io ſaw much farther into the beauties of our numbers, than thoſe who iately followed them. Milton was the poetical ſon of Spenſer, and aller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal deſcents and clans, as well as families: Spenſer more than once inſinuates, that the ſoul of Chaucer ansfuſed into his body; and that he was begotten by him two hundred ıfter his deceaſe. Milton has acknowledged to me, that Spenſer was ginal; and many beſides myſelf have heard our famous Waller own, e has derived the harmony of his numbers from the Godfrey of n, which was turned into Engliſh by Mr. Fairfax. But to return: done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind, that our old ı poet Chaucer in many things reſembled him, and that with no diſad- : on the ſide of the modern author, as I ſhall endeavour to prove when ıare them: and as I am, and always have been, ſtudious to promote nour of my native country, ſo I ſoon reſolved to put their merits to

added to thoſe which Homer gave him. The adventures of Ulyſſes in the Odyſſeis are imitated in the firſt Six Books of Virgil's Æneis: and though the accidents are not the ſame (which would have argued him of a ſervile copying, and total barrenneſs of invention) yet the ſeas were the ſame, in which both the heroes wandered; and Dido cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of Calypſo. The ſix latter books of Virgil's poem are the four and twenty Iliads contracted: a quarrel occaſioned by a lady, a ſingle combat, battles fought, and a town beſieged. I ſay not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict any thing which I have formerly ſaid in his juſt praiſe: for his Epiſodes are almoſt wholly of his own invention; and the form, which he has given to the telling, makes the tale his own, even though the original ſtory had been the ſame. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to deſign: and if invention be the firſt virtue of an epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed the ſecond place. Mr. Hobbes, in the preface to his own bald tranſlation of the Ilias, (ſtudying poetry as he did mathematicks, when it was too late) Mr. Hobbes, I ſay, begins the praiſe of Homer where he ſhould have ended it. He tell us, that the firſt beauty of an Epic poem conſiſts in diction, that is, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers: now, the words are the colouring of the work, which in the order of nature is laſt to be conſidered. The deſign, the diſpoſition, the manners, and the thoughts are all before it; where any of thoſe are wanting or imperfect, ſo much wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life; which is in the very definition of a poem. Words indeed, like glaring colours, are the firſt beauties that ariſe, and ſtrike the ſight; but if the draught be falſe or lame, the figures ill-diſpoſed, the manners obſcure or inconſiſtent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the fineſt colours are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monſter at the beſt. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this laſt which is expreſſion, the Roman poet is at leaſt equal to the Grecian, as I have ſaid elſewhere; ſupplying the poverty of his language by his muſical ear, and by his diligence. But to return: our two great poets, being ſo different in their tempers, one choleric and ſanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic; that which makes them excel in their ſeveral ways, is, that each of them has followed his own natural inclination, as well in forming the deſign, as in the execution of it. The very heroes ſhew their authors; Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful, "Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer, &c." Æneas patient, conſiderate, careful of his people, and merciful to his enemies: ever ſubmiſſive to the will of heaven, "quo fata trahunt, retrahuntque," "ſequamur." I could pleaſe myſelf with enlarging on this ſubject, but I am forced to defer it to a fitter time. From all I have ſaid, I will only draw this inference, that the action of Homer being more full of vigour than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the writer, is of conſequence more pleaſing to the reader. One warms you by degrees; the other ſets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. It is the ſame difference which Longinus makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in Demoſthenes and Tully. One perſuades; the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, even not in the ſecond book (a graceful flattery to his countrymen); but he haſtens from the ſhips, and concludes not that book till he has made you amends by the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he hurries on his action with variety of events, and ends it in leſs compaſs than two months. This vehemence of his, I confeſs, is more ſuitable to my temper;

and therefore I have tranſlated his firſt book with greater pleaſure than any part of Virgil: but it was not a pleaſure without pains: the continual agitations of the ſpirits muſt needs be a weakening of any conſtitution, eſpecially in age; and many pauſes are required for refreſhment betwixt the heats; the Iliad of itſelf being a third part longer than all Virgil's works put together.

This is what I thought needful in this place to ſay of Homer. I proceed to Ovid and Chaucer; conſidering the former only in relation to the latter. With Ovid ended the golden age of the Roman tongue; from Chaucer the purity of the Engliſh tongue began. The manners of the poets were unlike: both of them were well-bred, well-natured, amorous, and libertine, at leaſt in their writings, it may be alſo in their lives. Their ſtudies were the ſame, philoſophy and philology. Both of them were knowing in aſtronomy, of which Ovid's books of the Roman feaſts, and Chaucer's treatiſe of the Aſtrolabe, are ſufficient witneſſes. But Chaucer was likewiſe an aſtrologer, as were Virgil, Horace, Perſius, and Manilius. Both writ with wonderful facility and clearneſs: neither were great inventors: for Ovid only copied the Grecian fables; and moſt of Chaucer's ſtories were taken from his Italian contemporaries, or their predeceſſors. Boccace's Decameron was firſt publiſhed; and from thence our Engliſhman has borrowed many of his Canterbury tales: yet that of Palamon and Arcite was written in all probability by ſome Italian wit, in a former age; as I ſhall prove hereafter: the tale of Grizild was the invention of Petrarch; by him ſent to Boccace; from whom it came to Chaucer: Troilus and Creſſida was alſo written by a Lombard author; but much amplified by our Engliſh tranſlator, as well as beautified; the genius of our countrymen in general being rather to improve an invention, than to invent themſelves; as is evident not only in our poetry, but in many of our manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him: but there is ſo much leſs behind; and I am of the temper of moſt kings, who love to be in debt; are all for preſent money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: beſides, the nature of a preface is rambling; never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learned from the practice of honeſt Montaigne, and return at my pleaſure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to ſay. Both of them built on the inventions of other men; yet ſince Chaucer had ſomething of his own, as The Wife of Bath's Tale, The Cock and the Fox, which I have tranſlated, and ſome others, I may juſtly give our countryman the precedence in that part; ſince I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them underſtood the manners, under which name I comprehend the paſſions, and, in a larger ſenſe, the deſcriptions of perſons, and their very habits: for an example, I ſee Baucis and Philemon as perfectly before me, as if ſome ancient painter had drawn them; and all the Pilgrims in the Canterbury tales, their humours, their features, and the very dreſs, as diſtinctly as if I had ſupped with them at the Tabard in Southwark: yet even there too the figures in Chaucer are much more lively, and ſet in a better light: which though I have not time to prove; yet I appeal to the reader, and am ſure he will clear me from partiality. The thoughts and words remain to be conſidered in the compariſon of the two poets; and I have ſaved myſelf one half of that labour, by owning that Ovid lived when the Roman tongue was in its meridian; Chaucer, in the dawning of our language: therefore that part of the compariſon ſtands not on an equal foot, any more than the diction of Ennius and Ovid; or of Chaucer and our

preſent Engliſh. The words are given up as a poſt not to be defended in our poet, becauſe he wanted the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be conſidered: and they are to be meaſured only by their propriety; that is, as they flow more or leſs naturally from the perſons deſcribed, on ſuch and ſuch occaſions. The vulgar judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits and jingles wit, who ſee Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little leſs than mad, for preferring the Engliſhman to the Roman: yet, with their leave, I muſt preſume to ſay, that the things they admire, are nothing only glittering trifles, and ſo far from being witty, that in a ſerious poem they are nauſeous, becauſe they are unnatural. Would any man, who is ready to die for love, deſcribe his paſſion like Narciſſus? Would he think of "inopem me copia fecit," and a dozen more of ſuch expreſſions, poured on the neck of one another, and ſignifying all the ſame thing? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor wretch was in the agony of death! This is juſt John Littlewit in Bartholomew Fair, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his miſery; a miſerable conceit. On theſe occaſions the poet ſhould endeavour to raiſe pity: but, inſtead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made uſe of ſuch machines, when he was moving you to commiſerate the death of Dido: he would not deſtroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his love, and unjuſt in the purſuit of it: yet when he came to die, he made him think more reaſonably: he repents not of his love, for that had altered his character; but acknowledges the injuſtice of his proceedings, and reſigns Emilia to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this occaſion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his death-bed. He had complained he was farther off from poſſeſſion, by being ſo near, and a thouſand ſuch boyiſms, which Chaucer rejected as below the dignity of the ſubject. They, who think otherwiſe, would by the ſame reaſon prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all four of them. As for the turn of words, in which Ovid particularly excels all poets; they are ſometimes a fault, and ſometimes a beauty, as they are uſed properly or improperly; but in ſtrong paſſions always to be ſhunned, becauſe paſſions are ſerious, and will admit no playing The French have a high value for them; and I confeſs, they are often what they call delicate, when they are introduced with judgment; but Chaucer writ with more ſimplicity, and followed nature more cloſely, than to uſe them. I have thus far, to the beſt of my knowledge, been an upright judge betwixt the parties in competition, not meddling with the deſign nor the diſpoſition of it; becauſe the deſign was not their own; and in the diſpoſing of it they were equal. It remains that I ſay ſomewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the firſt place, as he is the father of Engliſh poetry, ſo I hold him in the ſame degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good ſenſe; learned in all ſciences; and therefore ſpeaks properly on all ſubjects: as he knew what to ſay, ſo he knows alſo when to leave off; a continence which is practiſed by few writers, and ſcarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is ſunk in his reputation, becauſe he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way; but ſwept like a drag-net, great and ſmall. There was plenty enough, but the diſhes were ill-ſorted; whole pyramids of ſweet-meats, for boys and women; but little of ſolid meat, for

men: all this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment; neither did he want that in diſcerning the beauties and faults of other poets; but only indulged himſelf in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reaſon, though he muſt always be thought a great poet, he is no longer eſteemed a good writer: and for ten impreſſions, which his works have had in ſo many ſucceſſive years, yet at preſent a hundred books are ſcarcely purchaſed once a twelvemonth: for, as my laſt Lord Rocheſter ſaid, though ſomewhat profanely, Not being of God, he could not ſtand.

Chaucer followed nature every where; but was never ſo bold to go beyond her: and there is a great difference of being Poeta, and nimis Poeta, if we believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modeſt behaviour and affectation. The verſe of Chaucer, I confeſs, is not harmonious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was "auribus iſtius temporis "accommodata:" they who lived with him, and ſometime after him, thought it muſical; and it continues ſo even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude ſweetneſs of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleaſing, though not perfect. It is true, I cannot go ſo far as he who publiſhed the laſt edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten ſyllables in a verſe where we find but nine: but this opinion is not worth confuting; it is ſo groſs and obvious an error, that common ſenſe (which is a rule in every thing but matters of faith and revelation) muſt convince the reader that equality of numbers in every verſe, which we call Heroic, was either not known, or not always practiſed in Chaucer's age. It were an eaſy matter to produce ſome thouſands of his verſes, which are lame for want of half a foot, and ſometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwiſe. We can only ſay, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the firſt. We muſt be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in proceſs of time a Lucilius, and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer there was a Spenſer, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being: and our numbers were in their nonage till theſe laſt appeared. I need ſay little of his parentage, life, and fortunes: they are to be found at large in all the editions of his works. He was employed abroad, and favoured by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was poet, as I ſuppoſe, to all three of them. In Richard's time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the rebellion of the commons; and being brother-in-law to John of Gaunt, it was no wonder if he followed the fortunes of that family; and was well with Henry the Fourth when he had depoſed his predeceſſor. Neither is it to be admired, that Henry, who was a wiſe as well as a valiant prince, who claimed by ſucceſſion, and was ſenſible that his title was not ſound, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the heir of York; It was not to be admired, I ſay, if that great politician ſhould be pleaſed to have the greateſt wit of thoſe times in his intereſts, and to be the trumpet of his praiſes. Auguſtus had given him the example, by the advice of Mæcenas, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him; whoſe praiſes helped to make him popular while he was alive, and after his death have made him precious to poſterity. As for the religion of our poet, he ſeems to have ſome little bias towards the opinions of Wickliff, after John of Gaunt

his patron; ſomewhat of which appears in the tale of Piers Plowman: yet I cannot blame him for inveighing ſo ſharply againſt the vices of the clergy in his age: their pride, their ambition, their pomp, their avarice, their worldly intereſt deſerved the laſhes which he gave them, both in that, and in moſt of his Canterbury tales: neither has his contemporary Boccace ſpared them. Yet both thoſe poets lived in much eſteem with good and holy men in orders: for the ſcandal which is given by particular prieſts, reflects not on the ſacred function. Chaucer's Monk, his Chanon, and his Fryer, took not from the character of his good parſon. A ſatyrical poet is the check of the laymen, on bad prieſts. We are only to take care, that we involve not the innocent with the guilty in the ſame condemnation. The good cannot be too much honoured, nor the bad too coarſely uſed: for the corruption of the beſt becomes the worſt. When a clergyman is whipped, his gown is firſt taken off, by which the dignity of his order is ſecured: if he be wrongfully accuſed, he has his action of ſlander; and it is at the poet's peril, if he tranſgreſs the law. But they will tell us, that all kind of ſatire, though never ſo well deſerved by particular prieſts, yet brings the whole order into contempt. Is then the peerage of England any thing diſhonoured, when a peer ſuffers for his treaſon? if he be libeled, or any way defamed, he has his "Scandalum Magnatum" to puniſh the offender. They, who uſe this kind of argument, ſeem to be conſcious to themſelves of ſomewhat which has deſerved the poet's laſh; and are leſs concerned for their public capacity, than for their private; at leaſt there is pride at the bottom of their reaſoning. If the faults of men in orders are only to be judged among themſelves, they are all in ſome ſort parties: for, ſince they ſay the honour of their order is concerned in every member of it, how can we be ſure, that they will be impartial judges? How far I may be allowed to ſpeak my opinion in this caſe, I know not: but I am ſure a diſpute of this nature cauſed miſchief in abundance betwixt a king of England and an archbiſhop of Canterbury; one ſtanding up for the Laws of his Land, and the other for the honour (as he called it) of God's Church; which ended in the murther of the prelate, and in the whipping of his majeſty from poſt to pillar for his penance. The learned and ingenious Dr. Drake has ſaved me the labour of inquiring into the eſteem and reverence which the prieſts have had of old; and I would rather extend than diminiſh any part of it: yet I muſt needs ſay, that when a prieſt provokes me without any occaſion given him, I have no reaſon, unleſs it be the charity of a Chriſtian, to forgive him. "Prior læſit" is juſtification ſufficient in the Civil Law. If I anſwer him in his own language, ſelf-defence, I am ſure, muſt be allowed me; and if I carry it farther, even to a ſharp recrimination, ſomewhat may be indulged to human frailty. Yet my reſentment has not wrought ſo far, but that I have followed Chaucer in his character of a holy man, and have enlarged on that ſubject with ſome pleaſure, reſerving to myſelf the right, if I ſhall think fit hereafter, to deſcribe another ſort of prieſts, ſuch as are more eaſily to be found than the good parſon; ſuch as have given the laſt blow to Chriſtianity in this age, by a practice ſo contrary to their doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the mean while, I take up Chaucer where I left him. He muſt have been a man of a moſt wonderful comprehenſive nature, becauſe, as it has been truly obſerved of him, he has taken into the compaſs of his Canterbury tales the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole Engliſh nation, in his age. Not a ſingle character has eſcaped

him. All his pilgrims are ſeverally diſtinguiſhed from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very phyſiognomies and perſons. Baptiſta Porta could not have deſcribed their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are ſo ſuited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and ſerious characters are diſtinguiſhed by their ſeveral ſorts of gravity: their diſcourſes are ſuch as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; ſuch as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his perſons are vicious, and ſome virtuous; ſome unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and ſome are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are ſeveral men, and diſtinguiſhed from each other, as much as the mincing lady prioreſs, and the broad-ſpeaking gap-toothed wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is ſuch a variety of game ſpringing up before me, that I am diſtracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. It is ſufficient to ſay, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our fore-fathers and great grand-dames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are ſtill remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than thoſe of Monks and Friars, and Chanons, and lady Abbeſſes, and Nuns: for mankind is ever the ſame, and nothing loſt out of nature, though every thing is altered. May I have leave to do myſelf the juſtice, (ſince my enemies will do me none, and are ſo far from granting me to be a good poet, that they will not allow me to be a chriſtian, or a moral man); may I have leave, I ſay, to inform my reader, that I have confined my choice to ſuch tales of Chaucer as ſavour nothing of immodeſty. If I had deſired more to pleaſe than to inſtruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchants, the Sumner, and, above all, the Wife of Bath, in the prologue to her tale, would have procured me as many friends and readers, as there are beaux and ladies of pleaſure in the town. But I will no more offend againſt good manners: I am ſenſible, as I ought to be, of the ſcandal I have given by my looſe writings; and make what reparation I am able, by this public acknowledgment. If any thing of this nature, or of profaneneſs, be crept into theſe poems, I am ſo far from defending it, that I diſown it. "Totum hoc indictum volo." Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad-ſpeaking, and Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither of them. Our country-man, in the end of his characters, before the Canterbury tales, thus excuſes the ribaldry, which is very groſs in many of his novels.

But firſt, I pray you of your courteſy,
That ye ne arrettee it nought my villany,
Though that I plainly ſpeak in this mattere
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere:
Ne though I ſpeak her words properly,
For this ye known as well as I,
Who ſhall tellen a tale after a man,
He mote rehearſe as nye, as ever he can:
Everich word of it been in his charge,
All ſpeke he, never ſo rudely, ne large.
Or elſe he mote tellen his tale untrue,
Or feine things, or find words new:

He may not ſpare, although he were his brother,
He mote as well ſay o word as another.
Chriſt ſpake himſelf full broad in holy writ,
And well I wote no villany is it,
Eke Plato ſaith, who ſo can him rede,
The words mote been couſin to the dede.

Yet if a man ſhould have inquired of Boccace or of Chaucer, what nee they had of introducing ſuch characters, where obſcene words were prope in their mouths, but very indecent to be heard; I know not what anſwer the could have made: for that reaſon, ſuch tale ſhall be left untold by me. Yo have here a ſpecimen of Chaucer's language, which is ſo obſolete, that hi ſenſe is ſcarce to be underſtood; and you have likewiſe more than one exam ple of his unequal numbers, which were mentioned before. Yet many o his verſes conſiſt of ten ſyllables, and the words not much behind our preſen Engliſh: as for example, theſe two lines, in the deſcription of the carpenter' young wife:

Wincing ſhe was, as is a jolly colt,
Long as a maſt, and upright as a bolt.

I have almoſt done with Chaucer, when I have anſwered ſome objections relating to my preſent work. I find ſome people are offended that I have turned theſe tales into modern Engliſh; becauſe they think them unworthy of my pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-faſhioned wit not worth reviving. I have often heard the late earl of Leiceſter ſay, that Mr. Cowley himſelf was of that opinion; who, having read him over at my lord's requeſt, declared he had no taſte of him. I dare not advance my opinion againſt the judgment of ſo great an author: but I think it fair, however, to leave the deciſion to the public: Mr. Cowley was too modeſt to ſet up for a dictator; and being ſhocked perhaps with his old ſtile, never examined into the depth of his good ſenſe. Chaucer, I confeſs, is a rough diamond, and muſt firſt be poliſhed, ere he ſhines. I deny not, likewiſe, that living in our early days of poetry, he writes not of a piece: but ſometimes mingles trivial things with thoſe of greater moment. Sometimes alſo, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has ſaid enough. But there are more great wits beſides Chaucer, whoſe fault is their exceſs of conceits, and thoſe ill ſorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having obſerved this redundancy in Chaucer (as it is an eaſy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater), I have not tied myſelf to a literal tranſlation; but have often omitted what I judged unneceſſary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts. I have preſumed farther, in ſome places, and added ſomewhat of my own where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true luſtre, for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more emboldened, becauſe (if I may be permitted to ſay it of myſelf) I found I had a ſoul congenial to his, and that I had been converſant in the ſame ſtudies. Another poet, in another age, may take the ſame liberty with my writings; if at leaſt they live long enough to deſerve correction. It was alſo neceſſary ſometimes to reſtore the ſenſe of Chaucer, which was loſt or mangled in the errors of the preſs: let this example ſuffice at preſent; in the ſtory of Palamon

and Arcite, where the temple of Diana is deſcribed, you find theſe verſes, in all the editions of our author:

> There ſaw I Danè turned into a tree,
> I mean not the goddeſs Diane,
> But Venus daughter, which that hight Danè:

Which after a little conſideration I knew was to be reformed into this ſenſe, that Daphne the daughter of Peneus was turned into a tree. I durſt not make thus bold with Ovid, leſt ſome future Milbourne ſhould ariſe, and ſay, I varied from my author, becauſe I underſtood him not.

But there are other judges who think I ought not to have tranſlated Chaucer into Engliſh, out of a quite contrary notion: they ſuppoſe there is a certain veneration due to his old language; and that it is little leſs than profanation and ſacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion that ſomewhat of his good ſenſe will ſuffer in this transfuſion, and much of the beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be loſt, which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent perſon, whom I mentioned, the late earl of Leiceſter, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley deſpiſed him. My Lord diſſuaded me from this attempt, (for I was thinking of it ſome years before his death) and his authority prevailed ſo far with me, as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him: yet my reaſon was not convinced with what he urged againſt it. If the firſt end of a writer be to be underſtood, then as his language grows obſolete, his thoughts muſt grow obſcure:

> "Multa renaſcentur quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,
> "Quæ nunc ſunt in honore vocabula; ſi volet uſus,
> "Quem penès arbitrium eſt, & jus & norma loquendi."

When an ancient word for its ſound and ſignificancy deſerves to be revived, I have that reaſonable veneration for antiquity, to reſtore it. All beyond this is ſuperſtition. Words are not like landmarks, ſo ſacred as never to be removed; cuſtoms are changed; and even ſtatutes are ſilently repealed, when the reaſon ceaſes for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument, that his thoughts will loſe of their original beauty, by the innovation of words; in the firſt place, not only their beauty, but their being is loſt, where they are no longer underſtood, which is the preſent caſe. I grant that ſomething muſt be loſt in all transfuſion, that is, in all tranſlations; but the ſenſe will remain, which would otherwiſe be loſt, or at leaſt be maimed, when it is ſcarce intelligible; and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer, ſo as to underſtand him perfectly! And if imperfectly, then with leſs profit and no pleaſure. It is not for the uſe of ſome old Saxon friends, that I have taken theſe pains with him: let them neglect my verſion, becauſe they have no need of it. I made it for their ſakes who underſtood ſenſe and poetry as well as they, when that poetry and ſenſe is put into words which they underſtand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what beauties I loſe in ſome places, I give to others which had them not originally: but in this I may be partial to myſelf; let the reader judge, and I ſubmit to his deciſion. Yet I think I have juſt occaſion to complain of them, who, becauſe they underſtand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of

their countrymen of the ſame advantage, and hoard him up, as miſers d their grandam gold, only to look on it themſelves, and hinder others fron making uſe of it. In ſum, I ſeriouſly proteſt, no man ever had, or can have a greater veneration for Chaucer, than myſelf. I have tranſlated ſome par of his works, only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at leaſt refreſh it amongſt my countrymen. If I have altered him any where for the better I muſt at the ſame time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing withou him: "Facile eſt inventis addere," is no great commendation; and I am no ſo vain to think I have deſerved a greater. I will conclude what I have t ſay of him ſingly, with this one remark: a lady of my acquaintance, wh keeps a kind of correſpondence with ſome authors of the fair ſex in France has been informed by them, that Mademoiſelle de Scudery, who is as old a Sybil, and inſpired like her by the ſame god of Poetry, is at this time tran ſlating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather, that he has been formerly tranſlated into the old Provençal (for how ſhe ſhould come t underſtand old Engliſh I know not). But the matter of fact being true, i makes me think that there is ſomething in it like fatality; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great wits ſhould be renewed, a Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, it i extraordinary, and I dare not call it more, for of being taxed with ſuper ſtition.

Boccace comes laſt to be conſidered, who, living in the ſame age with Chaucer, had the ſame genius, and followed the ſame ſtudies: both wrot novels, and each of them cultivated his mother tongue. But the greateſt reſemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar ſtile, and pleaſing way of relating comical adventures, I may paſs it over, becauſe I have tranſlated nothing from Boccace of that nature. In the ſerious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's ſide; for though the Engliſh-man has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears that thoſe of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only modelled: ſo that what there was of invention in either of them, may be judged equal. But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the ſtories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling; though proſe allows more liberty of thought, and the expreſſion is more eaſy, when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at diſadvantage. I deſire not the reader to take my word: and therefore I will ſet two of their diſcourſes on the ſame ſubject, in the ſame light, for every man to judge betwixt them. I tranſlated Chaucer firſt, and, amongſt the reſt, pitched on the Wife of Bath's tale; not daring, as I have ſaid, to adventure on her prologue, becauſe it is too licentious: there Chaucer introduces an old woman of mean parentage, whom a youthful knight of noble blood was forced to marry, and conſequently loathed her: the crone being in bed with him on the wedding-night, and finding his averſion, endeavours to win his affection by reaſon, and ſpeaks a good word for herſelf, (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollify the ſullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantage of old age and uglineſs, the vanity of youth, and the ſilly pride of anceſtry, and titles without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had cloſed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and tranſlated ſome more of his fables: and by this time had ſo far forgotten the Wife of Bath's tale, that, when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the ſame argument of preferring virtue to nobility of

blood, and titles, in the ſtory of Sigiſmunda; which I had certainly avoided for the reſemblance of the two diſcourſes, if my memory had not failed me. Let the reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, it is in him to right Boccace.

I prefer in our countryman, far above all his other ſtories, the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, which is of the Epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the Ilias or the Ænels: the ſtory is more pleaſing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various; and the diſpoſition full as artful; only it includes a greater length of time, as taking up ſeven years at leaſt; but Ariſtotle has left undecided the duration of the action; which yet is eaſily reduced into the compaſs of a year, by a narration of what preceded the return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought for the honour of our nation, and more particularly for his, whoſe laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this ſtory was of Engliſh growth, and Chaucer's own: but I was undeceived by Boccace; for caſually looking on the end of his ſeventh Giornata, I found Dioneo (under which name he ſhadows himſelf) and Fiametta (who repreſents his miſtreſs the natural daughter of Robert king of Naples) of whom theſe words are ſpoken, "Dioneo e la Fiametta granpezza contarono inſieme d'Arcita, e di Palamone:" by which it appears that this ſtory was written before the time of Boccace; but the name of its author being wholly loſt, Chaucer is now become an original; and I queſtion not but the poem has received many beauties by paſſing through his noble hands. Beſides this tale, there is another of his own invention, after the manner of the Provençals, called The Flower and the Leaf; with which I was ſo particularly pleaſed, both for the invention and the moral, that I cannot hinder myſelf from recommending it to the reader.

As a corollary to this preface, in which I have done juſtice to others, I owe ſomewhat to myſelf: not that I think it worth my time to enter the liſts with one Milbourn, and one Blackmore, but barely to take notice, that ſuch men there are who have written ſcurrilouſly againſt me, without any provocation. Milbourn, who is in Orders, pretends amongſt the reſt this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on prieſthood: if I have, I am only to aſk pardon of good prieſts, and am afraid his part of the reparation will come to little. Let him be ſatisfied that he ſhall not be able to force himſelf upon me for an adverſary. I contemn him too much to enter into competition with him. His own tranſlations of Virgil have anſwered his criticiſms on mine. If (as they ſay, he has declared in print) he prefers the verſion of Ogilby to mine, the world has made him the ſame compliment: for it is agreed on all hands, that he writes even below Ogilby: that, you will ſay, is not eaſily to be done; but what cannot Milbourn bring about? I am ſatisfied, however, that while he and I live together, I ſhall not be thought the worſt poet of the age. It looks as if I had deſired him underhand to write ſo ill againſt me: but upon my honeſt word I have not bribed him to do me this ſervice, and am wholly guiltleſs of his pamphlet. It is true, I ſhould be glad, if I could perſuade him to continue his good offices, and write ſuch another critique on any thing of mine: for I find by experience he has a great ſtroke with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems, to make the world have a better opinion of them. He has taken ſome pains with my poetry;

but nobody will be perſuaded to take the ſame with his. If I had taken to church (as he affirms, but which was never in my thoughts) I ſhould l had more ſenſe, if not more grace, than to have turned myſelf out of benefice by writing libels on my pariſhioners. But his account of my n ners and my principles are of a piece with his cavils and his poetry: and have done with him for ever.

As for the City Bard, or Knight Phyſician, I hear his quarrel to m that I was the author of Abſalom and Achitophel, which he thinks is a l hard on his fanatic patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two poems, becauſe nothin is to be ſpoken of the dead: and therefore peace be to the Manes of Arthurs. I will only ſay, that it was not for this noble knight that I d the plan of an Epic poem on king Arthur, in my preface to the tranſla of Juvenal. The guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponde for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did whirlbats of Eryx, when they were thrown before him by Entellus. from that preface he plainly took his hint: for he began immediately u the ſtory; though he had the baſeneſs not to acknowledge his benefa but inſtead of it, to traduce me in a libel.

I ſhall ſay the leſs of Mr. Collier, becauſe in many things he has ta me juſtly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expreſſions mine, which can be truly argued of obſcenity, profaneneſs, or immoral and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my frie as I have given him no perſonal occaſion to be otherwiſe, he will be glad my repentance. It becomes not me to draw my pen in the defence of a l cauſe, when I have ſo often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were difficult to prove, that in many places he has perverted my meaning by gloſſes, and interpreted my words into blaſphemy and baudry, of wh they were not guilty; beſides that he is too much given to horſe-play in raillery; and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough. I will ſay, the zeal of God's houſe has eaten him up; but I am ſure it has devou ſome part of his good manners and civility. It might alſo be doub whether it were altogether zeal, which prompted him to this rough man of proceeding; perhaps it became not one of his function to rake i the rubbiſh of ancient and modern plays; a divine might have emplo his pains to better purpoſe, than in the naſtineſs of Plautus and Ariſtophar whoſe examples, as they excuſe not me, ſo it might be poſſibly ſuppo that he read them not without ſome pleaſure. They who have written co mentaries on thoſe poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, h explained ſome vices, which, without their interpretation, had been known to modern times. Neither has he judged impartially betwixt former age and us.

There is more baudry in one Play of Fletcher's, called The Cuſtom the Country, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often ac on the ſtage in my remembrance. Are the times ſo much more reform now, than they were five and twenty years ago? If they are, I congratul the amendment of our morals. But I am not to prejudice the cauſe of fellow-poets, though I abandon my own defence: they have ſome of th anſwered for themſelves, and neither they nor I can think Mr. Collier

TO

HER GRACE

THE

DUCHESS OF ORMOND,

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

MADAM,

THE bard who firſt adorn'd our native tongue
Tun'd to his Britiſh lyre this ancient ſong:
Which Homer might without a bluſh rehearſe,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verſe.
He match'd their beauties, where they moſt excell;
Of love ſung better, and of arms as well.
Vouchſafe, illuſtrious Ormond, to behold
What pow'r the charms of beauty had of old;
Nor wonder if ſuch deeds of arms were done,
Inſpir'd by two fair eyes, that ſparkled like your own.
If Chaucer by the beſt idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The faireſt nymph before his eyes he ſet;
And then the faireſt was Plantagenet;
Who three contending princes made her prize,
And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes:
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the nobleſt order gave the name.
Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conqueſts, and extend your own:
As when the ſtars in their ethereal race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid ſpace,
At certain periods they reſume their place,
From the ſame point of heav'n their courſe advance,
And move in meaſures of their former dance;
Thus, after length of ages, ſhe returns,
Reſtor'd in you, and the ſame place adorns;
Or you perform her office in the ſphere,
Born of her blood, and make a new Platonic year.
O true Plantagenet, O race divine,
(For beauty ſtill is fatal to the line)
Had Chaucer liv'd that angel face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you:
Or had you liv'd, to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the knight:
And conqu'ring Theſeus from his ſide had ſent
Your gen'rous lord to guide the Theban government.
Time ſhall accompliſh that, and I ſhall ſee
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.

Already have the fates your path prepar'd,
And ſure preſage your future ſway declar'd:
When Weſtward, like the ſun, you took your way,
And from benighted Britain bore the day,
Blue Triton gave the ſignal from the ſhore,
The ready Nereids heard, and ſwam before
To ſmooth the ſeas; a ſoft Eteſian gale
But juſt inſpir'd, and gently ſwell'd the ſail;
Portunus took his turn, whoſe ample hand
Heav'd up the lighten'd keel, and ſunk the ſand,
And ſteer'd the ſacred veſſel ſafe to land.
The land, if not reſtrained, had me your way,
Projected out a neck, and jutted to the ſea.
Hibernia, proſtrate at your feet, ador'd,
In you, the pledge of her expected lord;
Due to her iſle; a venerable name;
His father and his grandfire known to fame:
Aw'd by that houſe, accuſtom'd to command,
The ſturdy Kerns in due ſubjection ſtand;
Nor bear the reins in any foreign hand.
At your approach they crowded to the port;
And ſcarcely landed, you create a court:
As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run;
For Venus is the promiſe of the ſun.
The waſte of civil wars, their towns deſtroy'd,
Pales unhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd,
Were all forgot; and one triumphant day
Wip'd all the tears of three campaigns away.
Blood, rapines, maſſacres, were cheaply bought,
So mighty recompence your beauty brought.
As when the dove returning, bore the mark
Of earth reſtor'd to the long-lab'ring ark,
The relics of mankind, ſecure of reſt,
Op'd ev'ry window to receive the gueſt,
And the fair bearer of the meſſage bleſs'd;
So, when you came, with loud repeated cries,
The nation took an omen from your eyes,
And God advanc'd his rainbow in the ſkies,
To ſign inviolable peace reſtor'd;
The ſaints with ſolemn ſhouts proclaim'd the new accord.

ur ſecond coming you appear,
the millenary year)
ſhare ſhall vex the ſoil no more,
idden ſhall produce her ſtore:
laugh, the circling ocean ſmile,
indulgence bleſs the holy iſle.
n all ages has reſerv'd for you
lime, which venom never knew;
en there, your eyes alone
o chaſe all poiſon, but their own.
s interval, which fate has caſt
future glories, and your paſt,
pow'r, 'tis Ireland's hour to mourn;
d celebrates your ſafe return,
ſeem the ſeaſons to command,
r ſummers back to their forſaken land.
iſh'd iſle our leiſure muſt attend,
leſſing we vouchſafe to ſend;
are you long, tho' often we may lend.
twice employ'd abroad, before
s dry'd; and ſhe return'd no more.
e truſt ſo ſoft a meſſenger,
ſickneſs, to that northern air;
ile, your luſtre to reſtore,
y ſee you as you ſhone before:
lipſe not wholly paſt, you wade
mains, and dimneſs of a ſhade.
his prince may claim a right,
with ſtreneth impair'd to fight;
ns, his ardour we reſtrain,
warlike wiſh to croſs the main.
he danger, let the learn'd begin
where diſeaſe could enter in;
lignant atoms forc'd their way,
aultleſs frame they found to make their
?
lement was weigh'd ſo well,
done who mix'd the maſs, could tell
four ingredients could rebel;
nprison'd in ſo ſweet a cage,
well be pleas'd to paſs an age.
ſi e materials made it weak;
eing pure, is apt to break:
weaſt the ſickneſs durſt aſpire;
m that fair temple to retire,
he holy place on fire.
ord like young Veſpaſian mourn'd,
ce flames the ſanctuary burn'd:
d to pay in verſes rude
ed act of gratitude:
been your elegy, which now
your health, the tablet of my vow.
ſure our Morley's mind inſpir'd,
medy your ill requir'd;
Macedon, by Jove's decree,
dream an herb for Ptolomee:
hich had ſuch over-coſt beſtow'd,
ould afford to fleſh and blood,
ame, he would not work anew,
harges of another you.
dle ſcience did he ſteer,
great continent good appear,
miracle to keep you here.
nd, preſerv'd the precious mould,
future Ormonds was to hold;
d in his better mind
cu, who may redeem the falling kind.

Bleſs'd be the pow'r which has at once reſtor'd
The hopes of loſt ſucceſſion to your lord,
Joy to the firſt, and laſt of each degree,
Virtue to courts, and what I long'd to ſee,
To you the graces, and the muſe to me.
O daughter of the roſe, whoſe cheeks unite
The diff'ring titles of the red and white;
Who heav'n's alternate beauty well diſplay,
The bluſh of morning, and the milky way;
Whoſe face is paradiſe, but fenc'd from ſin:
For God in either eye has plac'd a cherubin.
All is your lord's alone; ev'n abſent, he
Employs the care of chaſte Penelope.
For him you waſte in tears your widow'd hours,
For him your curious needle paints the flowers:
Such works of old imperial dames were taught;
Such for Aſcanius, fair Eliſa wrought.
The ſoft receſſes of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love:
All other parts of pious duty done,
You owe your Ormond nothing but a ſon:
To fill in future times his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race.

PALAMON AND ARCITE:

OR,

THE KNIGHT'S TALE,

FROM CHAUCER, IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

IN days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame
A valiant prince; and Theſeus was his name:
A chief, who more in feats of arms excell'd
The riſing nor the ſetting ſun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won,
And added foreign countries to his crown:
In Scythia with the warrior queen he ſtrove,
Whom firſt by force he conquer'd, then by love;
He brought in triumph back the beauteous dame,
With whom her ſiſter, fair Emilia, came.
With honour to his home let Theſeus ride,
With love to friend, and fortune for his guide,
And his victorious army at his ſide.
I paſs their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their ſhouts, their ſongs, their welcome on the way:
But, were it not too long, I would recite
The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen, and hero knight.
The town beſieg'd, and how much blood it coſt
The female army and th' Athenian hoſt:
The eſpouſals of Hippolita the queen;
What tilts, and turneys at the feaſt were ſeen;

The ſtorm at their return, the ladies fear:
But theſe and other things I muſt forbear.
The field is ſpacious I deſign to ſow,
With oxen far unfit to draw the plow:
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waſte my ſtrength;
And trivial accidents ſhall be forborn,
That others may have time to take their turn;
As was at firſt enjoin'd us by mine hoſt:
That he whoſe tale is beſt, and pleaſes moſt,
Should win his ſupper at our common coſt.
And therefore where I left, I will purſue
This antient ſtory, whether falſe or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mention'd, full of high renown,
In this array drew near th' Athenian town;
When in his pomp and utmoſt of his pride,
Marching, he chanc'd to caſt his eye aſide,
And ſaw a quire of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two acroſs the common way:
At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry,
And beat their breaſts, and held their hands on high,
Creeping and crying till they ſeiz'd at laſt
His courſer's bridle, and his feet embrac'd
Tell me, ſaid Theſeus, what and whence you are,
And why this funeral pageant you prepare?
Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd weeds?
Or envy you my praiſe, and would deſtroy
With grief my pleaſures, and pollute my joy?
Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?
Name your requeſt, and I will eaſe your grief.
The moſt in years of all the mourning train
Began; (but ſounded firſt away for pain)
Then ſcarce recover'd, ſpoke: nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;
'Tis thine, O king, th' afflicted to redreſs,
And fame has fill'd the world with thy ſucceſs:
We wretched women ſue for that alone,
Which of thy goodneſs is refus'd to none:
Let fall ſome drops of pity on our grief,
If what we beg be juſt, and we deſerve relief:
For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But held the rank of ſovereign queen before;
Till, thanks to giddy chance which never bears
That mortal bliſs ſhould laſt for length of years,
We caſt us headlong from our high eſtate,
And here in hope of thy return we wait:
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddeſs Clemency.
But rev'rence thou the power whoſe name it bears,
Relieve th' oppreſs'd, and wipe the widows tears.
I, wretched I, have other fortune ſeen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen:
At Thebes he fell; curs'd be the fatal day!
And all the reſt thou ſeeſt in this array,
To make their moan, their lords in battle loſt
Before that town beſieg'd by our confed'rate hoſt:
But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and uſurps the lands,
Denies the rites of fun'ral fires to thoſe
Whoſe breathleſs bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a heap they lie;
Such is their fate, and ſuch his tyranny;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But tears with their lov'd limbs his hounds are fed:
At this ſhe ſhriek'd aloud, the mournful train
Behold her grief, and falling on the plain,
With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind,
Beſought his pity to their helpleſs kind!
The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow,
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He ſigh'd; and could not but their fate deplore,
So wretched now, ſo fortunate before.
Then lightly from his lofty ſteed he flew,
And raiſing one by one the ſuppliant crew,
To comfort each, full ſolemnly he ſwore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood bore,
And what e'er elſe to Chivalry belongs,
He would not ceaſe, till he reveng'd their wrongs:
That Greece ſhould ſee perform'd what he declar'd,
And cruel Creon find his juſt reward.
He ſaid no more, but ſhunning all delay,
Rode on; nor enter'd Athens on his way:
But left his ſiſter and his queen behind,
And wav'd his royal banner in the wind:
Where in an argent field the god of war
Was drawn triumphant on his iron carr;
Red was his ſword and ſhield, and whole attire,
And all the godhead ſeem'd to glow with fire;
Ev'n the ground glitter'd where the ſtandard flew,
And the green graſs was dy'd to ſanguin hue.
High on his ſpointed lance his pennon bore
His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaure:
The ſoldiers ſhout around with generous rage,
And in that victory, their own preſage.
He prais'd their ardour: inly pleas'd to ſee
His hoſt the flow'r of Grecian chivalry.
All day he march'd; and all th' enſuing night;
And ſaw the city with returning light.
The proceſs of the war I need not tell,
How Theſeus conquer'd, and how Creon fell:
Or after, how by ſtorm the walls were won,
Or how the victor ſack'd and burn'd the town:
How to the ladies he reſtor'd again
The bodies of their lords in battle ſlain:
And with what ancient rites they were intern'd;
All theſe to fitter time ſhall be deferr'd:
I ſpare the widows tears, their woful cries
And howling at their huſbands obſequies;
How Theſeus at theſe fun'rals did aſſiſt,
And with what gifts the mourning dames diſmiſs'd.
Thus when the victor chief had Creon ſlain
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain
His mighty camp, and when the day return'd,
The country waſted, and the hamlets burn'd;
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred,
Without controul to ſtrip and ſpoil the dead.
There, in a heap of ſlain, among the reſt
Two youthful knights they found beneath a load
oppreſs'd
Of ſlaughter'd foes, whom firſt to death they ſent,
The trophies of their ſtrength, a bloody monument,
Both fair, and both of royal blood they ſeem'd,
Whom kinſmen to the crown the heralds deem'd;
That day in equal arms they fought for fame;
Their ſwords, their ſhields, their ſurcoats were the ſame.
Cloſe by each other laid they preſs'd the ground,
Their manly boſoms pierc'd with many a gaſhy wound;
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But ſome faint ſigns of life the life appear:
The warding breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulſe, and nearly heav'd the heart.

were ſiſters ſons; and Arcite one,
'd in fields, with valiant Palamon.
e their coſtly arms the ſpoilers rent,
both convey'd to Theſeus' tent;
own of Creon's line, and cur'd with care,
city ſent as pris'ners of the war,
of ranſom, and condemn'd to lie,
, doom'd a ling'ring death to die.
ne, he march'd away with warlike ſound,
Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd,
ppy long he liv'd, much lov'd and more
renown'd.
w'r, and never to be loos'd,
captive kinſmen are enclos'd.
ar by year they paſs, and day by day,
('twas on the morn of chearful May)
Emilia, fairer to be ſeen
fair lily on the flow'ry green,
than May herſelf in bloſſoms new
the roſy colour ſtrove her hue)
her cuſtom was before the day,
obſervance due to ſprightly May:
ly May commands our youth to keep
of her night, and breaks their ſluggard
leep:
e breaſt with kindly warmth ſhe moves;
w flames, revives extinguiſhed loves;
embrance Emily ere day
dreſs'd herſelf in rich array;
e month, and as the morning fair;
r ſhoulders fell her length of hair:
did the braided treſſes bind,
as looſe, and wanton'd in the wind:
d but newly chas'd the night,
'd o'er the ſky with bluſhing light,
he garden-walk ſhe took her way,
nd trip along in cool of day,
naiden vows in honour of the May.
turn, ſhe made a little ſtand,
among the thorns her lily hand
he roſe, and ev'ry roſe ſhe drew
the ſtalk, and bruſh'd away the dew:
-colour'd flow'rs of white and red
to make a garland for her head:
ſhe ſung and caroll'd out ſo clear,
nd angels might rejoice to hear.
'ring Philomel forgot to ſing;
d from her to welcome in the ſpring.
, of which before was mention made,
oſe keep the captive knights were laid,
arge extent, and ſtrong withal,
rtition of the palace wall:
was enclos'd within the ſquare
g Emilia took the morning air.
'd Palamon the pris'ner knight,
woe, aroſe before the light,
is jailor's leave deſir'd to breathe
e wholeſome than the damps beneath.
d, to the tow'r he took his way,
th the promiſe of a glorious day:
languiſhing regard around,
ith hateful eyes the temples crown'd
n ſpires, and all the hoſtile ground.
nd turn'd his eyes, becauſe he knew
a larger jail he had in view:

Then look'd below, and from the caſtle's height
Beheld a nearer and more pleaſing ſight:
The garden, which before he had not ſeen,
In ſpring's new livery clad of white and green,
Freſh flow'rs in wide parterres, and ſhady walks between.
This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms acroſs
He ſtood, reflecting on his country's loſs;
Himſelf an object of the public ſcorn,
And often wiſh'd he never had been born.
At laſt (for ſo his deſtiny requir'd)
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
He thro' a little window caſt his ſight,
Tho' thick of bars, that gave a ſcanty light:
But ev'n that glimm'ring ſerv'd him to deſcry
Th' inevitable charms of Emily.
S arce had he ſeen, but ſeiz'd with ſudden ſmart,
Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
Struck blind with overpow'ring light he ſtood,
Then ſtarted back amaz'd, and cry'd aloud.
Young Arcite heard; and up he ran with haſte,
To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd;
And aſk'd him why he look'd ſo deadly wan,
And whence, and how his change of cheer began?
Or who had done th' offence? but if, ſaid he,
Your grief alone is hard captivity;
For love of heav'n, with patience undergo
A cureleſs ill ſince fate will have it ſo:
So ſtood our horoſcope in chains to lie,
And Saturn in the dungeon of the ſky,
Or other baleful aſpect, rul'd our birth,
When all the friendly ſtars were under earth:
Whate'er betides, by deſtiny 'tis done;
And better bear like men, than vainly ſeek to ſhun.
Nor of my bonds, ſaid Palamon again,
Nor of unhappy planets I complain;
But when my mortal anguiſh caus'd my cry,
That moment I was hurt thro' either eye:
Pierc'd with a random-ſhaft, I faint away
And periſh with inſenſible decay:
A glance of ſome new goddeſs gave the wound,
Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.
Look how ſhe walks along yon ſhady ſpace,
Not Juno moves with more majeſtic grace;
And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.
If thou art Venus, (for thy charms confeſs
That face was form'd in heav'n) nor art thou leſs;
Diſguis'd in habit, undiſguis'd in ſhape,
O help us captives from our chains to ſcape;
But if our doom be paſt in bonds to lie
For life, and in a loathſome dungeon die;
Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our diſgrace,
And ſhew compaſſion to the Theban race,
Oppreſs'd by tyrant pow'r! while yet he ſpoke,
Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;
The fatal dart a ready paſſage found,
And deep within his heart infix'd the wound:
So that if Palamon were wounded ſore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more:
Then from his inmoſt ſoul he figh'd, and ſaid,
The beauty I behold has ſtruck me dead:
Unknowingly ſhe ſtrikes; and kills by chance;
Poiſon is in her eyes, and death in ev'ry glance.
O, I muſt aſk; nor aſk alone, but move
Her mind to mercy, or muſt die for love.

Thus Arcite: and thus Palamon replies,
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes.)
Speak'ſt thou in earneſt, or in jeſting vein?
Jeſting, ſaid Arcite, ſuits but ill with pain.
It ſuits far worſe, (ſaid Palamon again,
And bent his brows) with men who honour weigh,
Their faith to break, their friendſhip to betray;
But worſt with thee, of noble lineage born,
My kinſman, and in arms my brother ſworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one ſhould be the common good of both?
One ſoul ſhould both inſpire, and neither prove
His fellow's hindrance in purſuit of love?
To this before the gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the bands.
This binds thee, then, to farther my deſign:
As I am bound by vow to farther thine:
Nor canſt, nor dar'ſt thou, traitor, on the plain
Appeach my honour, or thy own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whoſe faith I truſt, and on whoſe care depend:
And wouldſt thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than releaſe, would chuſe to die?
But thou, falſe Arcite, never ſhalt obtain
Thy bad pretence; I told thee firſt my pain:
For firſt my love began ere thine was born;
Thou, as my council, and my brother ſworn,
Art bound t' aſſiſt my elderſhip of right,
Or juſtly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight.
Thus Palamon: but Arcite with diſdain
In haughty language thus reply'd again:
Forſworn thyſelf: the traitor's odious name
I firſt return, and then diſprove thy claim.
If love be paſſion, and that paſſion nurſt
With ſtrong deſires, I lov'd the lady firſt.
Canſt thou pretend deſire, whom zeal inflam'd
To worſhip, and a pow'r cel ſtial nam'd?
Thine was devotion to the bleſt above,
I ſaw the woman, and deſir'd her love;
Firſt own'd my paſſion, and to thee commend
Th' important ſecret, as my choſen friend.
Suppoſe (which yet I grant not) thy deſire
A moment elder than my rival fire;
Can chance of ſeeing firſt thy title prove?
And know'ſt thou not, no law is made for love?
Law is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate:
Laws are but poſitive: love's pow'r we ſee
Is nature's ſanction, and her firſt decree.
Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cauſe.
Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd,
Love throws the fences down, and makes a general waſte:
Maids, widows, wives, without diſtinction fall;
The ſweeping deluge, love, comes on, and covers all.
If then the laws of friendſhip I tranſgreſs,
I keep the greater, while I break the leſs;
And both are mad alike, ſince neither can poſſeſs.
But hopeleſs to be ranſom'd, never more
To ſee the ſun but as he paſſes o'er.
Like Æſop's hounds contending for the bone,
Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone:
The fruit eſs fight continu'd all the day;
A cur came by, and ſnatch'd the prize away.
As courtiers therefore juſtle for a grant,
And when they break their friendſhip, plead their want,
So thou, if fortune will thy ſuit advance,
Love on; nor envy me my equal chance:
For I muſt love, and am reſolv'd to try
My fate, or falling in th' adventure die.
Great was their ſtrife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd:
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand;
But when they met, they made a furly ſtand;
And glar'd like angry lions as they paſs'd,
And wiſh'd that ev'ry look might be their laſt.
It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came, t' attend
This worthy Theſeus, his familiar friend:
Their love in early infancy began,
And roſe as childhood ripen'd into man.
Companions of the war; and lov'd ſo well,
That when one dy'd, as ancient ſtories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to hell.
But to purſue my tale; to welcome home
His warlike brother, is Pirithous come:
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long ſince,
And honour'd by this young Theſſalian prince.
Theſeus, to gratify his friend and gueſt,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his requeſt,
Reſtor'd to liberty the captive knight,
But on theſe hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite ſhould be found
Within the compaſs of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,
His head ſhould pay the forfeit of th' offence.
To this, Pirithous for his friend, agreed,
And on his promiſe was the priſ'ner freed.
Unpleas'd and penſive hence he takes his way,
At his own peril; for his life muſt pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchaſe, and repents too late?
What have I gain'd, he ſaid, in priſon pent,
If I but change my bonds for baniſhment?
And baniſh'd from her ſight, I ſuffer more
In freedom, than I felt in bonds before;
Forc'd from her preſence, and condemn'd to live
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve:
Heav'n is not but where Emily abides,
And where ſhe's abſent, all is hell beſides.
Next to my day of birth, was that accurſt
Which bound my friendſhip to Pirithous firſt:
Had I not known that prince I ſtill had been
In bondage, and had ſtill Emilia ſeen:
For tho' I never can her grace deſerve,
'Tis recompence enough to ſee and ſerve.
O Palamon, my kinſman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend!
Thine is th' adventure; thine the victory:
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee:
Thou on that angel's face mayſt feed thy eyes,
In priſon, no; but bliſsful paradiſe!
Thou daily ſeeſt that ſun of beauty ſhine,
And lov'ſt at leaſt in love's extremeſt line.
I mourn in abſence, love's eternal night,
And who can tell but ſince thou haſt her ſight,
And art a comely, young and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various pow'r) may ceaſe to frown,
And by ſome ways unknown thy wiſhes crown:

e moſt forlorn of human kind,
can hope, nor remedy can find;
'd to drag my loathſome life in care,
:ward muſt end it in deſpair.
:r, air, and earth, and force of fates
:rns all, and heav'n that all creates,
or nature's hand can eaſe my grief,
ut death, the wretch's laſt relief:
wel, youth, and all the joys that dwell
th and life, and life itſelf farewell.
y, alas! do mortal men in vain
e, fate, or providence complain?
us what he knows our wants require,
: things than thoſe which we deſire:
r for riches; riches they obtain;
'd by robbers, for their wealth are ſlain:
' from priſon to be freed; and come
ky of their vows, to fall at home;
by thoſe they truſted with their life;
l ſervant, or a boſom wife.
-bought bleſſings happen ev'ry day,
e know not for what things to pray.
ken ſots about the ſtreets we roam;
vs the ſot he has a certain home;
s not how to find th' uncertain place,
lers on, and ſtaggers ev'ry pace.
ek happineſs; but few can find,
: greater part of men are blind.
r caſe, who thought our utmoſt good
e word of freedom underſtood:
bleſſing came: from priſon free,
road, and loſe the ſight of Emily,
rcite; but if Arcite thus deplore
ngs, Palamon yet ſuffers more.
he knew his rival freed and gone,
with wrath; he makes outrageous moan:
e fumes, he ſtares, he ſtamps the ground;
r tow'r with clamours rings around:
y tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
d all o'er with agony of ſweat.
cry'd, I wretch in priſon pine,
r rival, while the fruit is thine:
t at large, thou draw'ſt thy native air,
th thy freedom, proud of my deſpair:
'ſt, ſince thou haſt youth and courage join'd,
ehaviour, and a ſolid mind,
ours, and all the Theban race,
ate on Athens thy diſgrace.
(by ſome treaty made) poſſeſs
, the pledge of laſting peace.
all be the beauteous prize, while I
uiſh in deſpair, in priſon die.
h' advantage of the ſtrife is thine,
n double joys, and double ſorrows mine.
:e of jealouſy then fir'd his ſoul,
ice kindl'd like a burning coal:
deſpair, ſucceeding in her ſtead,
aleneſs turns the glowing red.
ſcarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
: which the freezing wind conſtrains.
he ſaid; Eternal deities,
the world with abſolute decrees,
whatever time ſhall bring to paſs
: of adamant, on plates of braſs;
e race of human kind your care
what all his fellow-creatures are?
ie reſt is liable to pain,
he ſheep, his brother-beaſt, is ſlain.
II.

Cold, hunger, priſons, ills without a cure,
All theſe he muſt, and guiltleſs oft, endure:
Or does your juſtice, pow'r, or preſcience fail,
When the good ſuffer, and the bad prevail?
What worſe to wretched virtue could befall,
If fate, or giddy fortune govern'd all?
Nay, worſe than other beaſts is our eſtate?
Them, to purſue their pleaſures you create;
We, bound by harder laws, muſt curb our will,
And your commands, not our deſires fulfill:
Then when the creature is unjuſtly ſlain,
Yet after death at leaſt he feels no pain;
But man in life ſurcharg'd with woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to ſuffer more.
A ſerpent ſhoots his ſting at unaware;
An ambuſh'd thief forelays a traveller;
The man lies murder'd, while the thief and ſnake,
One gains the thickets, and one thrids the brake.
This let divines decide; but well I know,
Juſt, or unjuſt, I have my ſhare of woe:
Through Saturn ſeated in a luckleſs place,
And Juno's wrath, that perſecutes my race;
Or Mars and Venus in a quartil, move
My pangs of jealouſy for Arcite's love.
Let Palamon oppreſs'd in bondage mourn,
While to his exil'd rival we return.
By this the Sun declining from his height,
The day had ſhorten'd to prolong the night:
The lengthen'd night gave length of miſery
Both to the captive lover, and the free.
For Palamon in endleſs priſon mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns.
The baniſh'd never hopes his love to ſee,
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty:
'Tis hard to ſay who ſuffers greater pains,
One ſees his love, but cannot break his chains:
One free and all his motions uncontroul'd,
Beholds whate'er he would, but what he wou'd behold
Judge as you pleaſe, for I will haſte to tell
What fortune to the baniſh'd knight befel.
When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,
The loſs of her he lov'd renew'd his pain;
What could be worſe, than never more to ſee
His life, his ſoul, his charming Emily?
He rav'd with all the madneſs of deſpair,
He roar'd, he beat his breaſt, he tore his hair.
Dry ſorrow in his ſtupid eyes appears,
For wanting nouriſhment, he wanted tears:
His eye-balls in their hollow ſockets ſink,
Bereft of ſleep; he loaths his meat and drink.
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale ſpectre of a murder'd man:
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of ſapleſs boxen leaves:
In ſolitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone.
Nor mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleaſures ſhares,
But ſighs when ſongs and inſtruments he hears:
His ſpirits are ſo low, his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a ſwound,
Like the deaf murmurs of a diſtant ſound:
Uncomb'd his locks, and ſqualid his attire,
Unlike the trim of love and gay deſire;
But full of muſeful mopings, which preſage
The loſs of reaſon, and conclude in rage.
This when he had endur'd a year and more,
Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,

It happen'd once, that ſlumb'ring as he lay,
He dreamt (his dream began at break of day)
That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
And with ſoft words his drooping ſpirits cheer'd:
His hat, adorn'd with wings, diſcloſ'd the god,
And in his hand he bore the ſleep-compelling rod:
Such as he ſeem'd, when at his ſire's command
On Argus' head he laid the ſnaky wand;
Ariſe, he ſaid, to conqu'ring Athens go,
There fate appoints an end of all thy woe.
The fright awaken'd Arcite with a ſtart,
Againſt his boſom bounc'd his heaving heart;
But ſoon he ſaid, with ſcarce recover'd breath,
And thither will I go to meet my death,
Sure to be ſlain; but death is my deſire,
Since in Emilia's ſight I ſhall expire.
By chance he ſpy'd a mirrour while he ſpoke,
And gazing there beheld his alter'd look;
Wond'ring, he ſaw his features and his hue
So much were chang'd, that ſcarce himſelf he knew.
A ſudden thought then ſtarting in his mind,
Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
The world may ſearch in vain with all their eyes,
But never penetrate through this diſguiſe.
Thanks to the change which grief and ſickneſs give,
In low eſtate I may ſecurely live,
And ſee unknown my miſtreſs day by day:
He ſaid; and cloath'd himſelf in coarſe array;
A lab'ring hind in ſhew: then forth he went,
And to th' Athenian tow'rs his journey bent:
One ſquire attended in the ſame diſguiſe,
Made conſcious of his maſter's enterprize.
Arriv'd at Athens, ſoon he came to court,
Unknown, unqueſtion'd in that thick reſort;
Proff'ring for hire his ſervice at the gate,
To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.
So fair befel him, that for little gain
He ſerv'd at firſt Emilia's chamberlain;
And watchful all advantages to ſpy,
Was ſtill at hand, and in his maſter's eye;
And as his bones were big, and ſinews ſtrong,
Refus'd no toil that could to ſlaves belong;
But from deep wells with engines water drew,
And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.
He paſs'd a year at leaſt attending thus
On Emily, and called Philoſtratus.
But never was there man of his degree
So much eſteem'd, ſo well belov'd as he.
So gentle of condition was he known,
That through the court his courteſy was blown:
All think him worthy of a greater place,
And recommend him to the royal grace;
That exercis'd within a higher ſphere,
His virtues more conſpicuous might appear.
Thus by the general voice was Arcite prais'd,
And by great Theſeus to high favour rais'd;
Among his menial ſervants firſt enroll'd,
And largely entertain'd with ſums of gold:
Beſides what ſecretly from Thebes was ſent,
Of his own income, and his annual rent.
This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and fame,
But cautiouſly conceal'd from whence it came.
Thus for three years he liv'd with large increaſe,
In arms of honour, and eſteem in peace;
To Theſeus' perſon he was ever near,
And Theſeus for his virtues held him dear.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

PALAMON AND ARCITE: OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK II.

WHILE Arcite lives in bliſs, the ſtory turns
Where hopeleſs Palamon in priſon mourns:
For ſix long years immur'd, the captive knight
Had dragg'd his chains, and ſcarcely ſeen the light:
Loſt liberty, and love at once he bore;
His priſon pain'd him much, his paſſion more:
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wiſhes to be free from love.
But when the ſixth revolving year was run,
And May within the twins receiv'd the ſun,
Were it by chance, or forceful deſtiny,
Which forms in cauſes firſt whate'er ſhall be,
Aſſiſted by a friend one moonleſs night,
This Palamon from priſon took his flight:
A pleaſant beverage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey mix'd, with added ſtore
Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,
Who ſwallow'd unaware the ſleepy draught,
And ſnor'd ſecure till morn, his ſenſes bound
In ſlumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the riſing ſun.
A thick ſpread foreſt near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd ſtrides he took his way,
(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day:)
Safe from purſuit, he meant to ſhun the light,
Till the brown ſhadows of the friendly night
To Thebes might favour his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next deſign
Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
And war on Theſeus, till he loſt his life,
Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.
Thus while his thoughts the ling'ring day beguile
To gentle Arcite let us turn our ſtile;
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care,
'Till treach'rous fortune caught him in the ſnare.
The morning-lark, the meſſenger of day,
Saluted in her ſong the morning gray:
And ſoon the ſun aroſe with beams ſo bright,
That all th' horizon laugh'd to ſee the joyful ſight;
He with his tepid rays the roſe renews,
And licks the dropping leaves, and dries the dews.
When Arcite left his bed, reſolv'd to pay
Obſervance to the month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery ſteed betimes he rode,
That ſcarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At eaſe he ſeem'd, and prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horſe's reins,
The grove I nam'd before; and lighting there,
A woodbind garland ſought to crown his hair;

n'd his face againſt the riſing day,
'd his voice to welcome in the May.
, ſweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,
: firſt, the faireſt of the year:
the Graces lead the dancing hours,
ure's ready pencil paints the flow'rs:
y ſhort reign is paſt, the fev'riſh ſun
y Tropic ſears, and moves more ſlowly on.
ıy tender bloſſoms fear no blite,
ı with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
halt guide my wand'ring feet to find
ant greens I ſeek, my brows to bind.
's addreſs'd, within the grove he ſtray'd,
, or Fortune, near the place convey'd
where ſecret Palamon was laid.
thought of him the gentle knight,
ıg death had there conceal'd his flight,
and brambles hid, and ſhunning mortal
ſight.
ıe knew him for his hated foe,
l him as a man he did not know.
ıas been ſaid of ancient years,
s are full of eyes, and woods have ears;
ıe wiſe are ever on their guard,
'eſeen, they ſay, is unprepar'd.
ıs Arcite thought himſelf alone,
han all ſuſpected Palamon,
'ning heard him, while he ſearch'd the
grove,
ly ſung his roundelay of love.
e ſudden ſtopp'd, and ſilent ſtood,
ı often muſe, and change their mood;)
ı as heav'n, and then as low as hell;
now down, as buckets in a well:
s, like her day, will change her cheer,
m ſhall we ſee a Friday clear.
ite having ſung, with alter'd hue
he ground, and from his boſom drew
te ſigh, accuſing heav'n and fate,
y Juno's unrelenting hate.
he day when firſt I did appear;
ılotted from the calendar,
dlute the month, and poiſon all the year.
the jealous queen purſue our race?
s dead, the Theban city was:
s not her hate: for all who come
ımus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
r my blood: unjuſt decree!
iſhes another's crimes on me.
eſtate I ſerve my mortal foe,
who caus'd my country's overthrow.
ıt all; for Juno, to my ſhame,
d me to forſake my former name;
vas, Philoſtratus I am.
of heav'n is all my enemy:
'd Thebes; his mother ruin'd me.
royal race remains but one
ſelf, th' unhappy Palamon,
heſeus holds in bonds, and will not free;
ı crime, except his kin to me.
, and all the reſt I could endure;
s a malady without a cure:
e has pierc'd me with his fiery dart,
vithin, and hiſſes at my heart.
s, fair Emily, my fate purſue;
r the reſt, I die for you.
goddeſs no time leaves record,
ı'd the temple where ſhe was ador'd:

And let it burn, I never will complain,
Pleas'd with my ſuff'rings, if you knew my pain:
At this a ſickly qualm his heart aſſail'd,
His ears ring inward, and his ſenſes fail'd.
No word miſs'd Palamon of all he ſpoke,
But ſoon to deadly pale he chang'd his look:
He trembl'd ev'ry limb, and felt a ſmart,
As if cold ſteel had glided through his heart;
Nor longer ſtaid, but ſtarting from his place,
Diſcover'd ſtood, and ſhew'd his hoſtile face:
Falſe traytor Arcite, traytor to thy blood,
Bound by thy ſacred oath to ſeek my good,
Now art thou found forſworn, for Emily;
And dar'ſt attempt her love, for whom I die.
So haſt thou cheated Theſeus with a wile,
Againſt thy vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd name: as falſe to me,
So falſe thou art to him who ſet thee free:
But reſt aſſur'd, that either thou ſhalt die,
Or elſe renounce thy claim in Emily:
For though unarm'd I am, and (freed by chance)
Am here without my ſword or pointed lance;
Hope not, baſe man, unqueſtion'd hence to go,
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe.
Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,
His ſword unſheath'd, and fiercely thus began:
Now by the gods, who govern heav'n above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
That word had been thy laſt, or in this grove
This hand ſhould force thee to renounce thy love.
The ſurety which I gave thee, I defie;
Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers perjury.
Know I will ſerve the fair in thy deſpight;
But ſince thou art my kinſman, and a knight,
Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
Our arms ſhall plead the titles of our love:
And heav'n ſo help my right, as I alone
Will come, and keep the cauſe and quarrel both unknown;
With arms of proof both for myſelf and thee;
Chuſe thou the beſt, and leave the worſt to me.
And, that at better eaſe, thou maiſt abide,
Bedding and clothes I will this night provide,
And needful ſuſtenance, that thou maiſt be
A conqueſt better won, and worthy me.
His promiſe Palamon accepts; but pray'd,
To keep it better than the firſt he made.
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn,
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.
Oh Love! thou ſternly doſt thy pow'r maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,
Tyrants and thou all fellowſhip diſdain.
This was in Arcite prov'd and Palamon,
Both in deſpair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in honour ty'd,
His foe with bedding, and with food ſupply'd:
Then, ere the day, two ſuits of armour ſought,
Which born before him on his ſteed he brought:
Both were of ſhining ſteel, and wrought ſo pure,
As might the ſtrokes of two ſuch arms endure.
Now, at the time, and in th' appointed place,
The challenger, and challeng'd, face to face,
Approach; each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
So ſtands the Thracian herdſman with his ſpear,
Full in the gap, and hopes the haunted bear,

And hears him ruſtling in the wood, and ſees
His courſe at diſtance by the bending trees;
And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy.
And either he muſt fall in fight, or I:
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
A gen'rous chilneſs ſeizes ev'ry part;
The veins pour back the blood, and fortifie the heart.
Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury burn;
None greets; for none the greeting will return:
But in dumb ſurlineſs, each arm'd with care
His foe profeſt, as brother of the war:
Then both, no moment loſt, at once advance
Againſt each other, arm'd with ſword and lance:
They lush, they foin, they paſs, they ſtrive to bore
Their corſlets, and the thinneſt parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they ſtood,
And wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in blood;
And not a foot of ground had either got,
As if the world depended on the ſpot.
Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,
And like a lion Palamon appear'd:
Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,
With riſing briſtles, and with ſloathy jaws,
Their adverſe breaſts with tuſks oblique they wound;
With grunts and groans the foreſt rings around.
So fought the knights, and fighting muſt abide,
Till fate an umpire ſends their diff'rence to decide.
The pow'r that miniſters to God's decrees,
And executes on earth what heav'n foreſees,
Call'd providence, or chance, or fatal ſway,
Comes with reſiſtleſs force, and finds or makes her way.
Nor kings, nor nations, nor united pow'r
One moment can retard th' appointed hour.
And ſome one day, ſome wondrous chance appears,
Which happen'd not in centuries of years:
For ſure, whate'er we mortals hate or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on pow'rs above;
They move our appetites to good or ill,
And by foreſight neceſſitate the will.
In Theſeus this appears; whoſe youthful joy
Was beaſts of chaſe in foreſts to deſtroy;
This gentle knight, inſpir'd by jolly May
Forſook his eaſy couch at early day,
And to the wood and wilds purſu'd his way.
Beſide him rode Hippolita the queen,
And Emily attir'd in lively green:
With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,
To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:
And as he follow'd Mars before, ſo now
He ſerves the goddeſs of the ſilver bow.
The way that Theſeus took was to the wood
Where the two knights in cruel battle ſtood:
The lawn on which they fought, th' appointed place
In which th' uncouple'd hounds began the chace.
Thither forthright he rode to rouſe the prey,
That ſhaded by the fern in harbour lay;
And thence diſlodg'd, was wont to leave the wood,
For open fields, and croſs the cryſtal flood.
Approach'd, and looking underneath the ſun,
He ſaw proud Arcite, and fierce Palamon,
In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,
Like lightning flam'd their tauchons to and fro,
And ſhot a dreadful gleam; ſo ſtrong they ſtrook,
There ſeem'd leſs force requir'd to fell an oak:
He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,
Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight:
Reſolv'd to learn, he ſpur'd his fiery ſteed
With goring rowels, to provoke his ſpeed.
The minute ended that began the race,
So ſoon he was betwixt 'em on the place;
And with his ſword unſheath'd on pain of life
Commands both combatants to ceaſe their ſtrife:
Then with imperious tone purſues his threat;
What are you? why in arms together met?
How dares your pride preſume againſt my laws,
As in a liſted field to fight your cauſe?
Unaſk'd the royal grant; no marſhal by,
As knightly rites require; nor judge to try?
Then Palamon with ſcarce recover'd breath,
Thus haſty ſpoke; we both deſerve the death,
And both would die; for look the world around,
A pair ſo wretched is not to be found.
Our life's a load; encumber'd with the charge,
We long to ſet th' impriſon'd ſoul at large.
Now as thou art a ſovereign judge, decree
The rightful doom of death to him and me,
Let neither find thy grace; for grace is cruelty.
Me firſt, O kill me firſt; and cure my woe:
Then ſheath the ſword of juſtice on my foe:
Or kill him firſt; for when his name is heard,
He foremoſt will receive his due reward.
Arcite of Thebes is he; thy mortal foe,
On whom thy grace did liberty beſtow,
But firſt contracted, that if ever found
By day or night upon th' Athenian ground,
His head ſhould pay the forfeit: ſee return'd
The perjur'd knight, his oath and honour ſcorn'd.
For this is he, who with a borrow'd name
And proffer'd ſervice, to thy palace came,
Now call'd Philoſtratus: retain'd by thee,
A traitor truſted, and in high degree,
Aſpiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
My part remains: from Thebes my birth I own,
And call myſelf th' unhappy Palamon.
Think me not like that man; ſince no diſgrace
Can force me to renounce the honour of my race.
Know me from what I am: I broke thy chain,
Nor promis'd I thy priſ'ner to remain:
The love of liberty with life is giv'n,
And life itſelf th' inferior gift of heaven.
Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
I with this Arcite am thy mortal foe:
Then give me death, ſince I thy life purſue,
For ſafeguard of thyſelf, death is my due.
More would'ſt thou know? I love bright Emily,
And for her ſake, and in her ſight will die:
But kill my rival too; for he no leſs
Deſerves; and I thy righteous doom will bleſs,
Aſſur'd that what I loſe, he never ſhall poſſeſs.
To this reply'd the ſtern Athenian prince,
And ſowrly ſmil'd, in owing your offence
You judge yourſelf; and I but keep record
In place of law, while you pronounce the word.
Take your deſert, the death you have decreed;
I ſeal your doom, and ratify the deed.
By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die.
He ſaid; dumb ſorrow ſeiz'd the ſtanders by.
The queen above the reſt, by nature good,
(The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood)
For tender pity wept: when ſhe began,
Through the bright quire th' infectious virtue ran.

d their tears, ev'n the contended maid;
i among themſelves they ſoftly ſaid:
:s can ſuffer this unworthy ſight!
this of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
lerſhip of heav'n in face and mind,
rs, far beyond their faithleſs kind;
wide ſtreaming wounds; they neither came
de of empire, nor deſire of fame:
ht for kingdoms, madmen for applauſe;
, for love alone; that crowns the lover's
cauſe.
ight, which ever bribes the beauteous kind,
wrought in ev'ry lady's mind,
their ſteeds, and proſtrate on the place,
fierce king, implor'd th' offender's grace.
is'd a while, ſtood ſilent in his mood,
his rage was boiling in his blood)
his tender mind th' impreſſion felt,
t metals are not ſlow to melt,
ſooneſt runs in gentle minds:)
ons with himſelf; and firſt he finds
m caſt a miſt before his ſenſe,
r made, or magnify'd th' offence.
of what? to whom? who judg'd the cauſe?
ner freed himſelf by nature's laws:
he fought his right: the man he freed
ir'd, but his love excus'd the deed:
d'ring, he look'd under with his eyes,
the women's tears, and heard their cries;
ov'd compaſſion more: he ſhook his head,
r ſighing to himſelf, he ſaid,
on th'unpard'ning prince, whom tears can
draw
norſe; who rules by lions law;
to pray'rs, by no ſubmiſſion bow'd,
alike; the penitent, and proud:
vith look ſerene, he rais'd his head,
ſum'd her place, and paſſion fled:
s aloud he ſpoke: the pow'r of love,
and ſeas, and air, and heav'n above,
reſiſted, with an awful nod;
niracles declar'd a god:
the wiſe, gives eye-ſight to the blind;
lds and ſtamps anew the lover's mind.
at Arcite, and this Palamon,
n my fetters, and in ſafety gone,
der'd either in their native ſoil
reap the harveſt of their toil?
their lord, did otherwiſe ordain,
ght them in their own deſpite again,
death deſerv'd; for well they know,
y pow'r, and I their deadly foe;
:rb holds, that to be wiſe and love,
granted to the gods above.
he madmen bleed: behold the gains
ch their maſter, love, rewards their pains:
long years, on duty ev'ry day,
bedience, and their monarch's pay:
duty bound, they ſerve him on,
he fools, they think it wiſely done:
nor wealth, nor life itſelf regard,
eir maxim, love is love's reward.
t all; the fair for whom they ſtrove
before, nor could ſuſpect their love,
ht when ſhe beheld the fight from far,
y was th' occaſion of the war.
gen'ral doom on man is paſt,
e fools and lovers, firſt or laſt:
This both by others and myſelf I know.
For I have ſerv'd their ſovereign long ago,
Oft have been caught within the winding train
Of female ſnares, and felt the lover's pain,
And learn'd how far the god can human hearts
conſtrain.
To this remembrance, and the pray'rs of thoſe
Who for th' offending warriors interpoſe,
I give their forfeit lives; on this accord,
To do me homage as their ſov'reign lord;
And as my vaſſals, to their utmoſt might,
Aſſiſt my perſon, and aſſert my right.
This, freely ſworn, the knights their grace obtain'd;
Then thus the king his ſecret thoughts explain'd:
If wealth, or honour, or a royal race,
Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,
Then either of you knights may well deſerve
A princeſs born, and ſuch is ſhe you ſerve:
For Emily is ſiſter to the crown,
And but too well to both her beauty known;
But ſhou'd you combat till you both were dead,
Two lovers cannot ſhare a ſingle bed:
As therefore both are equal in degree,
The lot of both be left to deſtiny.
Now hear th' award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who beſt deſerves her love.
Depart from hence in peace, and free as air,
Search the wide world, and where you pleaſe repair;
But on the day when this returning Sun
To the ſame point through ev'ry ſign has run,
Then each of you his hundred knights ſhall bring,
In royal liſts, to fight before the king;
And then, the knight, whom fate or happy chance
Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms ſo far in equal fight,
From out the bars to force his oppoſite,
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
The prize of valour and of love ſhall gain;
The vanquiſh'd party ſhall their claim releaſe,
And the long jars conclude in laſting peace.
The charge be mine t' adorn the choſen ground,
The theatre of war, for champions ſo renown'd;
And take the patrons place of either knight,
With eyes impartial to behold the fight;
And heav'n of me ſo judge, as I ſhall judge
aright.
If both are ſatisfy'd with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my ſword.'
Who now but Palamon exults with joy?
And raviſh'd Arcite ſeems to touch the ſky:
The whole aſſembl'd troop was pleas'd as well,
Extoll'd th' award, and on their knees they fell
To bleſs the gracious king. The knights with leave
Departing from the place, his laſt commands receive;
On Emily with equal ardour look,
And from her eyes their inſpiration took.
From thence to Thebes' old walls purſue their way,
Each to provide his champions for the day.
It might be deem'd on our hiſtorian's part,
Or too much negligence, or want of art,
If he forgot the vaſt magnificence
Of royal Theſeus, and his large expence.
He firſt enclos'd for liſts a level ground,
The whole circumference a mile around:
The form was circular; and all without
A trench was ſunk, to moat the place about.
Within, an amphitheatre appear'd,
Rais'd in degrees; to ſixty paces rear'd:

That when a man was plac'd in one degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to ſee.
Eaſtward was built a gate of marble white;
The like adorn'd the weſtern oppoſite.
A nobler object than this fabric was,
Rome never ſaw; nor of ſo vaſt a ſpace.
For, rich with ſpoils of many a conquer'd land,
All arts and artiſts Theſeus could command;
Who ſold for hire, or wrought for better fame:
The maſter-painters, and the carvers came.
So roſe within the compaſs of the year
An age's work, a glorious theatre.
Then o'er its eaſtern gate was raiſ'd above
A temple ſacred to the queen of love;
An altar ſtood below: on either hand
A prieſt with roſes crown'd, who held a myrtle wand.
The dome of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,
And on the north a turret was incloſ'd,
Within the wall, of alabaſter white,
And crimſon coral, for the queen of night,
Who takes in ſylvan ſports her chaſte delight.
Within theſe oratories might you ſee
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery:
Where ev'ry figure to the life expreſs'd
The godhead's pow'r to whom it was addreſs'd.
In Venus' temple, on the ſides were ſeen
The broken ſlumbers of enamour'd men:
Pray'rs, that ev'n ſpoke, and pity ſeem'd to call,
And iſſuing ſighs that ſmoak'd along the wall.
Complaints, and hot deſires, the lover's hell,
And ſcalding tears that wore a channel where they fell:
And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties
Of love's aſſurance, and a train of lies,
That, made in luſt, conclude in perjuries.
Beauty, and youth, and wealth, and luxury,
And ſprightly hope, and ſhort-enduring joy;
And ſorceries, to raiſe th' infernal pow'rs,
And figils fram'd in planetary hours:
Expence, and after-thought, and idle care,
And doubts of motley hue, and dark deſpair:
Suſpicions, and fantaſtical ſurmiſe,
And jealouſy ſuffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes;
Diſcolouring all the view'd, in rawney dreſs'd;
Down-look'd, and with a cuckow on her fiſt.
Oppos'd to her, on t'other ſide, advance
The coſtly feaſt, the carol, and the dance,
Minſtrels, and muſic, poetry, and play,
And balls by night, and tournaments by day.
All theſe were painted on the wall, and more;
With acts, and monuments of times before:
And others added by prophetic doom,
And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come:
For there, th' Idalian mount, and Cytheron,
The court of Venus, was in colours drawn:
Before the palace-gate, in careleſs dreſs,
And looſe array, ſat portreſs idleneſs:
There, by the fount, Narciſſus pin'd alone;
There Sampſon was; with wiſer Solomon,
And all the mighty names by love undone:
Medea's charms were there, Circean feaſts,
With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youth to beaſts.
Here might be ſeen, that beauty, wealth, and wit,
And proweſs, to the pow'r of love ſubmit:
The ſpreading ſnare for all mankind is laid;
And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.

The goddeſs ſelf, ſome noble hand had wrought;
Smiling ſhe ſeem'd, and full of pleaſing thought:
From ocean as ſhe firſt began to riſe,
And ſmooth'd the ruffled ſeas, and clear'd the ſkies;
She trode the brine, all bare below the breaſt,
And the green waves but ill conceal'd the reſt;
A lute ſhe held; and on her head was ſeen
A wreath of roſes red, and myrtles green:
Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above;
And by his mother, ſtood an infant love:
With wings unfledg'd, his eyes were banded o'er;
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supply'd with arrows bright and keen, a deadly ſtore.
But in the dome of mighty Mars the red,
With diff'rent figures all the ſides were ſpread:
This temple, leſs in form, with equal grace
Was imitative of the firſt in Thrace:
For that cold region was the lov'd abode,
And ſov'reign manſion of the warrior god.
The landſcape was a foreſt wide and bare;
Where neither beaſt, nor human kind repair;
The fowl, that ſcent afar, the borders fly,
And ſhun the bitter blaſt, and wheel about the ſky.
A cake of ſcurf lies baking on the ground,
And prickly ſtubs, inſtead of trees, are found;
Or woods with knots, and knares deform'd and old;
Headleſs the moſt, and hideous to behold:
A rattling tempeſt through the branches went,
That ſtripp'd them bare, and one ſole way they bent.
Heav'n froze above, ſevere, the clouds congeal,
And thro' the cryſtal vault appear'd the ſtanding hail.
Such was the face without, a mountain ſtood
Threat'ning from high, and overlook'd the wood:
Beneath the low'ring brow, and on a bent,
The temple ſtood of Mars armipotent:
The frame of burniſh'd ſteel, that caſt a glare
From far, and ſeem'd to thaw the freezing air.
A ſtreight, long entry, to the temple led,
Blind with high walls, and horror over head:
Thence iſſu'd ſuch a blaſt, and hollow roar,
As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door;
In, through that door, a northern light there ſhone;
'Twas all it had, for windows there were none.
The gate was adamant; eternal frame!
Which hew'd by Mars himſelf, from Indian quarries came.
The labour of a god; and all along
Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it ſtrong.
A tun about, was ev'ry pillar there;
A poliſh'd mirror ſhone not half ſo clear.
There ſaw I how the ſecret felon wrought,
And treaſon lab'ring in the traitor's thought;
And midwife time the ripen'd plot to murder brought.
There, the red anger dar'd the pallid fear;
Next ſtood hypocriſy, with holy leer:
Soft, ſmiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown:
Th' aſſaſſinating wife, the houſhold fiend;
And far the blackeſt there, the traitor-friend.
On t'other ſide there ſtood deſtruction bare;
Unpuniſh'd rapine, and a waſte of war.
Conteſt, with ſharpen'd knives in cloyſters drawn,
And all with blood beſpread the holy lawn.

s were heard, and ſoul diſgrace,
infamy, in language baſe;
loſt in ſound, and ſilence fled the
ce.
himſelf yet ſaw I there,
geal'd was clotted in his hair:
lf clos'd, and gaping mouth he lay,
when he breath'd his ſullen ſoul away,
ll the dome, misfortune ſat,
diſcontent, and fell debate:
laughing in his ireful mood;
mplaint and theft; and cries of blood.
e murder'd corps, in covert laid,
eath in thouſand ſhapes diſplay'd:
e ſoldier's rage reſign'd:
ars, and poverty behind:
fight, or forc'd on rocky ſhores,
hunter ſtrangled by the boars:
babe by nurſes overlaid;
caught within the raging fire he made.
rs his nature, flame and ſteel:
harioteer, beneath the wheel
arr; the ruin'd houſe that falls
s her lord betwixt the walls:
viſion that to Mars pertains,
death that deal in ſteel for gains,
the butcher, armourer and ſmith,
arpen'd ſauchions, or the ſcythe,
nqueſt on a tow'r was plac'd,
ſhouts, and acclamations grac'd:
rd hung threat'ning o'er his head,
by a ſlender twine of thread.
ſars his ides, the capitol,
in foretelling Cæſar's fall,
wirs, and the wars they move,
who loſt the world for love.
houſand more, the fane adorn;
re painted ere the men were born.
n the heav'ns, and ruling force
, in his revolving courſe.
Mars high on a chariot ſtood,
arms, and gruffly look'd the god:
ic figures were diſplay'd
d, a * warrior and a maid,
ſt, and one when retrograde.
leformities of death, I haſte
mple of Diana chaſte;
with various greens was drawn,
ſides, and on the midſt a lawn:
thia with her nymphs around,
ing deer, the woods with horns re-
d:
ſtood manifeſt of ſhame,
ear, the northern ſtar became:
ext, and by peculiar grace
le held the ſecond place:
n in the ſtream had ſpy'd
ntreſs, and, for ſeeing, dy'd:
nknowing of his change, purſue
d their miſtaken maſter ſlew.
e too was there to ſee
efore, and now his tree:
fane th' aſſembl'd Greeks expreſs'd,
f the Caledonian beaſt,

* Rubeus, et Puella.

Oenides valour, and his envy'd prize;
The fatal pow'r of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor ſhown,
The murdreſs mother, and conſuming ſon.
The Volſcian queen extended on the plain;
The treaſon puniſh'd, and the traitor ſlain.
The reſt were various huntings, well deſign'd,
And ſalvage beaſts deſtroy'd, of ev'ry kind:
The graceful goddeſs was array'd in green;
About her feet were little beagles ſeen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions of their queen.
Her legs were buſkin'd, and the left before,
In act to ſhoot, a ſilver bow ſhe bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trode a wexing moon, that ſoon wou'd wane,
And drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again:
With down-caſt eyes, as ſeeming to ſurvey
The dark dominions, her alternate ſway.
Before her ſtood a woman in her throws,
And call'd Lucina's aid, her burden to diſcloſe.
All theſe the painter drew with ſuch command,
That nature ſnatch'd the pencil from his hand,
Aſham'd and angry that his art could feign
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
Theſeus beheld the fanes of ev'ry god,
And thought his mighty coſt was well beſtow'd:
So princes now their poets ſhould regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.
The theatre thus rais'd, the liſts enclos'd,
And all with vaſt magnificence diſpos'd,
We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haſte to bring
The knights to combat; and their arms to ſing.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

PALAMON AND ARCITE: OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK III.

THE day approach'd when fortune ſhou'd decide
Th' important enterprize, and give the bride;
For now, the rivals round the world had fought,
And each his number, well appointed, brought.
The nations far and near, contend in choice,
And ſend the flow'r of war by public voice;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs; as each an army ſeem'd alone:
Beſides the champions; all of high degree,
Who knighthood lov'd, and deeds of chivalry,
Throng'd to the liſts, and envy'd to behold
The names of others, not their own, inroll'd.
Nor ſeems it ſtrange; for ev'ry noble knight,
Who loves the fair, and is endu'd with might,
In ſuch a quarrel wou'd be proud to fight.

There breathes not ſcarce a man on Britiſh ground
(An iſle for love, and arms of old renown'd)
But would have ſold his life to purchaſe fame,
To Palamon and Arcite ſent his name:
And had the land ſelected of the beſt,
Half had come hence, and let the world provide the reſt.
A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name;
Their arms were ſev'ral, as their nations were,
But furniſh'd all alike with ſword and ſpear.
Some wore coat-armour, imitating ſcale;
And next their ſkins were ſtubborn ſhirts of mail.
Some wore a breaſt-plate and a light juppon,
Their horſes cloath'd with rich capariſon:
Some for defence would leathern bucklers uſe,
Of folded hides; and others ſhields of Pruce.
One hung a poleax at his ſaddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace, to ſtun the foe:
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeaux arm'd, and double plates of ſteel:
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a ſleeve embroider'd by his love.
With Palamon, above the reſt in place,
Lycurgus came, the ſurly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face:
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:
He look'd a lion with a gloomy ſtare,
And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair:
Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with ſinews ſtrong,
Broad ſhoulder'd, and his arms were round and long.
Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian uſe of old)
Were yok'd to draw his car of burniſh'd gold.
Upright he ſtood, and bore aloft his ſhield,
Conſpicuous from afar, and over-look'd the field.
His ſurcoat was a bear-ſkin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and gloſſy raven-black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet
With ſparkling diamonds, and with rubies ſet:
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, ſnowy fair,
And tall as ſtags, ran looſe, and cours'd around his chair,
A match for pards in flight, in grappling, for the bear:
With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
And collars of the ſame their necks ſurround.
Thus thro' the fields Lycurgus took his way;
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud array.
To match this monarch, with ſtrong Arcite came
Emetrius king of Inde, a mighty name,
On a bay courſer, goodly to behold,
The trappings of his horſe emboſs'd with barb'rous gold.
Not Mars beſtrode a ſteed with greater grace;
His ſurcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great;
His ſaddle was of gold, with emeralds ſet.
His ſhoulders large, a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and ſparkling as the fire:
His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run,
With graceful negligence, and ſhone againſt the ſun.
His roſe was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and freſh and fair his hue:
Some ſprinkled freckles on his face were ſeen,
Whoſe duſk ſet off the whiteneſs of the ſkin:
His awful preſence did the crowd ſurprize,
Nor durſt the raſh ſpectator meet his eyes,
Eyes that confeſs'd him born for kingly ſway,
So fierce, they flaſh'd intolerable day.
His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And juſt began to bloom his yellow beard.
Whene'er he ſpoke, his voice was heard around
Loud as a trumpet, with a ſilver ſound.
A laurel wreath'd his temples, freſh, and green;
And myrtle-ſprigs, the marks of love, were mi between.
Upon his fiſt he bore, for his delight,
An eagle well reclaim'd, and lilly-white.
His hundred knights attend him to the war,
All arm'd for battle; ſave their heads were bare.
Words, and devices blaz'd on ev'ry ſhield,
And pleaſing was the terror of the field.
For kings, and dukes, and barons you might ſee,
Like ſparkling ſtars, though diff'rent in degree,
All for th' increaſe of arms, and love of chivalry
Before the king, tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.
So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beaſts in gambols friſk'd before their honeſt
In this array the war of either ſide,
Through Athens paſt with military pride.
At prime, they enter'd on the ſunday morn;
Rich tap'ſtry ſpread the ſtreets, and flow'rs the adorn.
The town was all a jubilee of feaſts;
So Theſeus will'd, in honour of his gueſts:
Himſelf with open arms the kings embrac'd,
Then all the reſt in their degrees were grac'd.
No harbinger was needful for the night,
For ev'ry houſe was proud to lodge a knight.
I paſs the royal treat, nor muſt relate
The gifts beſtow'd, nor how the champions ſate:
Who firſt, who laſt, or how the knights addreſs'd
Their vows, or who was faireſt at the feaſt;
Whoſe voice, whoſe graceful dance did moſt ſurp
Soft am'rous ſighs, and ſilent love of eyes.
The rivals call my muſe another way,
To ſing their vigils for th' enſuing day.
'Twas ebbing darkneſs, paſt the noon of night;
And Phoſpor on the confines of the light,
Promis'd the ſun, ere day began to ſpring
The tuneful lark already ſtretcht her wing,
And flick'ring on her neſt, made ſhort eſſays to ſing.
When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
Took, to the royal liſts, his early way,
To Venus at her fane, in her own houſe to pray.
There, falling on his knees before her ſhrine,
He thus implor'd with pray'rs her pow'r divine.
Creator Venus, genial pow'r of love,
The bliſs of men below, and gods above,
Beneath the gliding ſun thou runn'ſt thy race,
Doſt fairer ſhine, and beſt become thy place.
For thee the winds their eaſtern blaſts forbear,
Thy mouth reveals the ſpring, and opens all the y
Thee, goddeſs, thee the ſtorms of winter fly,
Earth ſmiles with flow'rs renewing; laughs th ſky.
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply
For thee the lion loaths the taſte of blood,
And roaring hunts his female through the wood
For thee the bulls rebellow through the groves,
And tempt the ſtream, and ſnuff their abſent lov

'Tis thine, whate'er is pleaſant, good, or fair:
All nature is thy province, life thy care:
Thou mad'ſt the world, and doſt the world repair.
Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
Increaſe of Jove, companion of the ſun;
If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
Have pity, goddeſs, for thou know'ſt the ſmart:
Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my ſorrow won'd be ſome relief:
Light ſuff'rings give us leiſure to complain;
We groan, but cannot ſpeak, in greater pain.
O goddeſs, tell thyſelf what I would ſay,
Thou know'ſt it, and I feel too much to pray.
So grant my ſuit, as I enforce my might,
In love to be thy champion, and thy knight;
A ſervant to thy ſex, a ſlave to thee,
A foe profeſt to barren chaſtity.
Nor aſk I fame or honour of the field,
Nor chuſe I more to vanquiſh, than to yield:
In my divine Emilia make me bleſt,
Let fate or partial chance, diſpoſe the reſt:
Find thou the manner, and the means prepare:
Poſſeſſion, more, than conqueſt, is my care.
Mars is the warrior's god; in him it lies,
On whom he favours, to confer the prize;
With ſmiling aſpect you ſerenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
The fates but only ſpin the coarſer clue,
The fineſt of the wool is left for you.
Spare me but one ſmall portion of the twine,
And let the ſiſters cut below your line:
The reſt among the rubbiſh may they ſweep,
Or add it to the yarn of ſome old miſer's heap.
But if you this ambitious pray'r deny,
(A wiſh, I grant, beyond mortality)
Then let me ſink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
And I once dead, let him poſſeſs her charms.
Thus ended he; then, with obſervance due,
The ſacred incenſe on her altar threw:
The curling ſmoke mounts heavy from the fires;
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires;
At once the gracious goddeſs gave the ſign,
Her ſtatue ſhook, and trembl'd all the ſhrine:
Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took:
For, ſince the flames purſu'd the trailing ſmoke,
He knew his boon was granted; but the day
To diſtance driv'n, and joy adjourn'd with long delay.
Now morn with roſy light had ſtreak'd the ſky,
Up roſe the ſun, and up roſe Emily;
Addreſs'd her early ſteps to Cynthia's fane,
In ſtate attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the veſts that holy rites require,
Incenſe, and od'rous gums, and cover'd fire.
The plenteous horns with pleaſant mead they crown,
Nor wanted ought beſides in honour of the moon.
Now while the temple ſmoak'd with hallow'd ſteam,
They waſh the virgin in a living ſtream;
The ſecret ceremonies I conceal:
Uncouth; perhaps unlawful to reveal:
But ſuch they were as pagan uſe requir'd,
Perform'd by women when the men retir'd,
Whoſe eyes profane, their chaſte myſterious rites
Might turn to ſcandal, or obſcene delights.
Well-meaners think no harm; but for the reſt,
Things ſacred they pervert, and ſilence is the beſt.

Her ſhining hair, uncomb'd, was looſly ſpread,
A crown of maſtleſs oak adorn'd her head:
When to the ſhrine approach'd the ſpotleſs maid,
Had kindling fires on either altar laid:
(The rites were ſuch as were obſerved of old,
By Statius in his Theban ſtory told)
Then kneeling with her hands acroſs her breaſt,
Thus lowly ſhe preferr'd her chaſte requeſt.
O goddeſs, haunter of the woodland green,
To whom both heav'n and earth and ſeas are ſeen;
Queen of the nether ſkies, where half the year
Thy ſilver beams deſcend, and light the gloomy ſphere;
Goddeſs of maids, and conſcious of our hearts,
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
Which Niobe's devoted iſſue felt,
When hiſſing through the ſkies the feather'd deaths were dealt:
As I deſire to live a virgin-life,
Nor know the name of mother or of wife.
Thy votreſs from my tender years I am,
And love, like thee, the woods and ſylvan game.
Like death, thou know'ſt, I loath the nuptial ſtate,
And man, the tyrant of our ſex, I hate,
A lowly ſervant, but a lofty mate.
Where love is duty, on the female ſide;
On theirs mere ſenſual guſt, and ſought with furly pride.
Now by thy triple ſhape, as thou art ſeen
In heav'n, earth, hell, and ev'ry where a queen,
Grant this my firſt deſire; let diſcord ceaſe,
And make betwixt the rivals laſting peace:
Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove
The flame, and turn it on ſome other love.
Or if my frowning ſtars have ſo decreed,
That one muſt be rejected, one ſucceed,
Make him my lord within whoſe faithful breaſt
Is fix'd my image, and who loves me beſt.
But, oh! ev'n that avert! I chuſe it not,
But take it as the leaſt unhappy lot.
A maid I am, and of thy virgin train;
Oh, let me ſtill that ſpotleſs name retain!
Frequent the foreſts, thy chaſte will obey,
And only make the beaſts of chace my prey!
The flames aſcend on either altar clear,
While thus the blameleſs maid addreſs'd her pray'r.
When lo! the burning fire that ſhone ſo bright,
Flew off, all ſudden, with extinguiſh'd light,
And left one altar dark, a little ſpace;
Which turn'd ſelf-kindl'd, and renew'd the blaze:
That other victor-flame a moment ſtood,
Then fell, and lifeleſs left th' extinguiſh'd wood;
For ever loſt, th' irrevocable light
Forſook the black'ning coals, and ſunk to night:
At either end it whiſtl'd as it flew,
And as the brands were green, ſo dropp'd the dew;
Infected as it fell with ſweat of ſanguine hue.
The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
And with loud ſhrieks and clamours rent the ſkies,
Nor knew what ſignify'd the boding ſign,
But found the pow'rs diſpleas'd, and fear'd the wrath divine.
Then ſhook the ſacred ſhrine, and ſudden light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the temple bright.
The pow'r, behold! the pow'r in glory ſhone,
By her bent bow, and her keen arrows known:

The reſt, a huntreſs iſſuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel ſpear ſhe ſtood.
Then gracious thus began; diſmiſs thy fear:
And heaven's unchang'd decrees attentive hear:
More pow'rful gods have torn thee from my ſide,
Unwilling to reſign, and doom'd a bride:
The two contending knights are weigh'd above:
One Mars protects, and one the queen of love:
But which the man, is in the thund'rer's breaſt,
This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee beſt.
The fire that once extinct, reviv'd again,
Foreſhews the love allotted to remain.
Farewell, ſhe ſaid, and vaniſh'd from the place;
The ſheat of arrows ſhook, and rattl'd in the caſe.
Aghaſt at this, the royal virgin ſtood,
Diſclaim'd, and now no more a fitter of the wood;
But to the parting goddeſs thus ſhe pray'd;
Propitious ſtill be preſent to my aid,
Nor quite abandon your once favour'd maid.
Then ſighing ſhe return'd; but ſmil'd betwixt,
With hopes and fears, and joys with ſorrows mixt.
The next returning planetary hour
Of Mars, who ſhar'd the heptarchy of pow'r,
His ſteps bold Arcite to the temple bent,
T' adore with pagan rites the pow'r armipotent:
Then proſtrate, low before his altar lay,
And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to pray.
Strong god of arms, whoſe iron ſceptre ſways
The freezing north, and Hyperborean ſeas,
And Scythian wolds, and Thracia's wintry coaſt,
Where ſtand my ſteeds, and thou art honour'd moſt:
There moſt; but ev'ry where thy pow'r is known,
The fortune of the fight is all thy own:
Terror is thine, and wild amazement flung
From out thy chariot, withers ev'n the ſtrong:
And diſarray and ſhameful rout enſue,
And force is added to the fainting crews
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my pray'r,
If aught I have atchiev'd deſerve thy care:
If to my utmoſt pow'r with ſword and ſhield
I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,
And falling in my rank, ſtill kept the field:
Then let my arms prevail, by thee ſuſtain'd,
That Emily by conqueſt may be gain'd.
Have pity on my pains; nor thoſe unknown
To Mars, which when a lover, were his own.
Venus, the public care of all above,
Thy ſtubborn heart has ſoftened into love:
Now by her blandiſhments and pow'rful charms
When yielded, ſhe lay curling in thy arms,
Eaſe by thy ſhame, if ſhame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his net enthrall'd;
O envy'd ignominy, ſweet diſgrace,
When ev'ry god that ſaw thee, wiſh'd thy place!
By thoſe dear pleaſures, aid my arms in fight,
And make me conquer in my patron's right:
For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The fool of love, unpractis'd to perſuade;
And want the ſoothing arts that catch the fair,
But caught my ſelf, lie ſtruggling in the ſnare:
And the I love, or laughs at all my pain,
Or knows her worth too well; and pays me with diſdain.
For ſure I am, unleſs I win in arms,
To ſtand excluded from Emilia's charms:
Nor can my ſtrength avail, unleſs by thee
Endu'd with force, I gain the victory:
Then for the fire which warm'd thy gen'rous heart,
Pity thy ſubject's pains, and equal ſmart.
So be the morrow's ſweat and labour mine,
The palm and honour of the conqueſt thine:
Then ſhall the war, and ſtern debate, and ſtrife
Immortal, be the buſ'neſs of my life;
And in thy fane, the duſty ſpoils among,
High on the burniſh'd roof, my banner ſhall be hung;
Rank'd with my champions bucklers, and below
With arms revers'd, th' atchievments of my foe:
And while theſe limbs the vital ſpirit feeds,
While day to night, and night to day ſucceeds,
Thy ſmoaking altar ſhall be fat with food
Of incenſe, and the grateful ſteam of blood;
Burnt off'rings morn and ev'ning ſhall be thine;
And fires eternal in thy temple ſhine.
This truth of yellow beard, this length of hair,
Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltleſs of ſteel, and from the razour free,
Shall fall a plenteous crop, reſerv'd for thee.
So may my arms with victory be bleſt,
I aſk no more; let fate diſpoſe the reſt.
The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the cloſe
A hollow groan, a murm'ring wind aroſe,
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung,
Sent out a jarring ſound, and harſhly rung:
The bolted gates flew open at the blaſt,
The ſtorm ruſh'd in; and Arcite ſtood aghaſt:
The flames were blown aſide, yet ſhone they bright,
Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffl'd light:
Then from the ground a ſcent began to riſe,
Sweet-ſmelling, as accepted ſacrifice:
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aſpire
With od'rous incenſe Arcite heaps the fire:
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms:
At length the nodding ſtatue claſh'd his arms,
And with a ſullen ſound, and feeble cry,
Half ſunk, and half pronounc'd the word of victory.
For this, with ſoul devout, he thank'd the god,
And of ſucceſs ſecure, return'd to his abode.
Theſe vows thus granted, rais'd a ſtrife above,
Betwixt the god of war, and queen of love.
She granting firſt, had right of time to plead;
But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife,
And ſeem'd unwilling to decide the ſtrife;
Till Saturn from his leaden throne aroſe,
And found a way the diff'rence to compoſe:
Though ſparing of his grace, to miſchief bent,
He ſeldom does a good with good intent.
Wayward, but wiſe; by long experience taught
To pleaſe both parties, for ill ends he ſought:
For this advantage age from youth has won,
As not to be outridden, though outrun.
By fortune he was now to Venus trin'd,
And with ſtern Mars in Capricorn was join'd:
Of him diſpoſing in his own abode,
He ſooth'd the goddeſs, while he gull'd the god:
Ceaſe, daughter, to complain; and ſtint the ſtrife,
Thy Palamon ſhall have his promis'd wife:
And Mars, the lord of conqueſt, in the fight
With palm and laurel ſhall adorn his knight.
Wide is my courſe, nor turn I to my place
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
Man feels me, when I preſs th' etherial plains,
My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.

Mine is the ſhipwreck, in a wat'ry ſign;
And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.
Cold ſhivering agues, melancholy care,
And bitter blaſting winds, and poiſon'd air,
Are mine, and wilful death, reſulting from deſpair.
The throtling quinſey, 'tis my ſtar appoints,
And rheumatiſms I ſend to rack the joints:
When churls rebel againſt their native prince,
I arm their hands, and furniſh the pretence;
And houſing in the lion's hateful ſign,
Fought fr.nates, and deſerting troops are mine.
Mine is the privy pois'ning, I command
Unkindly ſeaſons, and ungrateful land.
By me king's palaces are puſh'd to ground,
And miners, cruſh'd beneath their mines are found
'Twas I ſlew Samſon, when the pillar'd hall
Fell down, and cruſh'd the many with the fall.
My looking is the fire of peſtilence,
That ſweeps at once the people and the prince.
Now weep no more, but truſt thy grandſire's art;
Mars ſhall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part
'Tis ill, tho' diff'rent your complexions are,
The family of heav'n for men ſhould war.
Th' expedient pleas'd, where neither loſt his right:
Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
The management they left to Chronos' care;
Now turn we to th' effect, and ſing the war.
In Athens all was pleaſure, mirth, and play,
All proper to the ſpring, and ſprightly May:
Which ev'ry ſoul inſpir'd with ſuch delight.
'Twas juſting all the day, and love at night.
Heav'n ſmil'd, and gladded was the heart of man;
And Venus had the world, as when it firſt began.
At length in ſleep their bodies they compoſe,
And dreamt the future fight, and early roſe.
Now ſcarce the dawning day began to ſpring,
As at a ſignal giv'n, the ſtreets with clamours ring;
At once the crowd aroſe; confus'd and high
Ev'n from the heav'n was heard a ſhouting cry;
For Mars was early up, and rows'd the ſky.
The gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharp'ning their ſights, and leaning from their ſtars.
The neighing of the gen'rous horſe was heard,
For battle by the buſy groom prepar'd:
Ruſtling of harneſs, rattling of the ſhield,
Clatt'ring of armour, furbiſh'd for the field.
Crowds to the caſtle mounted up the ſtreet,
Batt'ring the pavement with their courſers' feet:
The greedy ſight might there devour the gold
Of glitt'ring arms, too dazzling to behold;
And poliſhed ſteel that caſt the view aſide,
And creſted morions, with their plumy pride.
Knights, with a long retinue of their ſquires,
In gaudy liv'ries march, and quaint attires.
One lac'd the helm, another held the lance:
A third the ſhining buckler did advance.
The courſer paw'd the ground with reſtleſs feet,
And ſnorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
The ſmiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands, and hammers at their ſide,
And nails for looſen'd ſpears, and thongs for ſhields provide.
The yeomen guard the ſtreets, in ſeemly bands;
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.
The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,
Attend the ſign to ſound the martial blaſt:
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the laſt comers bear the former to the ſides.
The throng is in the midſt: the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few.
In knots they ſtand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aſpect, earneſt in their talk:
Factious, and fav'ring this or t'other ſide,
As their ſtrong fancies, and weak reaſon, guide:
Their wagers back their wiſhes: numbers hold
With the fair freckl'd king, and beard of gold:
So vig'rous are his eyes, ſuch rays they caſt,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd
But moſt their looks on the black monarch bend,
His ſinewy muſcles, and his brawny commend;
His double-biting ax, and beamy ſpear,
Each aſking a gigantic force to rear.
All ſpoke as partial favour mov'd the mind;
And ſafe themſelves, at others coſt divin'd.
Wak'd by the cries, th' Athenian chief aroſe,
The knightly forms of combat to diſpoſe;
And paſſing through th' obſequious guards, he ſate
Conſpicuous on a throne, ſublime in ſtate;
There, for the two contending knights he ſent:
Arm'd cap-a-pe, with rev'rence low they bent;
He ſmil'd on both, and with ſuperior look,
Alike their offer'd adoration took.
The people preſs on ev'ry ſide to ſee
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
Then ſigning to the heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty ſtand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
The king at arms beſpeaks the knights and liſtning crowd.
Our ſovereign lord has ponder'd in his mind
The means to ſpare the blood of gentle kind;
And of his grace, and in born clemency,
He modifies his firſt ſevere decree;
The keener edge of battle to rebate,
The troops for honour fighting, not for hate.
He wills, not death ſhou'd terminate their ſtrife;
And wounds, if wounds enſue, be ſhort of life.
But iſſues, ere the fight, his dread command
That ſlings afar, and poniards hand to hand,
Be baniſh'd from the field; that none ſhall dare
With ſhortned ſword to ſtab in cloſer war;
But in fair combat fight with manly ſtrength,
Nor puſh with biting point, but ſtrike at length.
The tourney is allow'd but one career,
Of the tough aſh, with the ſharp-grinded ſpear.
But knights unhors'd may riſe from off the plain,
And fight on foot, their honour to regain.
Nor, if at miſchief taken, on the ground
Be ſlain, but priſ'ners to the pillar bound
At either barrier plac'd; nor (captives made,)
Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.
The chief of either ſide, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the ſtrife.
Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights an young,
Fight each his fill with ſwords and maces long.
The herald ends: the vaulted firmament
With loud acclaims, and vaſt applauſe is rent:
Heav'n guard a prince ſo gracious and ſo good,
So juſt, and yet ſo provident of blood!
This was the gen'ral cry. The trumpets ſound
And warlike ſymphony is heard around.

The marching troops through Athens take their way,
The great-earl-marſhal orders their array.
The fair from high the paſſing pomp behold;
A rain of flow'rs is from the windows roll'd.
The caſements are with golden tiſſue ſpread,
And horſes hoofs, for earth, on ſilken trapp'ſtry tread.
The king goes midmoſt, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and cloſe his either ſide.
Next after theſe, there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cauſe, and the reward of ſtrife.
The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marſhal'd in degree.
Thus through the ſouthern gate they take their way,
And at the liſts arriv'd ere prime of day.
There parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
And wheeling eaſt and weſt, before their many ride.
Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,
And after him the queen, and Emily:
Next theſe, the kindred of the crown are grac'd
With nearer ſeats, and lord's by ladies plac'd.
Scarce were they ſeated, when with clamours loud
In ruſh'd at once a rude promiſcuous crowd:
The guards, and then each other overbare,
And in a moment throng the ſpacious theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring noiſe to whiſpers low,
As winds forſaking ſeas more ſoftly blow;
When at the weſtern gate, on which the car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the god of war,
Proud Arcite entring arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and diſplay'd abroad,
The bloody colours of his patron god.
At that Self moment enters Palamon,
The gate of Venus, and the riſing ſun;
Wav'd by the wanton winds, his banner flies,
All maiden white, and ſhares the people's eyes.
From eaſt to weſt, look all the world around,
Two troops ſo match'd, were never to be found:
Such bodies built for ſtrength, of equal age,
In ſtature fix'd; ſo proud an equipage:
The niceſt eye could no diſtinction make,
Where lay th' advantage, or what ſide to take.
Thus rang'd, the herald for the laſt proclaims
A ſilence, while they anſwer'd to their names:
For ſo the king decreed, to ſhun with care
The fraud of muſters falſe, the common bane of war.
The tale was juſt, and then the gates were cloſ'd;
And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
The heralds laſt retir'd, and loudly cry'd,
The fortune of the field be fairly try'd.
At this, the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet ſounds, the chalieng'd makes reply:
With clangor rings the field, reſounds the vaulted ſky.
Their vizors cloſ'd, their lances in the reſt,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the creſt;
They vaniſh from the barrier, ſpeed the race,
And ſpurring ſee decreaſe the middle ſpace.
A cloud of ſmoke envelops either hoſt,
And all at once the combatants are loſt:
Darkling they join adverſe, and ſhock unſeen,
Courſers with courſers juſtling, men with men:
As lab'ring in eclipſe, a while they ſtay,
Till the next blaſt of wind reſcues the day.
They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears a grizly ſight.
Two troops in fair array one moment ſhow'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies ſtrow'd:
Not half the number in their ſeats are found,
But men and ſteeds lie grov'ling on the ground.
The points of ſpears are ſtuck within the ſhield,
The ſteeds without their riders ſcour the field.
The knights unhors'd, on foot renew the fight;
The glitt'ring fauchions caſt a gleaming light:
Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a wound;
Out ſpits the ſtreaming blood, and dyes the ground.
The mighty maces with ſuch haſte deſcend,
They break the bones, and make the ſolid armour bend.
This thruſts amid the throng with furious force;
Down goes, at once, the horſeman and the horſe:
That o'erthrown ſtumbles on the fallen ſteed,
And flound'ring, throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along, a foot-ball to his foes;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this diſabl'd with his wound,
In triumph led is to the pillar bound,
Where by the king's award he muſt abide:
There goes a captive led on t'other ſide.
By fits they ceaſe: and leaning on the lance,
Take breath a while, and to new fight advance.
Full oft the rivals met, and neither ſpar'd
His utmoſt force, and each forgot to ward.
The head of this was to the ſaddle bent,
That other backward to the crupper ſent:
Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they cloſe.
So deep their fauchions bite, that ev'ry ſtroke
Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds they gave and took.
Born far aſunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and ſteel they meet again.
So when a tyger ſucks the bullock's blood,
A famiſh'd lion iſſuing from the wood
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.
Each claims poſſeſſion, neither will obey,
But both their paws are faſten'd on their prey:
They bite, they tear; and while in vain they ſtrive,
The ſwains come arm'd between, and both to diſtance drive.
At length, as fate foredoom'd, and all things tend
By courſe of time to their appointed end;
So when the ſun to weſt was far declin'd,
And both afreſh in mortal battle join'd,
The ſtrong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:
For turning ſhort, he ſtruck with all his might
Full on the helmet of th' unwary knight.
Deep was the wound; he ſtagger'd with the blow,
And turn'd him to his unexpected foe;
Whom with ſuch force he ſtruck, he fell'd him down,
And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once ſurround the ſingle knight:
O'erpow'r'd at length they force him to the ground,
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbl'd on the plain.
Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field!
And worſe than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conqueſt, and renounce the prize!

)yal judge on his tribunal plac'd,
: beheld the fight from firſt to laſt,
ſe the war; pronouncing from on high
Thebes had won the beauteous Emily.
d of trumpets to the voice reply'd,
id the royal liſts the heralds cry'd,
Thebes has won the beauteous bride.
:ople rend the ſkies with vaſt applauſe;
the chief, when fortune owns the cauſe.
own'd ev'n by the gods above,
ju'ring Mars inſults the queen of love.
d he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
:'s uſurping arms in heav'n prevail'd.
ill the pow'rs who favour tyranny;
ie ſtanding army of the ſky.
is with dejected eyes appears,
)ing, on the liſts diſtill'd her tears;
'efus'd, which grieves a woman moſt,
r champion foil'd, the cauſe of love is loſt,
n ſaid, fair daughter, now be ſtill,
'ring fool has ſatisfy'd his will:
is giv'n; his knight has gain'd the day,
:e prize; th' arrears are yet to pay.
is come, and mine the care ſhall be
thy knight, and ſet thy promiſe free.
hile the heralds run the liſts around,
:e, Arcite, heav'n and earth reſound;
(nor leſs it could be call'd)
with unexpected ſorrow pall'd,
r knight had laid his helm aſide,
is eaſe, the greater part for pride:
ed, popularly low he bow'd,
the ſalutations of the crowd.
'ring at full ſpeed, ran endlong on
ieſeus ſat on his imperial throne;
: drove, and upward caſt his eye,
xt the queen was plac'd his Emily;
ing, to the ſaddle-bow he bent,
:gard the gracious virgin lent:
en, to the brave an eaſy prey,
' fortune, where ſhe leads the way:)
from earth ſprung out a flaſhing fire,
'ent, at Saturn's bad deſire;
ing ſteed was ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
iding, o'er the pummel caſt the knight:
e flew, and pitching on his head,
'd with his feet, and lay for dead.
his count'nance in a little ſpace,
blood was gather'd in his face.
at hand; they rear'd him from the ground,
his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound;
'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath;
ut clogg'd with ſymptoms of his death.
-bow the noble parts had preſt,
and mortify'd his manly breaſt.
ntranc'd, and in a litter laid.
from field, and to his bed convey'd.
ie wak'd, and with a feeble cry,
he firſt pronounc'd was Emily.
ne the king, though inwardly he mourn'd,
iumphant to the town return'd,
y the chiefs, who fought the field:
dly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd.)
his looks to counterfeited cheer,
them not for Arcite's life to fear.
hich gladded all the warrior train,
oft were ſorely wounded, none were ſlain.

The ſurgeons ſoon deſpoil'd them of their arms,
And ſome with ſalves they cure, and ſome with charms;
Foment the bruiſes, and the pains aſſwage,
And heal their inward hurts with ſov'reign draughts of ſage.
The king in perſon viſits all around,
Comforts the ſick, congratulates the ſound;
Honours the princely chiefs, rewards the reſt,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feaſt.
None was diſgrac'd; for falling is no ſhame;
And cowardice alone is loſs of fame.
The vent'rous knight is from the ſaddle thrown;
But 'tis the fault of fortune, not his own.
If crowns and palms the conqu'ring ſide adorn,
The victor under better ſtars was born:
The brave man ſeeks not popular applauſe,
Nor overpow'r'd with arms, deſerts his cauſe;
Unſham'd, tho' foil'd, he does the beſt he can;
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.
Thus Theſeus ſmil'd on all with equal grace;
And each was ſet according to his place.
With eaſe were reconcil'd the diff'ring parts,
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.
At length they took their leave, the time expir'd;
Well pleas'd, and to their ſev'ral homes retir'd.
Mean while the health of Arcite ſtill impairs:
From bad proceeds to worſe, and mocks the leeches cares:
Swoln is his breaſt, his inward pains increaſe,
All means are us'd, and all without ſucceſs.
The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in ſpite of art:
Nor breathing veins, nor cupping will prevail;
All outward remedies and inward fail:
The mold of nature's fabric is deſtroy'd,
Her veſſels diſcompos'd, her virtue void:
The bellows of his lungs begins to ſwell:
All out of frame is ev'ry ſecret cell,
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
Thoſe breathing organs thus within oppreſt,
With venom ſoon diſtend the ſinews of his breaſt.
Nought profits him to ſave abandon'd life,
Nor vomits upward aid, nor downward laxatife.
The midmoſt region batter'd, and deſtroy'd,
When nature cannot work, th' effect of art is void.
For phyſic can but mend our crazy ſtate,
Patch an old building, not a new create.
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
Muſt leave his youth, and yield his beauteous bride,
Gain'd hardly, againſt right, and unenjoy'd.
When 'twas declar'd, all hope of life was paſt,
Conſcience, that of all phyſic works the laſt,
Caus'd him to ſend for Emily in haſte.
With her, at his deſire, came Palamon;
Then on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun.
No language can expreſs the ſmalleſt part
Of what I feel, and ſuffer in my heart,
For you, whom beſt I love and value moſt;
But to your ſervice I bequeath my ghoſt;
Which from this mortal body when unty'd,
Unſeen, unheard, ſhall hover at your ſide;
Nor fright you waking, nor your ſleep offend,
But wait officious, and your ſteps attend:
How I have lov'd, excuſe my faltring tongue,
My ſpirits feeble, and my pains are ſtrong:

This I may ſay, I only grieve to die
Becauſe I loſe my charming Emily:
To die, when heav'n had put you in my pow'r,
Fate could not chuſe a more malicious hour!
What greater curſe cou'd envious fortune give,
Than juſt to die when I began to live!
Vain men, how vaniſhing a bliſs we crave,
Now warm in love, now with'ring in the grave!
Never, O never more to ſee the ſun!
Still dark, in a damp vault, and ſtill alone!
This fate is common; but I loſe my breath,
Near bliſs, and yet not bleſs'd before my death.
Farewell; but take me dying in your arms,
'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms:
This hand I cannot but in death reſign;
Ah, could I live! but while I live 'tis mine.
I feel my end approach, and thus embrac'd,
Am pleas'd to die; but hear me ſpeak my laſt.
Ah! my ſweet foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
But love the ſenſe of right and wrong confounds,
Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds.
And much I doubt, ſhou'd heav'n my life prolong
I ſhould return to juſtify my wrong:
For while my former flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of pow'r to ſin.
With mortal hatred I purſu'd his life,
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the ſtrife;
Nor I, but as I lov'd: yet all combin'd,
Your beauty, and my impotence of mind;
And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire;
For ſtill our kindred ſouls had one deſire.
He had a moment's right, in point of time;
Had I been firſt, then his had been the crime.
Fate made it mine, and juſtify'd his right;
Nor liv'd this earth a more deſerving knight,
For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
Troth, honour, all that is compriz'd in good;
So help me heav'n, in all the world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
He loves you too; with ſuch a holy fire,
As will not, cannot but with life expire:
Our vow'd affections both have often try'd,
Nor any love but yours cou'd ours divide.
Then by my love's inviolable band,
By my long ſuff'ring, and my ſhort command,
If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
Have pity on the faithful Palamon.
This was his laſt; for death came on amain,
And exercis'd below, his iron reign;
Then upward, to the ſeat of life he goes;
Senſe fled before him, what he touch'd he froze:
Yet cou'd he not his cloſing eyes withdraw,
Though leſs and leſs of Emily he ſaw:
So, ſpeechleſs, for a little ſpace he lay;
Then graſp'd the hand he held, and ſigh'd his ſoul away.

But whither went his ſoul, let ſuch relate
Who ſearch the ſecrets of the future ſtate:
Divines can ſay but what themſelves believe;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonſtrative:
For, were all plain, then all ſides muſt agree,
And faith itſelf be loſt in certainty.
To live uprightly then is ſure the beſt,
To ſave ourſelves, and not to damn the reſt.
The ſoul of Arcite went, where heathens go,
Who better live than we, though leſs they know.

In Palamon a manly grief appears;
Silent, he wept, aſham'd to ſhew his tears:
Emilia ſhriek'd but once, and then oppreſs'd
With ſorrow, ſunk upon her lover's breaſt:
Till Theſeus in his arms convey'd with care,
Far from ſo ſad a ſight, the ſwooning fair.
'Twere loſs of time her ſorrow to relate;
Ill bears the ſex a youthful lover's fate,
When juſt approaching to the nuptial ſtate.
But like a low-hung cloud, it rains ſo faſt,
That all at once it falls, and cannot laſt.
The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,
That laugh'd ſo late, becomes the ſcene of woe:
Matrons, and maids, both ſexes, ev'ry ſtate,
With tears lament the knights untimely fate.
Not greater grief in falling Troy was ſeen
For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.
Old men with duſt deform'd their hoary hair,
The women beat their breaſts, their cheeks they tear.
Why would'ſt thou go, with one conſent they cry,
When thou hadſt gold enough, and Emily!
Theſeus himſelf, who ſhould have cheer'd the grief
Of others, wanted now the ſame relief.
Old Egeus only could revive his ſon,
Who various changes of the world had known;
And ſtrange viciſſitudes of human fate,
Still alt'ring, never in a ſteady ſtate:
Good after ill, and after pain, delight;
Alternate, like the ſcenes of day and night:
Since ev'ry man who lives, is born to die,
And none can boaſt ſincere felicity.
With equal mind, what happens, let us bear,
Nor joy, nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims, to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Ev'n kings but play; and when their part is done,
Some other, worſe or better, mount the throne.
With words like theſe the crowd was ſatisfy'd,
And ſo they would have been, had Theſeus dy'd.
But he, their king, was labt'ring in his mind,
A fitting place for fun'ral pomps to find,
Which were in honour of the dead deſign'd.
And after long debate, at laſt he found
(As love itſelf had mark'd the ſpot of ground)
That grove for ever green, that conſcious lawn,
Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:
That where he fed his amorous deſires
With ſoft complaints, and felt his boneſt fires,
There other flames might waſte his earthly part,
And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his heart.
This, once reſolv'd, the peaſants were enjoin'd
Sere wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.
With ſounding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, ſplit, and lay the fewel on a row,
Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeleſs body ſhould be rear'd,
Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
The corps of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle, ſpread,
A ſword keen-edg'd within his right he held,
The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
Bare was his manly viſage on the bier;
Menac'd his count'nance; ev'n in death ſevere.
Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in ſolemn ſtate, a public ſight.

nd howlings fill the crowded place,
ſorrow ſat on ev'ry face.
ove the reſt appears,
its, dew'd with guſhing tears:
s on either ſhoulder flow'd,
in'ral of his friends he vow'd:
chief, was next his ſide,
, and a mourning bride.
rincely obſequies might be
rding to his high degree,
ore him living to the fight,
th poliſh'd ſteel, all ſhining bright,
th th' atchievements of the knight.
abreaſt, and one his ſhield,
rtel-wood another held;
w, and, glorious to behold,
er, all of burniſh'd gold.
the Grecians next appear,
n their ſhoulders bore the bier;
they march'd, and often ſtay'd,
e matter-ſtreet the corps convey'd.
heir tops with black were ſpread,
rvements were with mourning hid.
f the pall old Ægeus kept,
the royal Theſeus wept:
den bowl of work divine,
'd, and milk, and mix'd with ruddy

the kinſman of the ſlain,
ppear'd th' illuſtrious train:
mp, came Emily the bright,
re the fun'ral pile to light.
ction was the ſervice made,
s of pagan honour paid:
e pile, a Parthian bow,
awn, muſt ſend the ſhaft below
s full twenty fathom broad,
g ſtraw beneath in due proportion
'd.
n'd a wood of riſing green,
nd bitumen caſt between,
rees: the trees were unctuous fir,
aſh, the mother of the ſpear;
ew, and builder oak were there:
ſwimming alder, and the plane,
linden of a ſofter grain,
ich the gods for conqu'ring chiefs
n.
e rank'd, ſhall reſt untold by me,
nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry tree;
ryads, and the woodland train,
howling o'er the plain:
rds to foreign ſeats repair'd,
bolted out, and ſaw the foreſt bar'd:
ound, now clear'd, with ghaſtly fright
len ſun, a ſtranger to the light.
s firſt I ſaid, was laid below;
ere-wood was the ſecond row;
reens, and timber newly fell'd:
h ſtage the fragrant odours held,
d precious ſtones, and rich array;
nich, embalm'd, the body lay.
g, the maid with mourning eyes
'd; the ſmouldring flames ariſe:
e, ſhe ſunk upon the ground;
poke, recover'd from her ſwoond,
in moving words to dreſs;
ves the tender ſex may gueſs.

While the devouring fire was burning faſt,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy caſt;
And ſome their ſhields, and ſome their lances threw,
And gave the warrior's ghoſt a warrior's due.
Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
And hiſſing flames receive, and hungry lick the food.
Then thrice the mounted ſquadrons ride around
The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice reſound:
Hail, and farewell, they ſhouted thrice amain,
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd again:
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clatt'ring ſhields;
The women mix their cries; and clamour fills the fields.
The warlike wakes continu'd all the night,
And fun'ral games were play'd at new returning light:
Who naked wreſtl'd beſt, beſmear'd with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor wou'd you attend;
But briefly haſte to my long ſtory's end.
I paſs the reſt; the year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long ſince to Thebes return'd,
When, by the Grecians general conſent,
At Athens Theſeus held his parliament:
Among the laws that paſs'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage ſhou'd be freed;
Reſerving homage to th' Athenian throne,
To which the ſovereign ſummon'd Palamon.
Unknowing of the cauſe, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and ſtill in black array.
The monarch mounts the throne, and plac'd on high,
Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:
So call'd, ſhe came; the ſenate roſe, and paid
Becoming rev'rence to the royal maid.
And firſt ſoft whiſpers through th' aſſembly went:
With ſilent wonder then they watch'd th' event:
All huſh'd, the king aroſe with awful grace,
Deep thought was in his breaſt, and counſel in his face.
At length he ſigh'd; and having firſt prepar'd
Th' attentive audience, thus his will declar'd.
The cauſe and ſpring of motion, from above
Hung down on earth the golden chain of love:
Great was th' effect, and high was his intent,
When peace among the jarring ſeeds he ſent.
Fire, flood, and earth, and air by this were bound,
And love, the common link, the new creation crown'd.
The chain ſtill holds; for tho' t'e forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away:
The ſame firſt mover certain bounds has plac'd,
How long thoſe periſhable forms ſhall laſt;
Nor can they laſt beyond the time aſſign'd
By that all-ſeeing, and all-making mind:
Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;
But never paſs th' appointed deſtiny.
So men oppreſs'd, when weary of their breath,
Throw off the burden, and ſuborn their death.
Then ſince thoſe forms begin, and have their end,
On ſome unalter'd cauſe they ſure depend:
Parts of the whole are we; but God the whole;
Who gives us life, and animating ſoul.
For nature cannot from a part derive
That being which the whole can only give:

He perfect, ſtable; but imperfect we,
Subject to change, and diff'rent in degree.
Plants, beaſts, and man; and as our organs are,
We more or leſs of his perfection ſhare.
But by a long deſcent, th' etherial fire
Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part, expire:
As he withdraws his virtue, ſo they paſs,
And the ſame matter makes another maſs:
This law th' omniſcient pow'r was pleas'd to give,
That ev'ry kind ſhould by ſucceſſion live,
That individuals die, his will ordains;
The propagated ſpecies ſtill remains.
The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots riſing up, and ſpreads by ſlow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he ſtays,
Supreme in ſtate; and in three more decays:
So wears the paving pebble in the ſtreet,
And towns and tow'rs their fatal periods meet.
So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
Forſaken of their ſprings; and leave their channels dry.
So man, at firſt a drop, dilates with heat,
Then form'd, the little heart begins to beat;
Secret he feeds, unknowing in the cell;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the ſhell,
And ſtruggles into breath, and cries for aid;
Then, helpleſs, in his mother's lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and iſſuing into man,
Grudges their life, from whence his own began.
Retchleſs of laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and reſtleſs on the throne:
Firſt vegetive, then feels, and reaſons laſt;
Rich of three ſouls, and lives all three to waſte,
Some thus; but thouſands more in flow'r of age:
For few arrive to run the latter ſtage.
Sunk in the firſt, in battle ſome are ſlain,
And others whelmed beneath the ſtormy main.
What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
At whoſe command we periſh, and we ſpring?
Then 'tis our beſt, ſince thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of neceſſity,
Take what he gives, ſince to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well ſuſtain:
And could we chuſe the time, and chuſe aright,
'Tis beſt to die, our honour at the height.
When we have done our anceſtors no ſhame,
But ſerv'd our friends, and well ſecur'd our fame;
Then ſhould we wiſh our happy life to cloſe,
And leave no more for fortune to diſpoſe:
So ſhould we make our death a glad relief,
From future ſhame, from ſickneſs, and from grief:
Enjoying while we live the preſent hour,
And dying in our excellence, and flow'r.
Then round our death-bed ev'ry friend ſhou'd run,
And joyous of our conqueſt, early won:
While the malicious world with envious tears
Shou'd grudge our happy end, and wiſh it theirs.
Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,
Why ſhould we mourn, that he ſo ſoon is freed,
Or call untimely, what the gods decreed?
With grief as juſt, a friend may be deplor'd,
From a foul priſon to free air reſtor'd.
Ought he to thank his kinſman, or his wife,
Cou'd tears recall him into wretched life!
Their ſorrow hurts themſelves; on him is loſt;
And worſe than both, offends his happy ghoſt.
What then remains, but after paſt annoy,
To take the good viciſſitude of joy?
To thank the gracious gods for what they give,
Poſſeſs our ſouls, and while we live, to live?
Ordain we then two ſorrows to combine,
And in one point th' extremes of grief to join;
That thence reſulting joy may be renew'd,
As jarring notes in harmony conclude.
Then I propoſe, that Palamon ſhall be
In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily;
For which already I have gain'd th' aſſent
Of my free people in full parliament.
Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
And well deſerv'd, had fortune done him right:
'Tis time to mend her fault; ſince Emily
By Arcite's death from former vows is free:
If you, fair ſiſter, ratify th' accord,
And take him for your huſband, and your lord.
'Tis no diſhonour to confer your grace
On one deſcended from a royal race:
And were he leſs, yet years of ſervice paſt
From grateful ſouls exact reward at laſt:
Pity is heav'n's and yours: nor can ſhe find
A throne ſo ſoft as in a woman's mind.
He ſaid; ſhe bluſh'd; and as o'eraw'd by might,
Seem'd to give Theſeus, what ſhe gave the knight.
Then turning to the Theban, thus he ſaid;
Small arguments are needful to perſuade
Your temper to comply with my command;
And ſpeaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
Obtain the conqueſt, though he loſt the fight,
And bleſs'd with nuptial bliſs the ſweet laborious night.
Eros, and Anteros, on either ſide,
One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the bride;
And long attending Hymen from above
Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
All of a tenor was their after-life,
No day diſcolour'd with domeſtic ſtrife;
No jealouſy, but mutual truth believ'd,
Secure repoſe, and kindneſs undeceiv'd.
Thus heav'n, beyond the compaſs of his thought,
Sent him the bleſſing he ſo dearly bought,
So may the queen of love long duty bleſs,
And all true lovers find the ſame ſucceſs!

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE COCK AND THE FOX; OR, THE TALE OF THE NUN'S PRIEST; FROM CHAUCER.

THERE liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow ſomewhat old, and very poor:

ier cottage lonely ſtood,
and under covert of a wood.
r, on whom my tale I found,
iid her huſband in the ground,
life in patience led,
ift enough to buy her bread:
g the little heav'n had lent,
i groat for quarter rent;
er belly with her daughter too,
ar about with much ado.
i her homeſtead were three ſows,
Mally; and three brinded cows.
ndow ſtuck with herbs around,
; and ruſhes ſtrew'd the ground.
r, in her hall ſhe had,
many a ſlender meal ſhe made:
s morſel paſs'd her throat;
ier cloth ſhe cut her coat:
ace ſhe knew, no coſtly treat,
ve a reliſh to her meat:
did her health aſſure;
oer-poiſet was her cure.
was done, her work ſhe ſped,
nt by candle light to bed:
ſhe ſweat ill humours out,
as not hinder'd by the gout.
as glad: her heart content,
what the ſpleen or vapours meant.
ever taſted through the year,
black was all her homely cheer;
and milk, (but firſt ſhe ſkim'd her
ls)
ſing'd bacon, on the coals,
an egg or two at moſt;
on never reach'd to roaſt.
had, with pales incloſ'd about,
ne low, and a dry ditch without.
omeſtead, liv'd without a peer,
oud, the noble Chanticleer:
ock, whoſe ſinging did ſurpaſs
tes of organs at the maſs.
was the crowing of this cock
ours, than is an abbey-clock;
an the matin-bell was rung,
wings upon his rooſt, and ſung:
rees fifteen aſcended right,
it he knew 'twas one at night.
comb, and coral red withal,
tl'd like a caſtle-wall;
aven-black, and ſhone like jet,
legs, and orient were his feet:
is nails, like ſilver to behold,
'ring like the burniſh'd gold.
cock, for ſolace of his life,
beſide his lawful wife;
pares no king, tho' ne'er ſo good,
re all of his own fleſh and blood:
h by ſire, and mother's ſide,
likeneſs ſhew'd them near ally'd.
worſt, the monarch did no more,
Ptolemeys had done before:
s for int'reſt of a nation,
ſin by holy diſpenſation.
ve been maintain'd by this alone,
ir common uglineſs are known.
this as from our tale apart,
was the ſovereign of his heart:

Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
He feather'd her a hundred times a day:
And ſhe that was not only paſſing fair,
But was withal diſcreet, and debonnair,
Reſolv'd the paſſive doctrine to fulfill
Tho' loath: and let him work his wicked will;
At board and bed was affable and kind,
According as their marriage-vow did bind,
And as the church's precept had enjoin'd.
Ev'n ſince ſhe was a ſennight old, they ſay,
Was chaſte, and humble to her dying day,
Nor chick nor hen was known to diſobey.
By this her huſband's heart ſhe did obtain,
What cannot beauty, join'd with virtue, gain!
She was his only joy, and he her pride,
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his ſide;
If ſpurning up the ground, he ſprung a corn,
The tribute in his bill to her was born.
But oh! what joy it was to hear him ſing
In ſummer, when the day began to ſpring,
Stretching his neck, and warbling in his throat,
Solus cum ſola, then was all his note.
For in the days of yore, the birds of parts
Were bred to ſpeak, and ſing, and learn the lib'ral arts.
It happ'd that perching on the parlour-beam
Amidſt his wives he had a deadly dream;
Juſt at the dawn, and ſigh'd, and groan'd ſo faſt,
As ev'ry breath he drew wou'd be his laſt.
Dame Partlet, ever neareſt to his ſide,
Heard all his piteous moan, and how he cry'd
For help from gods and men: and ſore aghaſt
She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at laſt.
Dear heart, ſaid ſhe, for love of heav'n declare
Your pain, and make me partner of your care.
You groan, ſir, ever ſince the morning-light,
As ſomething had diſturb'd your noble ſpright.
And Madam, well I might, ſaid Chanticleer,
Never was Shrove-tide-cock in ſuch a fear.
Ev'n ſtill I run all over in a ſweat,
My princely ſenſes not recover'd yet.
For ſuch a dream I had of dire portent,
That much I fear my body will be ſhent:
It bodes I ſhall have wars and woful ſtrife,
Or in a loathſome dungeon end my life.
Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled breaſt
That in our yard, I ſaw a murd'rous beaſt,
That on my body wou'd have made arreſt.
With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow,
His colour was betwixt a red and yellow:
Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears
With black; and much unlike his other hairs:
The reſt, in ſhape a beagle's whelp throughout,
With broader forehead, and a ſharper ſnout:
Deep in his front were ſunk his glowing eyes,
That yet methinks I ſee him with ſurprize.
Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy ſweat,
And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat.
Now fy for ſhame, quoth ſhe, by heav'n above
Thou haſt for ever loſt thy lady's love;
No woman can endure a recreant knight,
He muſt be bold by day, and free by night.
Our ſex deſires a huſband or a friend,
Who can our honour and his own defend
Wiſe, hardy, ſecret, lib'ral of his purſe
A fool is nauſeous, but a coward worſe:

Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
My dream was bad, and bodes adversity:
But neither pills nor laxatives I like,
They only serve to make a well-man sick:
Of these his gain the sharp physician makes,
And often gives a purge, but seldom takes:
They not correct, but poison all the blood,
And ne'er did any but the doctors good.
Their tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them all,
With ev'ry work of 'pothecary's hall.
These melancholy matters I forbear:
But let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
That when I view the beauties of thy face,
I fear not death, nor dangers, nor disgrace:
So may my soul have bliss, as when I spy
The scarlet red about thy partridge eye,
While thou art constant to thy own true knight,
While thou art mine, and I am thy delight,
All sorrows at thy presence take their flight.
For true it is, as in principio,
Mulier est hominis confusio.
Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
That woman is to man his sovereign bliss.
For when by night I feel your tender side,
Though for the narrow perch I cannot ride,
Yet I have such a solace in my mind,
That all my boding cares are cast behind:
And ev'n already I forget my dream;
He said, and downward flew from off the beam.
For day light now began apace to spring,
The thrush to whistle, and the lark to sing.
Then crowing clapp'd his wings, th' appointed call
To cluck his wives together in the hall.
By this the widow had unbarr'd the door,
And Chanticleer went strutting out before,
With royal courage, and with heart so light,
As shew'd he scorn'd the visions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard he spurn'd the ground,
And gave to Partlet the first grain he found.
Then often feather'd her with wanton play,
And trod her twenty times ere prime of day;
And took by turns and gave so much delight,
Her sisters pin'd with envy at the sight.
He chuck'd again, when other corns he found,
And scarcely deign'd to set a foot to ground;
But swagger'd like a lord about his hall,
And his sev'n wives came running at his call.
'Twas now the month in which the world began,
(If March beheld the first created man:)
And since the vernal equinox, the Sun,
In Aries twelve degrees, or more had run,
When casting up his eyes against the light,
Both month, and day, and hour he measur'd right;
And told more truly, than th' ephemeris,
For art may err, but nature cannot miss.
Thus numb'ring times, and seasons in his breast,
His second crowing the third hour confess'd.
Then turning, said to Partlet, see, my dear,
How Iwish nature has adorn'd the year;
How the pale primrose, and blue violet spring,
And birds essay their throats disus'd to sing:
All these are ours; and I with pleasure see
Man strutting on two legs, and aping me!
An unfledg'd creature, of a lumpish frame,
In lust with fewer particles of flame:
Our dame sits cour[illegible] o'er a kitchen fire,
I draw fresh air, and nature's works admire
And ev'n this day, in more delight abound,
Than since I was an egg, I ever found.
The time shall come when Chanticleer shall w
His words unsaid, and hate his boasted bliss:
The crested bird shall by experience know,
Jove made not him his master-piece below;
And learn the latter end of joy is woe.
The vessel of his bliss to dregs is run,
And heav'n will have him taste his other tun.
Ye wise draw near, and hearken to my tale,
Which proves that oft the proud by flatt'ry fall:
The legend is as true I undertake
As Tristram is, and Launcelot of the Lake:
Which all our ladies in such rev'rence hold,
As if in Book of Martyrs it were told.
A fox full fraught with seeming sanctity,
That fear'd an oath, but like the devil, would lie
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durst not sin before he said his pray'r:
This pious cheat that never suck'd the blood,
Nor chew'd the flesh of lambs but when he cou'd
Had pass'd three summers in the neighb'ring wood
And musing long, whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked fancy bent:
And in his high imagination cast,
By stratagem to gratify his taste.
The plot contriv'd, before the break of day,
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his way
The pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground:
Yet fearing to be seen, within a bed
Of coleworts he conceal'd his wily head;
There sculk'd till afternoon, and watch'd his time,
(As murd'rers use) to perpetrate his crime.
O hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,
O traitor, worse than Simon was to Troy;
O vile subverter of the Gallic reign,
More false than Gano was to Charlemaign!
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy hour
Did'st thou forsake the safety of thy bow'r:
Better for thee thou hadst believ'd thy dream,
And not that day descended from the beam!
But here the doctors eagerly dispute:
Some hold predestination absolute:
Some clerks maintain, that heav'n at first foresees,
And in the virtue of foresight decrees.
If this be so, then prescience binds the will,
And mortals are not free to good or ill:
For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,
Or its eternal prescience may be vain:
As bad for us as prescience had not been:
For first, or last, he's author of the sin.
And who says that, let the blaspheming man
Say worse ev'n of the devil, if he can.
For how can that Eternal Pow'r be just
To punish man, who sins because he must?
Or, how can he reward a virtuous deed,
Which is not done by us; but first decreed?
I cannot boult this matter to the bran,
As Bradwardin and holy Austin can:
If prescience can determine actions so
That we must do, because he did foreknow.
Or that foreknowing, yet our choice is free,
Not forc'd to sin by strict necessity:
This strict necessity they simple call,
Another sort there is conditional.
The first so bind's the will, that things foreknown
By spontaneity, not choice, are done.

y-ſlaves tug willing, at their oar,
work, in proſpect of the ſhore;
not work at all, if not conſtrain'd before.
r does not liberty conſtrain,
nay either act, or may reſtrain.
ade us agents free to good or ill,
l it not, tho' he foreſaw the will.
vas firſt beſtow'd on human race,
ience only held the ſecond place.
uld make ſuch agents wholly free,
ite; the point's too high for me;
n's unfathom'd power what man can
found,
his omnipotence a bound?
is to his image all agree;
e is the ſoul, and that muſt be,
maker's image, or be free.
ether it were better man had been
bound to good, not free to ſin,
fear of ſplitting on a rock,
tell is only of a cock;
not run the hazard of his life
liev'd his dream, and not his wife:
n, with a miſchief to their kind,
ith bad advice, our better mind.
s counſel brought us firſt to woe,
her man his paradiſe forego,
heart's eaſe he liv'd; and might have
een
n ſorrow as he was from ſin.
he devil had their ſex to do,
to folly, they preſum'd to know,
not ſee the ſerpent in the graſs?
If preſume, and let it paſs.
n times of ſuff'ring is the beſt,
ous to diſturb a hornet's neſt.
thors you may find enough,
y ſay of dames is idle ſtuff.
lying wits together bound,
f Bath would throw 'em to the ground:
he words of Chanticleer, not mine,
ames, and think their ſex divine.
continue what my tale begun,
n Partlet baſking in the ſun,
in ſand; her ſiſters in a row,
e beams above, the warmth below.
hat of his fleſh was ever free,
er than the mermaid in the ſea:
el, that as he caſt his eye,
coleworts, on a butterfly,
ſe Reynard where he lay full low,
ſwear he had no lift to crow:
cock, cock, and gave a ſudden ſtart,
may'd and frighted at his heart.
nd beaſts, inform'd by nature, know
oſite to theirs, and fly their foe.
cleer, who never ſaw a fox,
'd him as a ſailor ſhuns the rocks.
falſe loon, who could not work his will
rce, employ'd his flatt'ring ſkill;
lord, ſaid he, I not offend,
raid of me, that am your friend?
aſt indeed to do you wrong,
e lov'd, and honour'd you ſo long:
Stay, gentle ſir, nor take a falſe alarm,
For on my ſoul I never meant you harm.
I come no ſpy, nor as a traitor preſs,
To learn the ſecrets of your ſoft receſs:
Far be from Reynard ſo profane a thought,
But by the ſweetneſs of your voice was brought:
For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard,
The ſongs as of an angel in the yard:
A ſong that wou'd have charm'd th' infernal gods,
And baniſh'd horror from the dark abodes:
Had Orpheus ſung it in the nether ſphere,
So much the hymn had pleas'd the tyrant's ear,
The wife had been detain'd, to keep the huſband there:
My lord, your ſire familiarly I knew,
A peer deſerving ſuch a ſon, as you:
He, with your lady-mother (whom heav'n reſt)
Has often grac'd my houſe, and been my gueſt,
To view his living features does me good,
For I am your poor neighbour in the wood:
And in my cottage ſhou'd be proud to ſee
The worthy heir of my friend's family.
But ſince I ſpeak of ſinging, let me ſay,
As with an upright heart I ſafely may.
That, ſave yourſelf, there breaths not on the ground,
One like your father for a ſilver ſound.
So ſweetly would he make the winter-day,
That matrons to the church miſtook their way,
And thought they heard the merry organ play.
And he to raiſe his voice with artful care,
(What will not beaux attempt to pleaſe the fair?)
On tiptoe ſtood to ſing with greater ſtrength,
And ſtretch'd his comely neck at all the length:
And while he pain'd his voice to pierce the ſkies,
As ſaints in raptures uſe, would ſhut his eyes,
That the ſound ſtriving through the narrow throat,
His winking might avail, to mend the note.
By this, in ſong, he never had his peer,
From ſweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
Not Maro's muſe who ſung the mighty man,
Nor Pindar's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when a ſwan.
Your anceſtors proceed from race divine,
From Brennus and Belinus is your line:
Who gave to ſov'reign Rome ſuch loud alarms,
That ev'n the prieſts were not excus'd from arms.
Beſides, a famous monk of modern times,
Has left of cocks recorded in his rhimes,
That of a pariſh prieſt the ſon and heir,
(When ſons of prieſts were from the proverb clear)
Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
And either lam'd his legs, or ſtruck him blind;
For which the clerk his father was diſgrac'd,
And in his benefice another plac'd.
Now ſing, my lord, if not for love of me,
Yet for the ſake of ſweet Saint Charity;
Make hills, and dales, and earth, and heav'n rejoice,
And emulate your father's angel-voice.
The cock was pleas'd to hear him ſpeak ſo fair,
And proud beſide, as ſolar people are:
Nor cou'd the treaſon from the truth deſcry,
So was he raviſh'd with this flattery:
So much the more as from a little elf,
He had a high opinion of himſelf:
Though ſickly, ſlender, and not large of limb,
Concluding all the world was made for him.

Ye princes, rais'd by poets to the gods,
And Alexander'd up in lying odes,
Believe not ev'ry flatt'ring knave's report,
There's many a Reynard lurking in the court;
And he shall be receiv'd with more regard
And listen'd to, than modest truth is heard.
This Chanticleer, of whom the story sings,
Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings;
Then stretch'd his neck, and wink'd with both his eyes;
Ambitious, as he sought the Olympic prize.
But while he pain'd himself to raise his note,
False Reynard rush'd, and caught him by the throat.
Then on his back he laid the precious load,
And sought his wonted shelter of the wood;
Swiftly he made his way, the mischief done,
Of all unheeded, and pursu'd by none.
Alas, what stay is there in human state,
Or who can shun inevitable fate?
The doom was written, the decree was past,
Ere the foundations of the world were cast:
In Aries though the sun exalted stood,
His patron planet to procure his good;
Yet Saturn was his mortal foe, and he
In Libra rais'd, oppos'd the same degree:
The rays both good and bad, of equal pow'r,
Each thwarting other made a mingled hour.
On Friday-morn he dreamt this direful dream,
Cros's to the worthy native, in his scheme!
Ah blissful Venus, goddess of delight,
How could'st thou suffer thy devoted knight,
On thy own day to fall by foe oppress'd.
The wight of all the world who serv'd thee best?
Who true to love, was all for recreation,
And minded not the work of propagation.
Gaufride, who could'st so well in rhyme complain,
The death of Richard with an arrow slain,
Why had not I thy muse, or thou my heart,
To sing this heavy dirge with equal art!
That I like thee on Friday might complain;
For on that day was Coeur de Lion slain.
Not louder cries when Ilium was in flames,
Were sent to heav'n by woful Trojan dames,
When Pyrrhus toss'd on high his burnish'd blade
And offer'd Priam to his father's shade,
Than for the cock the widow'd poultry made.
Fair Partlet first, when he was born from fight,
With sov'reign shricks bewail'd her captive knight.
Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,
When Asdrubal her husband lost his life,
When she beheld the smouldring flames ascend,
And all the Punic glories at an end:
Willing into the fires she plung'd her head,
With greater ease than others seek their bed.
Not more aghast the matrons of renown,
When tyrant Nero burn'd th' imperial town,
Shriek'd for the downfal in a doleful cry,
For which their guiltless lords were doom'd to die.
Now to my story I return again,
The trembling widow and her daughters twain,
This woful cackling cry with horror heard,
Of those distracted damsels in the yard;
And starting up beheld the heavy sight,
How Reynard to the forest took his flight,
And cros's his back as in triumphant scorn,
The hope and pillar of the house was born.
The fox, the wicked fox, was all the cry,
Out from his house ran ev'ry neighbour nigh:
The vicar first, and after him the crew,
With forks and staves the felon to pursue.
Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band,
And Malkin, with her distaff in her hand:
Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,
In panic horror of pursuing dogs,
With many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak,
Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break.
The shouts of men, the women in dismay,
With shrieks augment the terror of the day.
The ducks that heard the proclamation cry'd,
And fear'd a persecution might betide,
Full twenty mile from town their voyage take,
Obscure in ruthes of the liquid lake.
The geese fly o'er the barn; the bees in arms,
Drive headlong from their waxen cells in swarms.
Jack Straw at London-stone with all his rout,
Struck not the city with so loud a shout;
Not when with English hate they did pursue
A Frenchman, or an unbelieving Jew:
Not when the welkin rung with one and all;
And echoes bounded back from Fox's hall;
Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and heav'n above to fall.
With might and main they chas'd the murd'rous foe,
With brazen trumpets, and inflated box,
To kindle Mars with military sounds,
Nor wanted horns t' inspire sagacious hounds.
But see how fortune can confound the wise,
And when they least expect it, turn the dice.
The captive cock, who scarce cou'd draw his breath,
And lay within the very jaws of death:
Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,
And fear supply'd him with this happy thought:
Yours is the prize, victorious prince, said he,
The vicar my defeat, and all the village see.
Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,
And bid the churls that envy you the prey,
Call back their mungril curs, and cease their cry,
See fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your despite shall die.
He shall be pluck'd, and eaten to the bone.
'Tis well advis'd, in faith it shall be done:
This Reynard said: but as the word he spoke,
The pris'ner with a spring from prison broke:
Then stretch'd his feather'd fans with all his might,
And to the neighb'ring maple wing'd his flight.
Whom when the traytor safe on tree beheld,
He curs'd the gods, with shame and sorrow fill'd;
Shame for his folly; sorrow out of time,
For plotting an unprofitable crime:
Yet mast'ring both, th' artificer of lies
Renews th' assault, and his last batt'ry tries.
Though I, said he, did ne'er in thought offend,
How justly may my lord suspect his friend?
Th' appearance is against me, I confess,
Who seemingly have put you in distress:
You, if your goodness does not plead my cause,
May think I broke all hospitable laws,
To bear you from your palace-yard by might,
And put your noble person in a fright:
This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
Though heav'n can witness with no bad intent,
I practis'd it, to make you taste your cheer,
With double pleasure first prepar'd by fear.
So loyal subjects often seize their prince,
Forc'd (for his good) to seeming violence,
Yet mean his sacred person not the least offence.

help me Jove as you ſhall find
d comes of no diſſembling kind.
h the cock; but I beſhrew us both,
ſaint upon his oath:
an may take a knave's advice,
ly will be couzen'd twice:
is well bewar'd: no flatt'ring lies
e more to ſing with winking eyes,
outh, for fear of catching flies.
id walks upon a river's brim
uld ſee, has he deſerv'd to ſwim?
ck, let all contention ceaſe,
ſaid Reynard, let us treat of peace.
all my ſoul, ſaid Chanticleer;
ir favour, I will treat it here:
truce with treaſon ſhould be mixt,
ern to have the tree betwixt.

HE MORAL.

in fable you th' effect may ſee
:, and fond credulity:
ſides of flatt'rers to beware,
rnicious when they ſpeak too fair.
d fox, the fool and knave imply;
moral, though the tale a lie.
n parables, I dare not ſay;
knew it was a pleaſing way,
by plain example, to convey.
then author we may find,
: with inſtruction ſhould be join'd:
orn, and leave the chaff behind.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF: OR THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR. A VISION.

rning from the wintry ſigns, the ſun
rſe exalted through the Ram had run:
; up the ſkies, his chariot drove
rus, and the lightſome realms of love;
s from her orb deſcends in ſhow'rs
ground, and paint the fields with
v'rs:
ie tender blades of graſs appear,
t yet the blaſt of Eurus fear,
dour of life, and doubt, to cloath the
r.
at, and ſoft repeated rains,
ern blood to dance within their veins:

Then, at their call, embolden'd out they come,
And ſwell the gems, and burſt the narrow room;
Broader and broader yet, their blooms diſplay,
Salute the welcome ſun, and entertain the day.
Then from their breathing ſouls the ſweets repair
To ſcent the ſkies, and purge th' unwholeſome air:
Joy ſpreads the heart, and with a general ſong,
Spring iſſues out, and leads the jolly months along.
In that ſweet ſeaſon as in bed I lay,
And ſought in ſleep to paſs the night away,
I turn'd my weary ſide, but ſtill in vain,
Tho' full of youthful health, and void of pain:
Cares I had none to keep me from my reſt,
For love had never enter'd in my breaſt;
I wanted nothing fortune could ſupply,
Nor did ſhe ſlumber till that hour deny:
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dry'd away the balmy dew:
Seas would be pools without the bruſhing air,
To curl the waves; and ſure ſome little care
Should weary nature ſo, to make her want repair.
When chanticleer the ſecond watch had ſung,
Scorning the ſcorner Sleep from bed I ſprung.
And dreſſing, by the moon, in looſe array,
Paſs'd out in open air, preventing day,
And ſought a goodly grove as fancy led my way.
Straight as a line in beauteous order ſtood
Of oaks unſhorn a venerable wood:
Freſh was the graſs beneath, and ev'ry tree
At diſtance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal ſpace
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace:
And the new leaves on every bough were ſeen,
Some ruddy-colour'd, ſome of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the ſpring,
Hopping from ſpray to ſpray, were heard to ſing;
Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
Enchanting muſic, and a charming ſight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole deſire;
And liſten'd for the queen of all the quire;
Fain would I hear her heav'nly voice to ſing;
And wanted yet an omen to the ſpring.
Attending long in vain; I took the way,
Which through a path, but ſcarcely printed, lay;
In narrow mazes oft it ſeem'd to meet,
And look'd as lightly preſs'd by fairy feet.
Wand'ring I walk'd alone, for ſtill methought,
To ſome ſtrange end ſo ſtrange a path was wrought:
At laſt it led me where an arbour ſtood,
The ſacred receptacle of the wood:
This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the green,
In all my progreſs I had never ſeen:
And ſeiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the tranſporting ſight.
'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be ſeen,
The thick young graſs aroſe in freſher green:
The mound was newly made, no ſight could paſs
Betwixt the nice partitions of the graſs;
The well-united ſods ſo cloſely lay;
And all around the ſhades defended it from day.
For ſycamours with eglantine were ſpread,
A hedge about the ſides, a covering over head.
And ſo the fragrant brier was wove between,
The ſycamour and flow'rs were mix'd with green,
That nature ſeem'd to vary the delight;
And ſatisfy'd at once the ſmell and ſight.
The maſter-workman of the bow'r was known
Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon:

Who twining leaves with ſuch proportion drew,
They roſe by meaſure, and by rule they grew:
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell;
For none but hands divine could work ſo well.
Both roof and ſides were like a parlour made,
A ſoft receſs, and a cool ſummer ſhade;
The hedge was ſet ſo thick, no foreign eye
The perſons plac'd within it could eſpy:
But all that paſs'd without with eaſe was ſeen,
As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between.
'Twas border'd with a field; and ſome was plain
With graſs; and ſome was ſow'd with riſing grain.
That (now the dew with ſpangles deck'd the ground:)
A ſweeter ſpot of earth was never found.
I look'd, and look'd, and ſtill with new delight;
Such joy my ſoul, ſuch pleaſures fill'd my ſight:
And the freſh eglantine exhal'd a breath,
Whoſe odours were of pow'r to raiſe from death:
Nor ſullen diſcontent, nor anxious care,
Ev'n tho' brought thither, could inhabit there:
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe;
For this ſweet place could only pleaſure know.
Thus, as I mus'd, I caſt aſide my eye
And ſaw a medlar tree was planted nigh;
The ſpreading branches made a goodly ſhow,
And full of op'ning blooms was ev'ry bough:
A goldfinch there I ſaw with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from ſide to ſide,
Still pecking as ſhe paſs'd; and ſtill ſhe drew
The ſweets from ev'ry flow'r, and ſuck'd the dew:
Suffic'd at length, ſhe warbled in her throat,
And tun'd her voice to many a merry note,
But indiſtinct, and neither ſweet nor clear,
Yet ſuch as ſooth'd my ſoul, and pleas'd my ear.
Her ſhort performance was no ſooner try'd,
When ſhe I ſought, the nightingale, reply'd:
So ſweet, ſo ſhrill, ſo variouſly ſhe ſung,
That the grove echo'd, and the valleys rung:
And I ſo raviſh'd with her heav'nly note,
I ſtood entranc'd, and had no room for thought.
But all o'erpow'r'd with extaſy of bliſs,
Was in a pleaſing dream of paradiſe;
At length I wak'd; and looking round the bow'r
Search'd ev'ry tree; and pry'd on ev'ry flow'r,
If any where by chance I might eſpy
The rural poet of the melody:
But ſtill methought ſhe ſung not far away;
At laſt I found her on a laurel ſpray,
Cloſe by my ſide ſhe ſate, and fair in ſight,
Full in a line, againſt her oppoſite;
Where ſtood the eglantine with laurel twin'd:
And both their native ſweets were well conjoin'd.
On the green bank I ſat, and liſten'd long;
(Sitting was more convenient for the ſong!)
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wiſh'd to dwell for ever in the grove.
Only methought the time too ſwiftly paſs'd,
And ev'ry note I fear'd would be the laſt.
My ſight, and ſmell, and hearing were employ'd,
And all three ſenſes in full guſt enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the reſt ſurpaſs,
The ſweet poſſeſſion of the fairy place;
Single, and conſcious to myſelf alone,
Of pleaſures to th' excluded world unknown.
Pleaſures which no where elſe were to be found,
And all Elyſium in a ſpot of ground.

Thus while I ſat intent to ſee and hear,
And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
All ſuddenly I heard th' approaching ſound
Of vocal muſic, on th' inchanted ground:
An hoſt of ſaints it ſeem'd, ſo full the quire;
As if the bleſs'd above did all conſpire,
To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.
At length there iſſu'd from the grove behind
A fair aſſembly of the female kind.
A train leſs fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduc'd the ſons of heaven to rebel.
I paſs their forms, and ev'ry charming grace,
Leſs than an angel won'd their worth debaſe:
But their attire, like liveries of a kind,
All rich and rare is freſh within my mind.
In velvet white as ſnow the troop was gown'd,
The ſeams with ſparkling emeralds, ſet around;
Their hoods and ſleeves the ſame: and purfled o'er
With diamonds, pearls, and all the ſhining ſtore
Of eaſtern pomp: their long deſcending train
With rubies edg'd, and ſapphires, ſweep the plain;
High on their heads, with jewels richly ſet
Each lady wore a radiant coronet.
Beneath the circles all the quire was grac'd
With chaplets green on their fair foreheads plac'd.
Of laurel ſome, of woodbine many more;
And wreaths of Agnus Caſtus, others bore:
Theſe laſt who with thoſe virgin crowns were dreſs'd,
Appear'd in higher honour than the reſt.
They danc'd around, but in the midſt was ſeen
A lady of a more majeſtic mien;
By ſtature, and by beauty mark'd their ſov'reign queen.
She in the midſt began with ſober grace;
Her ſervants eyes were fix'd upon her face:
And as ſhe mov'd or turn'd her motions view'd,
Her meaſures kept, and ſtep by ſtep purſu'd.
Methought ſhe trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead ſhining in her face;
And as in beauty ſhe ſurpaſs'd the quire,
So, nobler than the reſt, was her attire.
A crown of ruddy gold incloſ'd her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a ſhow;
A branch of Agnus Caſtus in her hand,
She bore aloft (her ſceptre of command:)
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd,
For whereſoe'er ſhe turn'd her face, they bow'd:
And as ſhe danc'd, a roundelay ſhe ſung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young:
She rais'd her voice on high, and ſung ſo clear,
The fauns came ſcudding from the groves to hear:
And all the bending foreſt lent an ear.
At every cloſe ſhe made, th' attending throng
Reply'd, and bore the burden of the ſong:
So juſt, ſo ſmall, yet in ſo ſweet a note,
It ſeem'd the muſic melted in the throat.
Thus dancing on, and ſinging as they danc'd,
They to the middle of the mead advanc'd:
Till round my arbour, a new ring they made,
And footed it about the ſecret ſhade:
O'erjoy'd to ſee the jolly troop ſo near,
But ſomewhat aw'd, I ſhook with holy fear;
Yet not ſo much, but that I noted well
Who did the moſt in ſong, or dance excell.
Not long I had obſerv'd, when from afar
I heard a ſudden ſymphony of war;
The neighing courſers, and the ſoldiers cry,
And ſounding trumps that ſeem'd to tear the ſky:

his, behind the grove
: ladies did in order move,
in arms a warrior train,
e pour'd upon the plain:
they rode in proud array,
ge of the bees in May,
o'er the dusky fields they fly,
's, and intercept the sky.
ve, their courſers were ſo fleet,
mbled underneath their feet.
ſtly furniture were long,
y would end before the ſong:
the tenth of all their ſtore,
mighty Perſian monarch poor.
I will; before the reſt
r'd in white mantles dreſs'd;
p, and all their heads around
en of cerrial oak were crown'd,
pet was a banner bound;
the wind diſplay'd at large
at of arms, and knightly charge.
mmers, and of ſnowy hue,
ilk-worm never drew.
heir necks, the ſcutcheons wore,
s and jewels powder'd o'er:
ollars too, and ev'ry one
h many a coſtly ſtone.
gs at arms a goodly train,
ne prancing o er the plain:
: cloth of ſilver mix'd with gold,
n around their temples roll'd:
: on their royal ſcutcheons plac'd
iamonds, and with rubies grac'd.
ets their appearance made,
were alike array'd;
more ſober, and more ſlow:
: in rank, they rode a-row.
me next in number more;
lds each his ſcutcheon bore:
et all their troop they led,
en chap'let on his head.
ghts in equal rank ſucceed,
nted on a fiery ſteed:
glorious to behold;
ir arms were nail'd with gold.
white ermin fur were made;
d between that caſt a glitt'ring

their ſteeds were of the ſame;
ev'n ſet the ground on flame;
ous trail: a crown divine
at their temples twine.
n were for ev'ry knight aſſign'd,
clad, and of a kind:
unſhorn, for cloaks they wore,
his hand a truncheon bore:
d a helm of rare device;
n wou'd not pay the price
he buckler of his knight,
el wood a ſpear upright,
cing ſteel, and poliſh'd bright.
s their equipage was ſeen,
reheads crown'd with garlands

came arm'd with ſpear and ſhield
as cover'd all the field:
heads, like the knights before,
green were ſhaded o'er,

Or oak, or other leaves of laſting kind,
Tenacious of the ſtem, and firm againſt the wind.
Some in their hands beſides the lance and ſhield,
The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn held,
Or branches for their myſtic emblems took,
Of palm, of laurel, or of cerrial oak.
Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty ſound
Drawn in two lines adverſe they wheel'd around,
And in the middle meadow took their ground.
Among themſelves the turney they divide,
In equal ſquadrons, rang'd on either ſide.
Then turn'd their horſes heads, and man to man,
And ſteed to ſteed oppos'd, the juſts began.
They lightly ſet their lances in the reſt,
And, at the ſign, againſt each other preſs'd:
They met; ſitting at my eaſe beheld
The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field.
Some broke their ſpears, ſome tumbled horſe and man,
And round the fields the lighten'd courſers ran.
An hour and more like tides, in equal ſway
They ruſh'd, and won by turns, and loſt the day:
At length the nine (who ſtill together held)
Their fainting foes to ſhameful flight compell'd
And with reſiſtleſs force, o'er-ran the field.
Thus, to their fame, when finiſh'd was the fight,
The victors from their lofty ſteeds alight:
Like them diſmounted all the warlike train,
And two by two proceeded o'er the plain:
Till to the fair aſſembly they advanc'd,
Who near the ſecret arbour ſung and danc'd.
The ladies left their meaſures at the ſight,
To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,
And each with open arms embrac'd her choſen knight.
Amid the plain a ſpreading laurel ſtood,
The grace and ornament of all the wood:
That pleaſing ſhade they ſought, a ſoft retreat,
From ſudden April ſhow'rs, a ſhelter from the heat.
Her leafy arms with ſuch extent were ſpread,
So near the clouds was her aſpiring head,
That hoſts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there.
And flocks of ſheep beneath the ſhade from far
Might hear the rattling hail, and wintry war;
From heav'n's inclemency here ſound retreat,
Enjoy'd the cool, and ſhun'd the ſcorching heat:
A hundred knights might there at eaſe abide;
And ev'ry knight a lady by his ſide:
The trunk itſelf ſuch odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan breeze to theſe was common breath.
The lords, and ladies here approaching, paid
Their homage, with a low obeiſance made:
And ſeem'd to venerate the ſacred ſhade.
Theſe rites perform'd, their pleaſures they purſue,
With ſongs of love, and mix with meaſures new;
Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
And ev'ry champion leads his choſen dame.
I caſt my ſight upon the farther field,
And a freſh object of delight beheld:
For from the region of the weſt I heard
New muſic ſound, and a new troop appear'd;
Of knights, and ladies mix'd a jolly band,
But all on foot they march'd, and hand in hand.
The ladies dreſs'd in rich ſymarrs were ſeen
Of Florence ſattin, flow'r'd with white and green,
And for a ſhade betwixt the gloomy gridelin,
The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded think with rubies on a-row;

And ev'ry damsel wore upon her head
Of flow'rs a garland blended white and red.
Attir'd in mantles all the knights were seen,
That gratify'd the view with chearful green:
Their chaplets of their ladies colours were
Compos'd of white and red to shade their shining hair.
Before the merry troop the minstrels play'd,
All in their master's liveries were array'd:
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
Their instruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind:
The sawtry, pipe, and hautboys noisy band,
And the soft lute trembling beneath the touching hand.
A tuft of daisies on a flow'ry lay
They saw, and thitherward they bent their way:
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeisance to the daisy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sung a virelay;
And still at ev'ry close she wou'd repeat
The burden of the song, "The daisy is so sweet."
The daisy is so sweet when she begun,
The troop of knights and dames continu'd on.
The concert and the voice so charm'd my ear,
And sooth'd my soul, that it was heav'n to hear.
But soon their pleasure pass'd: at noon of day;
The sun with sultry beams began to play:
Not Syrius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his poisonous breath he blasts the sky:
Then droop'd the fading flow'rs (even beauty fades)
And clos'd their sickly eyes, and hung the head;
And rivell'd up with heat, lay dying in their bed.
The ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire;
The breath they drew, no lower air, but fire;
The fainty knights were scorch'd; and knew not where
To run for shelter, for no shade was near.
And after this the gath'ring clouds amain,
Pour'd down a storm of rattling hail and rain.
And lightning flash'd betwixt the field, and flow'rs
Burn'd up before, were bury'd in the show'rs.
The ladies, and the knights no shelter nigh,
Bare to the weather, and the wintry sky,
Were drooping wet, disconsolate and wan,
And through their thin array receiv'd the rain.
While those in white protected by the tree
Saw pass the vain assault, and stood from danger free.
But as compassion mov'd their gentle minds,
When ceas'd the storm, and silent were the winds,
Displeas'd at what, not suffering they had seen,
They went to cheer the faction of the green:
The queen in white array before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand;
So did the knights and dames with courtly grace
And with behaviour sweet their foes embrace.
Then thus the queen with laurel on her brow,
Fair sister I have suffer'd in your woe:
Nor shall be wanting ought within my pow'r
For your relief in my refreshing bow'r.
That other answer'd with a lowly look,
And soon the gracious invitation took:
For ill at ease both she and all her train
The scorching sun had born, and beating rain.
Like courtesy was us'd by all in white,
Each dame a dame receiv'd, and ev'ry knight knight.
The laurel-champions with their swords invade,
The neighb'ring forests where the justs were made,
And firewood from the rotten hedges took,
And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke:
A chearful blaze arose, and by the fire,
They warm'd their frozen feet, and dry'd their wet attire.
Refresh'd with heat the ladies sought around
For virtuous herbs, which gather'd from the ground
They squeez'd the juice; and cooling ointment made
Which on their sun-burnt cheeks, and their chap skins they laid:
Then sought green sallads which they bade 'em eat,
A sovereign remedy for inward heat
The lady of the leaf ordain'd a feast,
And made the lady of the flow'r her guest:
When lo, a bow'r ascended on the plain,
With sudden seats adorn'd, and large for either train.
This bow'r was near my pleasant arbour plac'd,
That I could hear and see whatever pass'd:
The ladies sate, and each a knight between
Distinguished by their colours white and green:
The vanquished party with the victors join'd,
Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
Mean time the minstrels play'd on either side,
Vain of their art, and for the mast'ry vy'd:
The sweet contention lasted for an hour,
And recall'd my secret arbour from the bow'r.
The sun was set; and Vesper to supply
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky:
When Philomel, officious all the day
To sing the service of the ensuing May,
Fled from her laurel shade, and wing'd her flight
Directly to the queen array'd in white:
And hopping sat familiar on her hand,
A new musician, and increas'd the band.
The goldfinch, who to shun the scalding heat,
Had chang'd the medlar for a safer seat,
And hid in bushes scap'd the bitter show'r,
Now perch'd upon the lady of the flow'r;
And either songster holding out their throats,
And doubling up their wings renew'd their notes:
As if all day, preluding to the fight,
They only had rehears'd, to sing by night.
The banquet ended, and the battle done,
They danc'd by star-light and the friendly moon:
And when they were to part, the laureat queen,
Supply'd with steeds the lady of the green;
Her, and her train conducting on the way
The moon to follow, and avoid the day.
This when I saw, inquisitive to know
The secret moral of the mystic show,
I started from my shade in hopes to find
Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind:
And as my fair adventure fell, I found
A lady all in white with laurel crown'd
Who clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along,
Repeating to herself the former song.
With due respect my body I inclin'd,
As to some being of superior kind,
And made my court; according to the day,
Wishing her queen and her a happy May.
Great thanks, my daughter, with a gracious bow
She said; and I who much desir'd to know

was, yet fearful how to break
:ntur'd humbly thus to ſpeak.
I preſume and not offend,
rs and ſhining moon attend
ports, as you vouchſafe to tell,
they were who mortal forms excel,
knights who fought in liſted field
:ll.
ne reply'd, Fair daughter, know
ſaw, was all a fairy ſhow:
iry ſhapes you now behold
odies once, and cloath'd with earthly
:
'et prepar'd for upper light,
wander in the ſhades of night;
lay of all the year,
n ſunſhine may appear:
dance we celebrate the day,
honours uſher in the May.
we reign by night alone,
rough the ſkies purſue the moon:
morn ariſes, none are found;
ogorgon walks the round,
a fairy lay in light,
retch before; and laſhes into night
s are by kind; and ever proud
offices to help the good.
ve have a larger ſpace
nown to you of mortal race:
green adorn our fairy bow'rs,
rove unſeen before, is ours.
ev'ry lady cloath'd in white,
with oak and laurel ev'ry knight,
the leaf, by liveries known
and I myſelf am one.
r ſo graceful to behold
and crown'd with radiant gold:
ady of our land is ſhe,
e queen of chaſtity:
otleſs name of maid ſhe bears,
ſtus in her hand appears:
n with leafy chaplets crown'd
n'd virginity renown'd:
hief and higheſt in command
holy branches in their hand:
orn'd with laurel-crowns, are they
or danger ever cou'd diſmay,
es, who made the world obey:
y liv'd, in deeds of arms excell'd,
for deities were held.
wear the woodbine on their brow
f love, who never broke their vow:
lighted faith, and ever free
fickle chance, and jealouſy.
adies, who the woodbine bear,
tram, and Iſotta were.
: thoſe, ſaid I, th' unconquer'd nine
with laurel-wreaths in golden armour
?
ights in green, and what the train
d with daiſies on the plain?
ands in worſhip diſagree,
: the flow'r, and ſome the tree?
uit, fair daughter, ſaid the dame,
:hiefs were men of mighty fame;
were they call'd of diff'rent rites,
hree Pagans, and three Chriſtian
ts.

Theſe, as you ſee, ride foremoſt in the field,
As they the foremoſt rank of honour held,
And all in deeds of chivalry excell'd.
Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that ſtill renew;
For deathleſs laurel is the victors due:
Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign,
Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charlemaign:
For bows the ſtrength of brawny arms imply,
Emblems of valour, and of victory.
Behold an order yet of newer date
Doubling their number, equal in their ſtate;
Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince.
Unchang'd by fortune, to their ſovereign true,
For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
Theſe, of the garter call'd, of faith unſtain'd,
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
And well repaid thoſe honours which they gain'd.
The laurel-wreaths were firſt by Cæſar worn,
And ſtill they Cæſar's ſucceſſors adorn:
One leaf of this is immortality,
And more of worth, than all the world can buy.
One doubt remains, ſaid I, the dames in green,
What were their qualities, and who their queen?
Flora commands, ſaid ſhe, thoſe nymphs and knights,
Who liv'd in ſlothful eaſe, and looſe delights:
Who never acts of honour durſt purſue,
The men inglorious knights, the ladies all untrue:
Who nurs'd in idleneſs, and train'd in courts,
Paſs'd all their precious hours in plays, and ſports,
Till death behind came ſtalking on, unſeen,
And wither'd (like the ſtorm) the freſhneſs of their green.
Theſe, and their mates, enjoy the preſent hour,
And therefore pay their homage to the Flow'r.
But knights and knightly deeds ſhould perſevere,
And ſtill continue what at firſt they were;
Continue, and proceed in honour's fair career.
No room for cowardice, or dull delay;
From good to better they ſhould urge their way.
For this with golden ſpurs the chiefs are grac'd,
With pointed rowels arm'd to mend their haſte;
For this with laſting leaves their brows are bound;
For laurel is the ſign of labour crown'd;
Which bears the bitter blaſt, nor ſhaken falls to ground:
From winter-winds it ſuffers no decay,
For ever freſh and fair, and ev'ry month is May.
Ev'n when the vital ſap retreats below,
Ev'n when the hoary head is hid in ſnow;
The life is in the leaf, and ſtill between
The fits of falling ſnows, appears the ſtreaky green.
Not ſo the flow'r, which laſts for little ſpace,
In ſhort-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace;
This way and that the feeble ſtem is driv'n,
Weak to ſuſtain the ſtorms, and injuries of heav'n.
Prop'd by the ſpring, it lifts aloft the head,
But of a fickly beauty, ſoon to ſhed;
In ſummer living, and in winter dead.
For things of tender kind for pleaſure made
Shoot up with ſwift increaſe, and ſudden are decay'd.
With humble words, the wiſeſt I could frame,
And proffer'd ſervice I repaid the dame:
That of her grace ſhe gave her maid to know
The ſecret meaning of this moral ſhow.

And ſhe to prove what profit I had made,
Of myſtic truths in fables firſt convey'd,
Demanded, till the next returning May,
Whether the leaf or flow'r I would chuſe?
I choſe the leaf; ſhe ſmil'd with ſober chear,
And wiſh'd me fair adventure for the year.
And gave me charms and ſigils, for defence
Againſt all tongues that fatal innocence:
But I, ſaid ſhe, my fellows muſt purſue,
Already paſt the plain, and out of view.
We parted thus; I homeward ſped my way,
Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day:
And met the merry crew who danc'd about the May.
Then late refreſh'd with ſleep I roſe to write
The viſionary vigils of the night:
Bluſh, as thou may'ſt, my little book, for ſhame,
Nor hope with homely verſe to purchaſe fame;
For ſuch thy maker choſe; and ſo deſign'd
Thy ſimple ſtile to ſuit thy lowly kind.

THE

WIFE OF BATH,

HER

TALE.

IN days of old when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whoſe acts and fame to foreign lands were blown;
The king of elfs and little fairy queen
Gambol'd on heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry green.
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The graſs unbidden roſe, and mark'd the ground:
Nor darkling did they dance, the ſilver light
Of Phœbe ſerv'd to guide their ſteps aright,
And, with their tripping pleas'd, prolong'd the night.
Her beams they follow'd, where at full ſhe play'd,
Nor longer than ſhe ſhed her horns they ſtaid,
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands convey'd.
Above the reſt our Britain held they dear,
More ſolemnly they kept their ſabbaths here,
And made more ſpacious rings, and revell'd half the year.
I ſpeak of ancient times, for now the ſwain
Returning late may paſs the woods in vain,
And never hope to ſee the nightly train:
In vain the dairy now with mints is dreſs'd,
The dairy-maid expects no fairy gueſt,
To ſkim the bowls, and after pay the feaſt.
She ſighs and ſhakes her empty ſhoes in vain,
No ſilver penny to reward her pain:
For prieſts with pray'rs, and other godly gear,
Have made the merry goblins diſappear;
And where they play'd their merry pranks before,
Have ſprinkled holy water on the floor:
And fry'rs that through the wealthy regions run
Thick as the motes, that twinkle in the ſun;
Reſort to farmers rich, and bleſs their halls
And exorciſe the beds, and croſs the walls:
This makes the fairy quires forſake the place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace:
But in the walks where wicked elves have been,
The learning of the pariſh now is ſeen,
The midnight parſon poſting o'er the green,
With gown tuck'd up to wakes; for Sunday next,
With humming ale encouraging his text;
Nor wants the holy leer to country-girl betwixt.
From fiends and imps he ſets the village free,
There haunts not any incubus, but he.
The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and ſanctity ſo near:
For by ſome haycock or ſome ſhady thorn
He bids his beads both even-ſong and morn.
It ſo befel in this king Arthur's reign,
A luſty knight was pricking o'er the plain;
A bachelor he was, and of the courtly train
It happen'd as he rode, a damſel gay
In ruſſet-robes to market took her way;
Soon on the gill he caſt an amorous eye,
So ſtrait ſhe walk'd, and on her paſterns high:
If ſeeing her behind he lik'd her pace,
Now turning ſhort he better lik'd her face:
He lights in haſte, and full of youthful fire,
By force accompliſh'd his deſire:
This done, away he rode, not uneſpy'd,
For ſwarming at his back the country cry'd;
And once in view they never loſt the ſight,
But ſeiz'd, and pinion'd brought to court the knight.
Then courts of kings were held in high renown,
Ere mixt the common brothels of the town:
There, virgins honourable vows receiv'd,
But chaſte as maids in monaſteries liv'd:
The king himſelf to nuptial tyes a ſlave,
No bad example to his poets gave:
And they, not bad but in a vicious age,
Had not to pleaſe the prince debauch'd the ſtage.
Now what ſhou'd Arthur do? he lov'd the knight
But ſovereign monarchs are the ſource of right:
Mov'd by the damſel's tears and common cry,
He doom'd the brutal ravither to die.
But fair Geneura roſe in his defence,
And pray'd ſo hard for mercy from the prince;
That to his queen the king th' offender gave,
And left it in her pow'r to kill or ſave:
This gracious act the ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a man ſhould die for love.
And with their miſtreſs join'd in cloſe debate
(Covering their kindneſs with diſſembled hate;)
If not to ſlee him, to prolong his fate.
At laſt agreed they call'd him by conſent
Before the queen and female parliament
And the fair ſpeaker riſing from her chair,
Did thus the judgment of the houſe declare.
Sir knight, though I have aſk'd thy life, yet ſtill
Thy deſtiny depends upon my will:
Nor haſt thou other ſurety than the grace
Not due to thee from our offended race.
But as our kind is of a ſofter mold,
And cannot blood without a ſigh behold,
I grant thee life; reſerving ſtill the pow'r
To take the forfeit when I ſee my hour:
Unleſs thy anſwer to my next demand
Shall ſet thee free from our avenging hand;

ion, whoſe ſolution I require,
the ſex of women moſt deſire?"
oute thy judges are at ſtrife;
for on thy wit depends thy life.
urpriz'd, unknowing what to ſay
n thyſelf) we give thee farther day:
thine to wander at thy will;
from others if thou want'ſt the ſkill.
hold our proffer into ſcorn,
ties will we have for thy return;
e time prefix'd thou ſhalt obey,
pledges peril keep thy day.
as the knight at this ſevere command!
e knew 'twas bootleſs to withſtand:
accepted as the fair ordain,
bail for his return again.
is'd anſwer at the day aſſign'd,
with heav'n's aſſiſtance, he could find.
e thus taken, on his way he went
y heart, and full of diſcontent,
g much, and fearful of th' event.
d the truth of ſuch a point to find,
t yet agreed among the kind.
e went, ſtill anxious more and more
e met; and knock'd at ev'ry door;
f men; but made his chief requeſt
om women what they lov'd the beſt.
er'd each according to her mind;
erſelf, not all the female kind.
r wealth, another was for place:
and ugly, wiſh'd a better face.
's wiſh was oftentimes to wed;
n maids were all for ſport a-bed.
the ſex were pleas'd with handſome
ies,
groſs flatt'ry lov'd without diſguiſe:
ſays one, he ſeldom fails to win
rs well, for that's our darling ſin.
ttendance, and a duteous mind
ev'n with the wiſeſt of the kind.
ht the ſex's prime felicity
the bonds of wedlock to be free:
ſures, hours, and actions, all their own,
ntroll'd to give account to none.
a huſband fool; but ſuch are curſt,
perverſe, of huſbands are the worſt:
n wou'd be counted chaſte and wiſe,
d our ſpouſes ſee, but with our eyes;
will prate; and tho' they want the wit
oft faults, yet open blots will hit:
r for their eaſe to hold their tongue,
inkind was never in the wrong.
nſues, and quarrels laſt for life;
abhors the fool, the fool the wife.
men ſay that great delight have we,
truth extoll'd, and ſecrecy:
ant in one purpoſe ſtill to dwell;
ur huſband's counſels to reveal.
a fable; for our ſex is frail,
rather than not tell a tale.
r-ſieves no ſecrets we can hold:
e famous tale that Ovid told.
he king, as in his book appears,
s was endow'd with aſſes ears,
der his long locks he well conceal'd,
rehs vices muſt not be reveal'd)
e people have 'em in the wind,
ago were neither dumb nor blind;
Nor apt to think from heav'n their title ſprings,
Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.
This Midas knew; and durſt communicate
To none but to his wife, his ears of ſtate:
One muſt be truſted, and he thought her fit,
As paſſing prudent; and a parlous wit.
To this ſagacious confeſſor he went,
And told her what a gift the gods had ſent:
But told it under matrimonial ſeal,
With ſtrict injunction never to reveal.
The ſecret heard ſhe plighted him her troth,
(And ſacred ſure is every woman's oath)
The royal malady ſhould reſt unknown
Both for her huſband's honour and her own:
But ne'ertheleſs ſhe pin'd with diſcontent;
The counſel rumbled till it found a vent.
The thing ſhe knew ſhe was oblig'd to hide;
By int'reſt and by oath the wife was ty'd;
But if ſhe told it not the woman dy'd.
Loth to betray a huſband and a prince,
But ſhe muſt burſt, or blab; and no pretence
Of honour ty'd her tongue from ſelf-defence.
A marſhy ground commodiouſly was near,
Thither ſhe ran, and held her breath for fear,
Leſt if a word ſhe ſpoke of any thing,
That word might be the ſecret of the king.
Thus full of counſel to the fen ſhe went,
Grip'd all the way, and longing for a vent:
Arriv'd, by pure neceſſity compell'd,
On her majeſtic mary-bones ſhe kneel'd:
Then to the waters brink ſhe laid her head,
And, as a bittour bumps within a reed,
To thee alone, O lake, ſhe ſaid, I tell
(And as thy queen command thee to conceal)
Beneath his locks the king my huſband wears
A goodly royal pair of aſſes ears:
Now I have eas'd my boſom of the pain
Till the next longing fit return again!
Thus through a woman was the ſecret known;
Tell us, and in effect you tell the town:
But to my tale: the knight with heavy cheer,
Wandring in vain had now conſum'd the year:
One day was only left to ſolve the doubt,
Yet knew no more than when he firſt ſet out.
But home he muſt: and as th' award had been
Yield up his body captive to the queen.
In this deſpairing ſtate he hap'd to ride
As fortune led him, by a foreſt-ſide:
Lonely the vale, and full of horror ſtood
Brown with the ſhade of a religious wood:
When full before him at the noon of night,
(The moon was up and ſhot a gleamy light)
He ſaw a quire of ladies in a round,
That featly footing ſeem'd to ſkim the ground:
Thus dancing hand in hand, ſo light they were,
He knew not where they trod, on earth or air.
At ſpeed he drove, and came a ſudden gueſt,
In hope where many women were, at leaſt,
Some one by chance might anſwer his requeſt.
But faſter than his horſe the ladies flew,
And in a trice were vaniſh'd out of view.
One only hag remain'd: but fouler far
Than grandame-apes in Indian foreſts are:
Againſt a wither'd oak ſhe lean'd her weight,
Prop'd on her truſty ſtaff, not half upright,
And drop'd an awkard court'ſy to the knight.
Then ſaid, what make you, ſir, ſo late abroad
Without a guide, and this no beaten road?

Or want you ought that here you hope to find,
Or travel for some trouble in your mind?
The last I guess; and, if I read aright,
I love of our sex are bound to serve a knight:
Perhaps good counsel may your grief assuage,
Then tell your pain: for wisdom is in age.
To this the knight: Good mother, wou'd you know
The secret cause and spring of all my woe?
My life must with to-morrow's light expire,
Unless I tell, what women most desire:
Now could you help me at this hard essay,
Or for your inborn goodness, or for pay:
Yours is my life, redeem'd by your advice,
Ask what you please, and I will pay the price:
The proudest kerchief of the court shall rest
Well satisfy'd of what they love the best.
Plight me thy faith, quoth she, that what I ask,
Thy danger over, and perform'd the task;
That shalt thou give for hire of thy demand,
Here take thy oath; and seal it on my hand;
I warrant thee on peril of my life,
Thy words shall please both maid, and wife.
No words there needed not to move the knight
To take her offer and his truth to plight.
With that she spread her mantle on the ground,
And first enquiring whither he was bound,
Bade him not fear, tho' long and rough the way,
At court he should arrive ere break of day:
His horse should find the way without a guide,
She said; with fury they began to ride.
He on the midst, the beldam at his side.
The horse, what devil drove I cannot tell,
But only this, they sped their journey well:
And all the way the crone inform'd the knight,
How he should answer the demand aright.
To court they came: the news was quickly spread
Of his returning to redeem his head.
The female senate was assembled soon,
With all the mob of women in the town:
The queen sate lord chief justice of the hall,
And bade the crier cite the criminal.
The knight appear'd: and silence they proclaim,
Then first the culprit answer'd to his name:
And after forms of laws, was last requir'd
To name the thing that women most desir'd.
Th' offender, taught his lesson by the way,
And by his counsel order'd what to say,
Thus bold began; My lady liege, said he,
What all your sex desire is sovereignty.
The wife affects her husband to command,
All must be hers, both money, house, and land.
The maids are mistresses even in their name;
And of their servants full dominion claim.
This, at the peril of my head, I say
A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to sway,
You to rule all; while we, like slaves, obey.
There was not one of widow, maid, or wife,
But said the knight had well deserv'd his life.
Ev'n fair Gencura, with a blush confess'd,
The man had found what women love the best.
Upstarts the beldame, who was there unseen,
And reverence made, accosted thus the queen.
My liege, said she, before the court arise,
May I poor wretch find favour in your eyes:
To grant my just request: 'twas I who taught
The knight this answer, and inspir'd his thought.
None but a woman could a man direct
To tell us women, what we most affect.
But first I swore him on his knightly troth,
(And here demand performance of his oath)
To grant the boon that next I should desire;
He gave his faith, and I expect my hire:
My promise is fulfill'd: I sav'd his life,
And claim his debt to take me for his wife.
The knight was ask'd, nor cou'd his oath deny,
But hop'd they would not force him to comply.
The women, who would rather wrest the laws,
Than let a sister-plaintiff lose the cause,
(As judges on the bench more gracious are,
And more attent to brothers of the bar)
Cry'd one, and all, the suppliant should have right,
And to the grandame-hag adjudg'd the knight.
In vain he sigh'd, and oft with tears desir'd,
Some reasonable suit, might be requir'd.
But still the crone was constant to her note;
The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her throat.
In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to save
His body, destin'd to that living grave.
The liquorish hag rejects the pelf with scorn:
And nothing but the man would serve her turn.
Not all the wealth of eastern kings, said she,
Have power to part my plighted love, and me:
And old, and ugly as I am, and poor;
Yet never will I break the faith I swore;
For mine thou art by promise, during life,
And I thy loving and obedient wife.
My love! nay rather my damnation thou,
Said he: nor am I bound to keep my vow:
The fiend thy sire has sent thee from below,
Else how cou'dst thou my secret sorrows know?
Avaunt, old witch, for I renounce thy bed:
The queen may take the forfeit of my head,
Ere any of my race so foul a crone shall wed.
Both heard, the judge pronounc'd against the knight;
So was he married in his own despite;
And all day after hid him as an owl,
Not able to sustain a sight so foul.
Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong
To pass the marriage-feast, and nuptial song:
Mirth there was none, the man was a-la-mort:
And little courage had to make his court.
To bed they went, the bride-groom and the bride:
Was never such an ill-pair'd couple ty'd.
Restless he toss'd and tumbled to and fro,
And roll'd, and wriggled farther off; for woe.
The good old wife lay smiling by his side,
And caught him in her quiv'ring arms, and cry'd,
When you my ravish'd predecessor saw,
You were not then become this man of straw;
Had you been such, you might have 'scap'd the law.
Is this the custom of King Arthur's court?
Are all round-table knights of such a sort?
Remember I am she who sav'd your life,
Your loving, lawful, and complying wife:
Not thus you swore in your unhappy hour,
Nor I for this return employ'd my pow'r.
In time of need I was your faithful friend;
Nor did I since, nor ever will offend.
Believe me, my lov'd lord, 'tis much unkind;
What fury has possess'd your alter'd mind?

my wedding-night——without pretence—
n this way, or tell me my offence.
r wife, let reaſon's rule perſuade,
: my fault, amends ſhall ſoon be made.
s! nay that's impoſſible, ſaid he,
nge of age, or uglineſs can be!
l Medea's magic mend thy face,
deſcended from ſo mean a race,
er knight was match'd with ſuch diſ-
grace.
ider, madam, if I move my ſide,
turn, I turn to ſuch a bride?
this all that troubles you ſo ſore!
at the devil cou'dſt thou wiſh me more?
dicite, reply'd the crone:
e of juſt complaining have you none.
ly to this were ſoon apply'd,
u be like the bridegroom to the bride.
ou ſay a long deſcended race,
h, and dignity, and pow'r and place,
demen, and that your high degree
iſparag'd to be match'd with me;
, my lord, nobility of blood
tt'ring, and fallacious good.
man is he whoſe noble mind
ith inborn worth, unborrow'd from his
tind.
of heaven was in a manger laid;
is earth but from an humble maid:
can birth or mortal men beſtow,
s no higher than their fountains flow.
r name, and empty honour ſtrive,
obility from him derive.
tors who puff your mind with pride,
ſtates to mighty titles ty'd,
ir honour, but their own advance,
comes not by inheritance.
enate from your father's mind,
ou elſe but of a baſtard kind?
r great progenitors have done,
ir virtues prove yourſelf their ſon.
can infuſe, or wit, or grace,
comes acroſs, and mars the race.
e, or a grandame taints the blood;
n three deſcents continue good.
e by deſcent, a noble name
r villanize his father's fame:
firſt the laſt of all the line,
: the ſun ev'n in deſcending ſhine.
and bear it to the darkeſt houſe,
ng Arthur's court and Caucaſus,
rt, the flame ſhall ſtill remain,
ight blaze enlighten all the plain:
: fuel periſh, can decay,
form'd on things combuſtible to prey.
iman, who mixing better ſeed
e, begets a baſe, degenerate breed:
orrupts the good, and leaves behind
f all the great begetter's mind.
ſinks within his ſon, we ſee,
riſes in the third degree;
ck, a better mother give:
e us being, and by chance we live.
r atoms were, ev'n ſuch are we,
ance, or ſtrong neceſſity.
ed with dead weight, the will is free.
t needs muſt be; for ſeed conjoin'd
ture's work th' imperfect kind:

But fire, th' enliv'ner of the general frame
Is one, its operation ſtill the ſame.
Its principle is in itſelf: while ours
Works as conſed'rates war, with mingled pow'rs:
Or man, or woman, which ſoever fails:
And oft the vigour of the worſe prevails.
Æther with ſulphur blended, alters hue,
And caſts a duſky gleam of Sodom blue,
Thus in a brute, their ancient honour ends,
And the fair mermaid in a fiſh deſcends:
The line is gone; no longer duke or earl;
But by himſelf degraded turns a churl.
Nobility of blood is but renown
Of thy great fathers by their virtue known,
And a long train of light, to thee deſcending down.
If in thy ſmoke it ends; their glories ſhine;
But infamy and villanage are thine.
Then what I ſaid before, is plainly ſhow'd,
That true nobility proceeds from God:
Not left us by inheritance, but giv'n
By bounty of our ſtars, and grace of heav'n.
Thus from a captive Servius Tullius roſe,
Whom for his virtues, the firſt Romans choſe:
Fabricius from their walls repell'd the foe,
Whoſe noble hands had exercis'd the plough.
From hence, my lord, and love, I thus conclude,
That tho' my homely anceſtors were rude,
Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace,
To make you father of a generous race:
And noble then am I, when I begin
In virtue cloath'd, to caſt the rags of ſin:
If poverty be my upbraided crime,
And you believe in heav'n; there was a time,
When He, the great controller of our fate
Deign'd to be man; and liv'd in low eſtate:
Which he who had the world at his diſpoſe,
If poverty were vice, wou'd never chooſe.
Philoſophers have ſaid, and poets ſing,
That a glad poverty's an honeſt thing.
Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
And happy he who can that treaſure find.
But the baſe miſer ſtarves amiſt his ſtore,
Broods on his gold, and griping ſtill at more
Sits ſadly pining, and believes he's poor.
The ragged beggar, tho' he wants relief,
Has not to loſe, and ſings before the thief.
Want is a bitter, and a hateful good,
Becauſe its virtues are not underſtood:
Yet many things impoſſible to thought
Have been by need to full perfection brought:
The daring of the ſoul proceeds from thence,
Sharpneſs of wit, and active diligence:
Prudence at once, and fortitude it gives,
And if in patience taken mends our lives;
For ev'n that indigence that brings me low
Makes me myſelf, and Him above, to know.
A good which none would challenge, few would chooſe,
A fair poſſeſſion, which mankind refuſe.
If we from wealth to poverty deſcend,
Want gives to know the flatt'rer from the friend.
If I am old, and ugly, well for you,
No lewd adult'rer will my love purſue.
Nor jealouſy the bane of married life,
Shall haunt you, for a wither'd homely wife:
For age, and uglineſs, as all agree,
Are the beſt guards of female chaſtity.

Yet ſince I ſee your mind is worldly bent,
I'll do my beſt to further your content.
And therefore of two gifts in my diſpoſe,
Think ere you ſpeak, I grant you leave to chuſe:
Wou'd you I ſhould be ſtill deform'd, and old,
Nauſeous to touch, and loathſome to behold;
On this condition, to remain for life
A careful, tend'rer and obedient wife,
In all I can contribute to your eaſe,
And not in deed or word, or thought diſpleaſe?
Or would you rather have me young and fair,
And take the chance that happens to your ſhare?
Temptations are in beauty, and in youth,
And how can you depend upon my truth?
Now weigh the danger with the doubtful Prize,
And thank yourſelf, if ought ſhould fall amiſs.
Sore ſigh'd the knight, who this long ſermon heard,
At length conſid'ring all, his heart he chear'd:
And thus reply'd, my lady, and my wife,
To your wiſe conduct I reſign my life:
Chooſe you for me, for well you underſtand
The future good and ill, on either hand:
But if an humble huſband may requeſt,
Provide, and order all things for the beſt;
Yours be the care to profit, and to pleaſe:
And let your ſubject ſervant take his eaſe.
Then thus in peace, quoth ſhe, concludes the ſtrife,
Since I am turn'd the huſband, you the wife:
The matrimonial victory is mine,
Which having gain'd, I will reſign;
Forgive, if I have ſaid, or done amiſs,
And ſeal the bargain with a friendly kiſs:
I promiſ'd you but one, content to ſhare,
But now I will become both good and fair.
No nuptial quarrel ſhall diſturb your eaſe,
The buſineſs of my life ſhall be to pleaſe:
And for my beauty that, as time ſhall try;
But draw the curtain firſt, and caſt your eye.
He look'd, and ſaw a creature heavenly fair,
In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.
With joy he turn'd, and ſeiz'd her ivory arm;
And like Pygmalion found the ſtatue warm.
Small argument there needed to prevail,
A ſtorm of kiſſes pour'd as thick as hail.
Thus long in mutual bliſs they lay entwin'd,
And their firſt love continu'd to the laſt:
One ſun-ſhine was their life; no cloud between;
Nor ever was a kinder couple ſeen.
And ſo may all our lives like theirs be led;
Heav'n ſend the maids young huſbands, widows wed:
May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man:
And ſome devouring plague purſue their Eyes,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.

THE

CHARACTER

OF A

GOOD PARSON;

IMITATED FROM

CHAUCER,

AND ENLARGED.

A Pariſh-prieſt, was of the pilgrim-train:
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itſelf was in his face.
Rich was his ſoul, though his attire was poor;
(As God had cloth'd his own ambaſſador;)
For ſuch, on earth, his bleſs'd Redeemer bore.
Of ſixty years he ſeem'd; and well might laſt
To ſixty more, but that he liv'd too faſt;
Retin'd him ſelf to ſoul, to curb the ſenſe;
And made almoſt a ſin of abſtinence.
Yet, had his aſpect nothing of ſevere,
But ſuch a face as promis'd him ſincere.
Nothing reſerv'd or ſullen was to ſee:
But ſweet regards, and pleaſing ſanctity:
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Tho' harſh the precept, yet the preacher charm'd.
For letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the ſky:
And oft, with holy hymns, he charm'd their ears:
(A muſic more melodious than the ſpheres.)
For David left him, when he went to reſt,
His lyre; and after him, he ſung the beſt.
He bore his great commiſſion in his look:
But ſweetly temper'd awe; and ſoften'd all he ſpoke.
He preach'd the joys of heav'n, and pains of hell;
And warn'd the ſinner with becoming zeal;
But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the goſpel rather than the law:
And forc'd himſelf to drive; but lov'd to draw.
For fear but freezes minds; but love, like heat,
Exhales the ſoul ſublime, to ſeek her native ſeat.
To threats, the ſtubborn ſinner oft is hard:
Wrap'd in his crimes, againſt the ſtorm prepar'd;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightnings and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
Thoſe, but proclaim his ſtile, and diſappear;
The ſtiller ſound ſucceeds; and God is there.
The tythes, his pariſh freely paid, he took;
But never ſu'd; or curs'd with bell and book.
With patience bearing wrong; but off'ring none:
Since ev'ry man is free to loſe his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind.)
The leſs he ſought his ſuff'rings, pinch'd the more
And prais'd a prieſt contented to be poor.
Yet of his little he had ſome to ſpare,
To feed the famiſh'd, and to cloath the bare:
For mortify'd he was, to that degree,
A poorer than himſelf, he wou'd not ſee.
True prieſts, he ſaid, and preachers of the word,
Were only ſtewards of their ſovereign Lord;
Nothing was theirs; but all the public ſtore:
Intruſted riches, to relieve the poor.
Who, ſhou'd they ſteal, for want of his relief,
He judg'd himſelf accomplice with the thief.
Wide was his pariſh; not contracted cloſe
In ſtreets, but here and there a ſtraggling houſe;
Yet ſtill he was at hand, without requeſt
To ſerve the ſick; to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd:
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempeſtuous night.
All this the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor ſpar'd his pains; for curate he had none.
Nor durſt he truſt another with his care;
Nor rode himſelf to Pauls, the public fair,

for preferment with his gold,
oprics, and fine-cures are ſold.
atch'd his flock, by night and day;
he prowling wolf redeem'd the prey;
/ ſent the wily fox away.
id he tam'd, the penitent he chear'd:
ke the rich offender fear'd.
ig much, but more his practice wrought;
mon of the truths he taught;)
rules ſevere his life he ſquar'd:
ht ſee the doctrine which they heard.
he ſaid, are patterns for the reſt:
heaven, who bear the god impreſs'd:
e precious coin is kept unclean,
n's image is no longer ſeen.
ul, on whom the people truſt,
e baſer braſs contract a ruſt.
te, for his holy life he priz'd;
/ pomp of prelacy deſpis'd.
came not with a gaudy ſhow;
kingdom of the world below.
ant, and poverty of mind,
s of church and churchmen he de-
n'd,
aught; and dying left behind.
e wore was of the pointed thorn:
was crucify'd, not born.
ntend for place and high degree,
ons, but thoſe of Zebedee.
: knew the ſigns of earthly power
become St. Peter's ſucceſſor:
her holds a double reign,
nay keep his pomp; the fiſher muſt be
in.
the ſaint; who ſhone with ev'ry grace;
ſoſes like, his maker's face.
image lively was expreſs'd;
work, as in creation bleſs'd.
ter ſaw him too, with envious eye;
ob, demanded leave to try.
time when Richard was depos'd:
d low, with happy Harry clos'd.
tho' great in arms, the prieſt withſtood:
was, yet not the next of blood.
unconſtrain'd, reſign'd the throne:
ive no more than is his own:
d entail'd, had Richard had a ſon.
an odious name, was laid aſide,
bmitted; none the battle try'd.
plea of right by providence,
ıtt'ring prieſt, invented ſince:
longer than the preſent ſway;
the next who comes in play.
e's right remains; let thoſe who dare
pow'r, when they the judges are.
not in their choice; becauſe he knew
, and often did from change enſue.
ſelf he thought; but little ſpoke:
iv'd, his benefice forſook.
ough the land, his cure of ſouls he
tch'd:
imitive apoſtle preach'd.
; ever conſtant to his call;
ow'd; lov'd by moſt, admir'd by all.
e begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd;
charities himſelf receiv'd.
he taught; and edify'd the more,
ew'd by proof, 'twas eaſy to be poor.

He went not, with the crowd, to ſee a ſhrine;
But fed us by the way, with food divine.
In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To ſhew you, what the reſt in orders were:
This brilliant is ſo ſpotleſs, and ſo bright,
He needs no foyl: but ſhines by his own proper light.

TRANSLATIONS FROM BOCCACE.

SIGISMONDA;

AND

GUISCARDO.

WHILE Norman Tancred in Salerno reign'd;
The title of a gracious prince he gain'd;
Till turn'd a tyrant in his latter days,
He loſt the luſtre of his former praiſe;
And from the bright meridian where he ſtood,
Deſcending, dipp'd his hands in lovers blood.
This prince, of fortune's favour long poſſeſs'd,
Yet was with one fair daughter only bleſs'd;
And bleſs'd he might have been with her alone:
But oh! how much more happy, had he none!
She was his care, his hope, and his delight,
Moſt in his thought, and ever in his ſight:
Next, nay beyond his life, he held her dear;
She liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her.
For this, when ripe for marriage, he delay'd
Her nuptial bands, and kept her long a maid;
As envying any elſe ſhould ſhare a part
Of what was his, and claiming all her heart,
At length, as public decency requir'd,
And all his vaſſals eagerly deſir'd,
With mind averſe, he rather underwent
His people's will, then gave his own conſent:
So was ſhe torn, as from a lover's ſide,
And made almoſt in his deſpite a bride.
Short were her marriage joys; for in the prime
Of youth, her lord expir'd before his time:
And to her father's court, in little ſpace
Reſtor'd anew, ſhe held a higher place;
More lov'd, and more exalted into grace.
This princeſs, freſh and young, and fair, and wiſe,
The worſhipp'd idol of her father's eyes,
Did all her ſex in ev'ry grace exceed,
And had more wit beſide than women need.
Youth, health, and eaſe, and moſt an amorous mind,
To ſecond nuptials had her thoughts inclin'd:
And former joys had left a ſecret ſting behind.
But prodigal in ev'ry other grant,
Her fire left unſupply'd her only want;
And ſhe, betwixt her modeſty, and pride,
Her wiſhes, which ſhe could not help, would hide.
Reſolv'd at laſt to loſe no longer time,
And yet to pleaſe herſelf without a crime,
She caſt her eyes around the court, to find
A worthy ſubject ſuiting to her mind,

To him in holy nuptials to be ty'd,
A seeming widow, and a secret bride.
Among the train of courtiers, one she found
With all the gifts of bounteous nature crown'd,
Of gentle blood; but one whose niggard fate
Had set him far below her high estate;
Guiscard his name was call'd, of blooming age,
Now squire to Tancred, and before his page:
To him, the choice of all the shining crowd,
Her heart the noble Sigismonda vow'd
Yet hitherto she kept her love conceal'd,
And with close glances only day beheld
The graceful youth; and every day increas'd
The raging fire that burn'd within her breast:
Some secret charm did all his acts attend,
And what his fortune wanted, love could mend:
Till, as the fire will force its outward way,
Or, in the prison pent, consume the prey;
So long her earnest eyes on his were fet,
At length their twisted rays together met:
And he, surpriz'd with humble joy, survey'd
One sweet regard, shot by the royal maid:
Not well assur'd, while doubtful hopes he nurs'd,
A second glance came gliding like the first;
And he who saw the sharpest of the dart,
Without defence receiv'd it in his heart
In publick mourn their passion wanted speech,
Yet mutual looks interpreted each act:
Time, ways, and means of meeting were deny'd;
But all those wants in genius love supply'd.
Th' inventive god, who never fails in part,
Inspires the wit, when once he warms the heart.
When Guiscard next was in the chamber seen,
Where Sigismonda held the place of queen,
A hollow cane within her hand she brought,
But in the concave had enclos'd a note:
Which first she feem'd to play, and, as in sport,
Toss'd to her love, in presence of the court;
Take it, the said; and when your needs require,
This little brand will serve to light your fire.
He took it with a bow, and soon divin'd
The seeming toy was not for nought design'd:
But when retir'd, so long with curious eyes
He view'd the present, that he found the prize.
Much was in little writ; and all convey'd
With cautious care, for fear to be betray'd
By some false confident, or fav'rite maid.
The time, the place, the manner how to meet,
Were all in punctual order plainly writ:
But since a truft must be, she thought it best
To put it out of laymens pow'r at least,
And for their solemn vows prepar'd a priest.
Guiscard, (her secret purpose understood)
With joy prepar'd to meet the coming good;
Nor pains nor danger was resolv'd to spare,
But use the means appointed by the fair.
Near the proud palace of Salerno stood
A mount of rough ascent, and thick with wood;
Through this a cave was dug with vast expence,
The work it seem'd of some suspicious prince,
Who, when abusing pow'r with lawless might,
From public justice would secure his night.
The passage made by many a winding way,
Reach'd ev'n the room in which the tyrant lay.
Fit for his purpose, on a lower floor
He lodg'd, whose issue was an iron door,
From whence, by stairs descending to the ground,
In the blind grot a safe retreat he found.
Its outlet ended in a brake o'ergrown
With brambles, choak'd by time, and now unknown
A rift there was, which from the mountain's height
Convey'd a glimmering and malignant light,
A breathing place to draw the damps away,
A twilight of an intercepted day.
The tyrant's den, whose use though lost to fame,
Was now th' apartment of the royal dame,
The cavern only to her father known,
By him was to his darling daughter shown.
Neglected long she let the secret rest,
Till love recall'd it to her labouring breast,
And hinted as the way by heav'n design'd
The teacher, by the means he taught, to blind.
What will not women do, when need inspires
Their wit, or love their inclination fires!
Though jealousy of state th' invention found,
Yet love refin'd upon the former ground.
That way, the tyrant had reserv'd, to fly
The ruling hate, now serv'd to bring two lovers nigh
The dame, who long in vain had kept the key,
Sold by desire, explor'd the secret way;
Now try'd the strait, and wading through the night
Search'd all the deep recess, and issu'd into light.
All this her letter had so well explain'd,
Th' instructed youth might compass what remain'd:
The cavern-mouth alone was hard to find,
Because the path disus'd, was out of mind:
But in what quarter of the copse it lay,
His eye by certain level could survey:
Yet (for the wood perplex'd with thorns he knew
A frock of leather o'er his limbs he drew:
And thus provided, search'd the brake around,
Till the choak'd entry of the cave he found.
Thus, all prepar'd, the promis'd hour arriv'd,
So long expected, and so well contriv'd:
With love to friend, th' impatient lover went,
Fenc'd from the thorns, and trod the deep descent
The conscious priest, who was suborn'd before,
Stood ready posted at the postern-door:
The maids in distant rooms were sent to rest,
And nothing wanted but th' invited guest.
He came, and knocking thrice, without delay,
The longing lady heard, and turn'd the key;
At once invaded him with all her charms,
And the first step he made, was in her arms:
The leathern out-side, boisterous as it was,
Gave way, and bent beneath her strict embrace:
On either side the kisses flew so thick,
That neither he nor she had breath to speak.
The holy man amaz'd at what he saw,
Made haste to sanctify the bliss by law;
And mutter'd fast the matrimony o'er,
For fear committed sin should get before.
His work perform'd, he left the pair alone,
Because he knew he could not go too soon;
His presence odious, when his task was done.
What thoughts he had, beseems not me to say;
Though some surmise he went to fast and pray,
And needed both, to drive the tempting thoughts away.
The foe once gone, they took their full delight;
'Twas restless rage, and tempest all the night:
For greedy love each moment would employ,
And grudg'd the shortest pauses of their joy.
Thus were their loves auspiciously begun,
And thus with secret care were carried on.

his pleading doubts with her alone:
ther's privilege allow'd,
endance of the officious crowd.
'd once, that when in heat of day
ſleep, as was his uſual way,
ſlumber fled his wakeful eyes,
him, in his own deſpite, to riſe:
aken, to relieve his care,
ie converſation of the fair:
r train of damſels ſhe was gone,
lks the ſcorching heat to ſhun:
ot violate that ſweet receſs,
eſides a welcome heavineſs
his eyes: and ſlumber, which forgot
before to come, now came unſought.
cir'd, behind his daughter's bed,
aching ſleep compos'd his head;
ready, for that uſe deſign'd,
hat he lay at eaſe reclin'd;
i cloſely drawn, the light to ſcreen,
contriv'd to lie unſeen:
d with an artificial night,
office ſoon, and ſealed his ſight.
'n averſe, in this ill-omen'd hour
'd ſummon'd to the ſecret bow'r,
nymph, with expectation fir'd,
ending damſels was retir'd:
love, ſhe meaſur'd time ſo right,
ſs one moment of delight.
ſeated on the level floor,
nd, and locking every door,
ſecure; but little did ſhe know,
fate, ſhe had inclos'd her foe.
uiſcard, in his leathern frock,
with his thrice-repeated knock:
a doleful ſound the jarring grate
nd hollow, and preſag'd their fate.
lock'd, to known delight they haſte,
in each others arms, embrac'd;
conſcious bed, a mutual freight,
preſs it with their wonted weight.
n bound awak'd the ſleeping fire,
a ſight no parent can deſire:
eyes at once with odious view
:over'd, and the lover knew:
ve cry'd; but hoping that he dreamt,
And methodize revenge: to death he griev'd;
And, but he ſaw the crime, had ſcarce believ'd.
Th' appointment for th' enſuing night he heard;
And therefore in the cavern had prepar'd
Two brawny yeomen of his truſty guard.
Scarce had unwary Guiſcard ſet his foot
Within the foremoſt entrance of the grot,
When theſe in ſecret ambuſh ready lay,
And ruſhing on the ſudden ſeiz'd the prey:
Encumber'd with his frock, without defence,
An eaſy prize, they led the priſ'ner thence,
And, as commanded, brought before the prince.
The gloomy ſire, too ſenſible of wrong
To vent his rage in words, reſtrain'd his tongue;
And only ſaid, thus ſervants are preferr'd,
And truſted, thus their ſov'reigns they reward.
Had I not ſeen, had not theſe eyes receiv'd
Too clear a proof, I could not have believ'd.
He paus'd, and choak'd the reſt. The youth, who ſaw
His forfeit life abandon'd to the law,
The judge th' accuſer, and th' offence to him
Who had both pow'r and will t' avenge the crime;
No vain defence prepar'd; but thus reply'd,
The faults of love by love are juſtify'd:
With unreſiſted might the monarch reigns,
He levels mountains, and he raiſes plains;
And not regarding diff'rence of degree,
Abas'd your daughter, and exalted me.
This bold return with ſeeming patience heard,
The priſ'ner was remitted to the guard.
The ſullen tyrant ſlept not all the night,
But lonely walking by a winking light,
Sobb'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his wither'd breaſt
But would not violate his daughter's reſt;
Who long expecting lay, for bliſs prepar'd,
Liſtning for noiſe, and griev'd that none ſhe heard;
Oft roſe, and oft in vain employ'd the key,
And oft accus'd her lover of delay;
And paſs'd the tedious hours in anxious thoughts away.
The morrow came; and at his uſual hour
Old Tancred viſited his daughter's bow'r;
Her cheek, (for ſuch his cuſtom was) he kiſs'd,
Then bleſs'd her kneeling, and her maids diſmiſs'd.
The royal dignity thus far maintain'd,

Thy virtue, birth, and breeding were above
A mean deſire, and vulgar ſenſe of love.
Nor leſs than ſight and hearing could convince
So fond a father, and ſo juſt a prince,
Of ſuch an unforeſeen, and unbeliev'd offence.
Then what indignant ſorrow muſt I have,
To ſee thee lie ſubjected to my ſlave!
A man ſo ſmelling of the people's lee,
The court receiv'd him firſt for charity;
And ſince with no degree of honour grac'd,
But only ſuffer'd, where he firſt was plac'd:
A grov'ling inſect ſtill; and ſo deſign'd
By nature's hand, nor born of noble kind:
A thing, by neither man nor woman priz'd,
And ſcarcely known enough, to be deſpis'd.
To what has heav'n reſerv'd my age? ah! why
Should man, when nature calls, not chuſe to die,
Rather than ſtretch the ſpan of life, to find
Such ills as fate has wiſely caſt behind,
For thoſe to feel whom fond deſire to live
Makes covetous of more than life can give!
Each has his ſhare of good; and when 'tis gone,
The gueſt, though hungry, cannot riſe too ſoon.
But I, expecting more, in my own wrong
Protracting life, have liv'd a day too long.
If yeſterday could be recall'd again,
Ev'n now would I conclude my happy reign:
But 'tis too late, my glorious race is run,
And a dark cloud o'ertakes my ſetting ſun.
Had'ſt thou not lov'd, or loving ſav'd the ſhame,
If not the ſin, by ſome illuſtrious name,
This little comfort had reliev'd my mind,
'Twas frailty, not unuſual to thy kind:
But thy low fall beneath thy royal blood,
Shews downward appetite to mix with mud:
Thus not the leaſt excuſe is left for thee,
Nor the leaſt refuge for unhappy me.
For him I have reſolv'd: whom by ſurprize
I took, and ſcarce can call it, in diſguiſe:
For ſuch was his attire, as with intent
Of nature, ſuited to his mean deſcent:
The harder queſtion yet remains behind,
What pains a parent and a prince can find
To puniſh an offence of this degenerate kind.
As I have lov'd, and yet I love thee more
Than ever father lov'd a child before;
So, that indulgence draws me to forgive:
Nature, that gave thee life, would have thee live.
But, as a public parent of the ſtate,
My juſtice, and thy crime, requires thy fate.
Fain would I chooſe a middle courſe to ſteer;
Nature's too kind, and juſtice too ſevere:
Speak for us both, and to the balance bring
On either ſide, the father, and the king.
Heav'n knows, my heart is bent to favour thee;
Make it but ſcanty weight, and leave the reſt to me.
Here ſtopping with a ſigh, he pour'd a flood
Of tears to make his laſt expreſſion good.
She, who had heard him ſpeak, nor ſaw alone
The ſecret conduct of her love was known;
But he was taken who her ſoul poſſeſs'd,
Felt all the pangs of ſorrow in her breaſt:
And little wanted, but a woman's heart
With cries, and tears, had teſtify'd her ſmart:
But in-born worth, that fortune can controul,
Now ſtrung, and ſtiffer bent her ſofter ſoul;
The heroine aſſum'd the woman's place,
Confirm'd her mind, and mortify'd her face:

Why ſhould ſhe beg, or what coul
When her ſtern father had conden
Her life ſhe might have had; but l
Of ſaving his, had put it paſt her c
Reſolv'd on fate, ſhe would not lo
But rather than not die, ſolicit dea
Fix'd on this thought, ſhe not as w
Her fault by common frailty would
But boldly juſtify'd her innocence,
And while the fact was own'd, der
Then with dry eyes, and with an e
She met his glance mid-way, an
ſpoke.
Tancred, I neither am diſpos'd
Requeſt for life, nor offer'd life to
Much leſs deny the deed; but lea
Beneath pretended juſtice weakly
My words to ſacred truth ſhall be
My deeds ſhall ſhew the greatneſs
That I have lov'd, I own; that ſti
I call to witneſs all the pow'rs ab
Yet more I own; to Guiſcard's lo
The ſmall remaining time I have t
And if beyond this life deſire can
Not fate itſelf ſhall ſet my paſſion
This firſt avow'd; nor folly wr
Nor the frail texture of the female
Betray'd my virtue: for, too well
What honour was, and honour ha
Before the holy prieſt my vows w
So came I not a ſtrumpet, but a h
This for my fame: and for the pu
Yet more, his merits juſtify'd my
Which had they not, the firſt eleć
That bond diſſolv'd, the next is fi
Or grant I err'd, (which yet I mu
Had parents pow'r ev'n ſecond vo
Thy little care to mend my widow
Has forc'd me to recourſe of marr
To fill an empty ſide, and follow
What have I done in this, deſervir
State-laws may alter; nature's are
Thoſe are uſurp'd on helpleſs wor
Made without our conſent, and
bind.
Thou, Tancred, better ſhould'ſt
That as thy father gave thee fleſh
So gav'ſt thou me: not from the
But of a ſofter mould, with ſenſe
Ev'n ſofter than thy own, of ſupp
More exquiſite of taſte, and m
fin'd.
Nor need'ſt thou by thy daughter
Though now thy ſprightly blood v
Thou haſt been young; and canſt
That when thou hadſt the powe
will;
And from the paſt experience of
Canſt tell with what a tide our ſtr
Come ruſhing on in youth, and
requires.
And grant thy youth was exerc
When love no leiſure found for ſo
My tender age in luxury was trai
With idle eaſe and pageants enter
My hours my own, my pleaſures
So bred, no wonder if I took the
That ſeem'd ev'n warranted by t

ather is too fondly kind,
vs, ſuch harveſt ſhall he find.
elf, as reaſon's law requires,
ve, and thou foment'ſt my fires;)
etites continue ſtrong.
ſider, I am yet but young:
at having been a wife,
ed of a better life,
be blam'd, if I renew,
s, the joys which then I knew.
crime, if pleaſure I procur'd,
voman, and to bliſs inur'd?
aſe, and this is my defence;
; I ſhunn'd incontinence,
trong deſires, indulg'd my ſenſe.
f, I muſt avow, I ſtrove
ame to ſcreen my ſecret love,
ainted with thy native pride,
hat I could not help to hide;
voman's wit an eaſie way ſup-

ll contriv'd, ſo cloſely laid,
thee, or by what chance betray'd,
to pleaſe thy pride alone,
ſh'd it had been ſtill unknown.
uiſcard by blind fancy led,
, as many women wed;
ate care, and ripen'd thought,
leſign'd, before I wrought:
, after long debate,
t conſidering fix'd my fate:
equal, though by mine inſpir'd;
rence of our birth requir'd:)
rn like me, like me his love
, what mine was forc'd to move:
ing, thus we perſevere;
t continue what they were,
ial makes our joys the leſs ſincere.
ce, though not by thine allow'd,
herding with the common crowd)
juſt offence; and, led by them,
rit, than the man eſteem.
ancred, by thy pride betray'd,
ſt the laws of kind inveigh'd;
ce is in opinion plac'd,
igh birth by lowly choice debas'd:
one with fury fires thy breaſt,
age juſtifies the reſt)
ak the glories of the ſtate,
blood with a plebeian mate:
nder thou ſhouldſt overſee
, or impute to me
tune, or the fates decree.
n's imperial pow'r alone,
on ſprings of juſtice, though un-
n;
, though order'd for the beſt,
', and the good oppreſs'd;
ls grace the lawleſs brow,
rais'd, the worthy caſt below,
hat; ſearch we the ſecret ſprings,
trace the principles of things;
find, that when the world began,
naſs compos'd the mould of man;
ſh on all degrees beſtow'd,
p alike with moiſt'ning blood.
ghty Pow'r inſpir'd the frame
ſe, and form'd the ſouls the ſame:

The faculties of intellect, and will,
Diſpens'd with equal hand, diſpos'd with equal ſkill,
Like liberty indulg'd with choice of good or ill.
Thus born alike, from virtue firſt began
The diff'rence that diſtinguiſh man from man:
He claim'd no title from deſcent of blood,
But that which made him noble, made him good:
Warm'd with more particles of heavenly flame,
He wing'd his upward flight, and ſoar'd to fame;
The reſt remain'd below, a tribe without a name.
This law, though cuſtom now diverts the courſe,
As nature's inſtitute, is yet in force;
Uncancell'd, tho' diſus'd: and he whoſe mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind.
Though poor in fortune, of celeſtial race;
And he commits the crime, who calls him baſe.
Now lay the line; and meaſure all thy court,
By inward virtue, not external port,
And find whom juſtly to prefer above
The man on whom my judgment plac'd my love:
So ſhalt thou ſee his parts, and perſon ſhine;
And thus compar'd, the reſt a baſe degen'rate line.
Nor took I, when I firſt ſurvey'd thy court,
His valour, or his virtues on report;
But truſted what I ought to truſt alone,
Relying on thy eyes, and not my own;
Thy praiſe (and thine was then the public voice)
Firſt recommended Guiſcard to my choice:
Directed thus by thee, I look'd, and found
A man, I thought, deſerving to be crown'd;
Firſt by my father pointed to my ſight,
Nor leſs conſpicuous by his native light:
His mind, his mien, the features of his face,
Excelling all the reſt of human race:
Theſe were thy thoughts, and thou could'ſt judge aright,
Till int'reſt made a jaundice in thy ſight.
Or ſhou'd I grant, thou didſt not rightly ſee;
Then thou wert firſt deceiv'd, and I deceived by thee.
But if thou ſhalt alledge, through pride of mind,
Thy blood with one of baſe condition join'd,
'Tis falſe; for 'tis not baſeneſs to be poor;
His poverty augments thy crime the more;
Upbraids thy juſtice with the ſcant regard
Of worth: whom princes praiſe, they ſhou'd reward.
Are theſe the kings entruſted by the crowd
With wealth, to be diſpens'd for common good?
The people ſweat not for their king's delight,
T' enrich a pimp, or raiſe a paraſite;
Theirs is the toil; and he who well has ſerv'd
His country, has his country's wealth deſerv'd.
Ev'n mighty monarchs oft are meanly born,
And kings by birth, to loweſt rank return;
All ſubject to the pow'r of giddy chance,
For fortune can depreſs, or can advance:
But true nobility, is of the mind,
Not giv'n by chance, and not to chance reſign'd.
For the remaining doubt of thy decree,
What to reſolve, and how diſpoſe of me,
Be warn'd to caſt that uſeleſs care aſide,
My ſelf alone, will for my ſelf provide:
If in thy doting, and decrepit age,
Thy ſoul, a ſtranger in thy youth to rage,
Begins in cruel deeds to take delight;
Gorge with my blood thy barb'rous appetite;
For I ſo little am diſpos'd to pray
For life, I would not caſt a wiſh away.

Such as it is, th' offence is all my own;
And what to Guiscard is already done,
Or to be done, is doom'd by thy decree,
That, if not executed first by thee,
Shall on my person be perform'd by me.
Away, with women weep, and leave me here,
Fix'd like a man to die, without a tear:
Or save, or slay us both this present hour,
'Tis all that fate has left within thy pow'r.
Sent from nor did her father fail to find,
In all the sports, the greatness of her mind;
Yet thought she was not obstinate to die,
Nor deem'd the death she promis'd was so nigh:
Secure in this belief, he left the dame,
Resolv'd to spare her life, and save her shame;
But that design'd object to remove,
To wrench her countenance, and to cure her love
Intent on this, a secret order sent,
The minister of Cupid to be gone
Straight with the cuckoo, and the night the time,
A mute revenger, and blind as was the crime:
His faithful heart, a bloody sacrifice,
Torn from his breast, to glut the tyrant's eyes,
Convey'd in secret commands: for, (slaves to pay)
Some sin, or other, the soldier must obey:
What boots it kings to govern, laws to give,
If, after all, they suffer slaves to live?
Poor fool, alas! without a friend, to grace
By open means the justice of their cause,
Secure of wrong, and impotent to have it known
The prince himself, allow'd with safety to do ill,
So was the duke pardon'd who first rebell'd,
By men instruct to blood, and rapine bred.
Now, though the tyrant knew not how to weigh
The pomp of his revenge, what he could do,
A golden rich, with gems, and rough with gold,
Of depth, and breadth, the mighty price to hold,
With cruel care he chose: the fatal present
Inclos'd; the lid conceal'd the sad event:
Then calls his trusted minister, once he first,
And bade him wait these words to the gift present;
"Now father sends to this, to cheer thy breast,
And mad thy heart with what it ever lov'd the best;
As thou hast pleas'd his eyes, and joy'd his mind,
With what he lov'd the most of human kind."
Ere this the royal dame, who well could weigh
The consequence of what her sire had said,
Fix'd on her fate, against th' expected hour,
Procur'd the means to have it in her pow'r:
For this, she had distill'd, with early care,
The juice of simples, that destroy to repair,
A magazine of death; and thus prepar'd,
Secure to die, the fatal message heard:
Then mild of look, yet with a troubled air,
Or trembling hand, the mortal present took;
Ev'n kept her countenance, when the lid remov'd,
Disclos'd the heart, unfortunately lov'd:
She needed not be told within whose breast
It lodg'd: the message had explain'd the rest.
Or not amaz'd, or hiding her surprize,
She fiercely on the bearer fix'd her eyes:
Then thus: tell Tancred, on his daughter's part,
The gold, though precious, equals not the heart:
But he did well to give his best; and I,
Who wish'd a worthier urn forgive his poverty.

At this, she curb'd a groan, that else had come,
And pausing, view'd the present in the tomb:
Then, to the heart ador'd, devoutly glew'd
Her lips, and raising it, her speech renew'd;
Ev'n from my day of birth, to this, the bound
Of my unhappy being, I have found
My father's care, and tenderness express'd:
But this last act of love excels the rest:
For this so dear a present, hear him back
The best return that I can live to make.
The messenger dispatch'd, again she view'd
The lov'd remains, and sighing, thus pursu'd;
Source of my life, and lord of my desires,
In whom I liv'd, with whom my soul expires;
Poor heart, no more the spring of vital heat,
Curs'd be the hands that tore thee from thy seat!
The course is finish'd, which thy fates decreed,
And now, from thy corporeal prison freed:
Soon hast thou reach'd the goal with mended pace,
A world of woes dispatch'd in little space:
Lov'd by thy worth, thy foe, in death become
Thy friend, has lodg'd thee in a costly tomb;
There yet remain'd thy funeral exequies,
The weeping tribute of thy widow's eyes,
And those, indulgent heav'n has found the way
That I, before my death have leave to pay.
My father ev'n in cruelty is kind,
Or heav'n has turn'd the malice of his mind
To better ends than his hate design'd;
And made th' infult which in his gift appears,
The means to mourn thee with my pious tears;
Which I will pay thee down, before I go,
And free myself the pains to weep below,
That so I can weep; though once I meant to meet
My eyes with nice ones cry'd, and eyes unwet,
When once I have thee here in narrow room,
My tears shall bear me company at home:
There (as I know thy spirit hovers nigh)
Unseen, unheard, my conduct will I fly
Through regions unexplor'd, secure to share
Thy state; nor shall e'en punishment appear;
Assist me in this double bearing, if thou art there.
She said: her humid eyes, that ready flood,
And only wanted will to weep a flood,
Remov'd their watry store, and pour'd amain,
Like clouds low hung, a sober show'r of rain;
Mute solemn sorrow, free from female noise,
Such as the majesty of grief destroys:
For, bending o'er the cup, the tears she shed
Secure by the posture to discharge her head,
O'er-fill'd before; and oft (her mouth apply'd
To the cold heart) she kiss'd at once, and cry'd.
Her maids who stood amaz'd, nor knew the cause
Of her complaining, nor whose heart it was;
Yet all due measures of her mourning kept,
Did office at the dirge, and by infection wept;
And oft enquir'd th' occasion of her grief,
(Unanswer'd but by sighs) and offer'd vain relief.
At length, her stock of tears already shed,
She wip'd her eyes, she rais'd her drooping head,
And thus pursu'd: O ever faithful heart,
I have perform'd the ceremonial part,
The decencies of grief: it rests behind,
That as our bodies were, our souls be join'd:
To thy whate'er abode, my shade convey,
And as an elder ghost, direct the way.

ıd bade the vial to be brought.
ıefore had brew'd the deadly draught,
; out the med'cinable bane,
ıer tears had rins'd, ſhe bath'd again;
her throat the death ſecurely throws,
a long oblivion of her woes.
:, ſhe mounts the genial bed, and there,
rſt compos'd with honeſt care)
welcome reſt: her hands yet hold
heart, the monumental gold;
word ſhe ſpoke, but clos'd her ſight,
ought the covert of the night.
'els, who the while in ſilence mourn'd,
g, nor ſuſpecting death ſuborn'd,
r duty was, to Tancred ſent,
ous of th' occaſion, fear'd th' event.
ıd with preſaging heart he came,
ıe curtains, and expos'd the dame
ıe light: then with a late relief
fforts to mitigate her grief.
ıe could, excluding day, her eyes
ſeal'd, and ſternly thus replies:
reſtrain thy tears, unſought by me,
unavailing now to thee:
n before afflict his mind,
fect of what himſelf deſign'd?
haſt remaining in thy heart
of love, ſome unextinguiſh'd part
ndneſs, largely once profeſs'd,
ıat adjure thy harden'd breaſt,
thy daughter's laſt requeſt:
ove which I ſo long enjoy'd,
ıceal'd, to gratify thy pride,
isjoin'd; but, with my dying breath,
beg thee, to disjoin our death:
s corps by thy command is laid,
nine in public be convey'd;
pen view, and ſide by ſide,
'd as a bridegroom and a bride.
e's anguiſh hinder'd his reply:
ı felt her fate approaching nigh,
ıld heart, and heaving to her breaſt,
us pledge, ſhe ſaid, ſecurely reſt:
ts were her laſt: the creeping death
er ſenſes firſt, then ſtopp'd her breath.
for diſobedience juſtly dy'd;
ı juſtly puniſh'd for his pride:
leaſt guilty, ſuffer'd for th' offence
ated to his prince:
penting of his cruel deed,
n ſepulchre for both decreed;
: wretched pair in royal ſtate,
r monument inſcrib'd their fate.

E O D O R E

AND

O N O R I A.

'ROM BOCCACE.

e cities in Romanian lands,
ief, and moſt renown'd Ravenna ſtands:
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the reſt,
With gifts of fortune, and of nature bleſs'd,
The foremoſt place, for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.
This noble youth to madneſs lov'd a dame,
Of high degree, Honoria was her name:
Fair as the faireſt, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became ſo ſoft a kind;
Proud of her birth; (for equal ſhe had none;)
The reſt ſhe ſcorn'd; but hated him alone.
His gifts, his conſtant courtſhip, nothing gain'd;
For ſhe, the more he lov'd, the more diſdain'd:
He liv'd with all the pomp he cou'd deviſe,
At tilts and turnaments obtain'd the prize,
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentleſs as a rock, the lofty maid
Turn'd all to poiſon that he did, or ſaid:
Nor pray'rs nor tears, nor offer'd vows could move;
The work went backward; and the more he ſtrove
T' advance his ſute, the farther from her love.
Weary'd at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft reſolv'd to die.
But pride ſtood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdain'd ſo mean a fate;
That paſs'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the reſt,
The leſs he hop'd with more deſire poſſeſs'd;
Love ſtood the ſiege, and would not yield his breaſt.
Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his care,
He ſought a fairer, but found none ſo fair.
He would have worn her out by ſlow degrees,
As men by faſting ſtarve th' untam'd diſeaſe:
But preſent love requir'd a preſent eaſe.
Looking he feeds alone his famiſh'd eyes,
Feeds lingring death, but looking not he dies.
Yet ſtill he choſe the longeſt way to fate,
Waſting at once his life, and his eſtate.
His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain;
For what advice can eaſe a lover's pain!
Abſence, the beſt expedient they could find
Might ſave the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
Yet after much purſuit, at length obtain'd.
Hard, you may think it was, to give conſent,
But, ſtruggling with his own deſires, he went:
With large expence, and with a pompous train,
Provided, as to viſit France or Spain,
Or for ſome diſtant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him ſhort
Confin'd within the purlieus of his court:
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-ſeat:
To Chaſſis pleaſing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there reſolv'd to ſtay.
The ſpring was in the prime; the neighb'ring grove,
Supply'd with birds, the choriſters of love:
Muſic unbought, that miniſter'd delight,
To morning-walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
There he diſcharg'd his friends; but not th' expence
Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.

He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large,
From public buſineſs, yet with equal charge;
With houſe, and heart ſtill open to receive;
As well content, as love would give him leave:
He would have liv'd more free; but many a gueſt,
Who could forſake the friend, purſu'd the feaſt.
It happ'd one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his uſual hour, he left his bed;
To walk within a lonely lawn, that ſtood
On ev'ry ſide, ſurrounded by the wood:
Alone he walk'd to pleaſe his penſive mind,
And ſought the deepeſt ſolitude to find:
'Twas in a grove of ſpreading pines he ſtray'd;
The winds within the quiv'ring branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful muſic made.
The place itſelf was ſuiting to his care,
Uncouth, and ſalvage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Loſt in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And ſummon'd him to due repaſt at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.
While liſt'ning to the murm'ring leaves he ſtood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whiſp'ring ſound
Was dumb; a riſing earthquake rock'd the ground:
With deeper brown the grove was overſpread:
A ſudden horror ſeiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tinckled, and his colour fled.
Nature was in alarm; ſome danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unſeen to mortal eye:
Unus'd to fear, he ſummon'd all his ſoul,
And ſtood collected in himſelf, and whole;
Not long: for ſoon a whirlwind roſe around,
And from afar he heard a ſcreaming ſound,
As of a dame diſtreſs'd, who cry'd for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the ſecret ſhade.
A thicket cloſe beſide the grove there ſtood
With briers, and brambles choak'd, and dwarfiſh wood:
From thence the noiſe: which now approaching near,
With more diſtinguiſh'd notes invades his ear:
He rais'd his head, and ſaw a beauteous maid,
With hair diſhevell'd, iſſuing through the ſhade:
Stripp'd of her cloaths, and e'en thoſe parts reveal'd,
Which modeſt nature keeps from ſight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With paſſing through the brakes and prickly thorn:
Two maſtiffs gaunt and grim, her flight purſu'd,
And oft their faſten'd fangs in blood embru'd:
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender ſide,
Mercy, O mercy, Heav'n, ſhe ran, and cry'd:
When Heav'n was nam'd they loos'd their hold again,
Then ſprung ſhe forth, they follow'd her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of ſwarthy face,
High on a coal-black ſteed purſu'd the chace;
With flaſhing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hands a naked ſword he held:
He chear'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind:
Mov'd with unworthy uſage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, reſolv'd to give her aid.
A ſaplin pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readieſt weapon that his fury found.
Thus furniſh'd for offence he croſs'd the way
Betwixt the graceleſs villain, and his prey.
The knight came thund'ring on, but from afar
Thus in imperious tone forbad the war:
Ceaſe, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor ſtop the vengeance of ſo juſt a grief;
But give me leave to ſeize my deſtin'd prey,
And let eternal juſtice take the way:
I but revenge my ſate; diſdain'd, betray'd,
And ſuff'ring death for this ungrateful maid.
He ſaid; at once diſmounting from the ſteed;
For now the hell-hounds with ſuperior ſpeed
Had reach'd the dame, and faſt'ning on her ſide,
The ground with iſſuing ſtreams of purple dy'd.
Stood Theodore ſurpriz'd in deadly fright,
With chatt'ring teeth and briſtling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, ſaid he,
Thou art, who knoweſt me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cauſe, or be defy'd:
The ſpectre, fiercely ſtaring, thus reply'd.
Know, Theodore, thy anceſtry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common fire our fathers did beget,
My name and ſtory ſome remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my ſins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Nor leſs ador'd in life, nor ſerv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not her ſtubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were anſwer'd with diſdain;
She ſcorn'd my ſorrows, and deſpis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitleſs care,
Then loathing life, and plung'd in deep deſpair,
To finiſh my unhappy life, I fell
On this ſharp ſword, and now am damn'd in hell.
Short was her joy; for ſoon th' inſulting maid
By Heaven's decree in the cold grave was laid,
And as in unrepenting ſin ſhe dy'd,
Doom'd to the ſame bad place, is puniſh'd for her pride;
Becauſe ſhe deem'd I well deſerv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both try'd, and both were caſt,
And this irrevocable ſentence paſt:
That ſhe whom I ſo long purſu'd in vain,
Should ſuffer from my hands a lingring pain:
Renew'd to life, that ſhe might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, ſhe to fly;
No more a lover but a mortal foe,
I ſeek her life (for love is none below:)
As often as my dogs with better ſpeed
Arreſt her flight, is ſhe to death decreed.
Then with this fatal ſword on which I dy'd
I pierce her open back or tender ſide.
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breaſt,
Which, with her entrails makes my hungry hounds a feaſt.
Nor lies ſhe long, but as her fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and freſh to ſecond pain,
Is ſav'd to-day, to-morrow to be ſlain.
This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd their common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to purſue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as fruſtrate of his will
Not half ſuffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the ſoul expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathleſs on the ground,

as the grizly ſpectre ſpoke again;
e fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
months as I ſuſtain'd her hate,
ears is ſhe condemn'd by fate
leath; and ev'ry ſeveral place,
of her diſdain, and my diſgrace,
ieſs her juſt puniſhment; and be
f triumph and revenge to me.
grove I took my laſt farewell,
very ſpot of earth I fell,
ſaw me die, ſo ſhe my prey
ev'n here, on this revolving day.
le he ſpoke, the virgin from the ground
freſh, already clos'd the wound,
ncern'd for all ſhe felt before
es her flight along the ſhore:
ounds, as ungorg'd with fleſh and blood,
ir prey, and ſeek their wonted food:
remounts his courſer: mends his pace,
e viſion vaniſh'd from the place.
lood the noble youth oppreſs'd with awe,
d at the wond'rous things he ſaw
common faith; tranſgreſſing nature's law.
have been aſleep, and wiſh'd to wake,
s, he knew, no long impreſſion make,
rong at firſt: if viſion, to what end,
is muſt his future ſtate portend?
he damſel, and himſelf the fiend.
flecting that it could not be
v'n, which cannot impious acts decree,
vithin himſelf to ſhun the ſnare
ll for his deſtruction did prepare;
better genius ſhould direct
ll cauſe to draw a good effect.
from Heav'n he homeward took his way,
his new deſign with long delay:
train a truſty ſervant ſent;
friends together at his tent.
e, and uſual ſalutations paid,
ls premeditated thus he ſaid:
have often counſell'd, to remove
urſuit of unregarded love;
y ſinking fortune to repair,
yet is at laſt become my care:
ſhall be my own; my vaſt expence
bounds, by timely providence:
I require; invite for me
vith her father's family,
s, and mine; the cauſe I ſhall diſplay,
next, for that's th' appointed day.
eas'd were all his friends, the taſk was light;
, mother, daughter, they invite;
dame was drawn to this repaſt;
ſolv'd, becauſe it was the laſt.
vas come; the gueſts invited came,
the reſt, th' inexorable dame:
par'd with riotous expence,
, more care, and moſt magnificence.
ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
revenging ghoſt purſu'd his love:
in a proud pavilion ſpread,
'rs below, and tiſſue overhead:
rank; Honoria chief in place,
lly contriv'd to ſet her face
he thicket, and behold the chace.

II.

The feaſt was ſerv'd; the time ſo well forecaſt,
That juſt when the deſert, and fruits were plac'd,
The fiend's alarm began: the hollow ſound
Sung in the leaves, the foreſt ſhook around,
Air blacken'd; roll'd the thunder; groan'd the ground.
Nor long before the loud laments ariſe,
Of one diſtreſs'd, and maſtiffs' mingl'd cries;
And firſt the dame came ruſhing through the wood,
And next the famiſh'd hounds that fought their food,
And grip'd her flanks, and oft eſſay'd their jaws in blood.
Laſt came the felon on the ſable ſteed,
Arm'd with his naked ſword, and urg'd his dogs to ſpeed:
She ran, and cry'd: her flight directly bent,
(A gueſt unbidden) to the fatal tent,
The ſcene of death, and place ordain'd for puniſhment.
Loud was the noiſe, aghaſt was ev'ry gueſt,
The women ſhriek'd, the men forſook the feaſt;
The hounds at nearer diſtance hoarſely bay'd;
The hunter cloſe purſu'd the viſionary maid,
She rent the heav'n with loud lamens, imploring aid.
The gallants to protect the ladies fight;
Their fauchions brandiſh'd at the giſly ſpright;
High on his ſtirrups he provok'd the fight.
Then on the crowd he caſt a furious look,
And wither'd all their ſtrength before he ſtrook:
Back on your lives; let be, ſaid he, my prey,
And let my vengeance take the deſtin'd way.
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Againſt th' eternal doom of providence:
Mine is th' ungrateful maid by Heav'n deſign'd:
Mercy ſhe would not give, nor mercy ſhall ſhe find.
At this the former tale again he told
With thund'ring tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a ſecond time,
But bore each other back; ſome knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented caſe,
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now th' infernal miniſter advanc'd,
Seiz'd the new victim, and with fury lanc'd
Her back, and pierc'ing through her inmoſt heart,
Drew backward, as before, th' offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre maſtiffs made a prey:
The pale aſſiſtants, on each other ſtar'd
With gaping mouths for iſſuing words prepar'd;
The ſtill-born ſounds upon the palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the falt'ring tongue.
The fright was general; but the female band
(A helpleſs train) in more confuſion ſtand;
With horror ſhudd'ring, on a heap they run,
Sick at the ſight of hateful juſtice done;
For conſcience rung th' alarm; and made the caſe their own.
So ſpread upon a lake with upward eye
A plump of fowl, behold their foe on high,
They cloſe their trembling troop; and all attend
On whom the ſowſing eagle will deſcend.
But moſt the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
And thought to her alone the viſion ſent.

Her guilt preſents to her diſtracted mind
Heav'n's juſtice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the ſame fate to the ſame ſin aſſign'd;
Already ſees herſelf the monſter's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute ſcene of ſorrow, mix'd with fear,
Still on the table lay th' unfiniſh'd cheer;
The knight, with hungry maſtiffs ſtood around,
The mangled dame lay breathleſs on the ground:
When on a ſudden re-inſpir'd with breath,
Again ſhe roſe, again to ſuffer death;
Nor ſtay'd the hell-hounds, nor the hunter ſtay'd,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging ſword,
And mounting light as air, his ſable ſteed he ſpurr'd:
The clouds diſpell'd, the ſky reſum'd her light,
And nature ſtood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the laſt of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy ſat on ev'ry mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more his feaſt,
But ſternly look'd, as hatching in his breaſt
Some deep deſign, which when Honoria view'd,
The freſh impulſe her former fright renew'd:
She thought herſelf the trembling dame who fled,
And him the griſly ghoſt that ſpurr'd th' infernal ſteed:
The more diſmay'd, for when the gueſts withdrew,
Their courteous hoſt ſaluting all the crew,
Regardleſs paſs'd her o'er; nor grac'd with kind adieu.
That ſting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfal of her empire ſhe divin'd;
And her proud heart with ſecret ſorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the ſad diſcourſe renew'd
Of the relentleſs dame to death purſu'd,
And of the fight obſcene ſo lately view'd.
None durſt arraign the righteous doom ſhe bore,
Ev'n they who pity'd moſt yet blam'd her more:
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.
At ev'ry little noiſe ſhe look'd behind,
For ſtill the knight was preſent to her mind:
And anxious oft ſhe ſtarted on the way,
And thought the horſeman-ghoſt came thund'ring for his prey.
Return'd ſhe took her bed, with little reſt,
But in ſhort ſlumbers dreamt the funeral feaſt:
Awak'd, ſhe turn'd her ſide; and ſlept again,
The ſame black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the ſame dreams return'd with double pain.
Now forc'd to wake becauſe afraid to ſleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She ſprung from bed, diſtracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at ev'ry ſtep, a twitching ſpright behind.
Darkling and des'prate with a ſtagg'ring pace,
Of death afraid, and conſcious of diſgrace;
Fear, pride, remorſe, at once her heart aſſail'd,
Pride put remorſe to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her ſoul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her purſue, or Theodore be ſlain,
And two ghoſts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
This dreadful image ſo poſſeſs'd her mind,
That des'prate any ſuccour elſe to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflexion on th' unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who paſt expreſſion lov'd,
Proof to diſdain; and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men reſpected, and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herſelf, deſir'd.
Why not of her? preferr'd above the reſt
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profeſs'd?
So had another been; where he his vows addreſs'd.
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,
That once diſdaining ſhe might be diſdain'd:
The fear was juſt, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by helliſh hounds aſſail'd:
He took a low'ring leave, but who can tell,
What outward hate, might inward love conceal?
Her ſex's arts ſhe knew, and why not then,
Might deep diſſembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; reſolv'd to try,
She fixt on this her utmoſt remedy;
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at laſt on death to call,
The precipice in ſight: a ſhrub was all,
That kindly ſtood betwixt to break the fatal fall.
One maid ſhe had, belov'd above the reſt,
Secure of her, the ſecret ſhe confeſs'd:
And now the chearful light her fears diſpell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and ſtood reveal'd:
With faults confeſs'd commiſſion'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe:
The welcome meſſage made, was ſoon receiv'd;
'Twas what he wiſh'd, and hop'd, but ſcarce believ'd;
Fate ſeem'd a fair occaſion to preſent,
He knew the ſex, and fear'd ſhe might repent,
Should he delay the moment of conſent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modeſty of maidens well might ſpare;)
But ſhe with ſuch a zeal the cauſe embrac'd,
(As women where they will, are all in haſte)
That father, mother, and the kin beſide,
Were overborn by fury of the tide:
With full conſent of all, ſhe chang'd her ſtate,
Reſiſtleſs in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the reſt beware;
More eaſy, leſs imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting which the devil deſign'd,
For one fair female, loſt him half the kind.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA,

FROM BOCCACE.

Poeta loquitur.

OLD as I am, for ladies love unfit,
The pow'r of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my ſoul, and ſtill inſpires my wit.

folly, the ſevere divine
at folly, tho' he cenſures mine;
e pleaſures of a chaſte embrace,
I write, and propagates in grace
us exceſs, a prieſtly race:
m free, and that I forge th' offence,
the way, perverting firſt my ſenſe:
witty, and with venom fraught,
me ſpeak the things I never thought.
he gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
cloth the praiſe of railing well!
will think that what we looſly write,
arraign'd, he read with ſome delight:
ſeems to chew the cud again,
broad comment makes the text too plain:
s more in one explaining page,
e double meanings of the ſtage.
ed he paraphraſe on what we mean?
t worſt but wanton; he's obſcene.
ellows, nor myſelf excuſe:
the ſubject of the comic muſe:
e write without it, nor would you
nly dry inſtruction view;
always of a vicious kind,
virtuous acts inflames the mind.
e ſleepy vigour of the ſoul,
ing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
ious how to pleaſe, improves our parts,
h'd manners, and adorns with arts.
nvented verſe, and form'd the rhime,
n meaſur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
cts inlarg'd the narrow-ſoul'd:
e fierce, and made the coward bold:
when waſte, he peopled with increaſe,
ng nations reconcil'd in peace.
he firſt, and all the fair may find
legend to their fame deſign'd,
ty fires the blood, how love exalts the
nind.

---

weet iſle, where Venus keeps her court,
'ry grace, and all the loves reſort;
er ſex is form'd of ſofter earth,
the bent of pleaſure from their birth:
a Cyprian lord, above the reſt,
lthy, with a num'rous iſſue bleſt.
o gift of fortune is ſincere,
vanting in a worthy heir:
born, a goodly youth to view,
e reſt in ſhape, and outward ſhew;
is limbs with due proportion join'd,
avy, dull, degenerate mind.
ly'd the features of his face;
s there, but beauty in diſgrace.
mien, a voice with ruſtic ſound,
eyes, that ever lov'd the ground.
'd like nature's error; as the mind
were not of a piece deſign'd,
for two, and by miſtake in one were
oin'd.
ng rod, the father's forming care,
is'd in vain, on wit's deſpair;
inform'd, the leſs he underſtood,
ſunk by flound'ring in the mud.
'd of all, and grown the public ſhame,
from Galeſus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which ſignifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature ſuit.
His father, when he found his labour loſt,
And care employ'd, that anſwer'd not the coſt,
Choſe an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to ſee what nature made him love;
So to his country-farm the fool confin'd:
Rude work well ſuited with a ruſtic mind.
Thus to the wilds the ſturdy Cymon went,
A ſquire among the ſwains, and pleas'd with banishment.
His corn, and cattle, were his only care,
And his ſupreme delight a country-fare.
It happen'd on a ſummer's holiday,
That to the green-wood ſhade he took his way;
For Cymon ſhun'd the church, and us'd not much to pray.
His quarter-ſtaff, which he cou'd ne'er forſake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled as he went, for want of thought.
By chance conducted, or by thirſt conſtrain'd,
The deep receſſes of the grove he gain'd;
Where in a plain, defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted graſs a cryſtal flood,
By which an alabaſter fountain ſtood.
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her ſlaves) a ſleeping maid.
Like Dian, and her nymphs, when tir'd with ſport,
To reſt by cool Eurotas they reſort:
The dame herſelf the goddeſs well expreſs'd,
Not more diſtinguiſh'd by her purple veſt,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And ev'n in ſlumber a ſuperior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body ſhaded with a ſlight cymarr;
Her boſom to the view was only bare:
Where two beginning paps were ſcarcely ſpy'd,
For yet their places were but ſignify'd:
The fanning wind upon her boſom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the boſom roſe;
The fanning wind, and purling ſtreams continue her repoſe.
The fool of nature ſtood with ſtupid eyes
And gaping mouth, that teſtify'd ſurprize,
Fix'd on her face, nor cou'd remove his ſight,
New as he was to love, and novice in delight:
Long mute he ſtood, and leaning on his ſtaff,
His wonder witneſs'd with an ideot laugh;
Then would have ſpoke, but by his glimmering ſenſe
Firſt found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he ſhould be known,
By his clown-accent, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the firſt ray that pierc'd the native night:
Then day and darkneſs in the maſs were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe, the beams were fix'd:
Laſt ſhone the ſun, who radiant in his ſphere
Illumin'd heav'n, and earth, and roll'd around the year.
So reaſon in this brutal ſoul began:
Love made him firſt ſuſpect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian ſound,
By love his want of words, and wit he found:
That ſenſe of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and diſcloſed the promiſe of a day.

What not his father's care, nor tutor's art
Cou'd plant with pains in his unpoliſh'd heart,
The beſt inſtructor love at once inſpir'd,
As barren grounds to fruitfulneſs are fir'd:
Love taught him ſhame, and ſhame with love at ſtrife
Soon taught the ſweet civilities of life;
His groſs material ſoul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
Exciting a deſire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
This made the firſt impreſſion in his mind,
Above, but juſt above the brutal kind.
For beaſts can like, but not diſtinguiſh too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this, or t'other face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace,
But love in groſs, and ſtupidly admire;
As flies allur'd by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man beaſt advancing by degrees,
Firſt likes the whole, then ſep'rates what he ſees;
On ſev'ral parts a ſev'ral praiſe beſtows,
The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd noſe,
The ſnowy ſkin, the raven gloſſy hair,
The dimpled cheek, the forehead riſing fair,
And ev'n in ſleep itſelf a ſmiling air.
From thence his eyes deſcending view'd the reſt,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving breaſt.
Long on the laſt he dwelt, though ev'ry part
A pointed arrow ſped to pierce his heart.
Thus in a thrice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to ſee her eyes in ſlumber hid;
And with'd his own cou'd pierce within the lid:
He wou'd have wak'd her, but reſtrain'd his thought,
And love new-born the firſt good manners taught.
An awful fear his ardent wiſh withſtood,
Nor durſt diſturb the goddeſs of the wood;
For ſuch ſhe ſeem'd by her celeſtial face,
Excelling all the reſt of human race:
And things divine by common ſenſe he knew,
Muſt be devoutly ſeen at diſtant view:
So checking his deſire, with trembling heart
Gazing he ſtood, nor would, nor could depart;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not ſtir by night for fear to ſtray,
But ſtands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day.
At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
(So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care)
Unclos'd her eyes, and double-day reveal'd,
While thoſe of all her ſlaves in ſleep were ſeal'd.
The ſlavering cudden prop'd upon his ſtaff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake, nor durſt begin
To ſpeak, but wiſely kept the fool within.
Then ſhe; What make you Cymon here alone?
(For Cymon's name was round the country known
Becauſe deſcended of a noble race,
And for a ſoul ill ſorted with his face.)
But ſtill the ſot ſtood ſilent with ſurprize,
With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,
And in his breaſt receiv'd th' envenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the ſmart.
But conſcious of her form, with quick diſtruſt
She ſaw his ſparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal luſt:
This to prevent ſhe wak'd her ſleepy crew,
And riſing haſty took a ſhort adieu.
Then Cymon firſt his ruſtic voice eſſay'd,
With proffer'd ſervice to the parting maid
To ſee her ſafe; his hand ſhe long deny'd,
But took at length, aſham'd of ſuch a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there
No more wou'd to his country clowns repair.
But ſought his father's houſe with better mind,
Refuſing in the farm to be confin'd.
The father wonder'd at the ſon's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting ſtill
To learn the ſecret cauſes of his alter'd will.
Nor was he long delay'd: the firſt requeſt
He made, was, like his brothers to be dreſt,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the reſt.
With eaſe his ſuit was granted by his ſire,
Diſtinguiſhing his heir by rich attire:
His body thus adorn'd, he next deſign'd
With lib'ral arts to cultivate his mind:
He ſought a tutor of his own accord,
And ſtudy'd leſſons he before abhorr'd.
Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd ſo faſt,
That in ſhort time his equals he ſurpaſs'd:
His brutal manners from his breaſt exil'd,
His mien he faſhion'd, and his tongue he fil'd;
In ev'ry exerciſe of all admir'd,
He ſeem'd, nor only ſeem'd, but was inſpir'd:
Inſpir'd by love, whoſe buſineſs is to pleaſe;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful eaſe,
More fam'd for ſenſe, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.
What then of alter'd Cymon ſhall we ſay,
But that the fire which choak'd in aſhes lay,
A load too heavy for his ſoul to move,
Was upward blown below, and bruſh'd away by love?
Love made an active progreſs through his mind,
The duſky parts he clear'd, the groſs refin'd;
The drowſy wak'd; and as he went impreſs'd
The Maker's image on the human beaſt.
Thus was the man amended by deſire,
And tho' he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reaſon ſcan'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand;
Excus'd th' exceſs of paſſion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So Cymon, ſince his fire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon ſtill;
Galeſus he diſown'd, and choſe to bear
The name of fool confirm'd, and biſhop'd by the fair.
To Cipſeus by his friends his ſuit he mov'd,
Cipſeus the father of the fair he lov'd:
But he was pre-ingag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeav'ring to be wiſe:
And Iphigene oblig'd by former vows,
Had giv'n her faith to wed a foreign ſpouſe:
Her ſire and ſhe to Rhodian Paſimond,
Tho' both repenting, were by promiſe bound,
Nor cou'd retract; and thus, as fate decreed,
Tho' better lov'd, he ſpoke too late to ſpeed.
The doom was paſt, the ſhip already ſent,
Did all his tardy diligence prevent:
Sigh'd to herſelf the fair unhappy maid,
While ſtormy Cymon thus in ſecret ſaid:

i come for Iphigene to find
e ſhe wrought upon my mind:
i have made me man, her raviſh'd love
ll place me with the bleſs'd above.
ıy love, by force ſhe ſhall be mine,
f force ſhould fail, ſhall finiſh my deſign.
he ſaid: and rigg'd with ſpeedy care
ng, and well equipp'd for war.
ſhip with choſen friends he ſtor'd;
o die, or conquer, went aboard.
he lay behind the Cyprian ſhore,
: ſail that all his wiſhes bore:
ſpected, for the following tide
: hoſtile ſhip and beauteous bride.
les the rival bark directly ſteer'd,
on ſudden at her back appear'd,
d her flight: then ſtanding on his prow
terms he thus defy'd the foe,
our ſails at ſummons, or prepare
ıc laſt extremities of war.
'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide;
re the veſſels ſide by ſide,
inate to ſave, and thoſe to ſeize the
ride.
ı ſoon his crooked grapples caſt,
h tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
with ſword and ſhield, amid the preſs
e paſt.
the fight, but haſt'ning to his prey,
: furious lover freed his way:
ne diſpers'd the Rhodian crew,
diſdain'd, the valiant overthrew;
queſt for his following friends remain'd,
he field, and they but only glean'd.
ıry confeſs'd, the foes retreat,
eir weapons at the victor's feet.
s he cheer'd: O Rhodian youth, I fought
me, nor other booty ſought;
are ſafe; your veſſel I reſign,
our own, reſtoring what is mine:
: I claim my rightful due,
my rival, and detain'd by you:
ıond a lawleſs bargain drove,
could not ſell the daughter's love;
u'd, my love diſdains the laws,
king by conqueſt gains his cauſe:
s take place, all other pleas are vain,
t me force, and force ſhall love main-
ain.
at by ſtrength you could not keep, re-
:afe,
:aſy ranſom buy your peace.
:he conquer'd ſide ſoon ſign'd the accord,
ne to Cymon was reſtor'd:
s arms the bluſhing bride he took;
; ſadneſs ſhe compos'd her look;
:ce ſubjected to his will,
'd, diſſembling, and a woman ſtill.
: wept, he wip'd her falling tears,
her to diſmiſs her empty fears;
am, he ſaid, and have deſerv'd
nuch better whom ſo long I ſerv'd,
whom your formal father ty'd
; and ſold a ſlave, not ſent a bride.
he ſpoke he ſeiz'd the willing prey,
:e the Spartan ſpouſe away:
ſcream'd, and ev'n her eyes confeſs'd
would be thought, than was diſtreſs'd.

Who now exults but Cymon in his mind,
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the preſent, to the future blind!
Secure of fate while Cymon plows the ſea,
And ſteers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glaſs of meaſur'd hours was run,
When like a fiery meteor ſunk the ſun;
The promiſe of a ſtorm; the ſhifting gales
Forſake by fits, and fill the flagging ſails:
Hoarſe murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds ariſe,
The thunders roll, the forky light'ning flies:
In vain the maſter iſſues out commands,
In vain the trembling ſailors ply their hands:
The tempeſt unforeſeen prevents their care,
And from the firſt they labour in deſpair.
The giddy ſhip betwixt the winds and tides
Forc'd back and forwards in a circle rides,
Stun'd with the diff'rent blows; then ſhoots amain
Till counterbuff'd ſhe ſtops, and ſleeps again.
Not more aghaſt the proud archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of heav'n to deepeſt hell,
Than ſtood the lover of his love poſſeſs'd
Now curs'd, the more, the more he had been bleſs'd,
More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies; but would be loſt alone.
Sad Iphigene to womaniſh complaints
Adds pious pray'rs, and wearies all the ſaints;
Ev'n if ſhe could, her love ſhe would repent,
But ſince ſhe cannot, dreads the puniſhment:
Her forfeit faith, and Paſimond betray'd,
Are ever preſent, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herſelf, nor blames her lover leſs,
Augments her anger as her fears increaſe;
From her own back the burden would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which interpoſing durſt in heaven's deſpight
Invade, and violate another's right:
The pow'rs incens'd a-while deferr'd his pain,
And made him maſter of his vows in vain:
But ſoon they puniſh'd his preſumptuous pride;
That for his daring enterprize ſhe dy'd,
Who rather not reſiſted, than comply'd.
Then impotent of mind, with alter'd ſenſe,
She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence,
Sex to the laſt: meantime with ſails declin'd
The wand'ring veſſel drove before the wind:
Toſs'd, and retoſs'd, aloft, and then alow;
Nor port they ſeek, nor certain courſe they know,
But ev'ry moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driv'n, by breaking day they view'd
The land before them, and their fears renew'd;
The land was welcome, but the tempeſt bore
The threaten'd ſhip againſt a rocky ſhore.
A winding bay was near; to this they bent,
And juſt eſcap'd; their force already ſpent:
Secure from ſtorms, and panting from the ſea,
The land unknown at leiſure they ſurvey;
And ſaw (but ſoon their ſickly ſight withdrew)
The riſing tow'rs of Rhodes at diſtant view;
And curs'd the hoſtile ſhore of Paſimond,
Sav'd from the ſeas, and ſhipwreck'd on the ground.
The frighted ſailors try'd their ſtrength in vain
To turn the ſtern, and tempt the ſtormy main;
But the ſtiff wind withſtood the lab'ring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal ſhore!

The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian ſtrand,
And the ſhip moor'd, conſtrains the crew to land:
Yet ſtill they might be ſafe becauſe unknown,
But as ill fortune ſeldom comes alone,
The veſſel they diſmiſs'd was driv'n before,
Already ſhelter'd on their native ſhore;
Known each, they know: but each with change of chear;
The vanquiſh'd ſide exults: the victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made pris'ners ere they fight,
Deſpairing conqueſt, and depriv'd of flight.
The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia ſwarms;
Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vaſt expence,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
Stout once a month they march a bluſt'ring band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand:
This was the morn when iſſuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they ſtood prepar'd
Of ſeeming arms to make a ſhort eſſay,
Then haſten to be drunk, the buſineſs of the day.
The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themſelves ſo many, and their foes ſo few;
But crowding on, the laſt the firſt impel;
Till overborn with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon inſlav'd, who firſt the war begun,
And Iphigene once more is loſt and won.
Deep in a dungeon was the captive caſt,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters faſt:
His life was only ſpar'd at their requeſt,
Whom taken he ſo nobly had releas'd:
But Iphigenia was the ladies care,
Each in their turn addreſs'd to treat the fair;
While Paſimond and his, the nuptial feaſt prepare.
Her ſecret ſoul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But ſhe muſt ſuffer what her fates aſſign'd;
So paſſive is the church of womankind.
What worſe to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the loweſt ſpoke of all her wheel?
It reſted to diſmiſs the downward weight,
Or raiſe him upward to his former height;
The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the moſt)
Prepar'd th' amends, for what by love he loſt.
The ſire of Paſimond had left a ſon,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormiſda call'd; to whom by promiſe ty'd,
A Rhodian beauty was the deſtin'd bride:
Caſſandra was her name, above the reſt
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bleſs'd.
Lyſimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian ſtate,
Was then by choice their annual magiſtrate:
He lov'd Caſſandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favour'd his deſire;
Croſs'd by her friends, by her not diſapprov'd,
Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormiſda lov'd:
So ſtood th' affair: ſome little hope remain'd,
That ſhould his rival chance to loſe, he gain'd.
Meantime young Paſimond his marriage preſs'd,
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feaſt;
And frugally reſolv'd (the charge to ſhun,
Which would be double ſhould he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.
Lyſimachus oppreſs'd with mortal grief
Receiv'd the news, and ſtudy'd quick relief:
The fatal day approach'd: if force were us'd,
The magiſtrate his public truſt abus'd;
To juſtice liable, as law requir'd,
For when his office ceas'd, his pow'r expir'd:
While pow'r remain'd, the means were in his hand;
By force to ſeize, and then forſake the land:
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,
A ſlave to fame, but more a ſlave to love:
Reſtraining others, yet himſelf not free,
Made impotent by pow'r, debas'd by dignity!
Both ſides he weigh'd: but after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magiſtrate.
Love never fails to maſter what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wiſe he blinds.
This youth propoſing to poſſeſs, and ſcape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
Unprais'd by me, though heav'n ſometime may bleſs
An impious act with undeſerv'd ſucceſs:
The great it ſeems, are privileg'd alone
To puniſh all injuſtice but their own.
But here I ſtop, not daring to proceed,
Yet bluſh to flatter an unrighteous deed:
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.
Reſolv'd on force, his wit the pretor bent,
To find the means that might ſecure th' event;
Not long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he ſought;
Th' example pleas'd: the cauſe and crime the ſame;
An injur'd lover, and a raviſh'd dame.
How much he durſt he knew by what he dar'd,
The leſs he had to loſe, the leſs he car'd
To manage loathſome life when love was the reward.
This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of night he for the pris'ner ſent;
In ſecret ſent, the public view to ſhun,
Then with a ſober ſmile he thus begun.
The pow'rs above, who bounteouſly beſtow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit firſt, nor blindly give
To ſuch as are not worthy to receive:
For valour and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but firſt they muſt be try'd:
Theſe fruitful ſeeds within your mind they ſow'd;
'Twas yours t' improve the talent they beſtow'd:
They gave you to be born of noble kind,
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the groſſer parts; they gave you care
To pleaſe, and courage to deſerve the fair.
Thus far they try'd you, and by proof they found
The grain intruſted in a grateful ground:
But ſtill the great experiment remain'd,
They ſuffer'd you to loſe the prize you gain'd;
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone:
And when reſtor'd, to them the bleſſing own.
Reſtor'd it ſoon will be; the means prepar'd,
The difficulty ſmooth'd, the danger ſhar'd:
Be but yourſelf, the care to me reſign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Caſſandra mine.
Your rival Paſimond purſues your life,
Impatient to revenge his raviſh'd wife,
But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
And love our fortunes in one band has join'd:
Two brothers are our foes; Ormiſda mine,
As much declar'd, as Paſimond is thine:
To-morrow muſt their common vows be ty'd;
With love to friend and fortune for our guide,
Let both reſolve to die, or each redeem a bride.

Right I have none, nor haſt thou much to plead;
'Tis force when done muſt juſtify the deed:
Our taſk perform'd we next prepare for flight;
And let the loſers talk in vain of right:
We with the fair will ſail before the wind,
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
Speak thy reſolves; if now thy courage droop,
Deſpair in priſon, and abandon hope;
But if thou dar'ſt in arms thy love regain,
(For liberty without thy love were vain:)
Then ſecond my deſign to ſeize the prey,
Or lead to ſecond rape, for well thou know'ſt the way.
Said Cymon overjoy'd, do thou propoſe
The means to fight, and only ſhew the foes;
For from the firſt, when love had fir'd my mind,
Reſolv'd I left the care of life behind.
To this the bold Lyſimachus reply'd,
Let heav'n be neuter, and the ſword decide.
The ſpouſals are prepar'd, already play
The minſtrels, and provoke the tardy day:
By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are dreſs'd;
All Rhodes are ſummon'd to the nuptial feaſt,
All but myſelf, the ſole unbidden gueſt.
Unbidden though I am, I will be there,
And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.
Now hear the reſt; when day reſigns the light,
And chearful torches gild the jolly night;
Be ready at my call, my choſen few
With arms adminiſter'd ſhall aid thy crew.
Then entring unexpected will we ſeize
Our deſtin'd prey, from men diſſolv'd in eaſe;
By wine diſabl'd, unprepar'd for fight;
And haſt'ning to the ſeas ſuborn our flight:
The ſeas are ours, for I command the fort,
A ſhip well mann'd, expects us in the port:
If they, or if their friends the prize conteſt,
Death ſhall attend the man who dares reſiſt.
It pleas'd; the pris'ner to his hold retir'd,
His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work requir'd.
The ſun aroſe; the ſtreets were throng'd around,
The palace open'd, and the poſts were crown'd:
The double bridegroom at the door attends
Th' expected ſpouſe, and entertains the friends:
They meet, they lead to church; the prieſts invoke
The pow'rs, and feed the flames with fragrant ſmoke:
This done they feaſt, and at the cloſe of night
By kindled torches vary their delight,
Theſe lead the lively dance, and thoſe the brimming bowls invite.
Now at th' appointed place and hour aſſign'd,
With ſouls reſolv'd the raviſhers were join'd:
Three bands are form'd: the firſt is ſent before
To favour the retreat, and guard the ſhore:
The ſecond at the palace-gate is plac'd,
And up the loſty ſtairs aſcend the laſt:
A peaceful troop they ſeem with ſhining veſts,
But coats of mail beneath ſecure their breaſts.
Dauntleſs they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feaſt renew'd, the table ſpread:
Sweet voices mix'd with inſtrumental ſounds
Aſcend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
When like the harpies ruſhing through the hall
The ſudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their ſmoaking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each raviſher prepares to ſeize his own:
The brides invaded with a rude embrace
Shriek out for aid, confuſion fills the place:
Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with ſhining ſwords.
But late is all defence; and ſuccour vain,
The rape is made, the raviſhers remain.
Two ſturdy ſlaves were only ſent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in ſafety to the ſhore.
The troop retires, the lovers cloſe the rear,
With forward faces not confeſſing fear:
Backward they move, but ſcorn their pace to mend,
Then ſeek the ſtairs, and with ſlow haſte deſcend.
Fierce Paſimond their paſſage to prevent,
Thruſt full on Cymon's back in his deſcent,
The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent:
Stout Cymon ſoon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival's head with one deſcending blow:
And as the next in rank Ormiſda ſtood,
He turn'd the point: the ſword enur'd to blood,
Bor'd his unguarded breaſt, which pour'd a purple flood.
With vow'd revenge the gath'ring crowd purſues,
The raviſhers turn head, the fight renews;
The hall is heap'd with corps; the ſprinkled gore
Beſmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Diſpers'd at length the drunken ſquadron flies,
The victors to their veſſel bear the prize;
And hear behind loud groans and lamentable cries,
The crew with merry ſhouts their anchors weigh,
Then ply their oars, and bruſh the buxom ſea,
While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the key.
What ſhould the people do, when left alone?
The governor, and government are gone:
The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
Some troops diſbanded, and the reſt unpaid.
Rhodes is the ſovereign of the ſea no more;
Their ſhips unrigg'd, and ſpent their naval ſtore;
They neither could defend, nor can purſue,
But grind their teeth, and caſt a helpleſs view:
In vain with darts a diſtant war they try,
Short, and more ſhort the miſſive weapons fly.
Mean while the raviſhers their crimes enjoy,
And flying ſails, and ſweeping oars employ;
The cliffs of Rhodes in little ſpace are loſt,
Jove's iſle they ſeek; nor Jove denies his coaſt.
In ſafety landed on the Candian ſhore,
With generous wines their ſpirits they reſtore;
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend reſides,
Both court, and wed at once their willing brides.
A war enſues, the Cretans own their cauſe,
Stiff to defend their hoſpitable laws:
Both parties loſe by turns; and neither wins,
'Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the ſlain forgive the deed,
But a ſhort exile muſt for ſhow precede;
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove;
And happy each at home, enjoys his love.

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

OF bodies chang'd to various forms I ſing:
Ye Gods, from whence theſe miracles did ſpring,
Inſpire my numbers with celeſtial heat;
Till I my long laborious work complete;
And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,
Deduc'd from nature's birth, to Cæſar's times.
Before the ſeas, and this terreſtrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigeſted maſs;
A lifeleſs lump, unfaſhion'd, and unfram'd,
Of jarring ſeeds, and juſtly Chaos nam'd.
No ſun was lighted up the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew:
Nor yet was earth ſuſpended in the ſky;
Nor, pois'd, did on her own foundations lie:
Nor ſeas about the ſhores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water, were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unſtable,
And water's dark abyſs unnavigable.
No certain form on any was impreſt;
All were confus'd, and each diſturb'd the reſt.
For hot and cold were in one body fixt,
And ſoft with hard, and light with heavy mixt.
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To theſe inteſtine diſcords put an end.
Then earth from air, and ſeas from earth were driven,
And groſſer air ſunk from ætherial heaven
Thus diſembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguouſly embrace;
And foes are ſunder'd by a larger ſpace.
The force of fire aſcended firſt on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted ſky.
Then air ſucceeds, in lightneſs next to fire;
Whoſe atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth ſinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy ſeeds along.
About her coaſts unruly waters roar,
And, riſing on a ridge, inſult the ſhore.
Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a ſpacious round:
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow;
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running ſprings, and ſtanding lakes;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part in earth are ſwallow'd up, the moſt
In ample oceans diſembogued, are loſt.
He ſhades the woods, the vallies he reſtrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.
And as five zones th' ætherial regions bind,
Five, correſpondent, are to earth aſſign'd:
The ſun with rays, directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone:
The two beneath the diſtant poles complain
Of endleſs winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt th' extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold,
The fields of liquid air, incloſing all,
Surround the compaſs of this earthy ball:
The lighter parts lie next the fires above;
The groſſer near the watery ſurface move:
Thick clouds are ſpread, and ſtorms engender there,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear,
And winds that on their wings cold winter bear.
Nor were thoſe bluſtering brethren left at large,
On ſeas and ſhores their fury to diſcharge:
Bound as they are, and circumſcrib'd in place,
They rend the world, reſiſtleſs, where they paſs;
And mighty marks of miſchief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempeſtuous kind.
Firſt Eurus to the riſing morn is ſent,
(The regions of the balmy continent)
And Eaſtern realms, where early Perſians run,
To greet the bleſt appearance of the ſun.
Weſtward the wanton Zephyr wings his flight,
Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light:
Fierce Boreas with his offspring iſſues forth,
T' invade the frozen waggon of the North.
While frowning Auſter ſeeks the ſouthern ſphere
And rots, with endleſs rain, th' unwholſome year
High, o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The God a clearer ſpace for heaven deſign'd;
Where fields of light and liquid æther flow,
Purg'd from the ponderous dregs of earth below.
Scarce had the power diſtinguiſh'd theſe, when ſtraight
The ſtars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads from underneath the maſs,
And upward ſhoot, and kindle as they paſs,
And with diffuſive light adorn the heavenly place.
Then, every void of nature to ſupply,
With forms of Gods he fills the vacant ſky:
New herds of beaſts he ſends, the plains to ſtare;
New colonies of birds, to people air;
And to their oozy beds the finny fiſh repair.
A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man deſign'd:
Conſcious of thought, of more capacious breaſt,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the reſt:
Whether with particles of heavenly fire
The God of nature did his ſoul inſpire;
Or earth, but new divided from the ſky,
And pliant ſtill, retain'd th' ætherial energy:
Which wiſe Prometheus temper'd into paſte,
And, mixt with living ſtreams, the godlike image caſt.
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their ſight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary ſkies.
From ſuch rude principles our form began,
And earth was metamorphoſ'd into man.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The golden age was firſt; when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reaſon knew;
And, with a native bent, did good purſue.

Unforc'd by punishment, unaw'd by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere:
Needless was written-law, where none oppress;
The law of man was written in his breast:
No suppliant crowds before the judge appear'd;
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard;
But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
The mountain trees in distant prospect please,
Ere yet the pine descended to the seas;
Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore;
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their wishes to their native shore.
No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound;
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound:
Nor swords were forg'd; but, void of care and crime,
The soft creation slept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful stores allow:
Content with food, which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
Cornel and bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
The flowers unsown in fields and meadows reign'd;
And western winds immortal Spring maintain'd.
In following years the bearded corn ensu'd
From earth unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke;
And honey sweating through the pores of oak.

THE SILVER AGE.

But when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove.
Succeeding times a silver age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter, did appear;
And Spring was but a season of the year.
The sun his annual course obliquely made,
Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
Then air with sultry heats began to glow,
The wings of winds were clogg'd with ice and snow;
And shivering mortals, into houses driven,
Sought shelter from th' inclemency of heaven.
Those houses, then, were caves, or homely sheds,
With twining oziers fenc'd, and moss their beds.
Then ploughs, for seed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labour'd first beneath the yoke.

THE BRAZEN AGE.

To this next came in course the brazen age,
A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage,
Not impious yet ———

THE IRON AGE.

——Hard steel succeeded then;
And stubborn as the metal were the men.
Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the world forsook:
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
Then sails were spread to every wind that blew;
Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new:
Trees rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain:
Ere ships in triumph plough'd the watery plain.
Then land-marks limited to each his right:
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual income to the crooked share;
But greedy mortals, rummaging her store,
Digg'd from her entrails first the precious ore;
Which next to hell the prudent Gods had laid;
And that alluring ill to sight display'd;
Thus curs'd steel, and more accurs'd gold,
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold:
And double death did wretched man invade,
By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.
Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their hands)
Mankind is broken loose from moral bands;
No rights of hospitality remain:
The guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain:
The son-in-law pursues the father's life:
The wife her husband murders, he the wife.
The step-dame poison for the son prepares,
The son inquires into his father's years.
Faith flies, and Piety, in exile mourns;
And Justice, here oppress, to heaven returns.

THE GIANTS WAR.

Nor were the Gods themselves more safe above;
Against beleaguer'd heaven the giants move.
Hills pil'd on hills, on mountains mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the sky.
Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
T' avenge with thunder their audacious crime:
Red lightning play'd along the firmament,
And their demolish'd works to pieces rent.
Sing'd with the flames, and with the bolts transfix'd,
With native earth their blood the monsters mix'd;
The blood, indued with animating heat,
Did in th' impregnate earth new sons beget:
They, like the seed from which they sprung, accurst,
Against the Gods immortal hatred nurst:
An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood;
Expressing their original from blood.
Which when the king of Gods beheld from high
(Withal revolving in his memory,
What he himself had found on earth of late,
Lycaon's guilt, and his inhuman treat)
He sigh'd, nor longer with his pity strove;
But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove;
Then call'd a general council of the Gods;
Who, summon'd, issue from their blest abodes,
And fill th' assembly with a shining train:
A way there is, in heaven's expanded plain,
Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,
And mortals by the name of milky know.
The ground-work is of stars; through which the road
Lies open to the thunderer's abode.
The Gods of greater nations dwell around,
And, on the right and left the palace bound;
The commons where they can; the nobler sort,
With winding-doors wide open, front the court.
This place, as far as earth with heaven may vie,
I dare to call the Louvre of the sky.
When all were plac'd, in seats distinctly known,
And he their father had assum'd the throne,
Upon his ivory sceptre first he leant,
Then shook his head that shook the firmament:
Air, earth, and seas, obey'd th' almighty nod;
And, with a general fear, confess'd the God.
At length with indignation, thus he broke
His awful silence, and the powers bespoke:
I was not more concern'd in that debate
Of empire, when our universal state

Was put to hazard, and the giant race
Our captive skies were ready to embrace:
For, though the foe was fierce, the seeds of all
Rebellion sprung from one original;
Now wheresoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.
Let me this holy protestation make:
By hell and hell's inviolable lake,
I try'd whatever in the God-head lay,
But grangren'd members must be lopt away,
Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay
There dwells below a race of Demi gods,
Of nymphs in waters, and of fawns in woods:
Who, though not worthy yet in heaven to live,
Let them at least enjoy that earth we give.
Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,
When I myself, who no superior know,
I, who have heaven and earth at my command,
Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand?
At this a murmur through the synod went,
And with one voice they vote his punishment.
Thus, when conspiring traitors dar'd to doom
The fall of Cæsar, and in him of Rome,
The nations trembled with a pious fear;
All anxious for their earthly thunderer:
Nor was their care, O Cæsar, less esteem'd
By thee, than that of heaven for Jove was deem'd:
Who with his hand, and voice, did first restrain
Their murmurs, then resum'd his speech again.
The Gods to silence were compos'd, and fate
With reverence due to his superior state.
Cancel your pious cares; already he
Has paid his debt to justice, and to me
Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments were,
Remains for me thus briefly to declare.
The clamours of this vile degenerate age,
The cries of orphans, and th' oppressor's rage,
Had reach'd the stars; I will descend, said I,
In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie.
Disguis'd in human shape, I travell'd round
The world, and more than what I heard, I found.
O'er Mænalus I took my steepy way,
By caverns infamous for beasts of prey:
Then cross'd Cyllene, and the piny shade,
More infamous by curst Lycaon made:
Dark night had covered heaven and earth, before
I enter'd his unhospitable door.
Just at my entrance, I display'd the sign
That somewhat was approaching of divine.
The prostrate people pray; the tyrant grins;
And, adding prophanation to his sins,
I'll try, said he, and if a God appear,
To prove his deity shall cost him dear
'Twas late; the graceless wretch my death prepares,
When I should soundly sleep, oppress with cares:
This dire experiment he chose, to prove
If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove:
But first he had resolv'd to taste my power:
Not long before, but in a luckless hour,
Some legates sent from the Molossian state,
Were on a peaceful errand come to treat:
Of these he murders one, he boils the flesh,
And lays the mangled morsels in a dish:
Some part he roasts; then serves it up so drest,
And bids me welcome to this human feast.
Mov'd with disdain, the table I o'erturn'd;
And with avenging flames the palace burn'd.
The tyrant, in a fright, for shelter gains
The neighbouring fields, and scours along the plains.
Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke,
But human voice his brutal tongue forsook;
About his lips the gather'd foam he churns,
And, breathing slaughter, still with rage he burns,
But on the bleating flock his fury turns,
His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs
Cleaves to his back; a famish'd face he bears;
His arms descend, his shoulders sink away,
To multiply his legs for chace of prey.
He grows a wolf, his hoariness remains,
And the same rage in other members reigns.
His eyes still sparkle in a narrower space,
His jaws retain the grin and violence of his face.
This was a single ruin, but not one
Deserves so just a punishment alone.
Mankind's a monster, and th' ungodly times,
Confederate into guilt, are sworn to crimes.
All are alike involv'd in ill, and all
Must by the same relentless fury fall.
Thus ended he; the greater Gods assent,
By clamours urging his severe intent;
The less fill up the cry for punishment.
Yet still with pity they remember man;
And mourn as much as heavenly spirits can.
They ask, when those were lost of human birth,
What he would do with all his waste of earth?
If his dispeopled world he would resign
To beasts, a mute, and more ignoble line?
Neglected altars must no longer smoke,
If none were left to worship and invoke.
To whom the father of the Gods reply'd:
Lay that unnecessary fear aside:
Mine be the care new people to provide,
I will from wondrous principles ordain
A race unlike the first, and try my skill again.
Already had he toss'd the flaming brand,
And roll'd the thunder in his spacious hand;
Preparing to discharge on seas and land:
But stopt, for fear, thus violently driven,
The sparks should catch his axle-tree of heaven.
Remembring, in the Fates, a time, when fire
Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,
And all his blazing worlds above should burn,
And all th' inferior globe to cinders turn.
His dire artillery thus dismiss'd, he bent
His thoughts to some securer punishment:
Concludes to pour a watery deluge down;
And, what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.
The northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds;
With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds:
The South he loos'd, who night and horror brings;
And fogs are shaken from his flaggy wings
From his divided beard two streams he pours;
His head and rheumy eyes distil in showers.
With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow:
And lazy mists are lowering on his brow,
Still as he swept along, with his clench'd fist,
He squeez'd the clouds; th' imprison'd clouds resist;
The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound;
And showers inlarg'd come pouring on the ground
Then, clad in colours of a various die,
Junonian Iris breeds a new supply,
To feed the clouds impetuous rain descends;
The bearded corn beneath the burthen bends:
Defrauded clowns deplore their perish'd grain;
And the long labours of the year are vain.

rom ispatrimonial heaven alone
ontent to pour his vengeance down:
his brother of the seas he craves,
him with auxiliary waves.
ery tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
l from mossy caves, their moist abodes;
h perpetual urns his palace fill:
n in brief he thus imparts his will:
exhortation needs; your powers employ:
s had world (so Jove requires) destroy.
the reins to all your watery store:
wn the dams, and open every door.
loo is, by nature enemies to land,
udly swelling with their new command,
the living stones that stopp'd their way,
shing from their source, augment the sea
ith his mace, their monarch struck the ground:
ward trembling earth receiv'd the wound;
ng streams a ready passage found.
anded waters gather on the plain,
at the fields, and overtop the grain:
ushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,
cks, and folds, and labouring hinds away.
their dwellings were; for, sap'd by floods,
ouses fell upon their houshold Gods.
d piles, too strongly built to fail,
r their heads behold a watery wall.
s and earth were in confusion lost;
l of waters, and without a coast.
climbs a cliff; one in his boat is borne,
oughs above, where late he tow'd his corn.
o er chimney tops and turrets row,
op their anchors on the meads below:
nward driven, they bruise the tender vine;
'd aloft, are knock'd against a pine.
here of late the kids had cropp'd the grass,
nsters of the deep now take their place.
g Nereids on the cities ride,
nder'ng dolphins o'er the palace glide.
es; and masts of mighty oaks, they brouze;
ir broad fins entangle in the boughs.
ghted wolf now swims among the sheep;
llow lion wanders in the deep:
id force no longer helps the boar:
g swims faster than he ran before.
vls, long beating on their wings in vain,
of land, and drop into the main.
ills and vales no more distinction know,
el'd nature lies oppress'd below.
ost of mortals perish in the flood,
all remainder dies for want of food.
ountain of stupendous height there stands
t th' Athenian and Bœotian lands;
und of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
n a field of waters did appear:
us is its name; whose forky rise
s through the clouds, and mates the lofty skies.
n the summit of this dubious cliff,
ion wafting moor'd his little skiff.
h his wife were only left behind
sh'd man; they two were human-kind.
ountain-nymphs and Themis they adore,
om her oracles relief implore.
ost upright of mortal men was he;
ost sincere and holy woman, she.
n Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
it in a lake of water lie,
That, where so many millions lately liv'd,
But two, the best of either sex, survive'd,
He loos'd the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies
To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies;
Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driven
Discover heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.
The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face.
Already Triton, at his call, appears
Above the waves: a Tyrian robe he wears;
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
And give the waves the signal to retire.
His writhen shell he takes, whose narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent;
Then gives it breath; the blast, with doubling sound,
Runs the wide circuit of the world around.
The sun first heard it, in his early East,
And met the rattling echo in the West.
The waters, listening to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the summons and forsake the shore.
A thin circumference of land appears;
And earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds:
The streams but just contain'd within their bounds,
By slow degrees into their channels crawl;
And earth increases as the waters fall.
In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their dishonour'd branches bear.
At length the world was all restor'd to view,
But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast,
A dismal desert, and a silent waste.
Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look,
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke:
Oh wife, oh sister, oh of all thy kind
The best and only creature left behind,
By kindred, love, and now by dangers join'd;
Of multitudes, who breath'd the common air,
We two remain a species in a pair:
The rest the seas have swallow'd; nor have we
Ev'n of this wretched life a certainty.
The clouds are still above; and, while I speak,
A second deluge o'er our heads may break.
Should I be snatch'd from hence, and thou remain,
Without relief, or partner of thy pain,
How could'st thou such a wretched life sustain?
Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea,
That bury'd her I lov'd, should bury me.
Oh could our father his old arts inspire,
And make me heir of his informing fire,
That so I might abolish'd man retrieve,
And perish'd people in new souls might live!
But Heaven is pleas'd, nor ought we to complain,
That we th' examples of mankind, remain.
He said; the careful couple join their tears,
And then invoke the Gods with pious prayers.
Thus in devotion having eas'd their grief,
From sacred oracles they seek relief:
And to Cephisus' brook their way pursue:
The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew.
With living waters in the fountain bred,
They sprinkle first their garments and their head,
Then took the way which to the temple led.
The roofs were all defil'd with mos and mire,
The desert altars void of solemn fire.
Before the graduai prostrate they ador'd,
The pavement kiss'd; and thus the saint implor'd.

O righteous Themis, if the powers above
By prayers are bent to pity, and to love;
If human miſeries can move their mind;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
Tell how we may reſtore, by ſecond birth,
Mankind, and people deſolated earth.
Then thus the gracious Goddeſs, nodding, ſaid;
Depart, and with your veſtments veil your head:
And ſtooping lowly down, with looſen'd zones,
Throw each behind your backs your mighty mother's bones.
Amaz'd the pair, and mute with wonder, ſtand,
Till Pyrrha firſt refus'd the dire command.
Forbid it heaven, ſaid ſhe, that I ſhould tear
Thoſe holy relics from the ſepulchre.
They pond'er'd the myſterious words again,
For ſome new ſenſe; and long they ſought in vain.
At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow,
And ſaid, The dark ænigma will allow
A meaning; which if well I underſtand,
From ſacrilege will free the God's command;
This earth our mighty mother is, the ſtones
In her capacious body are her bones:
Theſe we muſt caſt behind. With hope, and fear,
The woman did the new ſolution hear:
The man diffides in his own augury,
And doubts the Gods; yet both reſolve to try.
Deſcending from the mount, they firſt unbind
Their veſts, and veil'd they caſt the ſtones behind:
The ſtones (a miracle to mortal view,
But long tradition makes it paſs for true)
Did firſt the rigour of their kind expel,
And ſuppled into ſoftneſs as they fell;
The ſwell'd, and ſwelling by degrees grew warm;
And took the rudiments of human form;
Imperfect ſhapes, in marble ſuch are ſeen,
When the rude chizzel does the man begin;
While yet the roughneſs of the ſtone remains,
Without the riſing muſcles and the veins.
The ſappy parts, and next reſembling juice,
Were turn'd to moiſture, for the body's uſe:
Supplying humours, blood, and nourithment:
The reſt, too ſolid to receive a bent,
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and nature did retain.
By help of power divine, in little ſpace,
What the man threw aſſum'd a manly face;
And what the wife renew'd the female race.
Hence we derive our nature, born to bear
Laborious life, and harden'd into care.
The reſt of animals, from teeming earth
Produc'd in various forms receiv'd their birth.
The native moiſture, in its cloſe retreat,
Digeſted by the ſun's æthereal heat,
As in a kindly womb, began to breed:
Then ſwell'd, and quicken'd by the vital ſeed.
And ſome in leſs, and ſome in longer ſpace,
Were ripen'd into form, and took a ſeveral face.
Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And ſeeks with ebbing tides his ancient bed,
The fat manure with heavenly fire is warm'd;
And cruſted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd:
Theſe, when they turn the glebe, the peaſants find:
Some rude, and yet unfiniſh'd in their kind:
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth;
One half alive, and one of lifeleſs earth.
For heat and moiſture when in bodies join'd,
The temper that reſults from either kind
Conception makes; and fighting, till they mix,
Their mingled atoms in each other fix.
Thus nature's hand the genial bed prepares
With friendly diſcord, and with fruitful wars.
From hence the ſurface of the ground with mud
And ſlime beſmear'd (the fæces of the flood)
Receiv'd the rays of heaven; and, ſucking in
The ſeeds of heat, new creatures did begin:
Some were of ſeveral ſorts produc'd before;
But of new monſters earth created more;
Unwillingly, but yet ſhe brought to light
Thee, Python too, the wondering world to fright
And the new nations with ſo dire a ſight,
So monſtrous was his bulk, ſo large a ſpace
Did his vaſt body and long train embrace;
Whom Phœbus haſking on a bank eſpy'd,
Ere now the God his arrows had not try'd,
But on the trembling deer, or mountain-goat;
At this new quarry he prepares to ſhoot
Though every ſhaft took place, he ſpent the ſtore
Of his full quiver; and 'twas long before
Th' expiring ſerpent wallow'd in his gore.
Then, to preſerve the fame of ſuch a deed,
For Python ſlain, he Pythian games decreed,
Where noble youths for maſterſhip ſhould ſtrive,
To quoit, to run, and ſteeds and chariots drive.
The prize was fame, in witneſs of renown,
An oaken garland did the victor crown.
The laurel was not yet for triumph born;
But every green alike by Phœbus worn
Did, with promiſcuous grace, his flowing locks adorn.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE INTO A LAUREL.

THE firſt and faireſt of his loves was ſhe,
Whom not blind fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry Cupid forc'd him to deſire:
Daphne her name, and Peneus was her ſire.
Swell'd with the pride that new ſucceſs attends,
He ſees the ſtripling, while his bow he bends,
And thus inſults him: Thou laſcivious boy,
Are arms like theſe for children to employ?
Know, ſuch atchievements are my proper claim;
Due to my vigour and unerring aim:
Reſiſtleſs are my ſhafts; and Python late,
In ſuch a feather'd death, has found his fate.
Take up thy torch, and lay my weapons by;
With that the feeble ſouls of lovers fry.
To whom the ſon of Venus thus reply'd:
Phœbus, thy ſhafts are ſure on all beſide;
But mine on Phœbus: mine the fame ſhall be
Of all thy conqueſts, when I conquer thee.
He ſaid, and ſoaring ſwiftly wing'd his flight;
Nor ſtopt but on Parnaſſus' airy height.
Two different ſhafts he from his quiver draws;
One to repel deſire, and one to cauſe.
One ſhaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
To bribe the love, and make the lover bold:
One blunt, and tipt with lead, whoſe baſe allay
Provokes diſdain, and drives deſire away.
The blunted bolt againſt the nymph he dreſt:
But with the ſharp transfix'd Apollo's breaſt.
Th' enamour'd Deity purſues the chace;
The ſcornful damſel ſhuns his loath'd embrace:

; beaſts of prey her youth employs ;
be rivals in her rural joys.
d neck ſhe goes, and ſhoulders bare
a fillet binds her flowing hair.
uitors ſought, ſhe mocks their pains,
ier vow'd virginity maintains
of a yoke, the name of bride
and hates the joys ſhe never try'd.
and wood ſhe fixes her deſire:
s what youth and kindly love inſpire.
chides her oft: Thou ow'ſt, ſays he,
l to thyſelf, a ſon to me
crime, abhors the nuptial bed:
with bluſhes, and ſhe hangs her head.
ling round his neck her tender arms,
m with blandiſhments and filial charms:
my lord, ſhe ſaid, to live, and die,
maid, without the marriage-tie.
ſmall requeſt; I beg no more
it Diana's father gave before.
old ſire was ſoften'd to conſent;
ier wiſh would prove her puniſhment:
ch youth, and ſo much beauty join'd,
ie ſtate, which her deſires deſign'd.
d of light, aſpiring to her bed,
at he ſeeks, with flattering fancies fed;
his own oracles miſled.
empty fields the ſtubble burns,
travellers, when day returns,
eſs torches on dry hedges throw,
the flames, and kindle all the row;
he God, conſuming in deſire,
ng in his breaſt the fruitleſs fire:
turn'd neck he view'd (her neck was
bare)
r ſhoulders her diſhevel'd hair:
t comb'd, ſaid he, with what a grace
ry waving curl become her face!
l her eyes, like heavenly lamps that
ſhone!
her lips, too ſweet to view alone,
fingers, and her panting breaſt;
all he ſees, and for the reſt
ie beauties yet unſeen are beſt.
ie wind, the damſel fled away,
r theſe alluring ſpeeches ſtay:
ph, he cry'd, I follow, not a foe:
the Lion trips the trembling Doe;
the Wolf the frighten'd Lamb removes,
purſuing Falcons fearful Doves;
n'ſt a God, and ſhunn'ſt a God, that
loves.
me thorn ſhould pierce thy tender foot,
ould'ſt fall in flying my purſuit!
meven ways thy ſteps decline;
ſpeed, and I will bate of mine.
from whom thou doſt ſo raſhly fly;
born, nor ſhepherd's ſwain am I.
ou know'ſt not my ſuperior ſtate;
that ignorance proceeds thy hate,
, Delphos, Tenedos obey;
ds the Patarean ſceptre ſway.
af Gods begot me: what ſhall be,
ver was, in fate, I ſee.
' invention of the charming lyre;
es and heavenly numbers I inſpire.
bow, unerring is my dart;
more deadly his, who pierc'd my heart.

Medicine is mine, what herbs and ſimples grow
In fields and foreſts, all their powers I know;
And am the great phyſician call'd below.
Alas, that fields and foreſts can afford
No remedies to heal their love-ſick lord!
To cure the pains of love, no plant avails;
And his own phyſic the phyſician fails.
She heard not half, ſo furiouſly ſhe flies,
And on her ear th' imperfect accent dies.
Fear gave her wings; and as ſhe fled, the wind
Increaſing ſpread her flowing hair behind;
And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view;
Which made the God more eager to purſue.
The God was young, and was too hotly bent
To loſe his time in empty compliment:
But led by love, and fir'd by ſuch a ſight,
Impetuouſly purſued his near delight
As when th' impatient greyhound, ſlipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe, to courſe the fearful hare,
She in her ſpeed does all her ſafety lay;
And he with double ſpeed purſues the prey;
O'er runs her at the ſitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She 'ſcapes, and for the neighbouring covert ſtrives,
And, gaining ſhelter, doubts if yet ſhe lives:
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the God, and ſuch the flying fair:
She, urg'd by fear, her feet did ſwiftly move;
But he more ſwiftly, who was urg'd by love.
He gathers ground upon her in the chace:
Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace;
And juſt is faſtening on the wiſh'd embrace.
The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labour of ſo long a flight;
And now deſpairing caſt a mournful look,
Upon the ſtreams of her paternal brook:
Oh, help, ſhe cry'd in this extremeſt need,
If Water-Gods are Deities indeed:
Gape, earth, and this unhappy wretch intomb:
Or change my form whence all my ſorrows come.
Scarce had ſhe finiſh'd, when her feet ſhe found
Benumb'd with cold, and faſten'd to the ground:
A filmy rind about her body grows,
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:
The nymph is all into a laurel gone,
The ſmoothneſs of her ſkin remains alone.
Yet Phœbus loves her ſtill, and, caſting round
Her bole, his arms, ſome little warmth he found.
The tree ſtill panted in th' unfiniſh'd part,
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind;
It ſwerv'd aſide, and his embrace declin'd.
To whom the God: Becauſe thou canſt not be
My miſtreſs, I eſpouſe thee for my tree:
Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
The deathleſs poet, and the poem, crown.
Thou ſhalt the Roman feſtivals adorn,
And, after poets, be by victors worn.
Thou ſhalt returning Cæſar's triumph grace;
When pomps ſhall in a long proceſſion paſs:
Wreath'd on the poſt before his palace wait;
And be the ſacred guardian of the gate:
Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
Unfading as th' immortal powers above:
And as the locks of Phœbus are unſhorn,
So ſhall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he ſaid,
And ſhook the ſhady honours of her head.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF IO INTO AN HEIFER.

AN ancient forest in Thessalia grows;
Which Tempe's pleasant valley does inclose;
Through this the rapid Peneus takes his course;
From Pindus rolling with impetuous force:
Mists from the river's mighty fall arise;
And deadly damps inclose the cloudy skies:
Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood;
And sounds of waters dear the neighbourhood,
Deep in a rocky cave, he makes abode:
A mansion proper for a mourning God.
Here he gives audience; issuing out decrees
To rivers, his dependent Deities.
On this occasion hither they resort,
To pay their homage, and to make their court,
All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His daughter's honour, or lament her fate.
Spercheus, crown'd with poplar, first appears;
Then old Apidanus came crown'd with years:
Enipeus turbulent, Amphrysos tame;
And Æas last with lagging waters came.
Then of his kindred brooks a numerous throng
Condole his loss, and bring their urns along
Not one was wanting of the watery train,
That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the main,
But Inachus, who, in his cave alone,
Wept not another's losses, but his own;
For his dear Io, whether stray'd or dead,
To him uncertain, doubtful tears he shed.
He sought her through the world, but sought in vain;
And, no where finding, rather fear'd her slain.
Her just returning from her father's brook,
Jove had beheld with a desiring look;
And, oh, fair daughter of the flood, he said,
Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,
Happy whoever shall those charms possess!
The king of Gods (nor is thy lover less)
Invites thee to yon cooler shades, to shun
The scorching rays of the meridian sun.
Nor shalt thou tempt the dangers of the grove
Alone without a guide; the guide is Jove.
No puny power, but he, whose high command
Is uncontrol'd, who rules the sea and land,
And tempers thunder in his awful hand.
Oh, fly not (for she fled from his embrace
O'er Lerna's pastures): he pursued the chace
Along the shades of the Lyrcæan plain;
At length the God who never asks in vain,
Involv'd with vapours, imitating night,
Both air and earth; and then suppress'd her flight,
And mingling force with love, enjoy'd the full delight.
Mean-time the jealous Juno, from on high
Survey'd the fruitful fields of Arcady;
And wonder'd that the mist should over-run
The face of day-light, and obscure the sun.
No natural cause she found, from brooks or bogs,
Or marshy low lands to produce the fogs:
Then round the skies she sought for Jupiter,
Her faithless husband; but no Jove was there.
Suspecting now the worst, Or I, she said,
Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd.
With fury she precipitates her flight;
Dispels the shadows of dissembled night,
And to the day restores his native light.
Th' almighty leacher, careful to prevent
The consequence, foreseeing her descent,
Transforms his mistress in a trice: and now
In Io's place appears a lovely cow.
So sleek her skin, so faultless was her make,
Ev'n Juno did unwilling pleasure take
To see so fair a rival of her love;
And what she was, and whence, enquir'd of Jove:
Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree?
The God half-caught, was forc'd upon a lie;
And said, she sprung from earth. She took the word,
And begg'd the beauteous heifer of her lord.
What should he do? 'twas equal shame to Jove,
Or to relinquish, or betray his love:
Yet to refuse so slight a gift, would be
But more t' increase his consort's jealousy:
Thus fear, and love, by turns his heart assail'd;
And stronger love had sure at length prevail'd;
But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous queen
Had not the mistress through the heifer seen.
The cautious Goddess of her gift possest,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her breast;
As she who knew the falsehood of her Jove,
And justly fear'd some new relapse of love.
Which to prevent, and to secure her care,
To trusty Argus she commits the fair.
The head of Argus (as with stars the skies)
Was compass'd round, and wore an hundred eyes.
But two by turns their lids in slumber steep;
The rest on duty still their station keep;
Nor could the total constellation sleep.
Thus, ever present, to his eyes and mind,
His charge was still before him, though behind,
In fields he suffer'd her to feed by day;
But, when the setting sun to night gave way,
The captive cow he summon'd with a call,
And drove her back, and ty'd her to the stall.
On leaves of trees and bitter herbs she fed,
Heaven was her canopy, bare earth her bed;
So hardly lodg'd: and to digest her food,
She drank from troubled streams defil'd with mud.
Her woful story fain she would have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold.
Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd,
She strove to speak; she spoke not, but she low'd.
Affrighted with the noise, she look'd around,
And seem'd t' inquire the author of the sound.
Once on the banks where often she had play'd
(Her father's banks) she came, and there survey'd
Her alter'd visage, and her branching head;
And starting from herself she would have fled.
Her fellow-nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
Beheld but knew her not in this disguise.
Ev'n Inachus himself was ignorant;
And in his daughter did his daughter want.
She follow'd where her fellows went, as she
Were still a partner of the company:
They stroke her neck; the gentle heifer stands,
And her neck offers to their stroking hands:
Her father gave her grass; the grass she took;
And lick'd his palms, and cast a piteous look;
And in the language of her eyes she spoke.
She would have told her name, and ask'd relief,
But, wanting words, in tears she tells her grief.
Which with her foot she makes him understand;
And prints the name of Io in the sand,

me! her mournful father cry'd;
h to *wretched* me reply'd:
ilk-white neck his arms he threw;
d then theſe tender words enſue:
ſh', whom I have fought around
nd have at length ſo ſadly found?
worſe than loſt: with mutual words
't not, no voice thy tongue affords:
deeply drawn from out thy breaſt;
leny'd by lowing is expreſs'd.
I prepar'd thy bridal bed;
hopes of happy iſſue fed.
huſband of a herd muſt be
id bellowing ſons thy progeny.
nortal, death might bring relief!
God-head but extends my grief;
woes, of which no end I ſee,
ne curſe my immortality.
ſaid, but, fearful of her ſtay,
uardian drove his charge away
h paſture; on a hilly height
elf, and kept her ſtill in ſight.

ES OF ARGUS TRANSFORMED TO A PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

: no longer could her ſufferings bear t
haſte his airy meſſenger,
Maia, with ſevere decree
keeper, and to ſet her free.
harneſs ſoon the God was ſped;
at was fatten'd on his head;
is heels were hung, and in his hand
: virtue of the ſnaky wand.
iir his moving pinions wound,
moment, ſhoot him on the ground.
ame in ſight, the crafty God
liſmiſs'd, but ſtill retain'd his rod:
procuring wand wiſe Hermes took,
t ſeem to fight a ſhepherd's hook.
e did a herd of goats control;
he way he met, and ſlily ſtole.
country ſwain, he pip'd, and ſung;
g drove his jolly troop along.
aſure Argus the muſician heeds;
s much at thoſe new vocal reeds.
'er thou art, my friend, ſaid he,
rive thy goats, and play by me:
is brouze for them, and ſhade for thee.
who was with eaſe induc'd to climb,
urſe to paſs away the time;
twixt his tuneful pipe he plies:
i'd his hour, to cloſe the keeper's eyes.
h ado, he partly kept awake;
ng all his eyes repoſe to take:
the ſtranger, who did reeds invent,
ce became ſo rare an inſtrument.

RANSFORMATION OF SYRINX INTO REEDS.

ſermes thus; a nymph of late there was,
avenly form her fellows did ſurpaſs.
and joy of fair Arcadia's plains;
/ Deities, ador'd by ſwains:
Syrinx her name, by Sylvans oft purſu'd,
As oft ſhe did the luſtful Gods delude:
The rural and the wood land powers diſdain'd;
With Cynthia hunted, and her rites maintain'd:
Like Phœbe clad, ev'n Phœbe's ſelf ſhe ſeems,
So tall, ſo ſtraight, ſuch well-proportion'd limbs:
The niceſt eye did no diſtinction know,
But that the Goddeſs bore a golden bow:
Diſtinguiſh'd thus, the ſight ſhe cheated too.
Deſcending from Lycæus, Pan admires
The matchleſs nymph, and burns with new deſires.
A crown of pine upon his head he wore;
And thus began her pity to implore.
But, ere he thus began, ſhe took her flight
So ſwift, ſhe was already out of ſight.
Nor ſtay'd to hear the courtſhip of the God:
But bent her courſe to Ladon's gentle flood:
There by the river ſtopt, and tir'd before,
Relief from water-nymphs her prayers implore.
Now while the luſtful God, with ſpeedy pace,
Juſt thought to ſtrain her in a ſtrict embrace,
He fills his arms with reeds, new riſing on the place.
And while he ſighs his ill ſucceſs to find,
The tender canes were ſhaken by the wind;
And breath'd a mournful air, unheard before;
That, much ſurprizing Pan, yet pleas'd him more.
Admiring this new muſic, Thou, he ſaid,
Who canſt not be the partner of my bed,
At leaſt ſhalt be the conſort of my mind;
And, often, often to my lips be join'd.
He form'd the reeds, proportion'd as they are:
Unequal in their length, and wax'd with care,
They ſtill retain the name of his ungrateful fair.
While Hermes pip'd, and ſung, and told his tale,
The keeper's winking eyes began to fail,
And drowſy ſlumber on the lids to creep;
Till all the watchman was at length aſleep.
Then ſoon the God his voice and ſong ſuppreſt;
And with his powerful rod confirm'd his reſt:
Without delay his crooked falchion drew,
And at one fatal ſtroke the keeper ſlew.
Down from the rock fell the diſſever'd head,
Opening its eyes in death, and falling bled;
And mark'd the paſſage with a crimſon trail:
Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold and pale;
And all his hundred eyes, with all their light,
Are cloſ'd at once, in one perpetual night.
Theſe Juno takes, that they no more may fail,
And ſpreads them in her peacocks's gaudy tail.
Impatient to revenge her injur'd bed,
She wreaks her anger on her rival's head;
With furies frights her from her native home,
And drives her gadding round the world to roam:
Nor ceas'd her madneſs and her flight, before
She touch'd the limits of the Pharian ſhore.
At length arriving on the banks of Nile,
Wearied with length of ways, and worn with toil,
She laid her down: and, leaning on her knees,
Invok'd the cauſe of all her miſeries:
And caſt her languiſhing regards above,
For help from heaven, and her ungrateful Jove.
She ſigh'd, ſhe wept, ſhe low'd; 'twas all ſhe could;
And with unkindneſs ſeem'd to tax the God.
Laſt, with an humble prayer, ſhe begg'd repoſe,
Or death at leaſt to finiſh all her woes.
Jove heard her vows, and, with a flattering look,
In her behalf to jealous Juno ſpoke.

He caſt his arms about her neck, and ſaid:
Dame, reſt ſecure; no more thy nuptial bed
This nymph ſhall violate; by Styx I ſwear,
And every oath that binds the Thunderer.
The Goddeſs was appeas'd: and at the word
Was Io to her former ſhape reſtor'd.
The rugged hair began to fall away;
The ſweetneſs of her eyes did only ſtay,
Though not ſo large; her crooked horns decreaſe;
The wideneſs of her jaws and noſtrils ceaſe:
Her hoofs and hands return, in little ſpace;
The five long taper fingers take their place;
And nothing of the heifer now is ſeen,
Beſide the naked whiteneſs of her ſkin.
Erected on her feet ſhe walks again,
And two the duty of the four ſuſtain.
She tries her tongue, her ſilence ſoftly breaks,
And fears her former lowings when ſhe ſpeaks:
A Goddeſs now through all th' Egyptian ſtate;
And ſerv'd by prieſts, who in white linen wait.
Her ſon was Epaphus, at length believ'd
The ſon of Jove, and as a God receiv'd.
With ſacrifice ador'd, and public prayers,
He common temples with his mother ſhares.
Equal in years, and rival in renown
With Epaphus, the youthful Phaëton,
Like honour claims, and boaſts his fire the ſun.
His haughty looks, and his aſſuming air,
The ſon of Iſis could no longer bear:
Thou tak'ſt thy mother's word too far, ſaid he,
And haſt uſurp'd thy boaſted pedigree.
Go, baſe pretender to a borrow'd name!
Thus tax'd, he bluſh'd with anger, and with ſhame;
But ſhame repreſs'd his rage: the daunted youth
Soon ſeeks his mother, and enquires the truth:
Mother, ſaid he, this infamy was thrown
By Epaphus on you, and me your ſon.
He ſpoke in public, told it to my face:
Nor durſt I vindicate the dire diſgrace:
Ev'n I, the bold, the ſenſible of wrong,
Reſtrain'd by ſhame, was forc'd to hold my tongue.
To hear an open ſlander, is a curſe:
But not to find an anſwer, is a worſe.
If I am heaven-begot, aſſert your ſon
By ſome ſure ſign; and make my father-known,
To right my honour, and redeem your own.
He ſaid, and ſaying caſt his arms about
Her neck, and begg'd her to reſolve the doubt.
'Tis hard to judge if Clymene were mov'd
More by his pray'r, whom ſhe ſo dearly lov'd,
Or more with fury fir'd, to find her name
Traduc'd, and made the ſport of common fame.
She ſtretch'd her arms to heaven, and fix'd her eyes
On that fair planet that adorns the ſkies;
Now by thoſe beams, ſaid ſhe, whoſe holy fires
Conſume my breaſt, and kindle my deſires;
By him who ſees us both, and chears our ſight,
By him, the public miniſter of light,
I ſwear that Sun begot thee: if I lye,
Let him his chearful influence deny:
Let him no more this perjur'd creature ſee,
And ſhine on all the world but only me.
If ſtill you doubt your mother's innocence,
His eaſtern manſion is not far from hence;
With little pains you to his levee go,
And from himſelf your parentage may know.
With joy th' ambitious youth his mother heard,
And eager for the journey ſoon prepar'd.
He longs the world beneath him to ſurvey;
To guide the chariot, and to give the day:
From Meroë's burning ſands he bends his courſe,
Nor leſs in India feels his father's force;
His travel urging, till he came in ſight,
And ſaw the palace by the purple light.

MELEAGER AND ATALANTA.

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

CONNECTION to the former STORY.

Ovid, having told how Theſeus had freed Athens from the tribute of children, which was impoſed on them by Minos king of Creta, by killing the Minotaur, here makes a digreſſion to the ſtory of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the moſt inartificial connections in all the Metamorphoſes: for he only ſays, that Theſeus obtained ſuch honour from that combat, that all Greece had recourſe to him in their neceſſities; and, amongſt others, Calydon; though the hero of that country, prince Meleager, was then living.

FROM him, the Caledonian ſought relief;
Though valiant Meleagrus was their chief.
The cauſe, a boar, who ravag'd far and near:
Of Cynthia's wrath, th' avenging miniſter.
For Oeneus, with autumnal plenty bleſs'd,
In gifts to heaven his gratitude expreſs'd:
Cull'd ſheaves, to Ceres; to Lyæus, wine;
To Pan, and Pales, offer'd ſheep and kine;
And fat of olives to Minerva's ſhrine.
Beginning from the rural Gods, his hand
Was liberal to the powers of high command:
Each Deity in every kind was bleſs'd,
Till at Diana's fane th' invidious honour ceas'd.
Wrath touches ev'n the Gods; the queen of night,
Fir'd with diſdain, and jealous of her right,
Unhonour'd though I am, at leaſt ſaid ſhe,
Not unreveng'd that impious act ſhall be.
Swift as the word, ſhe ſped the boar away,
With charge on thoſe devoted fields to prey.
No larger bulls th' Ægyptian paſtures feed,
And none ſo large Sicilian meadows breed:
His eye-balls glare with fire, ſuffus'd with blood;
His neck ſhoots up a thickſet thorny wood;
His briſtled back a trench impal'd appears,
And ſtands erected, like a field of ſpears.
Froth fills his chaps, he ſends a grunting ſound,
And part he churns, and part beſoams the ground.
For tuſks with Indian elephants he ſtrove,
And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he drove.
He burns the leaves; the ſcorching blaſt invades
The tender corn, and ſhrivels-up the blades:
Or, ſuffering not their yellow beards to rear,
He trampies down the ſpikes, and intercepts the year.
In vain the barns expect their promis'd load,
Nor barns at home, nor reeks are heap'd abroad:
In vain the hinds the threſhing-floor prepare,
And exerciſe their flails in empty air.
With olives ever green the ground is ſtrow'd,
And grapes ungather'd ſhed their generous blood.

old he rages, nor the ſheep
herds, nor the grooms their bulls can
eep.
lds to walls the frighted rabble run,
themſelves ſecure within the town:
rus, and his choſen crew,
e danger, and the praiſe purſue.
twins, (in time to ſtars decreed)
on foot, one curb'd the fiery ſteed;
forth fam'd Jaſon after theſe,
'd the foremoſt ſhip that ſail'd the ſeas;
eus join'd with bold Pirithous came:
ncord in a double name:
an ſons, Idas who ſwiftly ran,
s, once a woman, now a man.
ith eagle's eyes and lion's heart;
with his never-erring dart;
ileus, Phœnix, Telamon,
ex, and Eurytion,
ther, and great Phocus' ſon;
erce, and Hippaſus the ſtrong;
old Iolas, and Neſtor then but young.
ve, and Ancæus bold;
ſage, who future things foretold;
r ſeer yet by his wife unfold.
others of immortal fame;
reſt fair Atalanta came,
e woods; a diamond buckle bound
ind, that elſe had flow'd upon the ground,
l her buſkin'd legs; her head was bare,
native ornament of hair;
ſimple knot was ty'd above,
gence, unheeded bait of love!
ig quiver on her ſhoulder ty'd,
dart, and one a bow ſupply'd.
er face, as in a nymph diſplay'd
boy, or in a boy betray'd
g beauties of a modeſt maid.
nian chief at once the dame
nce his heart receiv'd the flame,
ns averſe. O happy youth, he cry'd;
hy fates reſerve ſo fair a bride!
nd had no leiſure more to ſay:
call'd his eyes another way,
him to purſue the now neglected
ey.
od a foreſt on the mountain's brow,
-look'd the ſhaded plains below,
g ax preſum'd thoſe trees to bite,
the world, a venerable ſight.
there arriv'd, ſome ſpread around
me ſearch the footſteps on the ground,
the chains the faithful dogs unbound.
ger, and intent on thought,
heir honourable danger ſought:
od below; the common drain
om above, and falling rain:
was a moiſt and marſhy ground,
s were with bending oſiers crown'd;
bulruſh next in order ſtood,
hin of reeds a trembling wood.
ice the boar was rous'd, and ſprung
nain,
ig ſudden on the warrior-train;
the trees before him, ſhakes the ground,
choes to the crackling ſound:
rce youth, and clamours ring around.

All ſtood with their protended ſpears prepar'd,
With broad ſteel heads the brandiſh'd weapons glar'd
The beaſt impetuous with his tuſks aſide
Deals glancing wounds; the fearful dogs divide:
All ſpend their mouth aloft, but none abide.
Echion threw the firſt, but miſs'd his mark,
And ſtuck his boar-ſpear on a maple's bark,
Then Jaſon; and his javelin ſeem'd to take,
But fail'd with over-force, and whizz'd above his back.
Mopſus was next; but ere he threw, addreſs'd
To Phœbus thus: O patron, help thy prieſt.
If I adore, and ever have ador'd
Thy power divine, thy preſent aid afford;
That I may reach the beaſt. The God allow'd
His prayer, and, ſmiling, gave him what he could:
He reach'd the ſavage, but no blood he drew,
Dian unarm'd the javelin as it flew.
This chaf'd the boar, his noſtrils flames expire,
And his red eye-balls roll with living fire.
Whirl'd with a ſtring, or from an engine thrown,
Amidſt the foes, ſo flies a mighty ſtone,
As flew the beaſt; the left wing put to flight,
The chiefs o'erborn, he ruſhes on the right.
Empalamos and Pelagon he laid
In duſt, and next to death, but for their fellows aid.
Oneſimus far'd worſe, prepar'd to fly;
The fatal fang drove deep within his thigh,
And cut the nerves; the nerves no more ſuſtain
The bulk; the bulk unprop'd falls headlong on the plain.
Neſtor had fail'd the fall of Troy to ſee,
But, leaning on his lance, he vaulted on a tree;
Then, gathering up his feet, look'd down with fear,
And thought his monſtrous foe was ſtill too near.
Againſt a ſtump his tuſk the monſter grinds,
And in the ſharpen'd edge new vigour finds;
Then, truſting to his arms, young Othrys found,
And ranch'd his hips with one continu'd wound.
Now Leda's twins, the future ſtars, appear:
White were their habits, white their horſes were;
Conſpicuous both, and both in act to throw,
Their trembling lances brandiſh'd at the foe:
Nor had they miſs'd; but he to thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aiming ſpears, not previous to the ſteed.
But Telamon ruſh'd in, and happ'd to meet
A riſing root, that held his faſten'd feet;
So down he fell, whom, ſprawling on the ground,
His brother from the wooden gyves unbound.
Mean time the virgin-huntreſs was not ſlow
T' expel the ſhaft from her contracted bow:
Beneath his ear the faſten'd arrow ſtood,
And from the wound appear'd the trickling blood.
She bluſh'd for joy: But Meleagrus rais'd
His voice with loud applauſe, and the fair archer prais'd.
He was the firſt to ſee, and firſt to ſhow
His friends the marks of the ſucceſsful blow.
Nor ſhall thy valour want the praiſes due,
He ſaid; a virtuous envy ſeiz'd the crew.
They ſhout; the ſhouting animates their hearts,
And all at once employ their thronging darts;
But, out of order thrown, in air they join;
And multitude makes fruſtrate the deſign.
With both his hands the proud Ancæus takes,
And flouriſhes his double-biting ax:

Then, forward to his fate, he took a ſtride
Before the reſt, and to his fellows cry'd,
Give place, and mark the difference, if you can,
Between a woman-warrior and a man;
The boar is doom'd; nor, though Diana lend
Her aid, Diana can her beaſt defend.
Thus boaſted he; then ſtretch'd, on tiptoe ſtood,
Secure to make his empty promiſe good
But the more wary beaſt prevents the blow,
And upward rips the groin of his audacious foe.
Ancæus falls; his bowels from the wound
Ruſh out, and clotted blood diſtains the ground.
Pirithous, no ſmall portion of the war,
Preſs'd on, and ſhook his lance: to whom from far,
Thus Theſeus cry'd: O ſtay, my better part,
My more than miſtreſs, of my heart, the heart.
The ſtrong may fight aloof; Ancæus try'd
His force too near, and by preſuming dy'd:
He ſaid, and while he ſpake, his javelin threw;
Hiſſing in air th' unerring weapon flew;
But on the arm of oak, that ſtood betwixt
The marks-man and the mark, his lance he fixt.
Once more bold Jaſon threw, but fail'd to wound
The boar, and ſlew an undeſerving hound;
And through the flog the dart was nail'd to ground.
Two ſpears from Meleager's hand were ſent,
With equal force, but various in th' event:
The firſt was fix'd in earth, the ſecond ſtood
On the boar's briſtled back, and deeply drank his blood.
Now while the tortur'd ſavage turns around,
And flings about his foam impatient of the wound.
The wound's great author cloſe at hand provokes
His rage, and plies him with redoubled ſtrokes;
Wheels as he wheels: and with his pointed dart
Explores the neareſt paſſage to his heart.
Quick and more quick he ſpins in giddy gires,
Then falls, and in much foam his ſoul expires
This act with ſhouts heaven-high the friendly band
Applaud, and ſtrain in theirs the victor's hand.
Then all approach the ſlain with vaſt ſurprize,
Admire on what a breadth of earth he lies;
And, ſcarce ſecure, reach out their ſpears afar,
And blood their points, to prove their partnerſhip of war.
But he, the conquering chief, his foot impreſs'd
On the ſtrong neck of that deſtructive beaſt;
And, gazing on the nymph with ardent eyes,
Accept, ſaid he, fair Nonacrine, my prize,
And, though inferior, ſuffer me to join
My labours, and my part of praiſe, with thine:
At this preſents her with the tuſky head
And chine, with riſing briſtles roughly ſpread.
Glad, ſhe receiv'd the gift; and ſeem'd to take
With double pleaſure, for the giver's ſake.
The reſt were ſeiz'd with ſullen diſcontent,
And a deaf murmur through the ſquadron went:
All envy'd; but the Theſſalian brethren ſhow'd
The leaſt reſpect, and thus they vent their ſpleen aloud:
Lay down thoſe honour'd ſpoils, nor think to ſhare,
Weak woman as thou art, the prize of war:
Ours is the title, thine a foreign claim,
Since Meleagrus from our lineage came
Truſt not thy beauty; but reſtore the prize,
Which he, beſotted on that face and eyes,
Would rend from us. At this, inflam'd with ſpite,
From her they ſnatch'd the gift, from him the giver's right.
But ſoon th' impatient prince his fauchion drew,
And cry'd, Ye robbers of another's due,
Now learn the difference, at your proper coſt,
Betwixt true valour, and an empty boaſt.
At this advanc'd, and ſudden as the word,
In proud Plexippus' boſom plung'd the ſword:
Toxeus amaz'd, and with amazement ſlow,
Or to revenge, or ward the coming blow,
Stood doubting; and, while doubting thus he ſtood,
Receiv'd the ſteel bath'd in his brother's blood.
Pleas'd with the firſt, unknown the ſecond news,
Althæa to the temples pays their dues
For her ſon's conqueſt; when at length appear
Her griſly brethren ſtretch'd upon the bier:
Pale, at the ſudden ſight, ſhe chang'd her cheer,
And with her cheer her robes; but hearing tell
The cauſe, the manner, and by whom they fell,
'Twas grief no more, or grief and rage were one
Within her ſoul; at laſt 'twas rage alone;
Which burning upwards in ſucceſſion dries
The tears that ſtood conſidering in her eyes.
There lay a log unlighted on the earth:
When ſhe was labouring in the throes of birth:
For th' unborn chief the fatal ſiſters came,
And rais'd it up, and toſs'd it on the flame:
Then on the rock a ſcanty meaſure place
Of vital flax, and turn'd the wheel apace;
And turning ſung, To this red brand and thee,
O new-born babe, we give an equal deſtiny:
So vaniſh'd out of view. The frighted dame
Sprung haſty from her bed, and quench'd the flame:
The log in ſecret lock'd, ſhe kept with care,
And that, while thus preſerv'd, preſerv'd her heir.
This brand ſhe now produc'd; and firſt ſhe ſtrows
The hearth with heaps of chips, and after blows;
Thrice heav'd her hand, and, heav'd, ſhe thrice repreſs'd:
The ſiſter and the mother long conteſt,
Two doubtful titles in one tender breaſt;
And now her eyes and cheeks with fury glow.
Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow;
Now lowering looks preſage approaching ſtorms,
And now prevailing love her face reforms:
Reſolv'd, ſhe doubts again; the tears, ſhe dry'd
With bluſhing rage, are by new tears ſupply'd:
And as a ſhip, which winds and waves aſſail,
Now with the current drives, now with the gale,
Both oppoſite, and neither long prevail.
She feels a double force, by turns obeys
Th' imperious tempeſt, and th' impetuous ſeas;
So fares Althæa's mind; firſt ſhe relents
With pity, of that pity then repents:
Siſter and mother long the ſcales divide,
But the beam nodded on the ſiſter's ſide.
Sometimes ſhe ſoftly ſigh'd, then roar'd aloud;
But ſighs were ſtifled in the cries of blood.
The pious impious wretch at length decreed,
To pleaſe her brother's ghoſts, her ſon ſhould bleed;
And when the funeral flames began to riſe,
Receive, ſhe ſaid, a ſiſter's ſacrifice:
A mother's bowels burn: high in her hand,
Thus while ſhe ſpoke, ſhe held the fatal brand;
Then thrice before the kindled pile ſhe bow'd,
And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud:

Come, come, revenging ſiſters, come and view
A ſiſter paying a dead brother's due:
A crime I puniſh, and a crime commit;
But blood for blood, and death for death, is fit:
Great crimes, muſt be with greater crimes repaid,
And ſecond funerals on the former laid.
Let the whole houſhold in one ruin fall,
And may Diana's curſe o'ertake us all!
Shall fate to happy Oeneus ſtill allow
One ſon, while Theſtius ſtands depriv'd of two?
Better three loſt than one unpuniſh'd go,
Take then, dear ghoſts, (while yet admitted new
In hell you wait my duty) take your due:
A coſtly offering on your tomb is laid,
When with my blood the price of yours is paid.
Ah! whither am I hurry'd? Ah! forgive,
Ye ſhades, and let your ſiſter's iſſue live:
A mother cannot give him death; though he
Deſerves it, he deſerves it not from me.
Then ſhall th' unpuniſh'd wretch inſult the ſlain,
Triumphant live, not only live, but reign?
While you thin ſhades, the ſport of winds, are toſt
O'er dreary plains, or tread the burning coaſt.
I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis paſt, 'tis done;
Periſh this impious, this deteſted ſon;
Periſh his ſire, and periſh I withal;
And let the houſe's heir, and the hop'd kingdom fall.
Where is the mother fled, her pious love,
And where the pains with which ten months I ſtrove!
Ah! hadſt thou dy'd, my ſon, in infant years,
Thy little herſe had been bedew'd with tears.
Thou liv'ſt by me; to me thy breath reſign;
Mine is the merit, the demerit thine.
Thy life by double title I require;
Once given at birth, and once preſerv'd from fire:
One murder pay, or add one murder more,
And me to them who fell by thee reſtore.
I would, but cannot: my ſon's image ſtands
Before my ſight; and now their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance theſe exact,
This pleads compaſſion, and repents the fact.
He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his doom:
My brothers, though unjuſtly, ſhall o'ercome.
But, having pay'd their injur'd ghoſts their due,
My ſon requires my death, and mine ſhall his purſue.
At this for the laſt time ſhe lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and half unwilling drops the brand.
The brand, amid the flaming fuel thrown,
Or drew, or ſeem'd to draw, a dying groan;
The fires themſelves but faintly lick'd their prey,
Then loath'd their impious food, and would have
ſhrunk away.
Juſt then the hero caſt a doleful cry,
And in thoſe abſent flames began to fry;
The blind contagion rag'd within his veins;
But he with manly patience bore his pains;
He fear'd not fate, but only griev'd to die
Without an honeſt wound, and by a death ſo dry.
Happy Ancæus, thrice aloud he cry'd,
With what becoming fate in arms he dy'd!
Then call'd his brothers, ſiſters, fire, around,
And her to whom his nuptial vows were bound;
Perhaps his mother; a long ſigh he drew,
And, his voice failing, took his laſt adieu:
For as the flames augment, and as they ſtay
At their full height, then languiſh to decay,
They riſe, and ſink by fits; at laſt they ſoar
In one bright blaze, and then deſcend no more;
Juſt ſo his inward heats, at height, impair,
Till the laſt burning breath ſhoots out the ſoul in air.
Now loſty Calydon in ruins lies;
All ages, all degrees, unſluice their eyes;
And heaven and earth reſound with murmurs, groans, and cries.
Matrons and maidens beat their breaſts, and tear
Their habits, and root up their ſcatter'd hair.
The wretched father, father now no more,
With ſorrow ſunk, lies proſtrate on the floor,
Deforms his hoary locks with duſt obſcene,
And curſes age, and loaths a life prolong'd with pain.
By ſteel her ſtubborn ſoul his mother freed,
And puniſh'd on herſelf the impious deed.
Had I an hundred tongues, a wit ſo large
As could their hundred offices diſcharge;
Had Phœbus all his Helicon beſtow'd,
In all the ſtreams inſpiring all the God;
Thoſe tongues, that wit, thoſe ſtreams, that God, in vain
Would offer to deſcribe his ſiſter's pain:
They beat their breaſts with many a bruiſing blow,
Till they turn livid, and corrupt the ſnow,
The corpſe they cheriſh, while the corpſe remains,
And exerciſe and rub with fruitleſs pains;
And when to funeral flames 'tis borne away,
They kiſs the bed on which the body lay:
And when thoſe funeral flames no longer burn
(The duſt compos'd within a pious urn),
Ev'n in that urn their brother they confeſs,
And hug it in their arms, and to their boſom preſs.
His tomb is raiſed; then, ſtretched along the ground,
Thoſe living monuments his tomb ſurround:
Ev'n to his name, inſcribed, their tears they pay,
Till tears and kiſſes wear his name away.
But Cynthia now had all her fury ſpent,
Not with leſs ruin, than a race, content:
Excepting Gorgé, periſh'd all the ſeed,
And her whom heaven for Hercules decreed.
Satiate at laſt, no longer ſhe purſu'd
The weeping ſiſters; but, with wings endu'd,
And horny beaks, and ſent to flit in air;
Who yearly round the tomb in feather'd flocks repair.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The author, purſuing the deeds of Theſeus, relates how he, with his friend Pirithous, were invited by Achelous, the River-God, to ſtay with him, till his waters were abated. Achelous entertains them with a relation of his own love to Perimele, who was changed into an iſland by Neptune, at his requeſt. Pirithous, being an atheiſt, derides the legend, and denies the power of the Gods to work that miracle. Lelex, another companion of Theſeus, to confirm the ſtory of Achelous, relates another metamorphoſis of Baucis and Philemon into trees: of which he was partly an eye-witneſs.

THUS Achelous ends: his audience hear
With admiration, and admiring fear

The powers of heaven; except Ixion's ſon,
Who laugh'd at all the Gods, believ'd in none;
He ſhook his impious head, and thus replies,
Theſe legends are no more than pious lies:
You attribute too much to heavenly ſway,
To think they give us forms, and take away.
The reſt, of better minds, their ſenſe declar'd
Againſt this doctrine, and with horror heard.
Then Lelex roſe, an old experienc'd man,
And thus with ſober gravity began:
Heav'ns power is infinite: earth, air, and ſea,
The manufacture maſs, the making power obey:
By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian ground
Two neighbouring trees, with walls encompaſs'd round,
Stand on a moderate riſe, with wonder ſhown,
One a hard oak, a ſofter linden one:
I ſaw the place and them, by Pittheus ſent
To Phrygian realms, my grandſire's government.
Not far from thence is ſeen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fiſhing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in diſguiſe
Of mortal men conceal'd their Deities:
One laid aſide his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilſome ſteps together trod;
For harbour at a thouſand doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thouſand but was lock'd.
At laſt an hoſpitable houſe they found,
A homely ſhed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatch'd with reeds and ſtraw together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long married, and a happy pair:
Now old in love; though little was their ſtore,
Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at wealth, profeſſing to be poor.
For maſter or for ſervant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none, where equal love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.
From lofty roofs the Gods repuls'd before,
Now ſtooping, enter'd through the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome firſt expreſs'd)
A common ſettle drew for either gueſt,
Inviting each his weary limbs to reſt.
But ere they ſat, officious Baucis lays
Two cuſhions ſtuff'd with ſtraw, the ſeat to raiſe;
Coarſe, but the beſt ſhe had; then takes the load
Of aſhes from the hearth, then ſpreads abroad
The living coals, and leſt they ſhould expire,
With leaves and barks ſhe feeds her infant-fire:
It ſmokes, and then with trembling breath ſhe blows,
Till in a chearful blaze the flames aroſe.
With bruſh-wood and with chips ſhe ſtrengthens theſe,
And adds at laſt the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus form'd, ſhe ſets the kettle on,
(Like burniſh'd gold the little ſeether ſhone)
Next took the coleworts which her huſband got
From his own ground (a ſmall well-water'd ſpot;)
She ſtripp'd the ſtalks of all their leaves; the beſt
She cull'd, and then with handy care ſhe dreſs'd.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good old Philemon ſeiz'd it with a prong,
And from the ſooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a ſlice, but ſcarce enough for one:
Yet a large portion of a little ſtore,
Which for their ſakes alone he wiſh'd were more.
This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
To tame the fleſh, and drain the ſalt away.
The time between, before the fire they ſat,
And ſhorten'd the delay by pleaſing chat.
A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they ſet
Before their gueſts; in this they bath'd their feet,
And after with clean towels dry'd their ſweat.
This done, the hoſt produc'd the genial bed,
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the ſted,
Which with no coſtly coverlet they ſpread;
But coarſe old garments, yet ſuch robes as theſe
They laid alone, at feaſts, on holidays.
The good old houſewife, tucking up her gown,
The tables ſet; th' invited Gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thruſt, beneath the limping leg, a ſherd,
So was the mended board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd mint,
A wholeſome herb, that breath'd a grateful ſcent.
Pallas began the feaſt, where firſt was ſeen
The party-colour'd olive, black and green:
Autumnal cornels next in order ſerv'd,
In lees of wine well pickled and preſerv'd:
A garden-ſallad was the third ſupply,
Of endive, radiſhes, and ſuccory:
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' buſy care
Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roaſted rare.
All theſe in earthen-ware were ſerv'd to board;
And next in place, an earthen pitcher ſtor'd
With liquor of the beſt the cottage could afford.
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his ſide
Stood beechen bowls; and theſe were ſhining clean,
Varniſh'd with wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd,
And to the table ſent the ſmoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A ſavory bit, that ſerv'd to reliſh wine:
The wine itſelf was ſuiting to the reſt,
Still working in the muſt, and lately preſs'd.
The ſecond courſe ſucceeds like that before,
Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintery ſtore,
Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates, were ſet
In caniſters, t' inlarge the little treat:
All theſe a milk-white honey-comb ſurround,
Which in the midſt the country-banquet crown'd.
But the kind hoſts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face:
In all they did, you might diſcern with eaſe
A willing mind, and a deſire to pleaſe.
Mean time the beechen bowls went round, and ſtill,
Though often empty'd, were obſerv'd to fill,
Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danc'd about the board.
Devotion ſeiz'd the pair, to ſee the feaſt
With wine, and of no common grape increas'd:
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excuſing, as they could, their country fare.
One gooſe they had ('twas all they could allow)
A wakeful centry, and on duty now,
Whom to the Gods for ſacrifice they vow:
Her, with malicious zeal, the couple view'd;
She ran for life, and limping they purſu'd:

e fowl perceiv'd their bad intent,
not make her maſter's compliment;
ted, to the pow'rs ſhe flies,
etween the legs of Jove ſhe lies.
racious ear the ſuppliant heard,
er life; then what he was declar'd,
the God. The neighbourhood, ſaid he,
periſh for impiety:
lone exempted; but obey
and follow where we lead the way:
accurs'd; and to the mountain's height
r once look backward in your flight.
le; and what their tardy feet deny'd,
ſtaff (their better leg) ſupply'd.
flight they wanted to the top,
ecure, but ſpent with travel, ſtop;
heir now no more forbidden eyes;
te the floated level lies:
ſert covers all the plains,
one, as in an iſle, remains:
with peeping eyes, while they deplore
ours fate, and country now no more,
ſhed ſcarce large enough for two,
the ground increas'd, in height and bulk
grow.
nple ſhoots within the ſkies:
s of their cot in columns riſe:
nt poliſh'd marble they behold,
ith ſculpture grac'd, the ſpires and tiles
gold.
s the ſire of Gods, with looks ſerene,
ſire, thou only juſt of men;
) woman, only worthy found
uch a man in marriage bound.
hey whiſper; then, to Jove addreſs'd,
us prefers their joint requeſt.
ſerve before your ſacred ſhrine,
your altars rites divine:
ot any action of our life
lluted with domeſtic ſtrife,
hour of death; that neither ſhe
's tears may live to bury me,
I, with wither'd arms may bear
's Baucis to the ſepulchre.
eads ſign their ſuit. They run their
e
enor all th' appointed ſpace;
their hour was come, while they relate
dventures at the temple-gate,
by old Philemon ſeen
ith ſudden leaves of ſprightly green:
ook'd where old Philemon ſtood,
lengthen'd arms a ſprouting wood:
eir faſten'd feet begin to bind,
ſtiffen in a riſing rind:
e bark above their ſhoulders grew,
d take at once their laſt adieu;
ewel, O faithful ſpouſe, they ſaid;
croaching rinds their cloſing lips invade.
ancient Tyanæan ſhows
oak, that near a linden grows;
arbood confirm the prodigy,
not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
the garlands on their boughs,
ung for gifts of granted vows;
freſher up, with pious prayer,
id I, are God's peculiar care,
honour heaven, ſhall heavenly honour
re.

THE FABLE OF

IPHIS AND IANTHE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE fame of this perhaps, through Crete had flown;
But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd; for near the Gnoſſian bounds,
(As loud report the miracle reſounds)
At Phæſtus dwelt a man of honeſt blood,
But meanly born, and not ſo rich as good;
Eſteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbourhood;
Who to his wife, before the time aſſign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly ſpoke his mind.
If heaven, ſaid Lygdus, will vouchſafe to hear,
I have but two petitions to prefer;
Short pains for thee, for me a ſon and heir.
Girls coſt as many throes in bringing forth;
Beſide, when born, the tits are little worth;
Weak puling things, unable to ſuſtain
Their ſhare of labour, and their bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a creature ſhalt produce,
Of ſo great charges, and ſo little uſe,
(Bear witneſs, heaven, with what reluctancy)
Her hapleſs innocence I doom to die.
He ſaid, and tears the common grief diſplay,
Of him who bad, and her who muſt obey.
Yet Telethuſa ſtill perſiſts, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;
T' extend his wiſhes to a larger ſcope,
And in one veſſel not confine his hope.
Lygdus continues hard: her time drew near,
And ſhe her heavy load could ſcarcely bear;
When ſlumbering, in the latter ſhades of night,
Before th' approaches of returning light,
She ſaw, or thought ſhe ſaw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Iſis at their head:
Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd,
And yellow ſheaves her ſhining temples grac'd:
A mitre, for a crown, ſhe wore on high;
The dog and dappled bull were waiting by;
Oſiris, ſought along the banks of Nile;
The ſilent God; the ſacred Crocodile;
And, laſt, a long proceſſion moving on,
With timbrels, that aſſiſt the labouring moon.
Her ſlumbers ſeem'd diſpell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a voice, that thus diſtinctly ſpake.
My votary, thy babe from death defend,
Nor fear to ſave whate'er the Gods will ſend.
Delude with art thy huſband's dire decree:
When danger calls, repoſe thy truſt on me;
And know thou haſt not ſerv'd a thankleſs Deity.
This promiſe made, with night the Goddeſs fled:
With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed;
Devoutly lifts her ſpotleſs hands on high,
And prays the powers their gift to ratify.
Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes,
Till its own weight the burden did diſcloſe.
'Twas of the beauteous kind, and brought to light
With ſecrecy, to ſhun the father's ſight.
Th' indulgent mother did her care employ,
And paſs'd it on her huſband for a boy.

The nurſe was conſcious of the fact alone;
The father paid his vows as for a ſon;
And call'd him Iphis, by a common name,
Which either ſex with equal right may claim.
Iphis his grandſire was; the wife was pleas'd,
Of half the fraud by Fortune's favour eas'd:
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat.
The habit ſhew'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceneſs mingled female grace.
Now thirteen years of age were ſwiftly run,
When the fond father thought the time drew on
Of ſettling in the world his only ſon.
Ianthe was his choice; ſo wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare;
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree,
And not more bleſs'd with Fortune's goods than he.
They ſoon eſpous'd: for they with eaſe were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the mind.
Their age the ſame, their inclinations too;
And bred together in one ſchool they grew.
Thus, fatally diſpos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the ſame deſires,
Equal their flame, unequal was their care;
One lov'd with hope, one languiſh'd in deſpair.
The maid accus'd the lingering days alone:
For whom ſhe thought a man, ſhe thought her own.
But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief;
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
Ev'n her deſpair adds fuel to her fire;
A maid with madneſs does a maid deſire.
And, ſcarce refraining tears, 'Alas, ſaid ſhe,
What iſſue of my love remains for me!
How wild a paſſion works within my breaſt!
With what prodigious flames am I poſſeſt!
Could I the care of Providence deſerve,
Heaven muſt deſtroy me, if it would preſerve.
And that's my fate, or ſure it would have ſent
Some uſual evil for my puniſhment:
Not this unkindly curſe; to rage and burn,
Where Nature ſhews no proſpect of return.
Nor cows for cows conſume with fruitleſs fire;
Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares deſire:
The father of the fold ſupplies his ewes;
The ſtag through ſecret woods his hind purſues;
And birds for mates the males of their own ſpecies chooſe.
Her female nature guards from female flame,
And joins two ſexes to preſerve the game:
Would I were nothing, or not what I am!
Crete, fam'd for monſters, wanted of her ſtore,
Till my new love produc'd one monſter more.
The daughter of the ſun a bull deſir'd,
And yet ev'n then a male a female fir'd:
Her paſſion was extravagantly new:
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impoſſible ſhe was not bent,
But found the means to compaſs her intent.
To cheat his eyes, ſhe took a different ſhape;
Yet ſtill ſhe gain'd a lover, and a leap.
Should all the wit of all the world conſpire,
Should Dædalus aſſiſt my wild deſire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Ianthe to a boy?
Extinguiſh then thy paſſion, hopeleſs maid,
And recollect thy reaſon for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought,
And drive theſe golden wiſhes from thy thought:
Thou canſt not hope thy fond deſires to gain;
Where hope is wanting, wiſhes are in vain.
And yet no guards againſt our joys conſpire;
No jealous huſband hinders our deſire;
My parents are propitious to my wiſh,
And ſhe herſelf conſenting to the bliſs.
All things concur to proſper our deſign;
All things to proſper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair;
'Tis paſt the power of heaven to grant my pray'r.
Heaven has been kind, as far as heaven can be;
Our parents with our own deſires agree;
But Nature, ſtronger than the Gods above,
Refuſes her aſſiſtance to my love;
She ſets the bar that cauſes all my pain:
One gift refus'd makes all their bounty vain.
And now the happy day is juſt at hand,
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band:
Our hearts, but not our bodies: Thus accurs'd,
In midſt of water I complain of thirſt.
Why com'ſt thou, Juno, to theſe barren rites,
To bleſs a bed defrauded of delights?
And why ſhould Hymen lift his torch on high,
To ſee two brides in cold embraces lie?
Thus love-ſick Iphis her vain paſſion mourns;
With equal ardor fair Ianthe burns,
Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's power,
To ſpeed the work, and haſte the happy hour.
She hopes, while Telethuſa fears the day,
And ſtrives to interpoſe ſome new delay:
Now feigns a ſickneſs, now is in a fright
For this bad omen, or that boding ſight.
But, having done whate'er ſhe could deviſe,
And empty'd all her magazine of lies,
The time approach'd; the next enſuing day
The fatal ſecret muſt to light betray.
Then Telethuſa had recourſe to prayer,
She and her daughter with diſhevel'd hair;
Trembling with fear, great Iſis they ador'd,
Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd.
Fair queen, who doſt on fruitful Egypt ſmile,
Who ſway'ſt the ſceptre of the Pharian iſle,
And ſeven-fold falls of diſemboguing Nile;
Relieve, in this our laſt diſtreſs, ſhe ſaid,
A ſuppliant mother, and a mournful maid.
Thou, Goddeſs, thou wert preſent to my ſight;
Reveal'd I ſaw thee by thy own fair light:
I ſaw thee in my dream, as now I ſee,
With all thy marks of awful majeſty:
The glorious train that compaſs'd thee around;
And heard the hollow timbrel's holy ſound.
Thy words I noted; which I ſtill retain;
Let not thy ſacred oracles be vain.
That Iphis lives, that I myſelf am free
From ſhame and puniſhment, I owe to thee.
On thy protection all our hopes depend:
Thy counſel ſav'd us, let thy power defend.
Her tears purſu'd her words; and while ſhe ſpoke
The Goddeſs nodded, and her altar ſhook:
The temple doors, as with a blaſt of wind,
Were heard to clap; the lunar horns that bind
The brows of Iſis caſt a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murmuring ſound.
Some hopes theſe happy omens did impart;
Forth went the mother with a beating heart,

ı fear, nor fully ſatisfy'd;
low'd with a larger ſtride:
ɛſs of her ſkin forſook her face;
nbolden'd with an awful grace;
ı and her ſtrength together grew,
g hair to curling locks withdrew.
g eyes with manly vigour ſhone;
voice, audacious was her tone.
arts, at length reveal'd, began
d ſpread, and burniſh into man.
comes a youth; no more delay
but look, and confidently pay.
he parents to the temple bear:
ables this inſcription wear:
an, has to the Goddeſs paid
hat Iphis offer'd when a maid.
n the ſtar of day had ſhewn his face,
Juno with their preſence grace
rites, and Hymen from above
o complete their happy love;
f marriage lend their mutual aid;
m youth enjoys the lovely maid.

LION AND THE STATUE.

ROM THE TENTH BOOK OF

)'s METAMORPHOSES.

des, for their impudent behaviour, being ſtone by Venus, Pygmalion, prince of Cyfled all women for their ſake, and reſolved arry. He falls in love with a ſtatue of naking, which is changed into a maid, narries. One of his deſcendants is Cinyras of Myrrha: the daughter inceſtuouſly loves father; for which ſhe is changed into a bears her name. Theſe two ſtories imfollow each other, and are admirably well

LION, loathing their laſcivious life,
'd all womankind, but moſt a wife:
ɔſe to live, and ſhunn'd to wed,
l to want a conſort of his bed:
idleneſs, the nurſe of ill,
exercis'd his happy ſkill;
in ivory ſuch a maid, ſo fair,
ɔuld not with his art compare,
work; but, in her own defence,
er pattern here, and copy hence.
ı his idol, he commends, admires,
l laſt, the thing ador'd deſires.
n in her face was ſeen,
e mov'd, a living maid had been;
have thought ſhe could have ſtirr'd; but
ove
ty, and was aſham'd to move.
h art, ſo well perform'd the cheat,
e carver with his own deceit;
tis madneſs, yet he muſt adore,
: more he knows it, loves the more:
The fleſh, or what ſo ſeems, he touches oft,
Which feels ſo ſmooth, that he believes it ſoft.
Fir'd with this thought, at once he ſtrain'd the breaſt,
And on the lips a burning kiſs impreſs'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd breaſt reſiſts the gripe,
And the cold lips return a kiſs unripe:
But when retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it ivory was a thought too mean;
So would believe ſhe kiſs'd, and courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked body o'er;
And ſtraining hard the ſtatue, was afraid
His hands had made a dint, and hurt the maid:
Explor'd her, limb by limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a gripe had left a livid mark behind:
With flattery now he ſeeks her mind to move,
And now with gifts, the powerful bribes of love:
He furniſhes her cloſet firſt; and fills
The crowded ſhelves with rarities of ſhells;
Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs he drew,
And all the ſparkling ſtones of various hue:
And parrots, imitating human tongue,
And ſinging-birds in ſilver cages hung;
And every fragrant flower, and odorous green,
Were ſorted well, with lumps of amber laid between:
Rich, faſhionable robes her perſon deck,
Pendents her ears, and pearls adorn her neck:
Her taper'd fingers too with rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd zone ſurrounds her ſlender waſte.
Thus like a queen array'd, ſo richly dreſs'd,
Beauteous ſhe ſhew'd, but naked ſhew'd the beſt.
Then from the floor he rais'd a royal bed,
With coverings of Sidonian purple ſpread:
The ſolemn rites perform'd, he calls her bride,
With blandiſhments invites her to his ſide,
And as ſhe were with vital ſenſe poſſeſs'd,
Her head did on a plumy pillow reſt.
The feaſt of Venus came, a ſolemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the ſacred altars, bled:
Pygmalion offering, firſt approach'd the ſhrine,
And then with prayers implor'd the pow'rs divine:
Almighty Gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant;
Make this fair ſtatue mine, he would have ſaid,
But chang'd his words for ſhame, and only pray'd,
Give me the likeneſs of my ivory maid.
The golden Goddeſs, preſent at the prayer,
Well knew he meant th' inanimated fair,
And gave the ſign of granting his deſire;
For thrice in chearful flames aſcends the fire.
The youth, returning to his miſtreſs, hies,
And impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
And beating breaſt, by the dear ſtatue lies.
He kiſſes her white lips, renews the bliſs,
And looks and thinks they redden at the kiſs:
He thought them warm'd before; nor longer ſtays,
But next his hand on her hard boſom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It ſeem'd the breaſt beneath his fingers bent;
He felt again, his fingers made a print,
'Twas fleſh, but fleſh ſo firm, it roſe againſt the dint.
The pleaſing taſk he fails not to renew;
Soft, and more ſoft at every touch it grew:
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
The former maſs to form, and frame to uſe.

He would believe, but yet is ſtill in pain,
And tries his argument of ſenſe again,
Preſſes the pulſe, and feels the leaping vein.
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his ſtudied thanks and praiſe
To her who made the miracle, he pays:
Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,
He found the favour of the kiſs ſincere:
At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,
And view'd at once the light and lover, with ſurprize.
The Goddeſs, preſent at the match ſhe made,
So bleſs'd the bed, ſuch fruitfulneſs convey'd,
That ere ten moons had ſharpen'd either horn,
To crown their bliſs, a lovely boy was born;
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, wall'd
The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

There needs no connexion of this ſtory with the former: for the beginning of this immediately follows the end of the laſt: the reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, was by birth a Thracian; and his country far diſtant from Cyprus where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia whither ſhe fled. You will ſee the reaſon of this note, ſoon after the firſt lines of this fable.

NOR him alone produc'd the fruitful queen;
But Cinyras, who like his ſire had been
A happy prince, had he not been a ſire.
Daughters and fathers, from my ſong retire:
I ſing of horror; and, could I prevail,
You ſhould not hear, or not believe, my tale.
Yet if the pleaſure of my ſong be ſuch,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive liſten to the laſt event,
And with the ſin believe the puniſhment:
Since nature could behold ſo dire a crime,
I gratulate at leaſt my native clime,
That ſuch a land, which ſuch a monſter bore,
So far is diſtant from our Thracian ſhore.
Let Araby extol her happy coaſt,
Her cinnamon and ſweet Amomum boaſt,
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her ſecond harveſts, and her double years;
How can the land be call'd ſo bleſs'd that Myrrha bears?
Not all her odorous tears can cleanſe her crime,
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime:
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,
Diſowns thy love, and vindicates his dart;
Some fury gave thee thoſe infernal pains,
And ſhot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.
To hate thy ſire, had merited a curſe:
But ſuch an impious love deſerv'd a worſe,
The neighbouring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed:
The world is at thy choice, except but one,
Except but him, thou canſt not chooſe, alone.
She knew it too, the miſerable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her ſecret ſoul ſhe ſaid:
Ah Myrrha! whither would thy wiſhes tend?
Ye Gods, ye ſacred laws, my ſoul defend
From ſuch a crime as all mankind deteſt,
And never lodg'd before in human breaſt!
But is it ſin? Or makes my mind alone
Th' imagin'd ſin? For nature makes it none.
What tyrant then theſe envious laws began,
Made not for any other beaſt but man!
The father bull his daughter may beſtride,
The horſe may make his mother-mare a bride;
What piety forbids the luſty ram,
Or more ſalacious goat, to rut their dam?
The hen is free to wed her chick ſhe bore,
And make a huſband, whom ſhe hatch'd before.
All creatures elſe are of a happier kind,
Whom nor ill-natur'd laws from pleaſures bind,
Nor thoughts of ſin diſturb their peace of mind.
But man a ſlave of his own making lives;
The fool denies himſelf what nature gives:
Too buſy ſenates, with an over-care
To make us better than our kind can bear,
Have daſh'd a ſpice of envy in the laws,
And, ſtraining up too high, have ſpoil'd the cauſe.
Yet ſome wiſe nations break their cruel chains,
And own no laws, but thoſe which love ordains:
Where happy daughters with their ſires are join'd,
And piety is doubly paid in kind.
O that I had been born in ſuch a clime,
Not here, where 'tis the country makes the crime!
But whither would my impious fancy ſtray?
Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts away!
His worth deſerves to kindle my deſires,
But with the love that daughters bears to ſires.
Then, had not Cinyras my father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen?
But the perverſeneſs of my fate is ſuch,
That he's not mine, becauſe he's mine too much:
Our kindred blood debars a better tie;
He might be nearer, were he not ſo nigh.
Eyes and their objects never muſt unite,
Some diſtance is requir'd to help the ſight:
Fain would I travel to ſome foreign ſhore,
Never to ſee my native country more,
So might I to myſelf myſelf reſtore;
So might my mind theſe impious thoughts remove,
And, ceaſing to behold, might ceaſe to love.
But ſtay I muſt, to feed my famiſh'd ſight,
To talk, and kiſs; and more, if more I might:
More, impious maid! What more canſt thou deſign,
To make a monſtrous mixture in thy line,
And break all ſtatutes human and divine?
Canſt thou be call'd (to ſave thy wretched life)
Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife?
Confound ſo many ſacred names in one,
Thy brother's mother! ſiſter to thy ſon!
And fear'ſt thou not to ſee th' infernal bands,
Their heads with ſnakes, with torches arm'd their hands,
Full at thy face, th' avenging brands to bear,
And ſhake the ſerpents from their hiſſing hair?
But thou in time th' increaſing ill controul,
Nor firſt debauch the body by the ſoul;
Secure the ſacred quiet of thy mind,
And keep the ſanctions nature has deſign'd.

ſhould attempt, th' attempt were vain;
its like mine his ſinleſs ſoul profane:
of the right; and O, that he
: my madneſs, or be mad like me!
; but Cinyras, who daily ſees,
of noble ſuitors at his knees,
many, knew not whom to chooſe,
to grant, or to refuſe.
g told their names, inquir'd of her,
'd her beſt, and whom ſhe would prefer?
ing maid ſtood ſilent with ſurprize,
r father fix'd her ardent eyes,
ng ſigh'd: and as ſhe ſigh'd, began
rs to ſhed, that ſcalded as they ran.
r fire, who ſaw her bluſh and cry,
all to maiden-modeſty;
the falling-drops, and, yet more kind,
her cheeks, and holy kiſſes join'd:
ecret venom fire her blood,
more pleaſure than a daughter ſhould;
l again, what lover of the crew
he beſt; ſhe anſwer'd, One like you.
what ſhe meant, her pious will
, and bade her ſo continue ſtill:
of Pious heard. ſhe bluſh'd with ſhame
uilt, and could not bear the name.
v the mid of night, when ſlumbers cloſe
and ſooth our cares with ſoft repoſe;
oſe could wretched Myrrha find,
o'ling, as ſhe roll'd her mind:
deſire, ſhe ruminates her ſin,
s all her wiſhes o'er again.
eſpairs, and now reſolves to try;
, and would again, ſhe knows not why;
returns, makes and retracts the vow:
d begin, but underſtands not how:
pine is hewn upon the plains,
ſt mortal ſtroke alone remains,
in pangs of death, and threatening all,
and that ſhe nods, conſidering where to
all:
's mind, impell'd on either ſide,
y bent, but cannot long abide;
n which ſhe ſhould rely,
nfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die;
l thought ſhe reſts; reſolv'd on death,
nd prepares to choak her breath:
e about the beam her zone ſhe ties,
as, farewell, ſhe ſoftly cries;
die, and only wiſh to be
when thou know'ſt I die for thee:
crime, in pity to the cauſe;
bout her neck the nooſe ſhe draws;
who lay without, her faithful guard,
it in words, the murmurs overheard,
nd hollow ſounds: ſurpriz'd with fright,
nd leaves her bed, and ſprings a light:
e door, and entering out of breath,
ſaw, and inſtruments of death;
, ſhe cuts the zone with trembling haſte,
arms her fainting charge embrac'd:
ne now had leiſure for her tears)
g aſk'd, in theſe her blooming years,
reſeen misfortune caus'd her care,
r life, and languiſh in deſpair!
with down-caſt eyes, and mute with
rief,
nfiniſh'd, and ill tim'd relief,
I.

Stood ſullen to her ſuit: the beldame preſs'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd breaſt,
Adjur'd her, by the kindly food ſhe drew
From thoſe dry founts, her ſecret ill to ſhew,
Sad Myrrha ſigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aſide:
The nurſe ſtill urg'd, and would not be deny'd:
Nor only promis'd ſecreſy; but pray'd
She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
Good will, ſhe ſaid, my want of ſtrength ſupplies,
And diligence ſhall give what age denies.
If ſtrong deſires thy mind to fury move,
With charms and medicines I can cure thy love:
If envious eyes their hurtful rays have caſt,
More powerful verſe ſhall free thee from the blaſt:
If heaven offended ſends thee this diſeaſe,
Offended heaven with prayers we can appeaſe.
What then remain, that can theſe cares procure?
Thy houſe is flouriſhing, thy fortune ſure:
Thy careful mother yet in health ſurvives,
And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives.
The virgin ſtarted at her father's name,
And ſigh'd profoundly, conſcious of the ſhame:
Nor yet the nurſe her impious love divin'd:
But yet ſurmis'd, that love diſturb'd her mind:
Thus thinking, ſhe purſued her point, and laid
And lull'd within her lap the mourning maid,
Then ſoftly ſooth'd her thus, I gueſs your grief:
You love, my child; your love ſhall find relief.
My long experienc'd age ſhall be your guide;
Rely on that, and lay diſtruſt aſide:
No breath of air ſhall on the ſecret blow,
Nor ſhall (what moſt you fear) your father know,
Struck once again, as with a thunder-clap,
The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
And threw her body proſtrate on the bed,
And, to conceal her bluſhes, hid her head:
There ſilent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
To go: but ſhe receiv'd not the command;
Remaining ſtill importunate to know
Then Myrrha thus; Or aſk no more, or go:
I pr'ythee go, or ſtaying ſpare my ſhame;
What thou wouldſt hear, is impious ev'n to name.
At this, on high the beldame holds her hands,
And, trembling both with age and terror, ſtands,
Adjures, and falling at her feet intreats,
Sooths her with blandiſhments, and frights with threats,
To tell the crime intended, or diſcloſe
What part of it ſhe knew, if ſhe no farther knows:
And laſt, if conſcious to her counſel made,
Confirms anew the promiſe of her aid.
Now Myrrha rais'd her head; but ſoon, oppreſs'd
With ſhame, reclin'd it on her nurſe's breaſt;
Bath'd it with tears, and ſtrove to have confeſs'd:
Twice ſhe began, and ſtopp'd; again ſhe try'd;
The faltering tongue its office ſtill deny'd:
At laſt her veil before her face ſhe ſpread,
And drew a long preluding ſigh, and ſaid,
O happy mother, in thy marriage bed!
Then groan'd, and ceas'd; the good old woman ſhook,
Stiff were her eyes, and ghaſtly was her look:
Her hoary hair upright with horror ſtood,
Made (to her grief) more knowing than ſhe would:
Much ſhe reproach'd, and many things ſhe ſaid,
To cure the madneſs of th' unhappy maid:
In vain: for Myrrha ſtood convict of ill:
Her reaſon vanquiſh'd, but unchang'd her will:

Perverſe of mind, unable to reply,
She ſtood reſolv'd or to poſſeſs or die.
At length the fondneſs of a nurſe prevail'd
Againſt her better ſenſe, and virtue fail'd:
Enjoy, my child, ſince ſuch is thy deſire,
Thy love, ſhe ſaid; ſhe durſt not ſay, thy ſire.
Live, though unhappy, live on any terms:
Then with a ſecond oath her faith confirms.
The ſolemn feaſt of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen ſtoles the matrons wear;
Rank'd in proceſſion walk the pious train,
Offering firſt-fruits, and ſpikes of yellow grain:
For nine long nights the nuptial bed they ſhun,
And, ſanctifying harveſt, lie alone.
Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forſook her lord,
And Ceres' power with ſecret rites ador'd.
The royal couch, now vacant for a time,
The craf y crone, officious in her crime,
The curſt occaſion took: the king ſhe found
Eaſy with wine, and deep in pleaſure drown'd,
Prepar'd for love: the beldame blew the flame,
Confeſs'd the paſſion, but conceal'd the name.
Her form ſhe prais'd; the monarch aſk'd her years,
And ſhe reply'd, the ſame that Myrrha bears.
Wine and commended beauty fir'd his thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, ſhe hies her home,
And gratulates the nymph, the taſk was overcome.
Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to hear;
But, clogg'd with guilt, the joy was inſincere:
So various, ſo diſcordant is the mind,
That in our will, a different will we find.
Ill ſhe preſag'd, and yet purſu'd her luſt;
For guilty pleaſures give a double guſt.
'Twas depth of night: Arctophylax had driven
His lazy wain half round the northern heaven,
When Myrrha haſten'd to the crime deſir'd;
The moon beheld her firſt, and firſt retir'd;
The ſtars amaz'd ran backward from the ſight,
And, ſhrunk within their ſockets, loſt their light.
Icarius firſt withdraws his holy flame:
The virgin ſign, in heaven the ſecond name,
Slides down the belt, and from her ſtation flies,
And night in ſable clouds involves the ſkies.
Bold Myrrha ſtill purſues her black intent:
She ſtumbled thrice, (an omen of th' event;)
Thrice ſhriek'd the funeral owl, yet on ſhe went,
Secure of ſhame, becauſe ſecure of ſight;
Ev'n baſhful ſins are impudent by night.
Link'd hand in hand, th' accomplice and the dame,
Their way exploring, to the chamber came:
The door was op'd, they blindly grope their way,
Where dark in bed th' expecting monarch lay;
Thus far her courage held, but here forſakes;
Her faint knees knock at every ſtep ſhe makes.
The nearer to her crime, the more within
She feels remorſe, and horror of her ſin;
Repents too late her criminal deſire,
And wiſhes, that unknown ſhe could retire.
Her lingering thus, the nurſe (who fear'd delay
The fatal ſecret might at length betray)
Pull'd forward, to complete the work begun,
And ſaid to Cinyras, Receive thy own:
Thus ſaying, ſhe deliver'd kind to kind,
Accurs'd, and their devoted bodies join'd.
The ſire, unknowing of the crime, admits
His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd ſheets;
He found ſhe trembled, but believ'd ſhe ſtrove
With maiden modeſty, againſt her love;
And ſought with flattering words vain fancies to remove.
Perhaps he ſaid, My daughter, ceaſe thy fears,
(Becauſe the title ſuited with her years;)
And, Father, ſhe might whiſper him again,
That names might not be wanting to the ſin.
Full of her ſire, ſhe left th' inceſtuous bed,
And carried in her womb the crime ſhe bred:
Another, and another night ſhe came;
For frequent ſin had left no ſenſe of ſhame:
Till Cinyras deſir'd to ſee her face,
Whoſe body he had held in cloſe embrace,
And brought a taper; the reveal'er, light,
Expos'd both crime and criminal to ſight:
Grief, rage, amazement, could no ſpeech afford;
But from the ſheath he drew th' avenging ſword;
The guilty fled: the benefit of night,
That favour'd firſt the ſin, ſecur'd the flight.
Long wandering through the ſpacious fields, ſhe bent
Her voyage to th' Arabian continent;
Then paſs'd the region which Panchæa join'd,
And flying left the balmy plains behind.
Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns; at length
With travel weary, unſupply'd with ſtrength,
And with the burden of her womb oppreſs'd;
Sabæan fields afford her needful reſt:
There, loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguiſh of her ſpirit, thus ſhe pray'd:
Ye powers, if any ſo propitious are
T' accept my penitence, and hear my prayer;
Your judgments, I confeſs, are juſtly ſent:
Great ſins deſerve as great a puniſhment:
Yet ſince my life the living will profane,
And ſince my death the happy dead will ſtain,
A middle ſtate your mercy may beſtow,
Betwixt the realms above, and thoſe below:
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live,
The prayers of penitents are never vain;
At leaſt, ſhe did her laſt requeſt obtain;
For, while ſhe ſpoke, the ground began to riſe,
And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and thighs:
Her toes in roots deſcend, and, ſpreading wide,
A firm foundation for the trunk provide:
Her ſolid bones convert to ſolid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to ſap her blood:
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their kind,
Her tender ſkin is harden'd into rind.
And now the riſing tree her womb inveſts,
Now, ſhooting upwards ſtill, invades her breaſts,
And ſhades the neck; and, weary with delay,
She ſunk her head within, and met it half the way.
And though with outward ſhape ſhe loſt her ſenſe,
With bitter tears ſhe wept her laſt offence;
And ſtill ſhe weeps, nor ſheds her tears in vain;
For ſtill the precious drops her name retain.
Mean time the miſbegotten infant grows,
And, ripe for birth, diſtends with deadly throes
The ſwelling rind, with unavailing ſtrife,
To leave the wooden womb, and puſhes into life.
The mother-tree, as if oppreſs'd with pain,
Writhes here and there, to break the bark, in vain:
And, like a labouring woman, would have pray'd
But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid:

The bending bole sends out a hollow sound,
And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and stood
Beside the struggling boughs, and heard the groaning wood:
Then reach'd her midwife-hand, to speed the throes,
And spoke the powerful spells that babes to birth disclose.
The bark divides, the living load to free,
And safe delivers the convulsive tree.
The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
And wash him in the tears the parent plant distill'd
They swath'd him with their scarfs; beneath him spread
The ground with herbs; with roses rais'd his head.
The lovely babe was born with every grace.
Ev'n envy must have prais'd so fair a face:
Such was his form, as painters, when they show
Their utmost art, on naked Loves bestow:
And that their arms no difference might betray,
Give him a bow, or his from Cupid take away.
Time glides along, with undiscover'd haste,
The future but a length behind the past:
So swift are years: the babe, whom just before
His grandsire got, and whom his sister bore;
The drop the thing which late the tree inclos'd,
And late the yawning bark to life expos'd;
A babe, a boy, a beauteous youth appears;
And lovelier than himself at riper years.
Now to the queen of love he gave desires,
And, with her pains, reveng'd his mother's fires.

CEYX AND ALCYONE.

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Connection of this Fable with the former.

Ceyx, the son of Lucifer (the morning star), and king of Trachin in Thessaly, was married to Alcyone daughter to Æolus god of the winds. Both the husband and the wife loved each other with an entire affection. Dædalion, the elder brother of Ceyx, whom he succeeded, having been turned into a falcon by Apollo; and Chione, Dædalion's daughter, slain by Diana; Ceyx prepared a ship to sail to Ciceros, there to consult the oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to enquire how the anger of the Gods might be atoned.

THESE prodigies affect the pious prince,
But more perplex'd with those that happen'd since,
He purposes to seek the Clarian God,
Avoiding Delphos, his more fam'd abode;
Since Phlegian robbers made unsafe the road.
Yet could not he, from her he lov'd so well,
The fatal voyage, he resolv'd, conceal:
But when she saw her lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly cold ran shivering to her heart:
Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new:
She thrice essay'd to speak; her accents hung,
And faltering dy'd unfinish'd on her tongue,
Or vanish'd into sighs: with long delay
Her voice return'd; and found the wonted way.
Tell me, my lord, she said, what fault unknown
Thy once-belov'd Alcyone has done?
Whither, ah whither is thy kindness gone?
Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,
And unconcern'd, forsake the sweets of life?
What can thy mind to this long journey move,
Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love?
Yet, if thou goest by land, though grief possess
My soul ev'n then, my fears will be the less.
But ah! be warn'd to run the watery way,
The face is frightful of the sterny sea.
For late I saw a drift disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,
Because my fire in caves constrains the wind,
Can with a breath a clamorous rage appease
They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas.
Nor so, for once, indulg'd, they sweep the main
Deaf to the call, or hearing hear in vain.
But bent on mischief bear the waves before,
And, not content with seas, insult the shore;
When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
And rooted forests fly before their rage:
At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run across the fields above:
I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,
While yet a child, within my father's court:
In times of tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the throne:
The more I know, the more my fears augment,
And fears are oft prophetic of th' event.
But, if not fears or reasons will prevail,
If fate has fix'd thee obstinate to sail,
Go not without thy wife, but let me bear
My part of danger with an equal share,
And present suffer what I only fear:
Then o'er the bounding billows shall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.
These reasons mov'd her starlike husband's heart,
But still he held his purpose to depart:
For, as he lov'd her equal to his life,
He would not to the seas expose his wife;
Nor could he wrought his voyage to refrain,
But sought by arguments to sooth her pain;
Nor these avail'd; at length he lights on one,
With which so difficult a cause he won:
My love, so short an absence cease to fear,
For, by my father's holy flame, I swear,
Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
If heaven allow me life, I will return.
This promise of so short a stay prevails;
He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,
And gives the word to lanch; she trembling views
This pomp of death, and parting tears renews:
Last, with a kiss, she took a long farewel,
Sigh'd, with a sad presage, and swooning fell;
While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,
Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew
To their broad breasts, the ship with fury flew.
The queen recover'd rears her humid eyes,
And first her husband on the poop espies

Shaking his hand at diſtance on the main;
She took the ſign; and ſhook her hand again.
Still as the ground recedes, retracts her view
With ſharpen'd ſight, till ſhe no longer knew
The much-lov'd face; that comfort loſt ſupplies
With leſs, and with the galley feeds her eyes;
The galley borne from view by riſing gales,
She follow'd with her ſight the flying ſails:
When ev'n the flying ſails were ſeen no more,
Forſaken of all ſight, ſhe left the ſhore.
Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And fought in ſleep her weary'd eyes to cloſe:
Her huſband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he preſs'd, renew'd the former ſmart.
And now a breeze from ſhore began to blow,
The ſailors ſhip their oars, and ceaſe to row;
Then hoiſt their yards a-trip, and all their ſails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales:
By this the veſſel half her courſe had run,
And as much reſted till the riſing ſun;
Both ſhores were loſt to ſight, when at the cloſe
Of day, a ſtiffer gale at eaſt aroſe:
The ſea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, firſt denounce the watery war.
This ſeen, the maſter ſoon began to cry,
Strike, ſtrike the top-ſail; let the main-ſheet fly,
And furl your ſails: the winds repel the ſound,
And in the ſpeaker's mouth the ſpeech is drown'd.
Yet, of their own accord, as danger taught,
Each in his way, officiouſly they wrought;
Some ſtow their oars, or ſtop the leaky ſides,
Another bolder yet the yard beſtrides.
And folds the ſails; a fourth, with labour, laves
Th' intruding ſeas, and waves ejects on waves.
In this confuſion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the ſky,
And wage inteſtine wars; the ſuffering ſeas
Are toſs'd, and mingled as their tyrants pleaſe.
The maſter would command, but, in deſpair
Of ſafety, ſtands amaz'd with ſtupid care,
Nor what to bid or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd tempeſt to ſuch fury grows;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his ſkill;
With ſuch a concourſe comes the flood of ill:
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling ſhrowds;
Seas daſh on ſeas, and clouds encounter clouds;
At once from eaſt to weſt, from pole to pole,
The forky lightnings flaſh, the roaring thunders roll.
Now waves on waves aſcending ſcale the ſkies,
And, in the fires above, the water fries:
When yellow ſands are ſifted from below,
The glittering billows give a golden ſhow:
And when the fouler bottom ſpews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flatted ſeas,
And change their colour, changing their diſeaſe.
Like various fits the Trachin veſſel finds,
And now ſublime ſhe rides upon the winds;
As from a lofty ſummit looks from high,
And from the clouds behold's the nether ſky;
Now from the depth of hell they lift their ſight,
And at a diſtance ſee ſuperior light:
The laſhing billows make a loud report,
And beat her ſides, as battering-rams a fort:
Or as a lion, bounding in his way
With force augmented bears againſt his prey;
Sidelong to ſeize: or, unappall'd with fear,
Springs on the toils and ruſhes on the ſpear:
So ſeas impell'd by winds, with added power
Aſſault the ſides, and o'er the hatches tower.
The planks, their pitchy coverings waſh'd away,
Now yield; and now a yawning breach diſplay:
The roaring waters with a hoſtile tide
Ruſh through the ruins of her gaping ſide.
Mean time in ſheets of rain the ſky deſcends,
And ocean ſwell'd with waters upwards tends,
One riſing, falling one; the heavens and ſea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way:
The ſails are drunk with ſhowers, and drop with rain,
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.
No ſtar appears to lend his friendly light:
Darkneſs and tempeſt make a double night.
But flaſhing fires diſcloſe the deep by turns,
And while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.
Now all the waves their ſcatter'd force unite,
And as a ſoldier, foremoſt in the fight,
Makes way for others, and an hoſt alone
Still preſſes on, and urging gains the town;
So while th' invading billows come a-breaſt,
The hero tenth advanc'd before the reſt,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous ſway,
And from the walls deſcends upon the prey;
Part following enter, part remain without,
With envy hear their fellows conquering ſhout,
And mount on others backs, in hope to ſhare
The city, thus become the ſeat of war.
An univerſal cry reſounds aloud,
The ſailors run in heaps; a helpleſs crowd;
Art fails, and courage falls, no ſuccour near:
As many waves, as many deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet deſpairs of late relief;
One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief;
But ſtupid with dry eyes expects his fate.
One with loud ſhrieks laments his loſt eſtate,
And calls thoſe happy whom their funerals wait.
This wretch with prayers and vows the Gods implores,
And ev'n the ſkies he cannot ſee, adores.
That other on his friends his thoughts beſtows,
His careful father, and his faithful ſpouſe.
The covetous worldling in his anxious mind
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.
All Ceyx his Alcyone employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her abſence joys:
His wife he wiſhes, and would ſtill be near,
Not her with him, but wiſhes him with her:
Now with laſt looks he ſeeks his native ſhore,
Which fate has deſtin'd him to ſee no more;
He fought, but in the dark tempeſtuous night
He knew not whither to direct his ſight.
So whirls the ſeas, ſuch darkneſs blinds the ſky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.
The giddy ſhip ran round; the tempeſt tore
Her maſt, and over-board the rudder bore.
One billow mounts; and with a ſurmtul brow,
Proud of her conqueſt gain'd, inſults the wav below;
Nor lighter falls, than if ſome giant tore
Pindus and Athos, with the freight they bore,
And toſs'd on ſeas: preſs'd with the ponderous bi
Down ſinks the ſhip within th' abyſs below:
Down with the veſſel ſink into the main
The many, never more to riſe again.
Some few on ſcatter'd planks with fruitleſs care
Lay hold, and ſwim, but, while they ſwim, deſpa

Ev'n he who late a ſceptre did command,
Now graſps a floating fragment in his hand,
And while he ſtruggles on the ſtormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain;
But yet his conſort is his greateſt care:
Alcyone he names amidſt his prayer,
Names as a charm againſt the waves, and wind;
Moſt in his mouth, and ever in his mind:
Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of ſafety paſt,
From prayers to wiſhes he deſcends at laſt;
That his dead body, wafted to the ſands,
Might have its burial from her friendly hands,
As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
And peep above the ſeas, he names the fair,
And, ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murmuring Alcyone below the waves:
At laſt a falling billow ſtops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.
Bright Lucifer unlike himſelf appears
That night, his heavenly form obſcur'd with tears;
And ſince he was forbid to leave the ſkies,
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.
Mean time Alcyone (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been gone,
Obſerves the waning moon with hourly view,
Numbers her age, and wiſhes for a new;
Againſt the promis'd time provides with care,
And haſtens in the woof the robes he was to wear:
And for herſelf employs another loom,
New dreſs'd to meet her lord returning home,
Flattering her heart with joys that never were to come:
She fum'd the temples with an odorous flame,
And oft before the ſacred altars came,
To pray for him, who was an empty name.
All Powers implor'd, but far above the reſt
To Juno ſhe her pious vows addreſs'd,
Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect,
And ſafe o'er ſeas his voyage to direct:
Then pray'd that ſhe might ſtill poſſeſs his heart,
And no pretending rival ſhare a part;
This laſt petition heard of all her prayer,
The reſt diſpers'd in winds were loſt in air.
But ſhe, the Goddeſs of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Reſolv'd the tainted hand ſhould be repell'd,
Which incenſe offer'd, and her altar held:
Then Iris thus beſpoke; Thou faithful maid,
By whom the queen's commands are well convey'd,
Haſte to the houſe of ſleep, and bid the God,
Who rules the night by viſions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
Reſembling him who periſh'd in the ſtorm:
This form before Alcyone preſent,
To make her certain of the ſad event.
Indu'd with robes of various hue ſhe flies,
And flying draws an arch (a ſegment of the ſkies):
Then leaves her bending bow, and from the ſteep
Deſcends to ſearch the ſilent houſe of ſleep.
Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowſy God:
Whoſe gloomy manſion nor the riſing ſun,
Nor ſetting, viſits, nor the lightſome noon:
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful ſky;
No crowing cock does there his wings diſplay,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day:
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geeſe,
Diſturb with nightly noiſe the ſacred peace:
Nor beaſt of nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor trees with tempeſts rock'd, nor human cry;
But ſafe repoſe without an air of breath
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.
An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow,
Ariſing upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with ſoft murmurs calls the coming ſleeps;
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool ſimples that ſweet reſt beſtow;
Night from the plants their ſleepy virtue drains,
And paſſing ſheds it on the ſilent plains:
No door there was the unguarded houſe to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his ſleep.
But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon-ſted:
Black was the covering too, where lay the God
And ſlept ſupine, his limbs diſplay'd abroad:
About his head fantaſtic viſions fly,
Which various images of things ſupply,
And mock their forms; the leaves of trees not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor ſands upon the ſhore.
The virgin entering bright indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and bruſh'd the dreams away:
The God, diſturb'd with this new glare of light,
Caſt ſudden on his face, unſeal'd his ſight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which ſunk again,
And ſinking on his boſom knock'd his chin:
At length ſhook off himſelf; and aſk'd the dame,
(And aſking yawn'd) for what intent ſhe came?
To whom the Goddeſs thus: O ſacred reſt,
Sweet pleaſing ſleep, of all the powers the beſt!
O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whoſe balms renew the limbs to labours of the day,
Care ſhuns thy ſoft approach, and ſullen flies away!
Adorn a dream, expreſſing human form,
The ſhape of him who ſuffer'd in the ſtorm,
And ſend it flitting to the Trachin court,
The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report:
Before his queen bid the pale ſpectre ſtand,
Who begs a vain relief at juno's hand.
She ſaid, and ſcarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to ſupport the fumes of ſleep:
But fled, returning by the way ſhe went,
And ſwerv'd along her bow by ſwift aſcent.
The God, uneaſy till he ſlept again,
Reſolv'd at once to rid himſelf of pain;
And, though againſt his cuſtom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the ſleepy crowd:
Morpheus of all his numerous train expreſs'd
The ſhape of man, and imitated beſt;
The walk, the words, the geſture, could ſupply,
The habit mimic, and the mien bely;
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd;
Extending not beyond our human kind.
Another birds, and beaſts, and dragons apes,
And dreadful images, and monſter ſhapes.
This dæmon, Icelos, in heaven's high hall
The gods have nam'd; but men Phobeter call:
A third is Phantaſus, whoſe actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of ſoul;
Earth, fruits, and flowers, he repreſents in dreams,
And ſolid rocks unmov'd, and running ſtreams:

These three to kings and chiefs their scenes display,
The rest before th'ignoble commons play:
Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd:
Which done, the lazy monarch over-watch'd
Down from his propping elbow drops his head,
Dissolv'd in sleep, and shrinks within his bed.
Darkling the daemon glides for flight prepar'd,
So soft that scarce his fanning wings are heard.
To Trachin, swift as thought, the flitting shade
Through air his momentary journey made:
Then lays aside the steerage of his wings,
Forsakes his proper form, assumes the king's;
And pale as death, despoil'd of his array,
Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
And stands before the bed at dawn of day:
Unmov'd his eyes, and wet his beard appears
And shedding vain, but seeming real tears;
The briny water dropping from his hairs;
Then staring on her, with a ghastly look
And hollow voice, he thus the queen bespoke:
Know'st thou not me! Not yet, unhappy wife?
Or are my features perish'd with my life?
Look once again, and for thy husband lost,
Lo all that's left of him, thy husband's ghost!
Thy vows for my return were all in vain;
The stormy south o'ertook us in the main;
And never shalt thou see thy living lord again.
Bear witness, heaven, I call'd on thee in death,
And while I call'd, a billow stopp'd my breath:
Think not that flying fame reports my fate;
I present, I appear, and my own wreck relate.
Rise, wretched widow, rise, nor undeplor'd
Permit my ghost to pass the Stygian ford:
But rise, prepar'd, in black, to mourn thy perish'd lord
Thus said the player-god; and, adding art
Of voice and gesture, so perform'd his part,
She thought (so like her love the shade appears)
That Ceyx spake the words, and Ceyx shed the tears.
She groan'd, her inward soul with grief oppress,
She sigh'd, she wept; and sleeping beat her breast:
Then stretch'd her arms t' embrace his body bare,
Her clasping arms inclose but empty air:
At this not yet awake she cry'd, Oh stay,
One is our fate, and common is our way!
So dreadful was the dream, so loud she spoke,
That, starting sudden up, the slumber broke;
Then cast her eyes around in hope to view
Her vanish'd lord, and find the vision true:
For now the maids who waited her commands,
Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
Tir'd with the search, not finding what she seeks,
With cruel blows she pounds her blubber'd cheeks;
Then from her beaten breast the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair.
Her nurse demands the cause; with louder cries
She prosecutes her griefs, and thus replies.
No more Alcyone, she suffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx lost his breath:
No flattery, no false comfort, give me none,
My shipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone;
I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
His voice, his figure, and his gestures knew:
His lustre lost, and every living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face;
Though with pale cheeks, wet beard, and dropping hair,
None but my Ceyx could appear so fair:
I would have strain'd him with a strict embrace,
But through my arms he slipt, and vanish'd from the place:
There, ev'n just there he stood; and as she spoke,
Where last the spectre was, she cast her look:
Fain would she hope, and gaz'd upon the ground
If any printed footsteps might be found.
Then sigh'd and said; This I too well foreknew,
And my prophetic fear presag'd too true:
'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and suffer'd thee to part,
Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
Never, ah never to divide our way!
Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd
Together we had liv'd; ev'n not in death disjoin'd!
So had my Ceyx still been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there:
Now I die absent in the vast profound;
And me without myself the seas have drown'd:
The storms were not so cruel; should I strive
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive?
But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
In death forsake, but keep thee company.
If not one common sepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our last remains,
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone shall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line.
No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For sighs come rushing in betwixt her words,
And stopt her tongue: but what her tongue deny'd,
Soft tears and groans, and dumb complaints supply'd.
'Twas morning; to the port she takes her way,
And stands upon the margin of the sea:
That place, that very spot of ground she sought,
Or thither by her destiny was brought,
Where last he stood: and while she sadly said,
'Twas here he left me, lingering here delay'd
His parting kiss; and there his anchors weigh'd;
Thus speaking, while her thoughts past action trace,
And call to mind, admonish'd by the place,
Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,
And somewhat floating from afar descries;
It seem'd a corpse adrift, to distant sight,
But at a distance who could judge aright?
It wasted nearer yet, and then she knew
That what before she but surmis'd, was true:
A corpse it was, but whose it was, unknown,
Yet mov'd, howe'er she made the case her own:
Took the bad omen of a shipwreck'd man,
As for a stranger wept, and thus began:
Poor wretch, on stormy seas to lose thy life,
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife!
At this she paus'd; for now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the side:
The more she looks, the more her fears increase,
At nearer sight; and she's herself the less:
Now driven ashore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees:
Her husband's corpse; at this she loudly shrieks,
'Tis he, 'tis he, she cries, and tears her cheeks,
Her hair, her vest, and, stooping to the sands,
About his neck the ghastly trembling hands.
And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus, thus return'st to me to thy longing wife,
She said, and to the neighbouring mole she strode
(Rais'd there to break th' incursions of the flood);

ng from thence to plunge herself she springs,
ots along supported on her wings:
new-made about the banks she plies,
from shore, and short excursions tries;
ks in air her humble flight to raise,
t to skim the surface of the seas;
l, though slender, sends a creaking noise,
uitates a lamentable voice:
ghting where the bloodless body lies,
th a funeral note renews her cries.
ier stretch her little wings she spread,
ith her feather'd arms embrac'd the dead:
flickering to his pallid lips, she strove
nt a kiss, the last essay of love:
er the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
: the moving waters rais'd his head
et the kiss, the vulgar doubt alone;
e a present miracle was shown.
ods their shapes to wintry-birds translate,
th obnoxious to their former fate.
conjugal affection still is ty'd,
ill the mournful race is multiply'd;
ill, they tread: Alcyone compress'd
days sits brooding on her floating nest:
tery queen: her fire at length is kind,
every storm, and hushes every wind:
es his empire for his daughter's ease,
r his hatching nephews smooths the seas.

ACUS *transformed into a* CORMORANT.

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

VID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ESE some old man sees wanton in the air,
And praises the unhappy constant pair.
to his friend the long-neck'd cormorant shows,
rmer tale reviving others woes:
able bird, he cries, which cuts the flood
slender legs, was once of royal blood;
cestors from mighty Tros proceed,
ave Laomedon, and Ganymede
e beauty tempted Jove to steal the boy),
riam, hapless prince! who fell with Troy:
lf was Hector's brother, and (had fate
ven this hopeful youth a longer date)
s had rival'd warlike Hector's worth,
h on the mother's side of meaner birth;
lyxothoë, a country maid,
Æsacus by stealth in Ida's shade.
d the noisy town, and pompous court,
the lone hills, and simple rural sport,
eldom to the city would resort.
e no rustic clownishness profest,
as soft love a stranger to his breast:
outh had long the nymph Hesperia woo'd,
rough the thicket or the mead pursu'd:
aply on her father's bank he spy'd,
: fearless she her silver tresses dry'd;
she fled: not stags with half such speed,
e the prowling wolf, scud o'er the mead;
Not ducks, when they the safer flood forsake,
Pursu'd by hawks, so swift regain the lake.
As fast he follow'd in the hot career:
Desire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear.
A snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless foot;
Quick through the veins the venom'd juices shoot:
She fell, and 'scap'd by death his fierce pursuit.
Her lifeless body, frighted, he embrac'd,
And cry'd, Not this I dreaded, but thy haste:
O had my love been less, or less thy fear!
The victory thus bought is far too dear.
Accursed snake! yet I more curs'd than he!
He gave the wound; the cause was given by me.
Yet none shall say, that unreveng'd you dy'd.
He spoke; then climb'd a cliff's o'er-hanging side,
And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming tide.
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave;
The death he sought deny'd, and feathers gave.
Debarr'd the surest remedy of grief,
And forc'd to live, he curst th' unask'd relief.
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a second fall successless tries:
The downy plume a quick descent denies.
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave,
And there in vain expects to find a grave.
His ceaseless sorrow for th' unhappy maid
Meager'd his look, and on his spirits prey'd.
Still near the sounding deep he lives; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came.

THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

Connection to the End of the ELEVENTH BOOK.

Æsacus, the son of Priam, loving a country life, forsakes the court: living obscurely, he falls in love with a nymph; who flying from him, was killed by a serpent; for grief of this, he would have drowned himself; but, by the pity of the Gods, is turned into a Cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æsacus, believes him to be dead, and raises a tomb to preserve his memory. By this transition, which is one of the finest in all Ovid, the poet naturally falls into the story of the Trojan war, which is summed up, in the present book, but so very briefly, in many places, that Ovid seems more short than Virgil, contrary to his usual style. Yet the House of Fame, which is here described, is one of the most beautiful pieces in the whole Metamorphoses. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the fray betwixt the Lapithæ and Centaurs, yield to no other part of this poet: and particularly the loves and death of Cyllorus and Hylonome, the male and female Centaur, are wonderfully moving.

PRIAM, to whom the story was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd son:

A cenotaph his name and title kept,
And Hector round the tomb, with all his brothers, wept.
This pious office Paris did not ſhare;
Abſent alone, and author of the war,
Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians drew
T' avenge the rape, and Aſia to ſubdue.
A thouſand ſhips were mann'd, to ſail the ſea:
Nor had their juſt reſentments found delay,
Had not the wind and waves oppos'd their way.
At Aulis with united powers, they meet;
But there, croſs winds or calms detain'd the fleet.
Now, while they raiſe an altar on the ſhore,
And Jove with ſolemn ſacrifice adore;
A boding ſign the prieſts and people ſee:
A ſnake of ſize immenſe aſcends a tree,
And, in the leafy ſummit, ſpy'd a neſt,
Which, o'er her callow young, a ſparrow preſs'd.
Eight were the birds unfledg'd; their mother flew,
And hover'd round her care; but ſtill in view:
Till the fierce reptile firſt devour'd the brood;
Then ſeiz'd the fluttering dam, and drank her blood.
This dire oſtent the fearful people view;
Calchas alone, by Phœbus taught, foreknew
What heaven decreed: and with a ſmiling glance,
Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
O Argives, we ſhall conquer: Troy is ours,
But long delays ſhall firſt afflict our powers:
Nine years of labour, the nine birds portend;
The tenth ſhall in the town's deſtruction end.
The ſerpent, who his m w obſcene had fill'd,
The branches in his curl'd embraces held:
But, as in ſpires he ſtood, he turn'd to ſtone;
The ſtony ſnake retain'd the figure ſtill his own.
Yet not for this the wind-bound navy weigh'd;
Slack were their ſails; and Neptune diſobey'd.
Some thought him loth the town ſhould be deſtroy'd,
Whoſe building had his hands divine employ'd:
Not ſo the ſeer: who knew, and known foreſhow'd,
The virgin Phœbe with a virgin's blood
Muſt firſt be reconcil'd; the common cauſe
Prevail'd; and, pity yielding to the laws,
Fair Iphigenia the devoted maid
Was, by the weeping prieſts, in linen robes array'd;
All mourn her fate; but no relief appear'd:
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd:
When that offended power, who caus'd their woe,
Relenting ceas'd her wrath; and ſtopp'd the coming blow.
A miſt before the miniſters ſhe caſt;
And, in the virgin's room, a hind ſhe plac'd.
Th' oblation ſlain, and Phœbe reconcil'd,
The ſtorm was huſh'd, and dimpled ocean ſmil'd:
A favourable gale aroſe from ſhore,
Which to the port deſir'd the Grecian gallies bore.
Full in the midſt of this created ſpace,
Betwixt heaven, earth, and ſkies, there ſtands a place
Confining on all three; with triple bound;
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd around,
And thither bring their undulating ſound.
The palace of loud fame; her ſeat of power;
Plac'd on the ſummit of a lofty tower;
A thouſand winding entries, long and wide,
Receive of freſh reports a flowing tide.
A thouſand crannies in the walls are made;
Nor gate nor bars exclude the buſy trade.
'Tis built of braſs, the better to diffuſe
The ſpreading ſounds, and multiply the news;
Where echoes in repeated echoes play:
A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
Nor ſilence is within, nor voice expreſs,
But a deaf noiſe of ſounds that never ceaſe;
Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides, receding from th' inſulted ſhore:
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
When Jove to diſtance drives the rolling war.
The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crouds, or iſſuing forth, or entering in:
A thoroughfare of news: where ſome deviſe
Things never heard; ſome mingle truth with l
The troubled air with empty ſounds they beat:
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error ſits brooding there; with added train
Of vain credulity, and joys as vain:
Suſpicion, with ſedition join'd, are near;
And rumors rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and que fear.
Fame ſits aloft; and ſees the ſubject ground,
And ſeas about, and ſkies above; enquirin around.
The Goddeſs gives th' alarm; and ſoon is kr
The Grecian fleet, deſcending on the town.
Fix'd on defence, the Trojans are not ſlow
To guard their ſhore from an expected foe.
They meet in fight: by Hector's fatal hand
Proteſilaus falls, and bites the ſtrand,
Which with expence of blood the Grecians wo
And prov'd the ſtrength unknown of Priam's ſ
And to their coſt the Trojan leaders felt
The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they deal
From theſe firſt onſets, the Sigæan ſhore
Was ſtrew'd with carcaſes, and ſtain'd with go
Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had ſlain;
Achilles in his car had ſcour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks: where'er he ſou
Cygnus or Hector, through the fields he fought
Cygnus he found; on him his force eſſay'd:
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
His white-maned ſteeds, that bow'd beneat yoke,
He cheer'd to courage, with a gentle ſtroke;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe:
And riſing ſhook his lance, in act to throw.
But firſt he cry'd, O youth, be proud to bear
Thy death enobled by Pelides' ſpear.
The lance purſued the voice without delay;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miſs the way,
But pierc'd his cuiraſs, with ſuch fury ſent;
And ſign'd his boſom with a purple dint.
At this the ſeed of Neptune; Goddeſs-born,
For ornament, not uſe, theſe arms are worn;
This helm, and heavy buckler I can ſpare,
As only decorations of the war:
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
'Tis ſomewhat more from Neptune to proceed,
Than from a daughter of the ſea to ſpring:
Thy ſire is mortal; mine is Ocean's king.
Secure of death, I ſhould contemn thy dart,
Though naked, and impaſſable depart:
He ſaid, and threw: the trembling weapon paſ
Through nine bull-hides, each under other plac
On his broad ſhield, and ſtuck within the laſt.
Achilles wrench'd it out; and ſent again
The hoſtile gift: the hoſtile gift was vain.

r'd a third, a tough well choſen ſpear;
iviolable body ſtood ſincere,
gh Cygnus then did no defence provide,
ornful offer'd his unſhielded ſide.
otherwiſe th' impatient hero far'd,
as a bull, encompaſs'd with a guard,
the circus roars: provok'd from far
ht of ſcarlet, and a ſanguine war:
quit their ground; his bended horns elude;
purſuing, and in vain purſued.
re to farther fight he would advance,
od conſidering, and ſurvey'd his lance.
if he wielded not a wooden ſpear
ut a point: he look'd, the point was there.
my hand, and this my lance he ſaid,
ich ſo many thouſand foes are dead.
ther is their uſual virtue fled?
t once; and the Lyrnæſſian wall,
enedos, confeſs'd it in their fall.
reams, Caïcus, roll'd a crimſon flood;
hebes ran red with her own natives blood.
Telephus employ'd their piercing ſteel,
und him firſt, and afterward to heal.
gour of this arm was never vain:
at my wonted proweſs I retain,
s theſe heaps of ſlaughter on the plain.
l, and doubtful of his former deeds,
e new trial of his force poceeds.
ſe Menætes from among the reſt;
he lanch'd his ſpear, and pierc'd his breaſt:
hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
y ſupine; and forth the ſpirit fled.
thus the hero; Neither can I blame
nd, or javelin; both are ſtill the ſame.
ne I will employ againſt this foe;
iſh but with the ſame ſucceſs to throw.
e the chief; and while he ſpoke he threw;
apon with unerring fury flew;
eft ſhoulder aim'd: nor entrance found;
k, as from a rock, with ſwift rebound
ſs return'd: a bloody mark appear'd
with falſe joy the flatter'd hero chear'd.
there was none; the blood that was in view,
ice before from ſlain Menætes drew.
long he leaps from off his lofty car,
cloſe fight on foot renews the war.
with high diſdain, repeats his blows;
eld nor armour can their force oppoſe;
antlets of his buckler ſtrew the ground,
defence in his bor'd arms are found.
his fleſh no wound or blood is ſeen;
ord itſelf is blunted on the ſkin.
vain attempt the chief no longer bears;
nd his hollow temples and his ears
kler beats: the ſon of Neptune, ſtunn'd
eſe repeated buffets, quits his ground;
ſweat ſucceeds, and ſhades of night;
l nature ſwims before his ſight:
ilting victor preſſes on the more,
ads the ſteps the vanquiſh'd trod before,
, nor reſpite gives. A ſtone there lay
his trembling foe, and ſtopp'd his way:
took the advantage which he found,
m'd and puſh'd him backward on the ground.
kler held him under, while he preſs'd,
th his knees above, his panting breaſt.

Unlac'd his helm: about his chin the twiſt
He ty'd; and ſoon the ſtrangled ſoul diſmiſs'd.
With eager haſte he went to ſtrip the dead;
The vanquiſh'd body from his arms was fled.
His ſea-god ſire, t' immortalize his fame,
Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.
A truce ſucceeds the labours of this day,
And arms ſuſpended with a long delay.
While Trojan wails are kept with watch and ward;
The Greeks before their trenches mount the guard;
The feaſt approach'd; when to the blue-eyed maid
His vows for Cygnus ſlain the victor paid,
And a white heifer on her altar laid.
The reeking entrails on the fire they threw;
And to the Gods the grateful odour flew:
Heaven had its part in ſacrifice: the reſt
Was broil'd and roaſted for the future feaſt.
The chief invited gueſts were ſet around:
And hunger firſt aſſuag'd, the bowls were crown'd
Which in deep draughts their cares and labours drown'd,
The mellow harp did not their ears employ:
And mute was all the warlike ſymphony;
Diſcourſe, the food of ſouls, was their delight,
And pleaſing chat prolong'd the ſummer's night.
The ſubject, deeds of arms; and valour ſhown,
Or on the Trojan ſide, or on their own.
Of dangers undertaken, fame atchiev'd,
They talk'd by turns; the talk by turns reliev'd.
What things but theſe could fierce Achilles tell,
Or what could fierce Achilles hear ſo well?
The laſt great act perform'd, of Cygnus ſlain,
Did moſt the martial audience entertain:
Wondering to find a body, free by fate
From ſteel, and which could ev'n that ſteel rebate:
Amaz'd, their admiration they renew;
And ſcarce Pelides could believe it true.
Then Neſtor thus; What once this age has known,
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone,
Theſe eyes have ſeen in Cæneus long before,
Whoſe body not a thouſand ſwords could bore.
Cæneus, in courage, and in ſtrength excell'd,
And ſtill his Othrys' with his fame is fill'd.
But what did moſt his martial deeds adorn,
(Though ſince he chang'd his ſex) a woman born.
A novelty ſo ſtrange, and full of fate,
His liſtening audience aſk'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common ſuit;
O father, firſt for prudence in repute,
Tell with that eloquence ſo much thy own,
What thou haſt heard, or what of Cæneus known:
What was he, whence his change of ſex begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won?
Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal ſtrife
The youth, without a wound, could loſe his life?
Neleides then; Though tardy age, and time
Have ſhrunk my ſinews, and decay'd my prime;
Though much I have forgotten of my ſtore,
Yet not exhauſted, I remember more.
Of all that arms atchiev'd, or peace deſign'd,
That action ſtill is freſher in my mind
Than aught beſide. If reverend age can give
To faith a ſanction, in my third I live.
'Twas in my ſecond century, I ſurvey'd
Young Cænis, then a fair Theſſalian maid:

Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, foreſhow
Thy fate (if form to monſters men allow):
Juſt bloom'd thy beard, thy beard of golden hue:
Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy ſhoulders flew.
Sprightly thy look: thy ſhapes in every part
So clean as might inſtruct the ſculptor's art,
As far as man extended: where began
The beaſt, the beaſt was equal to the man.
Add but a horſe's head and neck, and he,
O Caſtor, was a courſer worthy thee.
So was his back proportion'd for the ſeat;
So roſe his brawny cheſt; ſo ſwiftly mov'd his feet.
Coal-black his colour, but like jet it ſhone;
His legs and flowing tail were white alone.
Belov'd by many maidens of his kind,
But fair Hylonome poſſeſs'd his mind;
Hylonome, for features, and for face,
Excelling all the nymphs of double race:
Nor leſs her blandiſhments, than beauty, move;
At once both loving, and confeſſing love.
For him ſhe dreſs'd; for him with female care
She comb'd and ſet in curls, her auburn hair.
Of roſes, violets, and lilies mix'd,
And ſprigs of flowing roſemary betwixt,
She form'd the chaplet, that adorn'd her front:
In waters of the Pegaſæan ſount,
And in the ſtreams that from the fountain play,
She waſh'd her face, and bath'd her twice a day.
The ſcarf of furs, that hung below her ſide,
Was ermin, or the panther's ſpotted pride;
Spoils of no common beaſt: with equal flame
They lov'd: their ſylvan pleaſures were the ſame:
All day they hunted; and when day expir'd,
Together to ſome ſhady cave retir'd.
Invited, to the nuptials both repair:
And, ſide by ſide, they both engage in war.
Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
At Cyllarus was ſent, which pierc'd his heart.
The javelin drawn from out the mortal wound,
He faints with ſtaggering ſteps, and ſeeks the ground:
The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,
And ſtrove his wandering ſpirits to recal:
And, while her hand the ſtreaming blood oppos'd,
Join'd face to face, his lips with hers ſhe clos'd.
Stifled with kiſſes, a ſweet death he dies;
She fills the fields with undiſtinguiſh'd cries:
At leaſt her words were in her clamour drown'd;
For my ſtunn'd ears receiv'd no vocal ſound.
In madneſs of her grief, ſhe ſeiz'd the dart
New-drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart;
To her bare boſom the ſharp point apply'd,
And wounded fell; and, falling by his ſide,
Embrac'd him in her arms, and thus embracing dy'd.
Ev'n ſtill methinks, I ſee Phæocomes;
Strange was his habit, and as odd his dreſs,
Six lions hides, with thongs together faſt,
His upper part defended to his waiſt;
And where man ended, the continued veſt
Spread on his back the houſs and trappings of a beaſt.
A ſtump too heavy for a team to draw
(It ſeems a fable, though the fact I ſaw);
He threw at Pholon; the deſcending blow
Divides the ſkull, and cleaves his head in two.
The brains, from noſe and mouth, and either ear,
Came iſſuing out, as through a colendar
The curdled milk: or from the preſs the whey,
Driven down by weights above, is drain'd away.
But him, while ſtooping down to ſpoil the ſlain,
Pierc'd through the paunch, I tumbled on the plain.
Then Chthonius and Teleboas I ſlew:
A fork the former arm'd; a dart his fellow threw.
The javelin wounded me (behold the ſcar).
Then was my time to ſeek the Trojan war;
Then I was Hector's match in open field;
But he was then unborn; at leaſt a child;
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
By Periphantes how Pyretus fell;
The Centaur by the Knight: nor will I ſtay
On Amphix, or what deaths he dealt that day:
What honour, with a pointleſs lance, he won,
Stuck in the front of a four-footed man.
What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight:
Or dwell on Neſſus, now return'd from flight.
How prophet Mopſus not alone divin'd,
Whoſe valour equal'd his foreſeeing mind.
Already Cæneus, with his conquering hand,
Had ſlaughter'd five the boldeſt of their band:
Pyrachmus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the brave, and ſtronger Stiphelus:
Their names I number'd, and remember well,
No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.
Latreus, the bulkieſt of the double race,
Whom the ſpoil'd arms of ſlain Haleſus grace,
In years retaining ſtill his youthful might,
Though his black hairs were interſpers'd with white.
Betwixt th' embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance;
And rode the ring around; that either hoſt
Might hear him, while he made this empty boaſt.
And from a ſtrumpet ſhall we ſuffer ſhame?
For Cænis ſtill, not Cæneus, is thy name:
Hnd ſtill the native ſoftneſs of thy kind
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert: what price was paid
To change thy ſex: to make thee not a maid;
And but a man in ſhew: go, card and ſpin;
And leave the buſineſs of the war to men.
While thus the boaſter exercis'd his pride,
The fatal ſpear of Cæneus reach'd his ſide:
Juſt in the mixture of the kinds it ran;
Betwixt the nether beaſt and upper man.
The monſter mad with rage, and ſtung with ſmart,
His lance directed at the hero's heart:
It ſtrook; but bounded from his harden'd breaſt;
Like hail from tiles, which the ſafe houſe inveſt;
Nor ſeem'd the ſtroke with more effect to come,
Than a ſmall pebble falling on a drum.
He next his fauchion try'd, in cloſer fight,
But the keen fauchion had no power to bite.
He thruſt; the blunted point return'd again.
Since downright blows, he cry'd, and thruſts are vain,
I'll prove his ſide: in ſtrong embraces held,
He prov'd his ſide; his ſide the ſword repell'd:
His hollow belly echo'd to the ſtroke;
Untouch'd his body, as a ſolid rock;
Aim'd at his neck at laſt, the blade in ſhivers broke.
Th' impaſſive knight ſtood idle, to deride
His rage, and offer'd oft his naked ſide:
At length, Now, monſter, in thy turn, he cry'd,
Try thou the ſtrength of Cæneus: at the word
He thruſt: and in his ſhoulder plung'd the ſword.

ith'd his hand; and as he drove it down,
his breaſt, made many wounds in one.
entaurs ſaw, inrag'd, th' unhop'd ſucceſs;
ing on, in crowds, together preſs;
and him alone, their darts they threw:
they from his fated body flew.
hey ſtood; till Monychus began,
a nation conquer'd by a man!
-man; yet more a man is he,
our race; and what he was, are we.
at avail our nerves? th' united force,
e ſtrongeſt creatures, man and horſe:
eſs-born, nor of Ixion's ſeed,
(a lover built for Juno's bed);
by this half man. Whole mountains throw
ods at once, and bury him below.
way remains. Nor need we doubt
the ſoul within, though not to force it out.
ights, inſtead of wounds: he chanc'd to
ſee
uthern ſtorms had rooted up a tree;
'd from earth, againſt the foe he threw;
iple ſhewn, his fellow brutes purſue.
:it-loads the warrior they invade:
id Pelion ſoon were void of ſhade;
iding groves were naked mountains made.
ith the burden, Cæneus pants for breath;
is ſhoulders bears the wooden death.
th' intolerable weight he tries;
it roſe above his mouth and eyes;
e heaves: and ſtruggling with deſpair,
aſide, and gains a gulp of air:
:lief, which but prolongs his pain;
by fits; and then reſpires again:
e burden only nods above,
an earthquake ſtirs th' Idæan grove.
his death: he ſuffocated ſeem'd,
but otherwiſe our Mopſus deem'd,
, he ſaw a yellow bird ariſe
the pile, and cleave the liquid ſkies:
oo: with golden feathers bright,
efore beheld ſo ſtrange a ſight.
lopſus viewing, as it ſoar'd around
, and heard the pinions rattling ſound,
e cry'd, thy count'y's grace and love;
of men below, now firſt of birds above.
to the ſtory gave belief;
r courage was increas'd by grief:
to ſee a ſingle man, purſu'd
s, to ſink beneath a multitude:
d the foe, and forc'd to ſhameful flight;
and part eſcap'd by favour of the night.
le, by Neſtor told, did much diſpleaſe
us, the ſeed of Hercules:
he had heard his father ſay,
imſelf was preſent at the fray;
than ſhar'd the glories of the day.
ronicle, he ſaid, among the reſt,
it have nam'd Alcides at the leaſt:
worth your praiſe? The Pylian prince
he ſpoke; then made this proud defence.
r woes, in long oblivion drown'd.
ave loſt; but you renew the wound:
aſs him o'er, than to relate
I have your mighty fire to hate.
has fill'd the world, and reach'd the ſky;
h, I wiſh, with truth, I could deny)!

We praiſe not Hector; though his name, we know,
Is great in arms; 'tis hard to praiſe a foe.
He, your great father, level'd to the ground
Meſſenia's towers: nor better fortune found
Elis, and Pylos; that a neighbouring ſtate,
And this my own: both guiltleſs of their fate.
To paſs the reſt, twelve, wanting one, he ſlew;
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew.
All youths of early promiſe, had they liv'd;
By him they periſh'd: I alone ſurviv'd.
The reſt were eaſy conqueſt: but the fate
Of Periclymenos is wondrous to relate.
To him our common grandſire of the main
Had given to change his form, and, chang'd reſume
again.
Vary'd at pleaſure, every ſhape he try'd;
And in all beaſts Alcides ſtill defy'd:
Vanquiſh'd on earth, at length he ſoar'd above;
Chang'd to the bird, that bears the bolt of love:
The new-diſſembled eagle, now endu'd
With peak and pounces, Hercules purſu'd,
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face;
Then, ſafe retir'd, and tour'd in empty ſpace.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe,
But, bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, ſuſpended as he ſtood;
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound; but in the ſinew hung
The point; and his diſabled wing unſtrung.
He wheel'd in air, and ſtretch'd his vans in vain;
His vans no longer could his flight ſuſtain:
For while one gather'd wind, one unſupply'd
Hung drooping down; nor pois'd his other ſide.
He fell: the ſhaft, that ſlightly was impreſs'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his neck, aſlant; he ſpurns the ground,
And the ſoul iſſues through the weazon's wound.
Now, brave commander of the Rhodian ſeas,
What praiſe is due from me to Hercules?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree
For my ſlain brothers; but 'tis peace with thee.
Thus with a flowing tongue old Neſtor ſpoke:
Then, to full bowls each other they provoke:
At length, with wearineſs and wine oppreſs'd,
They riſe from table, and withdraw to reſt.
The ſire of Cygnus, monarch of the main,
Mean time, laments his ſon, in battle ſlain:
And vows the victor's death, nor vows in vain.
For nine long years the ſmother'd pain he bore
(Achilles was not ripe for fate before):
Then when he ſaw the promis'd hour was near,
He thus beſpoke the God that guides the year.
Immortal offspring of my brother Jove;
My brighteſt nephew, and whom beſt I love,
Whoſe hands were join'd with mine, to raiſe the
wall
Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall;
Doſt thou not mourn our power employ'd in vain,
And the defenders of our city ſlain?
To paſs the reſt, could noble Hector lie
Unpity'd, dragg'd around his native Troy?
And yet the murderer lives: himſelf by far
A greater plague, than all the waſteful war:
He lives; the proud Pelides lives, to boaſt
Our town deſtroy'd, our common labour loſt!
O, could I meet him! But I wiſh too late;
To prove my trident, is not in his fate.

But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy dart,
And pierce his only penetrable part.
Apollo bows to the ſuperior throne;
And to his uncle's anger adds his own.
Then in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight;
And found out Paris, lurking where he ſtood,
And ſtain'd his arrows with plebeian blood:
Phœbus to him alone the God confeſs'd,
Then to the recreant knight he thus addreſs'd:
Doſt thou not bluſh, to ſpend thy ſhafts in vain
On a degenerate and ignoble train?
If fame, or better vengeance, be thy care,
There aim, and, with one arrow, end the war.
He ſaid; and ſhew'd from far the blazing ſhield
And ſword, which but Achilles none could wield;
And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the ſtanding field.
The Deity himſelf directs aright
Th' invenom'd ſhaft; and wings the fatal flight.
Thus fell the foremoſt of the Grecian name;
And he, the baſe adulterer, boaſts the ſame.
A ſpectacle to glad the Trojan train;
And pleaſe old Priam, after Hector ſlain.
If by a female hand he had foreſeen
He was to die, his wiſh had rather been
The lance and double ax of the fair warrior queen.
And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
The Grecian honour, ornament, and ſhield,
High on a pile, th' unconquer'd chief is plac'd:
The God, that arm'd him firſt, conſum'd at laſt,
Of all the mighty man, the ſmall remains
A little urn, and ſcarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet great in Homer, ſtill Achilles lives;
And, equal to himſelf, himſelf ſurvives.
His buckler owns its former lord; and brings
New cauſe of ſtrife betwixt contending kings;
Who worthieſt, after him, his ſword to wield,
Or wear his armour, or ſuſtain his ſhield.
Ev'n Diomede ſat mute, with down-caſt eyes:
Conſcious of wanted worth to win the prize:
Nor Menelaus preſum'd theſe arms to claim,
Nor he the king of men, a greater name.
Two rivals only roſe: Laertes' ſon,
And the vaſt bulk of Ajax Telamon.
The king, who cheriſh'd each with equal love,
And from himſelf all envy would remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the laws;
And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the cauſe.

THE

SPEECHES

OF

AJAX AND ULYSSES.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

THE chiefs were ſet, the ſoldiers crown'd the field:
To theſe the maſter of the ſevenfold ſhield
Upſtarted fierce: and kindled with diſdain,
Eager to ſpeak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The ſhore, and Grecian gallies haul'd a-ground.
Then ſtretching out his hands, O Jove, he cry'd,
Muſt then our cauſe before the fleet be try'd?
And dares Ulyſſes for the prize contend,
In fight of what he durſt not once defend?
But baſely fled that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming prey.
So much 'tis ſafer at the noiſy bar
With words to flouriſh, than engage in war.
By different methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labour to be great;
His arms are a ſmooth tongue, and ſoft deceit.
Nor need I ſpeak my deeds, for thoſe you ſee;
The ſun and day are witneſſes for me.
Let him who fights unſeen relate his own,
And vouch the ſilent ſtars, and conſcious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confeſs,
But ſuch an abject rival makes it leſs.
That gift, thoſe honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:
Loſing he wins, becauſe his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durſt contend with me.
Were mine own valour queſtion'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good:
My ſire was Telamon, whoſe arms, employ'd
With Hercules, theſe Trojan walls deſtroy'd;
And who before, with Jaſon, ſent from Greece,
In the firſt ſhip brought home the golden fleece:
Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (th' inquiſitor of guilty lives
In ſhades below; where Siſyphus, whoſe ſon
This thief is thought, rolls up the reſtleſs heavy ſtone).
Juſt Æacus the king of Gods above
Begot: thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor ſhould I ſeek advantage from my line,
Unleſs, Achilles, it were mix'd with thine:
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our ſtock, and the Siſyphian ſeed
By fraud and theft aſſerts his father's breed.
Then muſt I loſe theſe arms, becauſe I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name?
Nor ſhunn'd the cauſe, but offer'd you my aid,
While he long lurking was to war betray'd:
Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear;
And feign'd diſtraction to conceal his fear:
Till one more cunning caught him in the ſnare,
Ill for myſelf) and drag'd him into war.
Now let a hero's arms a coward veſt,
And he, who ſhunn'd all honours, gain the beſt;
And let me ſtand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinſman's arms, who firſt appear'd in fight.
Better for us, at home he had remain'd,
Had it been true the madneſs which he feign'd,
Or ſo believ'd; the leſs had been our ſhame,
The leſs his counſel'd crime, which brands the Grecian name;
Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd
In a bare iſle, to wants and pains expos'd,
Where to the rocks, with ſolitary groans,
His ſufferings and our baſeneſs he bemoans;

may heaven his wiſh fulfil)
l to him who caus'd his ill.
is to Troy's deſtruction ſworn,
the war, by whom are borne
, pent in narrow bounds,
hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with
ds,
d and cloathing, muſt employ
ls the ſhafts due to the fate of Troy.
s, and lives from treaſon free,
Ulyſſes' company:
might wiſh, ſo void of aid
been left, than ſo to death betray'd.
re the man immortal ſpite,
m out of madneſs into fight:
erwiſe to vent his hate;
rſt of treaſon to the ſtate;
roof produc'd the golden ſtore
dden in his tent before:
ampions he depriv'd our hoſt,
d one by treaſon loſt.
yſſes, thus his fame extends,
an, but to his friends:
greatneſs is in words and ſound:
eſtor leſs in both is found:
ght without a rival reign,
nful Neſtor on the plain;
nd, ev'n at his utmoſt need,
tardy, with his wounded ſteed,
id, and call'd him by his name;
has neither ears nor ſhame:
good old man, bereft of aid,
ch as lay in him, betray'd.
t a fable forg'd by me,
an Ulyſſean lye,
iomede, who, though his friend,
excuſe, much leſs defend:
back aloud, and tax'd his fear;
gh he heard, but durſt not hear.
ith equal eyes on mortals look;
forſaken, who forſook:
ccour he refus'd to lend,
llow ſuch another friend:
he roar'd that all might hear,
was increas'd by fear:
I found him out of breath,
, and half dead with fear of death.
I judg'd himſelf by his own laws,
demn'd, I help'd the common cauſe:
d buckler hid him from the foe;
d trembling as he lay below);
ending fate the coward freed:
orgive me for ſo bad a deed!
perſiſt, and urge the ſtrife,
ve me back his forfeit life:
to that opprobrious field;
der my protecting ſhield:
unded, let the foe be near,
ivering heart confeſs his fear;
in the very jaws of fate;
lead his cauſe in that eſtate;
ſnatch'd from death, when from be-

d I loos'd and let him go,
how light he roſe, with what a bound
n earth, forgetful of his wounds
w eager then his feet to ply;
trength to ſtand, had ſpeed to fly!

Hector came on, and brought the Gods along;
Fear ſeiz'd alike the feeble and the ſtrong:
Each Greek was an Ulyſſes; ſuch a dread
Th' approach, and ev'n the ſound, of Hector bred:
Him, fleſh'd with ſlaughter, and with conqueſt crown'd,
I met, and over-turn'd him to the ground.
When after, matchleſs as he deem'd in might,
He challeng'd all our hoſt to ſingle fight,
All eyes were fix'd on me: the lots were thrown;
But for your champion I was wiſh'd alone:
Your vows were heard; we fought, and neither yield;
Yet I return'd unvanquiſh'd from the field.
With Jove to friend th' inſulting Trojan came,
And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame:
Was it the ſtrength of this tongue-valiant lord,
In that black hour that ſaved you from the ſword?
Or was my breaſt expos'd alone, to brave
A thouſand ſwords, a thouſand ſhips to ſave?
The hopes of your return! and can you yield,
For a ſav'd fleet, leſs than a ſingle ſhield?
Think it no boaſt, O Grecians, if I deem
Theſe arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them;
Or, I with them an equal honour ſhare;
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my courage with his flight?
As well he may compare the day with night.
Night is indeed the province of his reign:
Yet all his dark exploits no more contain,
Than a ſpy taken, and a ſleeper ſlain;
A prieſt made priſoner, Pallas made a prey:
But none of all theſe actions done by day:
Nor aught of theſe was done and Diomede away.
If on ſuch petty merits you conſer
So vaſt a prize, let each his portion ſhare;
Make a juſt dividend; and if not all,
The greater part to Diomede will fall.
But why for Ithacus ſuch arms as thoſe,
Who naked and by night invades his foes?
The glittering helm by moonlight will proclaim
The latent robber, and prevent his game:
Nor could he hold his tottering head upright
Beneath that motion, or ſuſtain the weight;
Nor that right arm could toſs the beamy lance;
Much leſs the left that ampler ſhield advance;
Ponderous with precious weight, and rough with coſt
Of the round world in riſing gold emboſs'd,
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look as for the gold he ſtole the ſhield;
Which ſhould your error on the wretch beſtow,
It would not frighten, but allure the foe:
Why aſks he, what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is plac'd?
You give him death, that intercept his haſte.
Add, that his own is yet a maiden-ſhield,
Nor the leaſt dint has ſuffer'd in the field,
Guiltleſs of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
Worn out of ſervice, muſt forſake his lord.
What farther need of words our right to ſcan?
My arguments are deeds, let action ſpeak the man.
Since from a champion's arms the ſtrife aroſe,
So caſt the glorious prize amid the foes;
Then ſend us to redeem both arms and ſhield,
And let him wear who wins them in the field.

He ſaid: a murmur from the multitude,
Or ſomewhat like a ſtifled ſhout, enſued:
Till from his ſeat aroſe Laertes' ſon,
Look'd down awhile, and paus'd ere he begun;
Then to th' expecting audience rais'd his look,
And not without prepar'd attention ſpoke:
Soft was his tone, and ſober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.

If heaven, my lords, had heard our common prayer,
Theſe arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir;
Still great Achilles had his own poſſeſs'd,
And we with great Achilles had been bleſs'd.
But ſince hard fate, and heaven's ſevere decree,
Have raviſh'd him away from you and me
(At this he ſigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
Or ſeem'd to draw, ſome drops of kindly dew);
Who better can ſucceed Achilles loſt,
Than he who gave Achilles to your hoſt?
This only I requeſt, that neither he
May gain, by being what he ſeems to be,
A ſtupid thing, nor I may loſe the prize,
By having ſenſe, which heaven to him denies:
Since, great or ſmall, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cauſe employ'd:
Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your defence
And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear againſt myſelf, and deem'd a fault.
Make not a crime where nature made it none;
For every man may freely uſe his own.
The deeds of long-deſcended anceſtors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect: but ſince he draws his line
From Jove, and ſeems to plead a right divine;
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am deſcended in the ſame degree:
My ſire Laertes was Arceſius' heir,
Arceſius was the ſon of Jupiter:
No parricide, no baniſh'd man, is known
In all my line: let him excuſe his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's ſide,
By both my parents to the Gods ally'd;
But not becauſe that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim deſert,
Or that my ſire from parricide is free;
But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
The prize be to the beſt; provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great ſire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by them his feeble claim:
Be kindred and relation laid aſide,
And honour's cauſe by laws of honour try'd:
For if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with eaſe withſtood.
Peleus, the hero's ſire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
Inherit firſt theſe trophies of the field;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, ſend the ſhield:
And Teucer has an uncle's right; yet he
Waves his pretenſions, nor contends with me.
Then, ſince the cauſe on pure deſert is plac'd,
Whence ſhall I take my riſe, what reckon laſt?
I not preſume on every act to dwell,
But take theſe few, in order as they fell.
Thetis, who knew the fates, apply'd her care
To keep Achilles in diſguiſe from war;
And till the threatening influence were paſt,
A woman's habit on the hero caſt,
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd veſt,
And Ajax (never wiſer than the reſt)
Found no Pelides there: at length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame;
She, not diſcover'd by her mein or voice,
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice;
And while on female toys her fellows look,
Graſp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin ſhook;
Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus beſpoke:
G Goddeſs-born, reſiſt not heaven's decree,
The fall of Ilium is reſerv'd for thee;
Then ſeiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
Sent bluſhing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all the actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my ſpear,
And after cur'd: to me the Thebans owe,
Leſbos and Tenedos, their overthrow;
Scyros and Cylla: not on all to dwell,
By me Lymeſus and ſtrong Chryſa fell:
And ſince I ſent the man who Hector ſlew,
To me the noble Hector's death is due:
Thoſe arms I put into his living hand,
Thoſe arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.

When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prince,
And met at Aulis to revenge th' offence,
'Twas a dead calm, or adverſe blaſts, that reign'd,
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd:
Bad ſigns were ſeen, and oracles ſevere
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear:
That by his daughter's blood we muſt appeaſe
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the ſeas.
Affection, intereſt, fame, his heart aſſail'd;
But ſoon the father o'er the king prevail'd:
Bold, on himſelf he took the pious crime,
As angry with the Gods, as they with him,
No ſubject could ſuſtain their ſovereign's look,
Till this hard enterprize I undertook:
I only durſt th' imperial power control,
And undermin'd the parent in his ſoul;
Forc'd him t' exert the king for common good,
And pay our ranſom with his daughter's blood.
Never was cauſe more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge againſt himſelf decreed:
Yet this I won by dint of argument;
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
And his own office, ſham'd him to conſent.
'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind,
And to this heavy taſk was I deſign'd:
Reaſons againſt her love I knew were vain:
I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had Ajax been employ'd, our ſlacken'd ſails
Had ſtill at Aulis waited happy gales.
Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,
A fearleſs envoy, fit for a bold embaſſy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hoſtile court,
Glittering with ſteel and crouded with reſort:
There in the midſt of arms, I plead our cauſe,
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
Accuſe the foes, as authors of the ſtrife,
Reproach the raviſher, demand the wife.
Priam, Antenor, and the wiſer few,
I mov'd; but Paris and his lawleſs crew
Scarce held their hands, and lifted ſwords: but ſtood
In act to quench their impious thirſt of blood:
This Menelaus knows; expos'd to ſhare
With me the rough preludium of the war.

't were to tell what I have done,
counſel, ſince the ſiege begun:
ıcounters paſt, the foe repell'd,
:'d within the town, we kept the field,
d aſleep for nine long years; at length,
efolv'd to puſh, we try'd our ſtrength.
did Ajax while our arms took breath,
in the groſs mechanic trade of death?
ire my deeds, with ambuſh'd arms
ıe foe, or tir'd with falſe alarms;
ſhips, drew lines along the plain,
g chear'd, chaſtis'd the rebel-train,
rage, our ſpent arms renew'd;
at home, or ſent abroad, the common
auſe purſu'd.
, deluded in a dream by Jove,
take the town, and order'd to remove.
ſt durſt arraign the power ſupreme,
Jove to juſtify his dream?
: wiſh the ſoldiers to retain
eful flight, but wiſhes were in vain;
; of effect had been his words,
:ourſe his blundering tongue affords.
boaſter threaten, did he pray,
wn example urge their ſtay?
of theſe, but ran himſelf away.
un, and was aſham'd to ſee;
his feet ſo faſt to get aboard as he?
ling through the place, I made a ſtand,
cry'd, O baſe degenerate band,
town already in your hand,
g expence of blood, for fame,
me nothing but perpetual ſhame!
s, or what I have forgotten ſince,
ſpir'd me then with eloquence)
ir minds, they leave the crowded port,
r late forſaken camp reſort;
ıe council met: this man was there,
ınd not recover'd of his fear:
x'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
e opening mouth with blows I ſeal'd.
, I excite their ſouls to fame,
ſleeping virtue into flame.
e, whatever he perform'd in fight
ne who drew him back from flight.
the Grecian chiefs conſorts with thee?
le deſires my company,
mmunicates his praiſe with me.
y a God, ſecure he goes,
ı my fellowſhip, amid the foes:
little merit I may boaſt,
ı a man ſelects from ſuch an hoſt;
lots, I went without affright,
h him the dangers of the night:
e errand ſent, we met the ſpy
double-tongued, and us'd to lye;
ıtch'd, but not till, undermin'd,
firſt to tell what treacherous Troy de-
gn'd:
rform'd, with praiſe I had retir'd,
ıtent with this, to greater praiſe aſpir'd;
œſus, and his Thracian crew,
nd his, in their own ſtrength, I ſlew;
victor, all my vows complete,
ing's chariot, in his royal ſeat:
now his arms, whoſe fiery ſteeds
is'd to the ſpy for his nocturnal deeds:
[.

And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days out-balance this one night.
Nor fought I darkling ſtill: the ſun beheld
With ſlaughter'd Lycians when I ſtrew'd the field:
You ſaw and counted as I paſs'd along,
Alaſtor, Cromius, Ceranos the ſtrong,
Alcander, Prytanus, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Eunomus,
Choon, Cherſidamas; and five beſide,
Men of obſcure deſcent, but courage try'd:
All theſe this hand laid breathleſs on the ground;
Nor want I proof of many a manly wound:
All honeſt, all before: believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you ſee.
At this he bar'd his breaſt, and ſhew'd his ſcars,
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars;
Nor is this part unexercis'd, ſaid he;
That giant bulk of his from wounds is free:
Safe in his ſhield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I:
But this avails me not, our boaſter ſtrove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
To ſave the fleet: this I confeſs is true
(Nor will I take from any man his due):
But thus aſſuming all, he robs from you.
Some part of honour to your ſhare will fall,
He did the beſt indeed, but did not all.
Patroclus' in Achilles' arms, and thought
The chief he ſeem'd, with equal ardour fought;
Preſerv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.
But Ajax boaſts, that he was only thought
A match for Hector, who the combat ſought:
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me;
All were as eager for the fight as he;
He, but the ninth, and not by public voice,
Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice:
They fought; nor can our hero boaſt th' event,
For Hector from the field unwounded went.
Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
That ſnatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?
I ſaw Peliden ſink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave ſoul was fled: full of my friend,
I ruſh'd amid the war, his relics to defend:
Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away:
Thoſe arms, which on theſe ſhoulders then I bore,
'Tis juſt you to theſe ſhoulders ſhould reſtore.
You ſee I want not nerves, who could ſuſtain
The ponderous ruins of ſo great a man:
Or if in others equal force you find,
None is endued with a more grateful mind.
Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
Theſe arms thus labour'd for her ſon prepare;
That Ajax after him the heavenly gift ſhould wear?
For that dull ſoul to ſtare with ſtupid eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible prize!
What are to him the ſculptures of the ſhield,
Heaven's planets, earth, and ocean's watery field?
The Pleiads, Hyads; leſs and greater Bear,
Undipp'd in ſeas; Orion's angry ſtar;
Two differing cities, grav'd on either hand?
Would he wear arms he cannot underſtand?
Beſide, what wiſe objections he prepares
Againſt my late acceſſion to the wars!

Does not the fool perceive his argument
Is with more force againſt Achilles bent?
For if diſſembling be ſo great a crime,
The fault is common, and the ſame in him:
And if he taxes both of long delay,
My guilt is leſs, who ſooner came away.
His pious mother, anxious for his life,
Detain'd her ſon; and me my pious wife.
To them the bloſſoms of our youth were due:
Our riper manhood we reſerv'd for you.
But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
When with ſo great a man my guilt I ſhare:
My wit to war the matchleſs hero brought,
But by this fool he never had been caught.
Nor need I wonder that on me he threw
Such foul aſperſions, when he ſpares not you:
If Palamede unjuſtly fell by me,
Your honour ſuffer'd in th' unjuſt decree;
I but accus'd, you doom'd: and yet he dy'd,
Convinc'd of treaſon, and was fairly try'd:
You heard not he was falſe; your eyes beheld
The traitor manifeſt; the bribe reveal'd.
That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
Defend your juſtice, for the fact's your own:
'Tis true, th' advice was mine; that ſtaying there
He might his weary limbs with reſt repair,
From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.
He took the counſel, and he lives at leaſt;
Th' event declares I counſel'd for the beſt:
Though faith is all, in miniſters of ſtate;
For who can promiſe to be fortunate?
Now ſince his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit, or weak addreſs, employ;
Send Ajax there, with his perſuaſive ſenſe,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence:
But Xanthus ſhall run backward; Ida ſtand
A leafleſs mountain; and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy; if, when my counſels fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.
Hard Philoctetes, exerciſe thy ſpleen
Againſt thy fellows, and the king of men;
Curſe my devoted head, above the reſt,
And wiſh in arms to meet me breaſt to breaſt:
Yet I the dangerous taſk will undertake,
And either die myſelf, or bring thee back.
Nor doubt the ſame ſucceſs, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to theſe tents I bore,
Surpriz'd by night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war;
Heaven's dark decrees and anſwers to diſplay,
And how to take the town, and where the ſecret lay:
Yet this I compaſs'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian maid;
That work was mine; for Pallas, though our friend,
Yet while ſhe was in Troy, did Troy defend.
Now what has Ajax done, or what deſign'd?
A noiſy nothing, and an empty wind.
If he be what he promiſes in ſhow,
Why was I ſent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boaſting champion thought the taſk not light
To paſs the guards, commit himſelf to night:
Not only through a hoſtile town to paſs,
But ſcale, with ſteep aſcent, the ſacred place;
With wandering ſteps to ſearch the citadel,
And from the prieſts their patroneſs to ſteal:
Then through ſurrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heavenly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
Before that monſtrous bulk, his ſevenfold ſhield.
That night to conquer Troy I might be ſaid,
When Troy was liable to conqueſt made.
Why point'ſt thou to my partner of the war?
Tydides had indeed a worthy ſhare
In all my toil and praiſe; but when thy might
Our ſhips protected, didſt thou ſingly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I aſk'd no friend, nor had, but him alone:
Who, had he not been well aſſur'd, that art
And conduct were of war the better part,
And more avail'd than ſtrength, my valiant friend
Had urg'd a better right, than Ajax can pretend:
As good at leaſt Eurypylus may claim,
And the more moderate Ajax of the name:
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menelaus bold with ſword and ſpear:
All theſe had been my rivals in the ſhield,
And yet all theſe to my pretenſions yield.
Thy boiſterous hands are then of uſe, when I
With this directing head thoſe hands apply.
Brawn without brain is thine: my prudent care
Foreſees, provides, adminiſters the war:
Thy province is to fight, but when ſhall he
The time to fight, the king conſults with me:
No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd;
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.
By how much more the ſhip of ſafety owes
To him who ſteers, than him that only rows;
By how much more the captain merits praiſe
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
By ſo much greater is my worth than thine,
Who canſt but execute what I deſign.
What gain'ſt thou, brutal man, if I confeſs
Thy ſtrength ſuperior, when thy wit is leſs?
Mind is the man: I claim my whole deſert
From the mind's vigour, and th' immortal part.
But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
Be grateful to your watchman of the war:
For all my labours in ſo long a ſpace,
Sure I may plead a title to your grace:
Enter the town; I then unbarr'd the gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty;
By falling Troy, by yonder tottering towers,
And by their taking Gods, which now are ours;
Or if there yet a farther taſk remains,
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains;
If yet ſome deſperate action reſts behind,
That aſks high conduct, and a dauntleſs mind;
If aught be wanting to the Trojan doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome;
Award thoſe arms I aſk, by your decree:
Or give to this what you refuſe to me.
He ceas'd: and ceaſing with reſpect he bow'd,
And with his hand at once the fatal ſtatue ſhow'd.
Heaven, air, and ocean rang, with loud applauſe,
And by the general vote he gain'd his cauſe.
Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd,
And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

HE DEATH OF AJAX.

o could often, and alone, withſtand
he fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
ot his unmaſter'd grief ſuſtain,
to rage, to madneſs, and diſdain;
ching out his fauchion, Thou, ſaid he,
; Ulyſſes lays no claim to thee.
y'd, and ever truſt, ſword,
y laſt kind office to thy lord:
who requeſts thy aid, to ſhow
himſelf, himſelf could overthrow.
d with ſo good a will to die
breaſt the fatal point apply,
s heart, a way till then unknown,
er weapon enter'd but his own:
could force it thence, ſo fixt it ſtood,
t ruſh'd, expell'd by ſtreams of ſpouting
blood.
n blood produc'd a flower, which grew
ſtem; and of a purple hue:
whom unaware Apollo ſlew;
both, the letters are the ſame,
expreſs the grief, and theſe the name.

THE STORY OF

, POLYPHEMUS, AND GALATEA.

M THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF

D'S METAMORPHOSES.

he lovely youth, whoſe loſs I mourn,
n Faunus, and the nymph Symethis born,
is parents pleaſure; but to me
t love could make a lover be
our minds in mutual bands did join:
nly joy, and he was mine.
n ſummers the ſweet youth had ſeen;
ful down began to ſhade his chin:
phemus firſt diſturb'd our joy,
ne fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.
ich paſſion in my ſoul was higher,
rſion, or my firſt deſire:
greater was, nor that the leſs;
alike, for both were in exceſs.
s, thee both heaven and earth obey;
y power, and boundleſs is thy ſway.
s, who defy'd th' æthereal throne,
t no thunder louder than his own,
of the woods, and wilder far
s in plains, or bears in foreſts are,
an hoſt, who made his bloody feaſts,
l members of his butcher'd gueſts,
force of love and fierce deſire,
for me, with unrelenting fire;
averns, and his woolly care,
softneſs of a lover's air;
d, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.

Now with a crooked ſcythe his beard he ſleeks,
And mows the ſtubborn ſtubble of his cheeks:
Now in the cryſtal ſtream, he looks, to try
His ſimagres, and rowls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirſt of blood are loſt;
And ſhips ſecurely ſail along the coaſt.
The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
Where Ætna's ſummits to the ſeas advance,
Who mark'd the tracks of every bird that flew,
And ſure preſages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulyſſes' hand
In his broad eye ſhould thruſt a flaming brand.
The giant, with a ſcornful grin, reply'd,
Vain augur, thou haſt falſly propheſy'd;
Already Love his flaming brand has toſt;
Looking on two fair eyes, my ſight I loſt.
Thus, warn'd in vain, with ſtalking pace he ſtrode,
And ſtamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy ſteps; and, weary, ſought again
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.
A promontory, ſharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the ſeas:
On either ſide, below, the water flows:
This airy walk the giant-lover choſe;
Here on the midſt he ſate; his flocks, unled,
Their ſhepherd follow'd, and ſecurely fed.
A pine ſo burly, and of length ſo vaſt,
That ſailing ſhips requir'd it for a maſt,
He wielded for a ſtaff, his ſteps to guide:
But laid it by, his whiſtle while he try'd.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth:
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And watery plains, the dreadful hiſs reſound.
I heard the ruffian ſhepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I ſat below;
On Acis' boſom I my head reclin'd:
And ſtill preſerve the poem in my mind.
O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling ſnows and riſing lilies are;
More flowery than the meads, as cryſtal bright;
Erect as alders, and of equal height:
More wanton than a kid; more ſleek thy ſkin,
Than orient ſhells, that on the ſhores are ſeen:
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleaſing, as winter ſuns, or ſummer ſhade:
More grateful to the ſight, than goodly plains;
And ſofter to the touch than down of ſwans,
Or curds new turn'd; and ſweeter to the taſte,
Than ſwelling grapes, that to the vintage haſte:
More clear than ice, or running ſtreams, that ſtray
Through garden plots, but ah! more ſwift than they.
Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke:
And far more ſtubborn than the knotted oak:
Like ſliding ſtreams, impoſſible to hold;
Like them fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
More warping, than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immoveable, and fix'd in thy diſdain:
Rough, as theſe rocks, and of a harder grain;
More violent, than is the riſing flood:
And the prais'd peacock is not half ſo proud
Fierce as the fire, and ſharp as thiſtles are;
And more outrageous than a mother-bear:
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make;
And more revengeful than a trodden ſnake:

In ſwiftneſs fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempeſts, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But ſwiftneſs is the vice I only fear.
Yet, if you knew me well, you would not ſhun
My love, but to my wiſh'd embraces run:
Would languiſh in your turn, and court my ſtay;
And much repent of your unwiſe delay.
My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand: a ſpacious pleaſing ſhade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,
And grapes in cluſters, ripening gold;
Some blue, some purple bunches of a purple hue:
And theſe, and thoſe, are all reſerv'd for you.
Red ſtrawberries in ſhades expecting ſtand,
Inviting to be gather'd by ſo white a hand.
Autumn o'erloads with later fruit provide,
And plenty, to tempt you, turn their gloſſy ſide:
Not theſe or common kinds; but ſuch alone,
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:
Nor chestnuts ſhall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden-fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone ſhall bear;
And yours ſhall be the product of the year.
The flocks, you ſee, are all my own; beſide
The reſt that woods and winding vallies hide;
And thoſe that folded in the caves abide.
Aſk not the numbers of my growing ſtore;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praiſe my cattle; truſt not me,
But judge yourſelf, and paſs your own decree:
Behold their ſwelling dugs; the ſweepy weight
Of ewes, that ſink beneath the milky freight:
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;
Apart from kids, that call with human cry
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly ſerv'd
For daily drink; the reſt for cheeſe reſerv'd.
Nor are theſe houſhold dainties all my ſtore:
The fields and foreſts will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the ſavage boar.
All ſorts of veniſon; and of birds the beſt;
A pair of turtles taken from the neſt;
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whoſe dam had left them on the naked ground;
So like, that no diſtinction could be ſeen;
So pretty, they were preſents for a queen;
And ſo they ſhall; I took them both away;
And keep, to be companions of your play.
Oh raiſe, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves; nor ſcorn my preſents, and my love.
Come Galatea, come, and view my face;
I late beheld it in the watery glaſs,
And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.
Survey my towering ſtature, and my ſize:
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the ſkies,
Bears ſuch a bulk, or is ſo largely ſpread:
My locks (the plenteous harveſt of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
As with a ſhady grove, my ſhoulders crown.
Nor think, becauſe my limbs and body bear
A thick-ſet underwood of briſtling hair,
My ſhape deform'd: what fouler ſight can be,
Than the bald branches of a leafleſs tree?
Foul is the ſteed without a flowing mane:
And birds, without their feathers and their train.
Wool decks the ſheep; and man receives a grace
From buſhy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a ſingle eye is fill'd,
Round as a ball, and ample as a ſhield.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant ſun,
Is Nature's eye; and ſhe's content with one.
Add, that my father ſways your ſeas, and I,
Like you, am of the watery family.
I make you his, in making you my own;
You I adore, and kneel to you alone:
Jove, with his faded thunder, I deſpiſe,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Diſdain'd, if others were diſdain'd with me.
But to repulſe the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, heavens! I cannot bear;
But let the ſtripling pleaſe himſelf; nay more,
Pleaſe you, though that's the thing I moſt abhor;
The boy ſhall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
Theſe giant limbs endu'd with giant might.
His living bowels from his belly torn,
And ſcatter'd limbs ſhall on the flood be borne,
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and fate ſhall find
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
For oh! I burn with love, and thy diſdain
Augments at once my paſſion and my pain.
Tranſlated Ætna flames within my heart,
And thou, inhuman, wilt not eaſe my ſmart.
Lamenting thus in vain, he roſe and ſtrode
With furious paces to the neighbouring wood:
Reſtleſs his feet, diſtracted was his walk;
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk.
Mad as the vanquiſh'd bull when forc'd to yield
His lovely miſtreſs, and forſake the field.
Thus far unſeen I ſaw: when, fatal chance
His looks directing, with a ſudden glance,
Acis and I were to his ſight betray'd:
Where, nought ſuſpecting, we ſecurely play'd.
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he caſt;
I ſee, I ſee, but this ſhall be your laſt.
A roar ſo loud made Ætna to rebound;
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the ſound.
Affrighted with his monſtrous voice, I fled
And in the neighbouring ocean plung'd my head.
Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, help, he cry'd,
Help, Galatea, help, my parent Gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes.
The Cyclops follow'd; but he ſent before
A rib, which from the living rock he tore:
Though but an angle reach'd him of the ſtone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone,
To cruſh all Acis; 'twas too late to ſave,
But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave:
That Acis to his lineage ſhould return;
And roll, among the river Gods, his urn.
Straight iſſued from the ſtone a ſtream of blood;
Which loſt the purple, mingling with the flood.
Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd:
The torrent too, in little ſpace, was clear'd.
The ſtone was cleft, and through the yawning chink
New reeds aroſe, on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb diſclos'd
A ſound like water in its courſe oppos'd:
When (wondrous to behold) full in the flood,
Up ſtarts a youth, and navel-high he ſtood.
Horns from his temples riſe; and either horn
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
Were not his ſtature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,

ıe, for Acis he might paſs:
ng'd into a ſtream he was.
more, he rolls along the plains
otion, and his name retains.

OF THE

GOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF

S METAMORPHOSES.

book concludes with the death and deifi-mulus: the fifteenth begins with the elec-ma to the crown of Rome. On this occa- following the opinion of ſome authors, a the ſcholar of Pythagoras; and to have cquaintance with that philoſopher at Cro-on in Italy; from thence he makes a di-he moral and natural philoſophy of Pytha-both which our author enlarges; and he moſt learned and beautiful parts of the oſes.

ſought, to guide the growing ſtate,
le to ſupport the public weight,
hrone where Romulus had ſate.
ich oft beſpeaks the public voice,
ended Numa to their choice:
ious prince; who, not content
Sabine rites, his ſtudy bent
his mind: to learn the laws
ıd explore their hidden cauſe:
ı care, his country he forſook,
ma thence his journey took.
irſt enquir'd the founder's name
colony: and whence he came.
ſenior of the place replies,
and curious of antiquities)
cides hither took his way
and drove along his conquer'd prey;
g in the fields his grazing cows;
mſelf ſome hoſpitable houſe:
ı entertain'd his godlike gueſt;
air'd his weary limbs with reſt.
nce departing, bleſs'd the place;
ſaid, in Time's revolving race,
n ſhall take its name from thee;
ime fulfill'd the prophecy:
ı, the juſteſt man on earth,
ı, at Argos had his birth:
es arm'd with his club of oak,
d in a dream, and thus beſpoke;
y native ſoil, and make abode
ris rolls down his rapid flood;
d ſleep forſook him, and the God.
he wak'd, and roſe with anxious heart;
laws forbad him to depart:
d he do? 'Twas death to go away;
d menac'd if he dar'd to ſtay:
oubted; and when night came on,
ıe ſame forewarning dream, begun:

Once more the God ſtood threatening o'er his head:
With added curſes if he diſobey'd.
Twice warn'd, he ſtudy'd flight; but would convey,
At once, his perſon and his wealth away:
Thus while he linger'd, his deſign was heard;
A ſpeedy proceſs form'd, and death declar'd.
Witneſs there needed none of his offence,
Againſt himſelf the wretch was evidence:
Condemn'd, and deſtitute of human aid,
To him, for whom he ſuffer'd, thus he pray'd:
O Power, who haſt deſerv'd in heaven a throne
Not given, but by thy labours made thy own,
Pity thy ſuppliant, and protect his cauſe,
Whom thou haſt made obnoxious to the laws.
A cuſtom was of old, and ſtill remains,
Which life or death by ſuffrages ordains;
White ſtones and black within an urn are caſt,
The firſt abſolve, but fate is in the laſt:
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the fable ſigns of death;
The box receives all black; but pour'd from thence
The ſtones came candid forth, the hue of innocence.
Thus Alimonides his ſafety won,
Preſerv'd from death by Alcumena's ſon:
Then to his kinſman God his vows he pays,
And cuts with proſperous gales th' Ionian ſeas:
He leaves Tarentum, favour'd by the wind,
And Thurine bays, and Temiſes, behind;
Soft Sibaris, and all the capes that ſtand
Along the ſhore, he makes in ſight of land;
Still doubling, and ſtill coaſting, till he found
The mouth of Æſaris, and promis'd ground:
Then ſaw where, on the margin of the flood,
The tomb that held the bones of Croton ſtood:
Here, by the God's command, he built and wall'd
The place predicted: and Crotona call'd:
Thus fame, from time to time, delivers down
The ſure tradition of th' Italian town.
Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now ſelf-baniſh'd from his native ſhore,
Becauſe he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but ſervile ſouls will wear:
He, though from heaven remote, to heaven could move,
With ſtrength of mind, and tread th' abyſs above;
And penetrate, with his interior light,
Thoſe upper depths, which Nature hid from ſight:
And what he had obſerv'd and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar language to diſpenſe.
The crowd with ſilent admiration ſtand,
And heard him, as they heard their God's command;
While he diſcours'd of heaven's myſterious laws,
The world's original, and nature's cauſe;
And what was God, and why the fleecy ſnows
In ſilence fell, and rattling winds aroſe;
What ſhook the ſtedfaſt earth, and whence begun
The dance of planets round the radiant ſun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burſt above:
Of theſe, and things beyond the common reach,
He ſpoke, and charm'd his audience with his ſpeech.
He firſt the taſte of fleſh from tables drove,
And argued well, if arguments could move.
O mortals! from your fellows blood abſtain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane:
While corn and pulſe by nature are beſtow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load;

While labour'd gardens wholesome herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their generous juice;
Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are lost,
But tann'd with fire, or mellow'd by the frost;
While kine to pails distended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of spring;
While earth not only can your needs supply,
But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury;
A guiltless feast administers with ease,
And without blood is prodigal to please,
Wild beasts their maws with their slain brethren fill,
And yet not all, for some refuse to kill:
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler steed,
On browz, and corn, the flowery meadows feed.
Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
Whom heaven endued with principles of blood,
He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell,
Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by might,
And all in prey and purple feasts delight.
O impious use! to Nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd:
Where, fatten'd by their fellows' fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'Tis then for nought that mother earth provides
The stores of all she shows, and all she hides,
If men with fleshly morsels must be fed,
And chew with bloody teeth the breathing bread;
What else is this but to devour our guests,
And barbarously renew Cyclopean feasts!
We, by destroying life, our life sustain;
And gorge the ungodly maw with meats obscene.
Not so the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor durst with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy space might safely move,
And timorous hares on heaths securely rove:
Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.
Whoever was the wretch (and curs'd be he)
That envy'd first our food's simplicity;
Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.
Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd
On beasts of prey that other beasts destroy'd,
Or men invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been justify'd by Nature's laws,
And self-defence: but who did feasts begin
Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.
To kill man-killers, man has lawful power;
But not th' extended licence, to devour.
Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
The sow, with her broad snout for rooting up
Th' intrusted seed, was judg'd to spoil the crop,
And intercept the sweating farmer's hope:
The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
Th' offender to the bloody priest resign'd:
Her hunger was no plea; for that she dy'd.
The goat came next in order, to be try'd:
The goat had crept the tendrils of the vine:
In vengeance laity and clergy join,
Where one had lost his profit, one his wine.
Here was, at least, some shadow of offence:
The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,
But meek and unresisting innocence.
A patient, useful creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloath'd her murderer,
And daily to give down the milk she bred,
A tribute for the grass on which she fed.
Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
And is of least advantage when she dies.
How did the toiling ox his death deserve,
A downright simple drudge, and born to serve?
O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou destroy'st thy labouring steer, who till'd
And plow'd, with pains, thy else ungrateful field?
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck with which the surly clods he broke;
And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began!
Nor this alone! but heaven itself to bribe,
We to the Gods our impious acts ascribe:
First recompense with death their creature's toil,
Then call the blest'd above to share the spoil:
The fairest victim must the powers appease:
(So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!)
A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
With flowery garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:
He hears the murderous prayer the priest prefers,
But understands not, 'tis his doom he hears:
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast
(The fruit and product of his labours past);
And in the water views perhaps the knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;
Then broken up alive, his entrails sees
Torn out, for priests t' inspect the Gods decrees.
From whence, O mortal men, this gust of blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?
Be taught by me this dire delight to shun,
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won:
And, when you eat the well-deserving beast,
Think, on the labourer of your field you feast!
Now since the God inspires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inspiring Power, obey'd.
For I will sing of mighty mysteries,
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the sphere
Of shining stars, and travel with the year,
To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height
Of Atlas, who supports the heavenly weight:
To look from upper light, and thence survey
Mistaking mortals wandering from the way,
And wanting wisdom, fearful for the state
Of future things, and trembling at their fate!
Those I would teach; and by right reason bring
To think of death, as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkness, and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,
And fables of a world, that never was!
What feels the body when the soul expires,
By time corrupted, or consum'd by fires?
Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes seats.
Ev'n I, who these mysterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
In Argive Juno's sane I late beheld
My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former shield.
Then death, so call'd, is but old matter dress'd
In some new figure, and a vary'd vest:

re but alter'd, nothing dies;
re th' unbody'd ſpirit flies,
, or ſickneſs diſpoſſeſt,
e it lights, in man or beaſt;
, 'till ready limbs it find,
ſe according to their kind;
o tenement is toſs'd;
he ſame, the figure only loſt:
'd wax new ſeals receives,
s, and that impreſſion leaves:
ie, now by another name;
chang'd, the wax is ſtill the ſame:
d, can but the form deface,
l flies out in empty ſpace;
ne in ſome other place.
iety be put to flight,
le of glutton appetite;
ſouls ſecure to dwell,
ats your parents you expel;
er feed upon your kind,
lodge a brother's mind.
Tiphys, parting from the ſhore,
ail, and depths untry'd before,
ier add, that nature knows
n; but, or ebbs, or flows:
ſhe deſtroys her old,
igures in another mold.
perpetual flux; and run,
their fountain, rolling on;
re than ſtreams, is at a ſtay:
is ever on her way;
ain ſtill ſupplies her ſtore,
d impels the wave before;
e courſe the minutes run,
redeceſſor minutes on,
r new: for former things
e abdicated kings:
ent alters what is done,
me act till then unknown,
emerges into light,
s deſcend to ſable night;
lf receives another die,
nimals in ſlumbers lie
; another, when the gray
s the ſplendor of the day.
bus, when he climbs on high,
but as a bloodſhot eye;
hariot downward drives to bed,
the ſame ſuffuſion red;
gh in his meridian race
nes, and with a better face:
particles of æther flow,
ection of the world below.
it th' unequal moon adorns,
g, or her waning horns.
e wanes, her face is leſs,
nto globe, ſhe fattens at increaſe.
ou not the proceſs of the year,
aſons in four forms appear,
nan life in every ſhape they wear?
infancy, ſhoots out her head,
e requiring to be fed:
freſh, and wanting to be led.
grows in ſtature and in ſize,
with hope the farmer's eyes;
childiſh year with flowrets crown'd,
rfumes the fields around,

But no ſubſtantial nouriſhment receives,
Infirm the ſtalks, unſolid are the leaves.
Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The ſummer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This ſeaſon, as in men, is moſt repleat
With kindly moiſture, and prolific heat.
Autumn ſucceeds, a ſober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious grey.
Laſt, winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.
His ſcalp, if not diſhonour'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worſe than bare.
Ev'n our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yeſterday they were;
Nor the whole ſame to-morrow will appear.
Time was, when we were ſow'd, and juſt began,
From ſome few fruitful drops, the promiſe of a man;
Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to ſhape the ſoft, coagulated maſs;
And when the little man was fully form'd,
The breathleſs embryo with a ſpirit warm'd;
But when the mother's throes begin to come,
The creature, pent within the narrow room,
Breaks his blind priſon, puſhing to repair
His ſtifled breath, and draw the living air;
Caſt on the margin of the world he lies,
A helpleſs babe, but by inſtinct he cries.
He next eſſays to walk, but downward preſs'd
On four feet imitates his brother beaſt:
By ſlow degrees he gathers from the ground
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
Then walks alone; a horſeman now become,
He rides a ſtick, and travels round the room:
In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,
Strong-bon'd, and ſtrung with nerves, in pride of years,
He runs with mettle his firſt merry ſtage,
Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
But manages his ſtrength, and ſpares his age.
Heavy the third, and ſtiff, he ſinks apace,
And though 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the race.
Now ſapleſs on the verge of death he ſtands,
Contemplating his former feet and hands;
And, Milo-like, his ſlacken'd ſinews ſees,
And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,
Unable now to ſhake, much leſs to tear, the trees.
So Helen wept, when her too faithful glaſs
Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face:
Wondering what charms her raviſhers could ſpy,
To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy!
Thy teeth, devouring time, thine, envious age,
On things below ſtill exerciſe your rage:
With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat,
And then, at lingering meals, the morſels eat.
Nor thoſe, which elements we call, abide,
Nor to this figure, nor to that, are ty'd;
For this eternal world is ſaid of old
But four prolific principles to hold,
Four different bodies; two to heaven aſcend,
And other two down to the centre tend:
Fire firſt with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper ſky;

Then air, becauſe unclog'd in empty ſpace,
Flies after fire, and claims the ſecond place:
But weighty water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of earth, and mother earth ſubſides.
All things are mixt with theſe, which all contain,
And into theſe are all reſolv'd again:
Earth rarifies to dew; expanded more
The ſubtil dew in air begins to ſoar;
Spreads as ſhe flies, and weary of her name
Extenuates ſtill, and changes into flame;
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Reſtleſs they ſoon untwiſt the web they ſpun,
And fire begins to loſe her radiant hue,
Mix'd with groſs air, and air deſcends to dew;
And dew, condenſing, does her form forego,
And ſinks, a heavy lump of earth, below.
Thus are their figures never at a ſtand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand;
All things are alter'd, nothing is deſtroy'd,
The ſhifted ſcene for ſome new ſhow employ'd.
Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other things we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not t' appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Thoſe very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead ſome other bodies make:
Tranſlated grow, have ſenſe, or can diſcourſe;
But death on deathleſs ſubſtance has no force.
That forms are chang'd I grant, that nothing can
Continue in the figure it began:
The golden age to ſilver was debas'd:
To copper that; our metal came at laſt.
The face of places, and their forms, decay;
And that is ſolid earth, that once was ſea:
Seas in their turn, retreating from the ſhore,
Make ſolid land what ocean was before;
And far from ſtrands are ſhells of fiſhes found,
And ruſty anchors fix'd on mountain ground;
And what were fields before, now waſh'd and worn,
By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And crumbling ſtill deſcend to level lands;
And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren ſands;
And the parch'd deſart floats in ſtreams unknown;
Wondering to drink of waters not her own.
Here nature living fountains opes; and there
Seals up the wounds where living fountains were;
Or earthquakes ſtop their ancient courſe, and bring
Diverted ſtreams to feed a diſtant ſpring.
So Lycus, ſwallow'd up, is ſeen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another door.
Thus Eraſinus dives; and blind in earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to ſecond birth,
Starts up in Argos meads, and ſhakes his locks
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
So Myſus by another way is led,
And, grown a river, now diſdains his head:
Forgets his humble birth, his name forſakes,
And the proud title of Caïcus takes.
Large Amenane, impure with yellow ſands,
Runs rapid often, and as often ſtands;
And here he threats the drunken fields to drown,
And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.
Anigros once did wholeſome draughts afford,
But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd:
Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame reſounds,
The Centaurs in his current waſh'd their wounds.
The ſtreams of Hypanis are ſweet no more,
But brackiſh loſe their taſte they had before.
Antiſſa, Pharos, Tyre, in ſeas were pent,
Once iſles, but now in reaſe the continent;
While the Leucadian coaſt, main-land before,
By ruſhing ſeas is ſever'd from the ſhore.
So Zancle to th' Italian earth was ty'd,
And men once walk'd where ſhips at anchor ride;
Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in diſdain pour'd in the conquering ſea.
Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
Buris and Helice, no more are found,
But, whelm'd beneath a lake, are ſunk and drown'd;
And boatſmen through the cryſtal water ſhow,
To wandering paſſengers, the walls below.
Near Trœzen ſtands a hill expos'd in air
To winter winds, of leafy ſhadows bare:
This once was level ground: but (ſtrange to tell)
Th' included vapours, that in caverns dwell,
Labouring with eore pangs, and cloſe confin'd,
In vain ſought iſſue from the rumbling wind:
Yet ſtill they heav'd for vent, and heaving ſtill
Inlarg'd the concave, and ſhot up the hill;
As breath extends a bladder, or the ſkins
Of goats are blown t' incloſe the hoarded wines:
The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,
And gather'd rubbiſh heals the hollow ſpace.
Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching moſt, I will relate but few:
What, are not ſprings with qualities oppoſ'd
Endued at ſeaſons, and at ſeaſons loſt?
Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form.
Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm:
Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
On the pil'd earth, and in the waning moon.
The Thracians have a ſtream, if any try
The taſte, his harden'd bowels petrify;
Whate'er it touches it converts to ſtones,
And makes a marble pavement where it runs
Crathis, and Sibaris her ſiſter flood,
That flide through our Calabrian neighbour wood,
With gold and amber die the ſhining hair,
And thither youth reſort; (for who would not be fair?)
But ſtranger virtues yet in ſtreams we find,
Some change not only bodies but the mind:
Who has not heard of Salmacis obſcene,
Whoſe waters into women ſoften men?
Of Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
To madneſs, or in heavy ſleep conſtrain?
Clytorean ſtreams the love of wine expel,
(Such is the virtue of th' abſtemious well,)
Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
Extinguiſhes, and balks the drunken God;
Or that Melampus (ſo have ſome aſſur'd)
When the mad Prœtides with charms he cur'd,
And powerful herbs, both charms and ſimples caſt
Into the ſober ſpring, where ſtill their virtues laſt.
Unlike effects Lynceſtis will produce;
Who drinks his waters, though with moderate uſe,
Reels as with wine, and ſees with double ſight:
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian ſtream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name)
By day is wholeſome beverage; but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.
Thus running rivers, and the ſtanding lake,
Now of theſe virtues, now of thoſe partake:

and all things time and fate obey)
Ortygia floated on the ſea;
Cyanean iſles, when Typhis ſteer'd
ir ſtraits, and their colliſion fear'd;
where now they ſit; and firmly join'd
oting up, reſiſt the wind.
'omiting ſulphureous fire
:lch; for ſulphur will expire
:xhauſted of the liquid ſtore);
he caſt no flames; in time will caſt no
ore.
ier earth's an animal, and air
lungs with coolneſs to repair,
ie ſucks remits: ſhe ſtill requires
, and outlets for her fires;
'd with convulſive fits ſhe ſhakes,
n chokes the vent, till other vent ſhe
akes:
winds in hollow caves are cloſ'd,
pirits find that way oppos'd,
flints in air; the flints that hide
fire thus toſs'd in air, collide,
ſulphur, till the fuel ſpent,
cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.
ſulphur, catching fire, feeds on,
parts till all the matter gone
no more aſcend; for earth ſupplies
feeds them; and when earth denies
y length of time conſum'd, the fire
want of fuel muſt expire.
men there are, as fame has told,
ng ſuffer Hyperboican cold,
nes bathing in Minerva's lake,
to defend their naked ſides they take.
Scythian wives (believe who will)
iemſelves to birds by magic ſkill;
with an oil of wondrous might,
w pinions to their airy flight.
y ſure experiment we know,
reatures from corruption grow:
llow pit a ſlaughter'd ſteer,
s putrid bowels will appear;
ir parents haunt the fields, and bring
harveſt home, and hope another ſpring.
ſteed is multiply'd, we find,
d hornets of the warrior kind.
rab his crooked claws, and hide
arth, a ſcorpion thence will glide
is ſting, his tail in circles toſs'd
mbs his backward father loſt.
that ſtretch on leaves their filthy loom,
their bags and butterflies become.
gets the frog's loquacious race:
r feet at firſt, in little ſpace
nd legs endued, long leaps they take,
ir hinder part, and ſwim the lake,
epel: for nature gives their kind,
at, a length of legs behind.
of bears a living lump appear,
'd, and no determin'd figure wear.
licks them into ſhape, and gives
form as ſhe herſelf receives.
from their ſexangular abode
infiniſh'd, like the maggot's brood:
out limbs; till time at leiſure brings
ney wanted, and their tardy wings.
who draws the car of Juno, vain
a'd head, and of her ſtarry train;
And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
The ſtrong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove:
And all the feather'd kind, who could ſuppoſe
(But that from ſight, the ſureſt ſenſe, he knows)
They from th' included yolk, not ambient white
aroſe?
There are who think the marrow of a man,
Which in the ſpine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the pith corrupted, will become
A ſnake, and hiſs within the hollow tomb.
All theſe receive their birth from other things;
But from himſelf the phœnix only ſprings:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the ſame:
Who not by corn or herbs his life ſuſtains,
But the ſweet eſſence of Amomum drains:
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His neſt on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm: and firſt he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and riſes round; then with the ſpoil
Of Caſſia, Cynamon, and ſtems of Nard,
(For ſoftneſs ſtrew'd beneath) his funeral bed is
rear'd:
Funeral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptleſs myrrh are crown'd:
On this incumbent; till ætherial flame
Firſt catches, then conſumes, the coſtly frame;
Conſumes him too, as on the pile he lies:
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.
An infant-phœnix from the former ſprings,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent duſt, his method he purſues,
And the ſame leaſe of life on the ſame terms renews:
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with ſtiff pinions can his flight ſuſtain,
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal ſepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this with pious care
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the ſun's city, and his ſacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.
A wonder more amazing would we find?
Th' Hyæna ſhews it, of a double kind,
Varying the ſexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears.
The thin cameleon, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.
India, when conquer'd, on the conquering God
For planted vines the ſharp-ey'd lynx beſtow'd,
Whoſe urine, ſhed before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth.
So coral, ſoft and white in ocean's bed,
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.
All changing ſpecies ſhould my ſong recite;
Before I ceas'd, would change the day to night.
Nations and empires flouriſh and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time ſoftens hardy people, time again
Hardens to war a ſoft, unwarlike train.
Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withſtood,
And daily bleeding bore th' expence of blood:
Now for thick ſtreets it ſhews an empty ſpace,
Or, only fill'd with tombs of her own periſh'd race,
Herſelf becomes the ſepulchre of what ſhe was.

Mycene, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
Are vaniſh'd out of ſubſtance into name,
And Dardan Rome, that juſt her ins to riſe,
On Tiber's banks, in time ſhall mate the ſkies;
Widening her bounds, and working on her way;
Ev'n now ſhe meditates imperial ſway:
Yet this is change, but ſhe by changing thrives,
Like moons new born, and in her cradle ſtrives
To fill her infant-horns; an hour ſhall come
When the round world ſhall be contain'd in Rome.
For thus old ſaws foretel, and Helenus
Anchiſes' drooping ſon enliven'd thus,
When Ilium now was in the ſinking ſtate,
And he was doubtful of his future fate:
O Goddeſs-born, with thy hard fortune ſtrive,
Troy never can be loſt, and thou alive.
Thy paſſage thou ſhalt free through fire and ſword,
And Troy in foreign lands ſhall be reſtor'd.
In happier fields a riſing town I ſee,
Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er ſhall be:
And heaven yet owes the world a race deriv'd from thee.
Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city ſhall extend, extended ſhall adorn:
But from Iulus he muſt draw his birth,
By whom thy Rome ſhall rule the conquer'd earth:
Whom heaven will lend mankind on earth to reign,
And late require the precious pledge again.
This Helenus to great Æneas told,
Which I retain, e'er ſince in o her mold
My ſoul was cloath'd; and now rejoice to view
My country's walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew,
Rais'd by the fall: decreed by loſs to gain;
Enſlav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.
'Tis time my hard-mouth'd courſers to control,
Apt to run riot, and tranſgreſs the goal:
And therefore I conclude, whatever lies
In earth, or flits in air, or fills the ſkies,
All ſuffer change; and we, that are of ſoul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then when our fires, or grandfires ſhall forſake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
Thus hous'd, ſecurely let their ſpirits reſt,
Nor violate thy father in the beaſt,
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
If none of theſe, yet there's a man within:
O ſpare to make a Thyeſtean meal,
T' incloſe his body, and his ſoul expel
Ill cuſtoms by degrees to habits riſe,
Ill habits ſoon become exalted vice:
What more advance can mortals make in ſin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:
Deaf to the harmleſs kid, that ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries.
Where will he ſtop, who feeds with houſhold bread,
Then eats the poultry which before he fed?
Let plough thy ſteers; that when they loſe their breath,
To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And ſheep from winter-cold thy ſides defend;
But neither ſpringes, nets, nor ſnares employ,
And be no more ingenious to deſtroy.
Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let inſidious glue their wings conſtrain;
Nor opening hounds the trembling ſtag affright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight:
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fiſh prepare,
Nor lines to heave them twinkling up in air.
Take not away the life you cannot give:
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis ſin to ſave;
This only juſt prerogative we have:
But nouriſh life with vegetable food,
And ſhun the ſacrilegious taſte of blood.
Theſe precepts by the Samian ſage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,
And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his own:
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.
O happy monarch, ſent by heaven to bleſs
A ſavage nation with ſoft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to reſtrain,
Give laws to luſt, and ſacrifice ordain:
Himſelf a ſaint, a Goddeſs was his bride,
And all the Muſes o'er his acts preſide.

CANACE TO MACAREUS.

EPIST. XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, ſon and daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds, loved each other inceſtuouſly: Canace was delivered of a ſon, and committed him to her nurſe, to be ſecretly conveyed away. The infant crying out, by that means was diſcovered to Æolus, who, enraged at the wickedneſs of his children, commanded the babe to be expoſed to wild beaſts on the mountains: and withal, ſent a ſword to Canace, with this meſſage, That her crimes would inſtruct her how to uſe it. With this ſword ſhe ſlew herſelf: but before ſhe died, ſhe writ the following letter to her brother Macareus, who had taken ſanctuary in the temple of Apollo.

IF ſtreaming blood my fatal letter ſtain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer ſlain;
One hand the ſword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this poſture thou behold'ſt me write:
In this my cruel father would delight.
O! were he preſent, that his eyes and hands
Might ſee, and urge, the death which he commands;
Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would ſee.
Jove juſtly plac'd him on a ſtormy throne,
His people's temper is ſo like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blaſt,
Are underneath his wide dominion caſt:
Thoſe he can rule: but his tempeſtuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.
Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove?

will all my heavenly friends afford,
y breaſt I lift the pointed ſword?
which join'd us, came before its time;
had been one without a crime.
flames beyond a brother's move?
thee with more than ſiſter's love?
oo; and, knowing not my wound,
aſure in thy kiſſes found:
no longer did their colour boaſt,
w loathſome, and my ſtrength I loſt:
oke, a ſigh would ſtop my tongue;
my ſlumbers, and my nights were long.
from my love theſe griefs did grow,
s, the thing I did not know.
rſe by long experience found,
ſcover'd to my ſoul its wound.
id ſhe; and then my down-caſt eyes,
dumbneſs, witneſs'd my ſurprize.
e laſt, my ſhameful pain I tell:
hat follow'd we both know too well!
alf-denying, more than half conſent,
warm'd me to a full conſent.
th tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
lt that made them anxious made them
great."
y ſwelling womb heav'd up my breaſt,
weight my ſinking limbs oppreſt.
, what plants, did not my nurſe produce,
ortion by their pow'rful juice?
cines try'd we not, to thee unknown?
me common; this was mine alone.
ng child, ſecure in his dark cell,
e's vigour did our arts repel.
e pale-faced empreſs of the night
had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light:
ng 'twas my labour, I complain
hootings, and of grinding pain:
came thicker, and my cries increas'd,
h her hand the conſcious nurſe ſuppreſs'd.
happy fortune was I come,
my clamours, but fear kept me dumb.
rd ſtruggling I reſtrain'd my cries,
the tears that trickled from my eyes.
in ſight, Lucina gave no aid;
ny dying had my guilt betray'd.
ſt, and in thy countenance ſate deſpair;
thy garments all, and torn thy hair:
ng comfort, which thou couldſt not give,
y arms, and whiſpering me to live):
ir ſakes, (ſaidſt thou) preſerve thy life;
ear ſiſter, and my dearer wife.
hat name with my laſt pangs I ſtrove:
r have words, when ſpoke by thoſe we
ove.
is if he heard what thou hadſt ſworn,
joy ſprung forward to be born.
s it to have weather'd out one ſtorm?
father does another form
hall, rock'd in a chair of ſtate,
ith his tempeſtuous council ſate.
is large room our only paſſage lay,
ve could the new-born babe convey.
her lap, the bold nurſe bore him out,
-branches cover'd round about;
ring prayers, as holy rites ſhe meant,
he divided crowd unqueſtion'd went.

Juſt at the door, th' unhappy infant cry'd:
The grandſire heard him, and the theft he ſpy'd.
Swift as a whirlwind to the nurſe he flies,
And deafs his ſtormy ſubjects with his cries.
With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away:
Expos'd the ſelf-diſcover'd infant lay.
The noiſe reach'd me, and my preſaging mind
Too ſoon its own approaching woes divin'd.
Not ſhips at ſea with winds are ſhaken more,
Nor ſeas themſelves, when angry tempeſts roar,
Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear:
The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.
He ruſh'd upon me, and divulg'd my ſtain;
Scarce from my murder could his hands refrain.
I only anſwer'd him with ſilent tears;
They flow'd: my tongue was frozen up with fears.
His little grand-child he commands away,
To mountain wolves and every bird of prey.
The babe cry'd out, as if he underſtood,
And beg'd his pardon with what voice he could.
By what expreſſions can my grief be ſhown?
(Yet you may gueſs my anguiſh by your own:)
To ſee my bowels, and, what yet was worſe,
Your bowels too, condemn'd to ſuch a curſe!
Out went the king; my voice its freedom found,
My breaſts I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.
And now appear'd the meſſenger of death;
Sad were his looks, and ſcarce he drew his breath,
To ſay, "Your father ſends you"—(with that word
His trembling hands preſented me a ſword):
"Your father ſends you this; and lets you know,
"That your own crimes the uſe of it will ſhow."
Too well I know the ſenſe thoſe words impart:
His preſent ſhall be treaſur'd in my heart.
Are theſe the nuptial gifts a bride receives?
And this the fatal dower a father gives?
Thou God of Marriage, ſhun thy own diſgrace,
And take thy torch from this deteſted place:
Inſtead of that, let furies light their brands,
And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
With happier fortune may my ſiſters wed;
Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.
For thee, poor babe, what crime could they pretend?
How could thy infant innocence offend?
A guilt there was; but, oh, that guilt was mine!
Thou ſuffer'ſt for a ſin that was not thine.
Thy mother's grief and crime! but juſt enjoy'd,
Shewn to my ſight, and born to be deſtroy'd!
Unhappy offspring of my teeming womb!
Dragg'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
Thy un-offending life I could not ſave,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave:
Nor on thy tomb could offer my ſhorn hair:
Nor ſhew the grief which tender mothers bear.
Yet long thou ſhalt not from my arms be loſt;
For ſoon I will o'ertake thy infant ghoſt.
But thou, my love, and now my love's deſpair,
Perform his funerals with paternal care.
His ſcatter'd limbs with my dead body burn;
And once more join us in the pious urn.
If on my wounded breaſt thou dropp'ſt a tear,
Think for whoſe ſake my breaſt that wound did bear;
And faithfully my laſt deſires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel father's will.

HELEN TO PARIS.

EPIST. XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen having received an epiſtle from Paris, returns the following anſwer: wherein ſhe ſeems at firſt to chide him for his preſumption in writing as he has done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue; then owns herſelf to be ſenſible of the paſſion, which he had expreſſed for her, though ſhe much ſuſpected its ſincerity; and at laſt diſcovers her inclination to be favourable to him: the whole letter ſhewing the extreme artifice of womankind.

WHEN looſe epiſtles violate chaſte eyes,
She halt conſents, who ſilently denies.
How dares a ſtranger, with deſigns ſo vain,
Marriage and hoſpitable rights profane?
Was it for this, your fleet did ſhelter find
From ſwelling ſeas, and every faithleſs wind?
(For though a diſtant country brought you forth,
Your uſage here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo?
Did you come here a ſtranger or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous for my juſt diſdain.
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſte,
Nor my clear fame with any ſpot defac'd.
Though in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my honour ſtill without a ſtain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldneſs I with admiration ſee;
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Becauſe a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond prey?
Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your blame,
But ſure my part was nothing but the ſhame.
Yet the baſe theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but fear,
Rude force might ſome unwilling kiſſes gain;
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on ſuch terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the youth reſtor'd me to my friends,
And modeſt uſage made me ſome amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed.
Did he repent, that Paris might ſucceed?
Sure 'tis ſome fate that ſets me above wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy tongues.
I'll not complain; for who's diſpleas'd with love,
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear; not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your ſex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.
Yet others yield; and love o'ercomes the beſt:
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt?
Fair Leda's ſtory ſeems at firſt to be
A fit example ready form'd for me.
But ſhe was cozen'd by a borrow'd ſhape,
And under harmleſs feathers felt a rape.
If I ſhould yield, what reaſon could I uſe?
By what miſtake the loving crime excuſe?
Her fault was in her powerful lover loſt;
But of what Jupiter have I to boaſt?
Though you to heroes and to kings ſucceed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that comes herſelf from mighty Jove.
Go then, and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race?
Which I would ſhew I valued, if I durſt;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the firſt.
The crown of Troy is powerful, I confeſs;
But I have reaſon to think ours no leſs.
Your letter fill'd with promiſes of all
That men can good, and women pleaſant call,
Gives expectation ſuch an ample field,
As would move Goddeſſes themſelves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourſelf ſhall be the dear, the only cauſe:
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain
Not that ſo fair a preſent I deſpiſe;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize.
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run ſuch hazards for my ſake.
I have perceiv'd (though I diſſembled too)
A thouſand things that love has made you do.
Your eager eyes would almoſt dazzle mine,
In which (wild man) your wanton thoughts would ſhine.
Sometimes you'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual ardor preſs my hand;
Contrive juſt after me to take the glaſs,
Nor would you let the leaſt occaſion paſs:
When oft I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſate for things which you have done:
Then murmur'd to myſelf, He'll for my ſake
Do any thing; I hope 'twas no miſtake.
Oft I have read within this pleaſing grove,
Under my name, thoſe charming words, *I love.*
I, frowning, ſeem'd not to believe your flame;
But now, alas, am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.
For oh! your face has ſuch peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms?
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May ſome bleſt maid poſſeſs with innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but virtue more ſhould move;
O learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you deſire is ſought by all mankind:
As you have eyes, ſo others are not blind.
Like you they ſee, like you my charms adore;
They with not leſs, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coaſts been brought,
My virgin-love when thouſand rivals ſought,
You had I ſeen, you ſhould have had my voice;
Nor could my huſband juſtly blame my choice
For both our hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is maſter of my fate.
More to my wiſh I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my preſent lot can undergo.
Ceaſe to ſolicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to ſo much ill.
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unſpotted fame your prey.

you claim, ſince naked to your eyes
deſſes diſputed beauty's prize:
valour; t' other crowns; but ſhe
r cauſe, who ſmiling promis'd me.
am not of belief ſo light,
ſuch nymphs would ſhew you ſuch a
ght:
g this, the other part is feign'd;
nean your ſentence had not gain'd.
l eyes I ſhould myſelf regard:
at Venus made me her reward:
n content with human praiſe;
's applauſe would envy raiſe.
you ſay; for, 'tis confeſt,
vho flatter higheſt, pleaſe us beſt.
ect it, ought not to diſpleaſe;
's are not believ'd with eaſe.
ave, that I had Venus' voice;
et, that you confirm'd her choice;
r'd laurels, promis'd ſovereignty,
allas had contemn'd for me.
empire then, and your renown?
of rock, but muſt by this be won?
ar witneſs, O you Powers above,
I am in all the arts of love!
yet untaught to write to men:
ſſay of my unpractis'd pen.
ſe nymphs, whom uſe has perfect made!
crime, and tremble at a ſhade.
I write, my fearful conſcious eyes
back, miſdoubting a ſurprize.
e rumour ſpreads among the croud,
whiſpers, but in town aloud:
ou, whate'er you hear them ſay:
ff loving were your better way;
will diſſemble it, you may.
ly: the abſence of my lord
om gives, but does not all afford:
journey, long will be his ſtay;
fairs of conſequence away.
ot, when unreſolv'd he ſtood,
nake what ſwift return he could:
ng me, he ſaid, I recommend
care, but moſt my Trojan friend.
what he innocently ſaid,
nſwer'd, you ſhall be obey'd.
winds have born him far from hence,
this ſecure your confidence.
s, yet abſent he commands:
the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
my burden; for the more I'm prais'd,
ound of jealouſy is rais'd.
fair, I might have been more bleſt:
ty through great danger is poſſeſt.
e here his venture was not hard,
thought my virtue was my guard.
ny face, but truſted to my life,
doubted, but believ'd the wife.
e uſe th' occaſion while I can,
hands by the good eaſy man.
d yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;
me from you, and one brings me near.
are mutual, and my huſband's gone:
are long; I fear to lie alone.
contains us, and weak walls divide,
too preſſing to be long deny'd.
live, but every thing conſpires
r loves, and yet my fear retires.

You court with words, when you ſhould force employ:
A rape is requiſite to ſhame-fac'd joy.
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our ſex can ſuffer what we dare not give.
What have I ſaid? for both of us 'twere beſt,
Our kindling fire if each of us ſuppreſt.
The faith of ſtrangers is too prone to change,
And, like themſelves, their wandering paſſions range.
Hypſipile, and the fond Minonian maid,
Were both by truſting of their gueſts betray'd.
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourſelf did fair Oenone leave?
But leſt I ſhould upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail; while I aſſign the night,
Your ſails are hoiſted, and you take your flight:
Some bawling mariner our love deſtroys,
And breaks aſunder our unfiniſh'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan port:
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court:
Shown while I ſee, I ſhall expoſe my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my ſhame.
In Aſia what reception ſhall I find?
And what diſhonour leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modeſt matrons ſay?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct juſtly may ſuſpect:
And whate'er ſtranger lands upon your coaſt,
Conclude me, by your own example, loſt.
I from your rage a ſtrumpet's name ſhall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh, let me firſt be laid!
You boaſt the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promiſe all ſhall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I deſpiſe;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian ſhore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jaſon's flattery won:
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
Plain honeſt hearts, like mine, ſuſpect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ſhips about whoſe ſides loud tempeſts roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the ſhore.
Your teeming mother dream'd a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, conſum'd the Trojan land.
To ſecond this, old prophecies conſpire
That Ilium ſhall be burnt with Grecian fire.
Both give me fear; nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they, who loſt their cauſe, revenge will take;
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, ſhould I follow you,
The ſword would ſoon our fatal crime purſue.
A wrong ſo great my huſband's rage would rouze,
And my relations would his cauſe eſpouſe.
You boaſt your ſtrength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive ſmall credit from your face.
Let heroes in the duſty field delight,
Thoſe limbs were faſhion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector ſally from the walls of Troy;
A ſweeter quarrel ſhould your arms employ.
Yet fears like theſe ſhould not my mind perplex,
Were I as wiſe as many of my ſex.

But time and you may bolder thoughts inſpire;
And I perhaps may yield to your deſire.
You laſt demand a private conference;
Theſe are your words, but I can gueſs your ſenſe.
Your unripe hopes their harveſt muſt attend:
Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you underſtand;
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand:
My woman knows the ſecret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

EPIST. VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, the ſon of Venus and Anchiſes, having, at the deſtruction of Troy, ſaved his Gods, his father, and ſon Aſcanius, from the fire, put to ſea with twenty ſail of ſhips: and having been long toſt with tempeſts, was at laſt thrown upon the ſhore of Lybia, where queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion her brother, who had killed her huſband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his fleet with great civility, fell paſſionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the laſt favours. But Mercury admoniſhing Æneas to go in ſearch of Italy (a kingdom promiſed him by the Gods) he readily prepared to obey him. Dido ſoon perceived it, and having in vain tried all other means to engage him to ſtay, at laſt in deſpair writes to him as follows.

SO, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful ſwan ſings her own elegy.
Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain!)
By words, your loſt affection to regain:
But, having loſt whate'er was worth my care,
Why ſhould I fear to loſe a dying prayer?
'Tis then reſolv'd poor Dido muſt be left,
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft!
While you, with looſen'd ſails and vows, prepare
To ſeek a land that flies the ſearcher's care.
Nor can my riſing towers your flight reſtrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you ſhun, unbuilt you ſeek; that land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppoſe you landed where your wiſh deſign'd,
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is ſo void of common ſenſe,
To vote ſucceſſion from a native prince?
Yet there new ſceptres and new loves you ſeek;
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your towers the height of Carthage know?
Or when your eyes diſcern ſuch crowds below?
If ſuch a town and ſubjects you could ſee,
Still would you want a wife who lov'd like me.
For, oh, I burn like fires with incenſe bright:
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate ſtill:
Fool that I am to place my heart ſo ill!
Myſelf I cannot to myſelf reſtore:
Still I complain, and ſtill I love him more,
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.
I rave: nor can'ſt thou Venus' offſpring be,
Love's mother could not bear a ſon like thee
From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
At leaſt thou art from ſome fierce tigreſs come;
Or on rough ſeas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a tempeſt born:
Like that which now thy trembling ſailors fear;
Like that whoſe rage ſhould ſtill detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juſter ſide.
To winter weather and a ſtormy ſea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
Death thou deſerv'ſt from heaven's avenging laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the cauſe.
To ſhun my love, if thou wilt ſeek thy fate,
'Tis a dear purchaſe, and a coſtly hate.
Stay but a little, till the tempeſt ceaſe,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs, unconſtant prove!
And ſo it will, if there be power in love.
Know'ſt thou not yet what dangers ſhips ſuſtain
So often wreck'd, how dar'ſt thou tempt the main?
Were it ſmooth, were every wave aſleep,
Ten thouſand forms of death are in the deep.
In that abyſs the Gods their vengeance ſtore,
For broken vows of thoſe who falſely ſwore.
There winged ſtorms on ſea-born Venus wait,
To vindicate the juſtice of her ſtate.
Thus I to thee the means of ſafety ſhow;
And, loſt myſelf, would ſtill preſerve my foe.
Falſe as thou art, I not thy death deſign:
O rather live to be the cauſe of mine!
Should ſome avenging ſtorm thy veſſel tear,
(But heaven forbid my words ſhould omen bear)
Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly;
And my wrong'd ghoſt be preſent to thy eye.
With threatning looks unlook thou beholo'ſt me ſtare.
Gaſping my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
Then, ſhould fork'd lightning and red thunder fall,
What could'ſt thou ſay, but, I deſerv'd 'em all?
Leſt this ſhould happen, make not haſte away;
To ſhun the danger will be worth thy ſtay.
Have pity on thy ſon, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
What has his youth, what have thy Gods deſerv'd,
To ſink in ſeas, who were from fires preſerv'd?
But neither Gods nor parent didſt thou bear;
Smooth ſtories all to pleaſe a woman's ear,
Falſe as the tale of thy romantic life.
Nor yet am I thy firſt-deluded wife:
Left to purſuing foes Creüſa ſtay'd,
By thee baſe man, forſaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'ſt me, ſtruck my tender heart,
That ſuch requital follow'd ſuch deſert,
Nor doubt I but the Gods, for crimes like theſe,
Seven winters kept thee wandering on the ſeas.
Thy ſtarv'd companions, caſt aſhore, I fed,
Thyſelf admitted to my crown and bed.
To harbour ſtrangers, ſuccour the diſtreſt,
Was kind enough; but, oh, too kind the reſt!
Curſt be the cave which firſt my ruin brought,
Where, from the ſtorm, we common ſhelter ſought!
A dreadful howling echo'd through the place:
The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials grace.

ò then, but now too late I know
yell'd my funerals from below.
and violated fame,
dues to my dead huſband's name!
:deem my reputation loſt,
arms reſtore my guilty ghoſt.
y palace, in a gloomy grove,
:hapel to my murder'd love;
eath'd with boughs and wool, his ſtatue
lands,
monument of artful hands.
methought, he call'd me from the dome,
, with hollow voice, cry'd, Dido, come.
; thy wife thy lawful ſummons hears;
more ſlowly, clogg'd with conſcious fears.
: wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
e his charms, who my weak faith miſled.
ſs mother, and his aged ſire
s back, did to my fall conſpire.
he was, and is, that, were he true,
bluſh I might his love purſue.
tars my birth-day did attend;
fortune open'd, it muſt end.
d lord was at the altar ſlain,
ilth was made my bloody brother's gain.
and follow'd by the murderer's hate,
countries I remov'd my fate;
a ſuppliant, from the natives hands
e ground on which my city ſtands,
ic coaſt that ſtretches to the ſea;
friendly port that ſhelter'd thee:
l theſe walls which mount into the air,
y neighbours wonder, and their fear.
:hey arm; and round me leagues are
nade,
eſtabliſh'd empire to invade.
y new built walls I muſt prepare,
s woman, and unſkill'd in war.
nd rivals to my love pretend!
y perſon would my crown defend:
ing votes in one complaint agree,
unjuſtly is diſdain'd for thee.
Iyarbas give me up a prey;
muſt follow, if thou goeſt away.)
uſband's murderer leave my life,
: huſband he may add the wife.
nce no complaints can move thy mind:
'd man, but leave thy Gods behind.
thoſe Gods, by whom thou art forſworn,
n impious hands no more be borne:
gious worſhip they diſdain,
would the Grecian fires ſuſtain.
y greateſt ſhame is ſtill to come,
f thee lies hid within my womb.
inborn muſt periſh by thy hate,
guiltleſs in his mother's fate.
, thou ſay'ſt, thy voyage does command:
ſame God had barr'd thee from my land!
I doubt not, thy departure ſteers,
thee out at ſea ſo many years;
long labours were a price ſo great,
purchaſe Troy would'ſt not repeat.
now thou ſeek'ſt, to be at beſt,
e arriv'd, a poor precarious gueſt.
des thy ſearch: perhaps it will
age lie undiſcover'd ſtill.
own and wealth in dower I bring,
out conquering, here thou art a king.
Here thou to Carthage may'ſt tranſfer thy Troy:
Here young Aſcanius may his arms employ;
And, while we live ſecure in ſoft repoſe,
Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes.
By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee, ſtay;
By all the Gods, companions of thy way.
So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
Live ſtill, and with no future fortune ſtrive;
So may thy youthful ſon old age attain,
And thy dead father's bones in peace remain:
As thou haſt pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no crime, but too much love of thee.
I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents againſt Troy combine.
To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
By ſome inferior name admit my love.
To be ſecur'd of ſtill poſſeſſing thee,
What would I do, and what would I not be!
Our Lybian coaſts their certain ſeaſons know,
When free from tempeſts paſſengers may go:
But now with northern blaſts the billows roar,
And drive the floating ſea-weed to the ſhore.
Leave to my care the time to ſail away;
When ſafe, I will not ſuffer thee to ſtay.
Thy weary men would be with eaſe content;
Their ſails are tatter'd, and their maſts are ſpent.
If by no merit I thy mind can move,
What thou deny'ſt my merit, give my love.
Stay, till I learn my loſs to undergo;
And give me time to ſtruggle with my woe.
If not, know this, I will not ſuffer long;
My life's too loathſome, and my love too ſtrong.
Death holds my pen, and dictates what I ſay,
While croſs my lap the Trojan ſword I lay.
My tears flow down; the ſharp edge cuts their
flood,
And drinks my ſorrows that muſt drink my blood.
How well thy gift does with my fate agree!
My funeral pomp is chiefly made by thee.
To no new wounds my boſom I diſplay:
The ſword but enters where love made the way.
But thou, dear ſiſter, and yet dearer friend,
Shalt my cold aſhes to their urn attend.
Sichæus' wife let not the marble boaſt,
I loſt that title when my fame I loſt.
This ſhort inſcription only let it bear:
" Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here.
" The cauſe of death, and ſword by which ſhe dy'd,
" Æneas gave: the reſt her arm ſupply'd."

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

OVID's ART OF LOVE.

IN Cupid's ſchool whoe'er would take degree,
Muſt learn his rudiments, by reading me.
Seamen with ſailing arts their veſſels move;
Art guides the chariot: art inſtructs to love.
Of ſhips and chariots others know the rule;
But I am maſter in Love's mighty ſchool.

Cupid indeed is obſtinate and wild,
A ſtubborn God, but yet the God's a child:
Eaſy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupillage:
That hero, born for conqueſt, trembling ſtood
Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod..
As Chiron mollify'd his cruel mind
With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
The ſilver ſtrings of his melodious lyre:
So Love's fair Goddeſs does my ſoul inſpire,
To teach her ſofter arts; to ſooth the mind,
And ſmooth the rugged breaſts of human-kind.
Yet Cupid and Achilles each with ſcorn
And rage were fill'd; and both were goddeſs-born.
The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws:
The horſe receives the bit within his jaws;
And ſtubborn Love ſhall bend beneath my ſway,
Though ſtruggling oft he ſtrives to diſobey.
He ſhakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts:
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my ſoul, or wounds my ſight,
The more he teaches to revenge the ſpite.
I boaſt no aid the Delphian God affords,
Nor auſpice from the flight of chattering birds;
Nor Chiron: her ſiſters have I ſeen:
As Heſiod ſaw them on the ſhady green:
Experience makes my work; a truth ſo try'd
You may believe; and Venus be my guide.
Far hence, ye veſtals, be, who bind your hair;
And wives, who gowns below your ankles wear.
I ſing the brothels looſe and unconfin'd,
Th' unpuniſhable pleaſures of the kind;
Which all alike, for love, or money, find.
You, who in Cupid's rolls inſcribe your name,
Firſt ſeek an object worthy of your flame;
Then ſtrive, with art, your lady's mind to gain:
And laſt, provide your love may long remain.
On theſe three precepts all my work ſhall move:
Theſe are the rules and principles of love.
Before your youth with marriage is oppreſt,
Make choice of one who ſuits your humour beſt:
And ſuch a damſel drops not from the ſky;
She muſt be ſought for with a curious eye.
The wary angler, in the winding brook,
Knows what the fiſh, and where to bait his hook.
The fowler and the huntſman know by name
The certain haunts and harbour of their game.
So muſt the lover beat the likelieſt grounds:
Th' aſſembly where his quarry moſt abounds,
Nor ſhall my novice wander far aſtray;
Theſe rules ſhall put him in the ready way,
Thou ſhalt not fail around the continent,
As far as Perſeus or as Paris went:
For Rome alone affords thee ſuch a ſtore,
As all the world can hardly ſhew thee more.
The face of heaven with fewer ſtars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the Roman ſphere are found.
Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning ſweetneſs in unartful truth:
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here may'ſt thou find thy full deſires in both.
Or if autumnal beauties pleaſe thy ſight
(An age that knows to give, and take delight);
Millions of matrons of the graver ſort,
In common prudence will not balk the ſport.
In ſummer heats thou need'ſt but only go
To Pompey's cool and ſhady portico;
Or Concord's fane; or that proud edifice,
Whoſe turrets near the baudy ſuburb riſe:
Or to that other portico, where ſtands
The cruel father urging his commands,
And fifty daughters wait the time of reſt,
To plunge their poniards in the bridegrooms breaſt.
Or Venus' temple; where, on annual nights,
They mourn Adonis with Aſſyrian rites.
Nor ſhun the Jewiſh walk, where the foul drove,
On ſabbaths, reſt from every thing but love.
Nor Iſis' temple; for that ſacred whore
Makes others, what to Jove ſhe was before.
And if the hall itſelf be not bely'd,
Ev'n there the cauſe of love is often try'd;
Near it at leaſt, or in the palace-yard,
From whence the noiſy combatants are heard.
The crafty counſellors, in formal gown,
There gain another's cauſe, but loſe their own.
There eloquence is nonpluſt in the ſuit:
And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining temple, ſmiles,
To ſee them caught in their litigious wiles.
Grave ſenators lead home the youthful dame,
Returning clients, when they patrons came.
But above all, the play-houſe is the place;
There's choice of quarry in that narrow chace.
There take thy ſtand, and ſharply looking out,
Soon may'ſt thou find a miſtreſs in the rout,
For length of time, or for a ſingle bout.
The theatres are berries for the fair:
Like ants on mole-hills thither they repair;
Like bees to hives, ſo numerouſly they throng;
It may be ſaid they to that place belong.
Thither they ſwarm, who have the public voice:
There chooſe, if plenty not diſtracts thy choice:
To ſee, and to be ſeen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone.
From Romulus the riſe of plays began,
To his new ſubjects a commodious man;
Who, his unmarried ſoldiers to ſupply,
Took care the common-wealth ſhould multiply:
Providing Sabine women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of ſlaves.
His play-houſe not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it ſpread with purple ſails for ſhade.
The ſtage with ruſhes or with leaves they ſtrew'd;
No ſcenes in proſpect, no machining God.
On rows of homely turf they ſat to ſee,
Crown'd with the wreaths of every common tree.
There, while they ſat in ruſtic majeſty,
Each lover had his miſtreſs in his eye;
And whom he ſaw moſt ſuiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape deſign'd.
Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haſte;
But, ere the dances and the ſong were paſt,
The monarch gave the ſignal from his throne;
And, riſing, bade his merry men fall on.
The martial crew, like ſoldiers ready preſt,
Juſt at the word (the word too was, The Beſt)
With joyful cries each other animate;
Some chooſe, and ſome at hazard ſeize their mate.
As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
So from their lawleſs lovers fly the dames.
Their fear was one, but not one face of fear;
Some rend the lovely treſſes of their hair;
Some ſhriek, and ſome are ſtruck with dumb deſpair.

t mother one invokes in vain;
s amaz'd, not daring to complain;
ler truſt their feet, the ſlow remain.
it availing, all are captives led,
; and bluſhing, to the genial bed.
oo long refiſted, or deny'd,
lover made by force a bride;
ſuperior ſtrength, compell'd her to his
ſide.
h'd her thus:—My ſoul's far better part,
ping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
thy father to thy mother was,
to thee, that ſolemn vow I paſs.
omulus became ſo popular;
the way to thrive in peace and war;
army, and freſh whores to bring:
ld not fight for ſuch a gracious king?
in theatres did firſt improve;
rts are ſtill the ſcenes of love:
the chariot's and the courſer's race;
is is no inconvenient place.
there of talking on the hand;
nor ſigns, which lovers underſtand.
next the fair your ſeat provide;
ou can to hers, and ſide by ſide.
unpleas'd, no matter; crouding ſit:
laws of public ſhows permit.
occaſion to begin diſcourſe;
whoſe chariot this, and whoſe that horſe?
never ſide ſhe is inclin'd,
our inclinations to her mind;
t ſhe likes; from thence your court be-
gin;
n ſhe favours, wiſh that he may win.
the ſtatues of the Deities,
s roll'd, appear before the prize;
nus comes, with deep devotion riſe.
on her lap, or grains of ſand,
away with your officious hand.
there, yet bruſh that nothing thence;
o touch her lap make ſome pretence.
y thing of hers; and if her train
the ground, let it not ſweep in vain;
take it up, and wipe it clean;
e you wipe it, with obſerving eyes,
ws but you may ſee her naked thighs!
who ſits behind her; and beware,
croaching knee ſhould preſs the fair.
vice takes light minds: for ſome can
tell
s won, by laying cuſhions well:
g faces ſome their fortune meet;
by laying footſtools for their feet.
rtures of love the Circus gives;
ſword-play leſs the lover thrives:
the ſon of Venus fights his prize;
eſt wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes;
e the crowd their acclamations make,
he bets, and puts his ring to ſtake,
from far, and feels the flying dart;
o ſpectacle is made a part.
would repreſent a naval fight,
vn honour, and for Rome's delight.
er ſea the youths and maidens come;
e world was then contain'd in Rome.
t concourſe, in this choice of game,
man heart but felt a foreign flame?

III.

Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining eaſt to Rome will add.
Rejoice, ye Roman ſoldiers, in your urn;
Your enſigns from the Parthians ſhall return;
And the ſlain Craſſi ſhall no longer mourn.
A youth is ſent thoſe trophies to demand;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand:
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unſeen;
In Childhood all of Cæſar's race are men.
Celeſtial ſeeds ſhoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
Thus infant Hercules the ſnakes did preſs,
And in his cradle did his ſire confeſs.
Bacchus, a boy, yet like a hero fought,
And early ſpoils from conquer'd India brought.
Thus you your father's troops ſhall lead to fight,
And thus ſhall vanquiſh in your father's right.
Theſe rudiments to you your lineage owe;
Born to increaſe your titles, as you grow,
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren ſlain;
You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent and your own,
Redeem your country, and reſtore his throne.
Your enemies aſſert an impious cauſe;
You fight both for divine and human laws.
Already in their cauſe they are o'ercome:
Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome.
Great father Mars with greater Cæſar join,
To give a proſperous omen to your line:
One of you is, and one ſhall be divine.
I propheſy you ſhall, you ſhall o'ercome:
My verſe ſhall bring you back in triumph home.
Speak in my verſe, exhort to loud alarms:
O were my numbers equal to your arms!
Then would I ſing the Parthians overthrow;
Their ſhot averſe, ſent from a flying bow:
The Parthians, who already flying fight,
Already give an omen of their flight.
O when will come the day, by heaven deſign'd,
When thou the beſt and faireſt of mankind,
Drawn by white horſes ſhalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd ſlaves attending on thy ſide;
Slaves, that no longer can be ſafe in flight;
O glorious object, O ſurpriſing ſight,
O day of public joy; too good to end in night!
On ſuch a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
Some beauty ſits, the ſpectacle to ſee:
If ſhe enquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden ſprings,
Anſwer to all thou know'ſt; and, if need be,
Of things unknown ſeem to ſpeak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the ſwift Tigris with his ſea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, that the Caſpian ſhore;
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably; no matter for the truth.
In feaſts, as at our ſhows, new means abound;
More pleaſure there, than that of wine, is found.
The Paphian Goddeſs there her ambuſh lays;
And Love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays;
Deſires increaſe at every ſwelling draught;
Briſk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He ſhakes his pinions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a mautlin Love.

Wine warms the blood, and makes the ſpirits flow;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a roſy cheek.
Bold truths it ſpeaks; and ſpoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old ſimplicity again.
Love ſparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But chooſe no miſtreſs in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
Nor truſt thy judgment when the tapers dance;
But ſober, and by day, thy ſuit advance
By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three;
And for the faireſt did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat, and all deformities
Are hid or leſſen'd in her dark diſguiſe.
The ſun's fair light each error will confeſs,
In face, in ſhape, in jewels, and in dreſs.
Why name I every place where youths abound?
'Tis loſs of time, and a too fruitful ground.
The Barian baths, where ſhips at anchor ride,
And wholſome ſtreams from ſulphur fountains glide;
Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are leſs healthful than they thought.
Or Dian's fane, which near the ſuburb lies,
Where prieſts, for their promotion, fight a prize
That maiden Goddeſs is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his ſubjects undergo.
Thus far the ſportful Muſe with myrtle bound,
Has ſung where lovely laſſes may be found.
Now let me ſing, how ſhe who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend:
And all you vulgar of my ſchool attend.
First then believe, all women may be won;
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The graſshopper ſhall firſt forbear to ſing
In ſummer ſeaſon, or the birds in ſpring;
Than women can reſiſt your flattering ſkill:
Ev'n ſhe will yield, who ſwears ſhe never will.
To ſecret pleaſure both the ſexes move;
But women moſt, who moſt diſſemble love.
'Twere beſt for us, if they would firſt declare,
Avow their paſſion, and ſubmit to prayer.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame:
The neighing mare invites her ſtallion to the game.
Man is more temperate in his luſt than they,
And, more than women, can his paſſion ſway.
Biblis, we know, did her firſt love declare,
And had recourſe to death in her deſpair.
Her brother ſhe, her father Myrrha ſought,
And lov'd, but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
Now from a tree ſhe ſtills her odorous tears,
Which yet the name of her who ſhed them bears.
In Ida's ſhady vale a bull appear'd,
White as the ſnow, the faireſt of the herd;
A beauty-ſpot of black there only roſe,
Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
The love and wiſh of all the Cretan cows.
The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd;
And envy'd every leap he gave the herd.
A ſecret fire ſhe nouriſh'd in her breaſt,
And hated every heifer he careſs'd.
A ſtory known, and known for true, I tell;
Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal.
She cut him graſs (ſo much can Love command);
She ſtrok'd, ſhe fed him with her royal hand:
Was pleas'd in paſtures with the herd to roam;
And Minos by the bull was overcome.
Ceaſe, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous brows;
The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
Nor in thy glaſs compoſe thy looks and eyes:
Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:
Yet truſt thy mirror, when it tells thee true;
Thou art no heifer to allure his view.
Soon wouldſt thou quit thy royal diadem
To thy fair rivals, to be horn'd like them.
If Minos pleaſe, no lover ſeek to find;
If not, at leaſt ſeek one of human kind.
The wretched queen the Cretan court forſakes:
In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
She curſes every beauteous cow ſhe ſees;
Ah, why doſt thou my lord and maſter pleaſe!
And thinks, ungrateful creature as thou art,
With friſking awkwardly, to gain his heart!
She ſaid, and ſtraight commands, with frowning look,
To put her, undeſerving, to the yoke;
Or feigns ſome holy rites of ſacrifice,
And ſees her rival's death with joyful eyes:
Then, when the bloody prieſt has done his part,
Pleas'd in her hand ſhe holds the beating heart;
Nor from a ſcornful taunt can ſcarce refrain;
Go, fool, and ſtrive to pleaſe my love again.
Now ſhe would be Europa, lö now
(One bore a bull, and one was made a cow).
Yet ſhe at laſt her brutal bliſs obtain'd,
And in a wooden cow the bull ſuſtain'd:
Fill'd with his ſteed, accompliſh'd her deſire;
Till by his form the ſon betray'd the ſire.
If Atreus' wife to inceſt had not run,
(But, ah, how hard it is to love but one!)
His courſers Phœbus had not driven away,
To ſhun that ſight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter, Niſus, pull'd thy purple hair,
And barking ſea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
At ſea and land Atrides ſav'd his life,
Yet fell a prey to his adulterous wife.
Who knows not what revenge Medea fought,
When the ſlain offſpring bore the father's fault?
Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail;
And thus Hippolytus by Phædra fell.
Theſe crimes revengeful matrons did commit:
Hotter their luſt, and ſharper is their wit.
Doubt not from them an eaſy victory:
Scarce of a thouſand dames will one deny.
All women are content that men ſhould woo:
She who complains, and ſhe who will not do.
Reſt then ſecure, whate'er thy luck may prove
Not to be hated for declaring love.
And yet how canſt thou miſs, ſince womankind
Is frail and vain, and ſtill to change inclin'd?
Old huſbands and ſtale gallants they deſpiſe;
And more another's, than their own, they prize.
A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field;
More milk his kine from ſwelling udders yield.
Firſt gain the maid: by her thou ſhalt be ſure
A free acceſs, and eaſy to procure:
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the ſecret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with gifts, with promiſes, and prayers:
For her good word goes far in love affairs.
The time and fit occaſion leave to her,
When ſhe moſt aptly can thy ſuit prefer.

maids to fire their lady's blood,
y find her in a merry mood;
ngs at her wiſh and pleaſure mov :
pen then, and free to love.
ınd wantonneſs to luſt betray,
:he paſſage to the lover's way.
ıe ſiege, when fill'd with anxious care:
t concluded all the war.
r rival vex her jealous mind,
'ice to revenge in kind.
amſel while ſhe combs her hair,
:holer of that injur'd fair;
make her miſtreſs underſtand,
ıeans of vengeance in her hand:
g thee, thy humble ſuit preſer;
ou languiſheſt and dy'ſt for her.
loſe no time, but puſh at all:
ion are rais'd, and ſoon they fall.
ſt fury leiſure to relent,
e ice, and ſuddenly repent.
ıe maid, will that thy ſuit advance!
eſtion, and a doubtful chance.
'rrupted, bauds the better for't;
erſelf would keep the ſport.
may be further'd or delay'd:
anſel, let alone the maid:
he ſhould conſent to do the feat;
ttle, and the danger great.
l thee through a rugged road;
: way lies open, ſafe, and broad.
ind'ſt her very much thy friend,
face her diligence commend:
iſtreſs have thy firſt embrace,
ıaid come after in her place.
'ill adviſe, and mark my words;
'ſt advice my ſkill affords:
with the damſel wilt begin,
mpt is made, make ſure to win:
ecret letter will be kept;
ell no tales when once ſhe's dipt.
wler's intereſt to beware,
ıgled ſhould not 'ſcape the ſnare.
: prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
: ſport of all the neighbouring brook.
nch be thine, ſhe makes thy way,
'ake, her miſtreſs will betray;
:ows, and all ſhe hears her ſay.
counſ.l of thy faithful ſpy:
learn whene'er ſhe treads awry.
he ſtations of their ſeaſons keep;
mes there are to ſow and reap.
d ſailors for the ſeaſon ſtay,
land, and one to plough the ſea:
over wait the lucky day.
ſuit, it hurts not thy deſign:
ther hour ſhe may be thine.
celebrates her birth at home,
iews the public ſhows of Rome,
viſits then are troubleſome.
t, and put not then to ſea,
ding and a ſtormy day.
ime, and, when thou canſt, begin:
viſh ſabbath, think no ſin:
perſtitious days abſtain;
Romans were at Allia ſlain.
r frowns are underſtood;
humour, every day is good.

But thath her birth-day ſeldom comes a wo
When bribes and preſents muſt be ſent of
And that's a bloody day that coſts thy purſ
Be ſtanch; yet parſimony will be vain:
The craving ſex will ſtill the lover drain.
No ſkill can ſhift them off, nor art remove
They will be begging, when they know we
The merchant comes upon th' appointed d
Who ſhall before thy face his wares diſplay
To chooſe for her ſhe craves thy kind advi
Then begs again to bargain for the price:
But when ſhe has her purchaſe in her eye,
She hugs thee cloſe, and kiſſes thee to buy.
'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'orth too;
In many years I will not trouble you.
If you complain you have no ready coin;
No matter, 'tis but writing of a line,
A little bill, not to be paid at ſight;
Now curſe the time when thou wert taught
She keeps her birth-day; you muſt ſend t
And ſhe'll be born a hundred times a year.
With daily lies ſhe dribs thee into coſt;
That ear-ring dropt a ſtone, that ring is lo
They often borrow what they never pay;
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown aw
Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each
All would be wearied ere I told a part.
By letters, not by words, thy love begin;
And ford the dangerous paſſage with thy pe
If to her heart thou aim'ſt to find the way,
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray
Priam by prayers did Hector's body gain;
Nor is an angry God invok'd in vain.
With promis'd gifts her eaſy mind bewitch
For ev'n the poor in promiſe may be rich.
Vain hopes awhile her appetite will ſtay;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is mad; but make her ſtill belie
'Twill come, and that's the cheapeſt way to
Ev'n barren lands fair promiſes afford;
But the lean harveſt cheats the ſtarving lord.
Buy not thy firſt enjoyment, leſt it prove
Of bad example to thy future love:
But get it gratis; and ſhe'll give thee more
For fear of loſing what ſhe gave before.
The loſing gameſter ſhakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loſes on, in hopes to gain.
Write then, and in thy letter, as I ſaid,
Let her with mighty promiſes be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid
She read herſelf into a marriage-vow
(And every cheat in love the Gods allow).
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome:
Sweet words the people and the ſenate move
But the chief end of eloquence is love.
But in thy letter hide thy moving arts;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
None but vain fools to ſimple women preac
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar ſtile your thoughts convey,
And write ſuch things as preſent you would
Such words as from the heart may ſeem to n
'Tis wit enough, to make her think you love
If ſeal'd ſhe ſends it back, and will not read
Yet hope in time the buſineſs may ſucceed.

In time the ſteer will to the yoke ſubmit;
In time the reſtiff horſe will bear the bit.
Ev'n the hard plough-ſhare uſe will wear away;
And ſtubborn ſteel in length of time decay.
Water is ſoft, and marble hard, and yet
We ſee ſoft water through hard marble eat.
Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd;
And ten years more Penelope had tir'd.
Perhaps thy lines unanſwer'd ſhe retain'd;
No matter; there's a point already gain'd:
For ſhe, who reads, in time will anſwer too;
Things muſt be left by juſt degrees to grow.
Perhaps ſhe writes, but anſwers with diſdain,
And ſharply bids you not to write again:
What ſhe requires, ſhe fears you ſhould accord;
The jilt would not be taken at her word.
Meantime, if ſhe be carried in her chair,
Approach, but do not ſeem to know ſhe's there.
Speak ſoftly to delude the ſtanders by;
Or, if aloud, then ſpeak ambiguouſly.
If ſauntering in the portico ſhe walk,
Move ſlowly too; for that's a time for talk:
And ſometimes follow, ſometimes be her guide:
But, when the crowd permits, go ſide by ſide.
Nor in the play-houſe let her ſit alone:
For ſhe's the play-houſe, and the play in one.
There thou may'ſt ogle, or by ſigns advance
Thy ſuit, and ſeem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the play the lover's pains:
For her ſweet ſake the loſs of time deſpiſe;
Sit while ſhe ſits, and when ſhe riſes riſe
But dreſs not like a ſop, nor curl your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Leave thoſe effeminate and uſeleſs toys
To eunuchs, who can give no ſolid joys.
Neglect becomes a man: this Theſeus found:
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wiſhes crown'd.
The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care:
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean:
And wear well-faſhion'd cloaths, like other men.
Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul;
Nor in wide ſhoes your feet too looſely roll.
Of a black muzzle, and long beard, beware;
And let a ſkilful barber cut your hair.
Your nails be pick'd from filth, and ev'n par'd:
Nor let your naſty noſtrils bud with beard.
Cure your unſavory breath, gargle your throat;
And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
Dreſs not, in ſhort, too little or too much;
And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch.
Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites:
Who would not follow, when a God invites?
He helps the poet, and his pen inſpires,
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.
Fair Ariadne wander'd on the ſhore,
Forſaken now; and Theſeus lov'd no more:
Looſe was her gown, diſhevel'd was her hair;
Her boſom naked, and her feet were bare:
Exclaiming, on the water's brink ſhe ſtood;
Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
She ſhriek'd, and wept, and both became her face,
No poſture could that heavenly form diſgrace.
She beat her breaſt: The traitor's gone, ſaid ſhe;
What ſhall become of poor forſaken me?
What ſhall become—ſhe had not time for more,
The ſounding cymbals rattled on the ſhore.
She ſwoons for fear, ſhe falls upon the ground;
No vital heat was in her body found.
The Mimallonian dames about her ſtood;
And ſcudding ſatires ran before their God.
Silenus on his aſs did next appear;
And held upon the mane (the God was dear);
The drunken ſire purſues, the dames retire;
Sometimes the drunken dames purſue the drunken ſire.
At laſt he topples over on the plain;
The Satyrs laugh, and bid him riſe again.
And now the God of Wine came driving on,
High on his chariot by ſwift tigers drawn.
Her colour, voice, and ſenſe, forſook the fair;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
She ſhook, like ſheaves of corn when tempeſts blow,
Or ſlender reeds that in the marſhes grow.
To whom the God: Compoſe thy fearful mind;
In me a truer huſband thou ſhalt find.
With heaven I will endow thee, and thy ſtar
Shall with propitious light be ſeen afar,
And guide on ſeas the doubtful mariner,
He ſaid, and, from his chariot leaping light,
Leſt the grim tygers ſhould the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waiſt he threw
(For Gods, whate'er they will, with eaſe can do):
And ſwiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng
Shout at the ſight, and ſing the nuptial ſong.
Now in full bowls her ſorrow ſhe may ſteep:
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride aſleep.
But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
And the lov'd nymph is ſeated by thy ſide;
Invoke the God, and all the mighty Powers,
That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
Then in ambiguous words thy ſuit preſer,
Which ſhe may know were all addreſt to her.
In liquid purple letters write her name,
Which ſhe may read, and reading find the flame.
Then may your eyes confeſs your mutual fires
(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell deſires).
Where'er ſhe drinks, be firſt to take the cup;
And where ſhe laid her lips, the bleſſing ſup.
When ſhe to carving does her hand advance,
Put out thy own; and touch it as by chance.
Thy ſervice ev'n her huſband muſt attend
(A huſband is a moſt convenient friend).
Seat the fool cuckold in the higheſt place:
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company,
And what he ſays, be ſeconded by thee.
'Tis common to deceive through friendſhip's name:
But common though it be, 'tis ſtill to blame:
Thus factors frequently their truſt betray,
And to themſelves their maſters' gains convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er;
Thy tongue and feet may ſtumble, drinking more.
Of drunken quarrels in her ſight beware;
Pot-valour only ſerves to fright the fair.
Eurytion juſtly fell, by wine oppreſt,
For his rude riot at a wedding-feaſt.
Sing, if you have a voice; and ſhew your parts
In dancing, if indued with dancing arts.
Do any thing within your power to pleaſe;
Nay, ev'n affect a ſeeming drunkenneſs;

word; and if by chance you ſpeak
or if too broad a jeſt you break,
uſe the company will join,
e fault upon the force of wine.
kenneſs is ſubject to offend;
'tis feign'd 'tis oft a lover's friend.
y may you praiſe her beauteous face,
m happy, who is in her grace.
d thinks himſelf the man deſign'd;
he cuckold in your ſecret mind.
re riſen, and prepare to go,
he croud, and tread upon her toe.
proper time to make thy court;
e's in the vein, and fit for ſport.
lneſs, that ruſtic virtue, by;
confidence thy thoughts apply.
's foretop timely fix thy hold;
and ſpeed, for Venus loves the bold.
rhetoric here I need afford:
, and truſt the following word;
witty of its own accord.
the lover; let thy ſpeech abound
ords that repreſent thy wound:
t her belief; ſhe will be mov'd;
think they merit to be lov'd.
es a man begins to love in jeſt,
feels the torment he profeſt.
wn ſakes be pitiful, ye fair;
'd paſſion may a true prepare.
s we prevail on womankind;
banks by ſtreams are undermin'd.
r face is fair, her eyes are ſweet:
ingers praiſe, and little feet.
s ev'n the chaſte are pleas'd to hear;
and matrons hold their beauty dear.
ted Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd;
ey grieve that Venus was preferr'd.
proud peacock, and he ſpreads his
rain:
nd he pulls it in again.
he courſer in his rapid race;
is running, and he mends his pace.
promiſe, and devoutly ſwear;
ed be, call every God to hear.
ove, forgiving with a ſmile
ies that eaſy maids beguile.
o Juno by the Stygian lake:
he dares not an example make,
falſehood for his own dear ſake.
r intereſt that the Gods ſhould be;
ve them: I believe, they ſee,
eward and puniſh equally.
ey live above, like lazy drones,
low, ſupine upon their thrones.
your lives as preſent in their ſight;
healings, and defend the right;
ray not, nor oppreſs by might.
enial ſin to cheat the fair;
ve liberty of conſcience there.
g nymphs a cheat is well deſign'd;
ane and a deceitful kind.
, that Ægypt for nine years was dry,
id floods, nor heaven did rain ſupply.
r at length inform'd the king,
ghter'd gueſts would kindly moiſture
ring.
eply'd. On thee the lot ſhall fall,
y gueſt, the ſacrifice for all.

Thus Phalaris Perillus taught to low,
And made him ſeaſon firſt the brazen cow.
A rightful doom the laws of nature cry,
'Tis, the artificers of death ſhould die.
Thus juſtly women ſuffer by deceit;
Their practice authorizes us to cheat.
Beg her, with tears thy warm deſires to grant;
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
If tears will not be ſqueez'd, then rub your eye,
Or 'noint the lids, and ſeem at leaſt to cry.
Kiſs, if you can: reſiſtance if ſhe make,
And will not give you kiſſes, let her take.
Fy, fy, you naughty man! are words of courſe;
She ſtruggles but to be ſubdu'd by force.
Kiſs only ſoft, I charge you, and beware,
With your hard briſtles not to bruſh the fair.
He who has gain'd a kiſs, and gains no more,
Deſerves to loſe the bliſs he got before.
If once ſhe kiſs, her meaning is expreſt;
There wants but little puſhing for the reſt.
Which if thou doſt not gain, by ſtrength or art,
The name of clown then ſuits with thy deſert;
'Tis downright dulneſs, and a ſhameful part.
Perhaps, ſhe calls it force; but, if ſhe 'ſcape,
She will not thank you for th' omitted rape.
The ſex is cunning to conceal their fires;
They would be forc'd ev'n to their own deſires.
They ſeem to accuſe you with a downcaſt ſight;
But in their ſouls confeſs you did them right.
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curſe you with their heart.
Fair Phœbe and her ſiſter did prefer
To their dull mates the noble raviſher.
What Deidamia did in days of yore,
The tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.
When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
And the juſt judge fair Helen had obtain'd:
When ſhe with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
The Trojans joyful, while the Grecians griev'd:
They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cauſe:
Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Diſguis'd his ſex, and lurk'd among the fair.
What! means Æacides to ſpin and ſew?
With ſpear and ſword in field thy valour ſhew;
And, leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.
Why doſt thou in that hand the diſtaff wield,
Which is more worthy to ſuſtain the ſhield?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
The ſame the Fates for Hector's thread aſſign?
Brandiſh thy falchion in thy powerful hand,
Which can alone the ponderous lance command.
In the ſame room by chance the royal maid
Was lodg'd, and, by his ſeeming ſex betray'd,
Cloſe to her ſide the youthful hero laid.
I know not how his courtſhip he began;
But, to her coſt ſhe found it was a man.
'Tis thought ſhe ſtruggled; but withal 'tis thought
Her wiſh was to be conquer'd when ſhe fought.
For when, diſcles'd, and haſtening to the field,
He laid his diſtaff down, and took the ſhield,
With tears her humble ſuit ſhe did preſer,
And thought to ſtay the grateful raviſher.
She ſighs, ſhe ſobs, ſhe begs him not to part:
And now 'tis nature what before was art.
She ſtrives by force her lover to detain,
And wiſhes to be raviſh'd once again.

This is the ſex; they will not firſt begin,
But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to ſuffer ſin.
Is there, who thinks that women firſt ſhould woo?
Lay by thy ſelf-conceit, thou fooliſh beau.
Begin, and ſave their modeſty the ſhame;
'Tis well for thee if they receive thy flame.
'Tis decent for a man to ſpeak his mind;
They but expect th' occaſion to be kind.
Aſk, that thou may'ſt enjoy? ſhe waits for this;
And on thy firſt advance depends thy bliſs.
Ev'n Jove himſelf was forc'd to ſue for love;
None of the nymphs did firſt ſolicit Jove.
But if you find your prayers increaſe her pride,
Strike ſail awhile, and wait another tide.
They fly when we purſue; but make delay,
And, when they ſee you ſlacken, they will ſtay.
Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
Name not yourſelf her lover, but her friend.
How many ſkittiſh girls have thus been caught!
He prov'd a lover who her friend was thought.
Sailors by ſun and wind are ſwarthy made;
A tann'd complexion beſt becomes their trade.
'Tis a diſgrace for ploughmen to be fair;
Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
Th' ambitious youth, who ſeeks an olive crown,
Is ſun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown.
But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face.
That colour from the fair compaſſion draws:
She thinks you ſick, and thinks herſelf the cauſe.
Orion wander'd in the woods for love:
His paleneſs did the nymphs to pity move;
His ghaſtly viſage argued hidden love.
Nor fail a night-cap in full health, to wear;
Neglect thy dreſs, and diſcompoſe thy hair.
All things are decent, that in love avail:
Read long by night, and ſtudy to be pale:
Forſake your food, refuſe your needful reſt;
Be miſerable, that you may be bleſt.
Shall I complain, or ſhall I warn you moſt?
Faith, truth, and friendſhip, in the world are loſt;
A little and an empty name they boaſt.
Truſt not thy friend, much leſs thy miſtreſs praiſe;
If he believe, thou may'ſt a rival raiſe.
'Tis true, Patroclus, by no luſt miſled,
Sought not to ſtain his dear companion's bed.
Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd;
Ev'n Phædra to Pirithous ſtill was chaſte.
But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
Thoſe rare examples of a faithful mind.
The ſea ſhall ſooner with ſweet honey flow;
Or from the furzes pears and apples grow.
We ſin with guſt, we love by fraud to gain;
And find a pleaſure in our fellow's pain.
From rival foes you may the fair defend;
But, would you ward the blow, beware your friend:
Beware your brother, and your next of kin;
But from your boſom-friend your cares begin.
Here I had ended, but experience finds,
That ſundry women are of ſundry minds;
With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to pleaſe:
They therefore muſt be caught by various ways.
All things are not produc'd in any ſoil;
This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.
So 'tis in men, but more in woman-kind:
Different in face, in manners, and in mind:
But wiſe men ſhift their ſails with every wind:
As changeful Proteus vary'd oft his ſhape,
And did in ſundry forms and figures 'ſcape;
A running ſtream a ſtanding tree became,
A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
Some fiſh with harpoons, ſome with darts are ſtr
Some drawn with nets, ſome hang upon the ho
So turn thyſelf; and imitating them,
Try ſeveral tricks, and change thy ſtratagem,
One rule will not for different ages hold;
The jades grow cunning, as they grow more o
Then talk not bawdy to the baſhful maid;
Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
Nor to an ignorant girl of learning ſpeak;
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Gre
And hence 'tis often ſeen, the ſimple ſtrun
The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.
Part of my taſk is done, and part to do:
But here 'tis time to reſt myſelf and you.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

HOMER's ILIAS

THE ARGUMENT.

Chryſes, prieſt of Apollo, brings preſents to the G princes, to ranſom his daughter Chryſeis, w priſoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the g whoſe captive and miſtreſs the young lady wo refuſes to deliver her, threatens the venerable ol and diſmiſſes him with contumely. The prieſt vengeance of his God; who ſends a plague am Greeks: which occaſions Achilles, their grea pion, to ſummon a council of the chief officers: courages Calchas, the high prieſt and prophet, the reaſon why the Gods were ſo much incenſed them. Calchas is fearful of provoking Aga till Achilles engages to protect him: then, em ed by the hero, he accuſes the general as the all, by detaining the fair captive, and refu preſents offered for her ranſom. By this pro Agamemnon is obliged, againſt his will, to Chryſeis with gifts, that he might appeaſe the of Phœbus; but, at the ſame time, to himſelf on Achilles, ſends to ſeize his ſlave Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his Thetis; and begs her to revenge his injury, on the general, but on all the army, by giving to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became of his iniuſtice. At the ſame time, he retires camp into his ſhips, and withdraws his aid countrymen. Thetis prefers her ſon's petition piter, who grants her ſuit. Juno ſuſpects her and quarrels with her huſband for his gra Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowl of and ſends them peaceably to bed.

THE wrath of Peleus' ſon, O Muſe, re
Whoſe dire effects the Grecian army f
And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
Were ſent, in early youth, to ſhades of night

a prey to dogs and vultures made.
overeign will of Jove obey'd:
-omen'd hour when ſtrife begun,
ides' great, and Thetis' god-like ſon.
ver provok'd, and for what cauſe relate,
eir breaſts, and ſeeds of ſtern debate:
atona's ſon his wrath expreſs'd,
: of his violated prieſt,
king of men; who, ſwoln with pride,
reſents, and his prayers deny'd.
God a ſwift contagion ſpread
mp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.
able Chryſes came to buy,
d gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
:fore the Grecian chiefs he ſtood;
arm'd with enſigns of his God:
hoary head; one holy hand
is laurel crown, and one his ſceptre of
mmand.
common; but above the reſt,
brother-princes thus addreſs'd:
f Atreus, and ye Grecian powers,
Gods who dwell in heavenly bowers
r ſiege, accord the vows you make,
u Troy's imperial town to take;
happy conduct, may you come
ift back to your ſweet native home;
ve the ranſom which I bring
Jove, and the far-ſhooting king),
ıy daughter's bonds, at my deſire;
th her return her grieving ſire.
its of loud acclaim the Greeks decree
gifts, to ſet the damſel free.
men alone with fury burn'd;
y, theſe opprobrious words return'd:
dotard, and avoid my ſight,
'cept thy tardy flight:
read this interdicted ſtrand,
idle ſceptre in thy hand,
l's crown, my vow'd revenge with-
nd.
ıy life: the captive maid is mine;
or price or prayers I will reſign:
ll be, till creeping age and time
ave wither'd, and conſum'd her prime.
royal bed ſhe ſhall attend;
firſt adorn'd it, late aſcend:
night; by day, the web and loom,
houſhold-taſk, ſhall be her doom,
lov'd embrace, and her ſweet native
me.
: helpleſs prieſt reply'd no more.
ſteps along the hoarſe reſounding ſhore:
l; ſecure at length he ſtood,
s'd his foes, and thus invok'd his God:
of ſacred light, attend my prayer,
: ſilver bow and golden hair;
ſa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
road eye their happy ſoil ſurveys;
s, I have pour'd before thy ſhrine
oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,
highs on loaded altars laid,
y juſt revenge propitious aid.
oud Greeks, and with thy ſhafts atteſt
hy power is injur'd in thy prieſt.
, and Phœbus, hearing, urg'd his flight,
ndled, from Olympus' height;
His quiver o'er his ample ſhoulders threw;
His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they
flew.
Black as a ſtormy night, he rang'd around
The tents, and compaſs'd the devoted ground.
Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
And feather'd fates among the mules and ſumpters
ſent:
Th' eſſay of rage, on faithful dogs the next;
And laſt, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.
The God nine days the Greeks at overs kill'd,
Nine days the camp with funeral fires was fill'd;
The tenth, Achilles, by the Queen's command,
Who bears heavens awful ſceptre in her hand,
A council ſummon'd: for the Goddeſs griev'd
Her favour'd hoſt ſhould periſh unreliev'd.
The kings aſſembled, ſoon their chief incloſe;
Then from his ſeat the Goddeſs-born aroſe,
And thus undaunted ſpoke: What now remains,
But that once more we tempt the watery plains,
And, wandering homeward, ſeek our ſafety hence,
In flight at leaſt, if we can find defence?
Such woes at once encompaſs us about,
The plague within the camp, the ſword without.
Conſult, O king, the prophets of th' event:
And whence theſe ills, and what the Gods intent,
Let them by dreams explore; for dreams from
Jove are ſent.
What want of offer'd victims, what offence
In fact committed could the Sun incenſe,
To deal his deadly ſhafts? What may remove
His ſettled hate, and reconcile his love?
That he may look propitious on our toils;
And hungry graves no more be glutted with our
ſpoils.
Thus to the king of men the hero ſpoke.
Then Calchas the deſir'd occaſion took:
Calchas the ſacred ſeer, who had in view
Things preſent and the paſt; and things to come
foreknew.
Supreme of augurs, who by Phœbus taught,
The Grecian powers to Troy's deſtruction brought.
Skill'd in the ſecret cauſes of their woes,
The reverend prieſt in graceful act aroſe:
And thus beſpoke Pelides: Care of Jove,
Favour'd of all th' immortal Powers above;
Wouldſt thou the ſeeds deep-ſown of miſchief
know,
And why, provok'd Apollo bends his bow?
Plight firſt thy faith, inviolably true,
To ſave me from thoſe ills, that may enſue.
For I ſhall tell ungrateful truths, to thoſe
Whoſe boundleſs powers of life and death diſpoſe.
And ſovereigns, ever jealous of their ſtate,
Forgive not thoſe whom once they mark for hate;
Ev'n though th' offence they ſeemingly divert,
Revenge, like embers rak'd, within their breaſt,
Burſts forth in flames; whoſe unreſiſted power
Will ſeize th' unwary wretch, and ſoon devour.
Such, and no leſs is he, on whom depends
The ſum of things; and whom my tongue of force
offends.
Secure me then from his foreſeen intent,
That what his wrath may doom, thy valour may
prevent.
To this the ſtern Achilles made reply:
Be bold; and on my plighted faith rely,

To ſpeak what Phœbus has inſpir'd thy ſoul
For common good; and ſpeak without control.
His Godhead I invoke, by him I ſwear,
That while my noſtrils draw this vital air,
None ſhall preſume to violate thoſe bands;
Or touch thy perſon with unhallow'd hands:
Ev'n not the king of men that all commands.
At this, reſuming heart, the prophet ſaid:
Nor hetacomb unſlain, nor vows unpaid,
On Greeks, accurs'd, this dire contagion bring,
Or call for vengeance from the bowyer King;
But he the tyrant, whom none dares reſiſt,
Affronts the Godhead in his injur'd prieſt:
He keeps the damſel captive in his chain,
And preſents are refus'd, and prayers preferr'd in vain.
For this th' avenging Power employs his darts;
And empties all his quiver in our hearts;
Thus will perſiſt, relentleſs in his ire,
Till the fair ſlave be render'd to her ſire:
And ranſom-free reſtor'd to his abode,
With ſacrifice to reconcile the God:
Then he, perhaps, aton'd by prayer, may ceaſe
His vengeance juſtly vow'd, and give the peace.
Thus having ſaid, he ſate: thus anſwer'd then,
Upſtarting from his throne, the king of men,
His breaſt with fury fill'd, his eyes with fire;
Which rolling round, he ſhot in ſparkles on the ſire:
Augur of ill, whoſe tongue was never ſound
Without a prieſtly curſe, or boding ſound;
For not one bleſs'd event foretold to me
Paſs'd through that mouth, or paſs'd unwillingly.
And now thou doſt with lies the throne invade,
By practice hard'n'd in thy ſlandering trade.
Obtending heaven, for whate'er ills befal;
And ſputtering under ſpecious names thy gall.
Now Phœbus is provok'd, his rites and laws
Are in his prieſt profan'd, and I the cauſe:
Since I detain a ſlave, my ſovereign prize;
And ſacred gold, your idol-god, deſpiſe.
I love her well: and well her merits claim,
To ſtand preferr'd before my Grecian dame:
Not Clytemneſtra's ſelf in beauty's bloom
More charm'd or better ply'd the various loom:
Mine is the maid; and brought in happy hour,
With every houſhold-grace adorn'd, to bleſs my nuptial bower.
Yet ſhall ſhe be reſtor'd; ſince public good
For private intereſt ought not be withſtood,
To ſave th' effuſion of my people's blood.
But right requires, if I reſign my own,
I ſhould not ſuffer for your ſakes alone;
Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
And by your common ſuffrage have obtain'd.
The ſlave without a ranſom ſhall be ſent:
It reſts for you to make th' equivalent.
To this the fierce Theſſalian prince reply'd:
O firſt in power, but paſſing all in pride,
Griping, and ſtill tenacious of thy hold,
Wouldſt thou the Grecian chiefs, though largely-ſoul'd,
Should give the prizes they had gain'd before,
And with their loſs thy ſacrilege reſtore?
Whate'er by force of arms the ſoldier got,
Is each his own, by dividend of lot:
Which to reſume, were both unjuſt and baſe;
Not to be borne but by a ſervile race.
But this we can: if Saturn's ſon beſtows
The ſack of Troy, which he by promiſe owes;
Then ſhall the conquering Greeks thy loſs reſtore,
And with large intereſt make th' advantage more.
To this Atrides anſwer'd: Though thy boaſt
Aſſumes the foremoſt name of all our hoſt,
Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
Controll'd by thee, I tamely ſhould reſign.
Shall I releaſe the prize I gain'd by right,
In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,
While thou detain'ſt Briſeis in thy bands,
By prieſtly gloſſing on the God's commands?
Reſolve on this, (a ſhort alternative)
Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give;
Elſe I, aſſure thy ſoul, by ſovereign right
Will ſeize thy captive in thy own deſpight.
Or from ſtout Ajax, or Ulyſſes, bear
What other prize my fancy ſhall prefer:
Then ſoftly murmur, or aloud complain,
Rage as you pleaſe, you ſhall reſiſt in vain.
But more of this, in proper time and place;
To things of greater moment let us paſs.
A ſhip to ſail the ſacred ſeas prepare;
Proud in her trim: and put on board the fair,
With ſacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp of prayer.
The crew well choſen, the command ſhall be
In Ajax; or if other I decree,
In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or if I pleaſe in thee:
Moſt fit thyſelf to ſee perform'd th' intent
For which my priſoner from my ſight is ſent;
(Thanks to thy pious care) that Phœbus may relent.
At this Achilles roll'd his furious eyes,
Fix'd on the king aſkant; and thus replies:
O, impudent, regardful of thy own,
Whoſe thoughts are center'd on thyſelf alone,
Advanc'd to ſovereign ſway, for better ends
Than thus like abject ſlaves to treat thy friends.
What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
Againſt the Trojan troops will lift his hand?
Not I: nor ſuch inforc'd reſpect I owe;
Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
What wrong from Troy remote could I ſuſtain,
To leave my fruitful ſoil and happy reign,
And plough the ſurges of the ſtormy main?
Thee, frontleſs man, we follow'd from afar;
Thy inſtruments of death, and tools of war.
Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on the throne.
For thee we fall in fight: for thee redreſs
Thy baffled brother; not the wrongs of Greece.
And now thou threaten'ſt with unjuſt decree,
To puniſh thy affronting heaven, on me.
To ſeize the prize which I ſo dearly bought;
By common ſuffrage given, confirm'd by lot.
Mean match to thine: for ſtill above the reſt
Thy hook'd rapacious hands uſurp the beſt.
Though mine are firſt in fight, to force the prey;
And laſt ſuſtain the labours of the day.
Nor grudge I thee the much the Grecians give;
Nor murmuring take the little I receive.
Yet ev'n this little, thou, who wouldſt ingroſs
The whole, inſatiate, envy'ſt as thy loſs.
Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my return:
Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn,
Than from an equal here ſuſtain the public ſcorn.

ng, whoſe brows with ſhining gold were bound,
his throne with ſcepter'd ſlaves encompaſs'd round,
wer'd ſtern: Go, at thy pleaſure, go:
not ſuch a friend, nor fear we ſuch a foe.
ll not want to follow me in fight:
aſſiſt, and Jove aſſert my right.
of all the kings (his care below)
at my command, and moſt my foe.
diſſenſions, uproars, are thy joy;
without offence, and practis'd to deſtroy.
s of brutes, and not thy boaſt alone;
is lent from heaven; and not thy own.
ill-manner'd, to thy native land,
: thy ant-born Myrmidons command.
this menace; ſince I muſt reſign
-ey'd maid, to pleaſe the Powers divine:
igg'd veſſel in the port attends,
t my charge, commanded by my friends,)
ſhall waſt her to her wiſh'd abode,
ght with holy bribes to the far-ſhooting God.
diſpatch'd, I owe myſelf the care,
and injur'd honour to repair:
own tent, proud man in thy deſpight,
ſhall raviſh thy pretended right.
ll be mine, and thou ſhalt ſee,
s of awful power I have on thee:
rs at thy coſt may learn the difference of degree.
th' impatient hero ſourly ſmil'd:
impetuous in his boſom boil'd.
ed by two tides of equal ſway,
a while, ſuſpended in his way.
is reaſon, and his rage untam'd;
er'd ſoft, and one aloud reclaim'd:
counſel'd to the ſafer ſide;
: ſword, his ready hand apply'd.
d to ſupport th' affront was hard:
as th' attempt to force the guard.
he thirſt of vengeance fir'd his blood:
: his faulchion, and half ſheath'd it ſtood.
nice moment, Pallas, from above,
n'd by th' imperial wife of Jove,
ſwift (the white-arm'd Queen was loath
ſhould follow; for ſhe favour'd both):
ict he ſtood, in clouds inſhrin'd,
ſhe faſten'd on his hair behind;
tward by his yellow curls ſhe drew;
nd him alone, confeſs'd in view.
ſuperior force, he turn'd his eyes
firſt, and ſtupid with ſurprize:
ſparkling eyes, and ardent look,
n-warrior known, he thus beſpoke:
thou, Celeſtial, to behold my wrongs?
he vengeance which to crimes belongs?
The blue-ey'd Goddeſs thus rejoin'd:
calm thy turbulence of mind,
vill reſume her ſovereign ſway,
by Juno, her commands obey.
loves you both, and I protect:
thy guardian Gods their due reſpect;
contention; be thy words ſevere,
e merits: but the ſword forbear.
mbop'd already wings her way,
his dire affront ſhall dearly pay:

II.

When the proud king ſhall ſue, with treble gain,
To quit thy loſs, and conquer thy diſdain.
But thou, ſecure of my unfailing word,
Compoſe thy ſwelling ſoul, and ſheath the ſword.
The youth thus anſwer'd mild; Auſpicious Maid,
Heaven's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.
The Gods are juſt, and when, ſubduing ſenſe,
We ſerve their Powers, provide the recompence.
He ſaid; with ſurly faith believ'd her word,
And in the ſheath, reluctant, plung'd the ſword.
Her meſſage done, ſhe mounts the bleſs'd abodes,
And mix'd among the ſenate of the Gods.
At her departure his diſdain return'd
The fire ſhe fann'd, with greater fury burn'd;
Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent:
Daſtard, and drunkard, mean and inſolent:
Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremoſt, but the lag in fight;
When didſt thou thruſt amid the mingled preaſe,
Content to bid the war aloof in peace?
Arms are the trade of each plebeian ſoul;
'Tis death to fight; but kingly to controul.
Lord-like at eaſe, with arbitrary power,
To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.
Theſe, traitor, are thy talents; ſafer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor couldſt thou thus have dar'd the common hate,
Were not their ſouls as abject as their ſtate.
But, by this ſceptre, ſolemnly I ſwear,
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch ſhall bear,
Torn from the tree, and given by Jove to thoſe
Who laws diſpenſe, and mighty wrongs oppoſe)
That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,
No gift ſhall bribe it, and no prayer perſuade.
When Hector comes, the homicide, to wield
His conquering arms with corps to ſtrow the field,
Then ſhalt thou mourn thy pride; and late confeſs
My wrong repented, when 'tis paſt redreſs.
He ſaid: and with diſdain, in open view,
Againſt the ground his golden ſceptre threw;
Then ſate: with boiling rage Atrides burn'd,
And foam betwixt his gnaſhing grinders churn'd.
But from his ſeat the Pylian prince aroſe,
With reaſoning mild, their madneſs to compoſe:
Words, ſweet as honey, from his mouth diſtill'd;
Two centuries already he fulfill'd;
And now began the third; unbroken yet:
Once fam'd for courage; ſtill in council great.
What worſe, he ſaid, can Argos undergo,
What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,
Than theſe diſtemper'd heats? If both the lights
Of Greece their private intereſt diſunites!
Believe a friend, with thrice your years increas'd,
And let theſe youthful paſſions be repreſs'd:
I flouriſh'd long before your birth; and then
Liv'd equal with a race of braver men
Than theſe dim eyes ſhall e'er behold again.
Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Theſeus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
With theſe I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide; their fame to ſhare.
Nor idle ſtood with unaſſiſting hands,
When ſalvage beaſts, and men's more ſalvage bands,
Their virtuous toil ſubdu'd: yet thoſe I ſway'd,
With powerful ſpeech: I ſpoke, and they obey'd.

If ſuch as thoſe my counſels could reclaim,
Think not, young warriors, your diminiſh'd name,
Shall loſe of luſtre, by ſubjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experienc'd age.
Thou, king of men, ſtretch not thy ſovereign ſway
Beyond the bounds free ſubjects can obey:
But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,
Atchiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
Nor thou, brave champion, with his power contend,
Before whoſe throne, ev'n kings their lower'd ſceptres bend.
The head of action he, and thou the hand,
Matchleſs thy force; but mightier his command:
Thou firſt, O king, releaſe the rights of ſway;
Power, ſelf-reſtrain'd, the people beſt obey.
Sanctions of law from thee derive their ſource;
Command thyſelf, whom no commands can force.
The ſon of Thetis, rampire of our hoſt,
Is worth our care to keep; nor ſhall my prayers be loſt.
Thus Neſtor ſaid, and ceas'd: Atrides broke
His ſilence next; but ponder'd ere he ſpoke.
Wiſe are thy words, and glad I would obey,
But this proud man affects imperial ſway.
Controling kings, and trampling on our ſtate,
His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
The Gods have given him ſtrength: but whence the ſtile
Of lawleſs power aſſum'd, or licence to revile?
Achilles cut him ſhort; and thus reply'd:
My worth, allow'd in words, is in effect deny'd.
For who but a poltron, poſſeſs'd with fear,
Such haughty inſolence can tamely bear?
Command thy ſlaves: my freeborn ſoul diſdains
A tyrant's curb; and reſtiff breaks the reins.
Take this along; that no diſpute ſhall riſe
(Though mine the woman) for my raviſh'd prize:
But ſhe excepted, as unworthy ſtrife,
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life,
Touch aught of mine beſide, by lot my due,
But ſtand aloof, and think profane to view:
This cauſe, elſe, not hitherto withſtood,
Theſe hoſtile fields ſhall fatten with thy blood.
He ſaid; and roſe the firſt: the council broke;
And all their grave conſults diſſolv'd in ſmoke.
The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance bent,
Patroclus follow'd ſilent to his tent.
Meantime, the king with gifts a veſſel ſtores;
Supplies the banks with twenty choſen oars:
And next, to reconcile the ſhooter God,
Within her hollow ſides the ſacrifice he ſtow'd:
Chryſeis laſt was ſet on board; whoſe hand
Ulyſſes took, intruſted with command:
They plow the liquid ſeas, and leave the leſſening land.
Atrides then, his outward zeal to boaſt,
Bade purify the ſin-polluted hoſt.
With perfect hecatombs the God they grac'd;
Whoſe offer'd entrails in the main were caſt.
Black bulls and beerded goats on altars lie;
And clouds of ſavory ſtench involve the ſky.
Theſe pomps the royal hypocrite deſign'd
For ſhew; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind:
Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
At length diſcover'd his conceal'd intent.
Talthybius, and Eurybates the juſt,
Heralds of arms, and miniſters of truſt,
He call'd, and thus beſpoke: Haſte hence your way:
And from the Goddeſs-born demand his prey.
If yielded, bring the captive: if deny'd,
The king (ſo tell him) ſhall chaſtiſe his pride:
And with arm'd multitudes in perſon come,
To vindicate his power, and juſtify his doom.
This hard command unwilling they obey,
And o'er the barren ſhore purſue their way,
Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Theſſalians lay.
Their ſovereign ſeated on his chair, they find;
His penſive cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind.
With gloomy looks he ſaw them entering in
Without ſalute: nor durſt they firſt begin,
Fearful of raſh offence and death foreſeen.
He ſoon, the cauſe divining, clear'd his brow;
And thus did liberty of ſpeech allow.
Interpreters of Gods and Men, be bold:
Awful your character, and uncontrol'd,
Howe'er unpleaſing be the news you bring,
I blame not you, but your imperious king.
You come, I know, my captive to demand;
Patroclus, give her to the herald's hand.
But you, authentic witneſſes I bring,
Before the Gods, and your ungrateful king,
Of this my manifeſt: that never more
This hand ſhall combat on the crooked ſhore:
No, let the Grecian powers, oppreſs'd in fight,
Unpity'd periſh in their tyrant's ſight.
Blind of the future, and by rage miſled,
He pulls his crimes upon his people's head.
Forc'd from the field in trenches to contend,
And his inſulted camp from foes defend.
He ſaid; and ſoon obeying his intent,
Patroclus brought Briſeis from her tent;
Then to th' intruſted meſſengers reſign'd:
She wept, and often caſt her eyes behind:
Forc'd from the man ſhe lov'd: they led her theace,
Along the ſhore, a priſoner to their prince.
Sole on the barren ſands the ſuffering chief
Roar'd out for anguiſh, and indulg'd his grief.
Caſt on his kindred ſeas a ſtormy look,
And his upbraided mother thus beſpoke:
Unhappy parent of a ſhort-liv'd ſon,
Since Jove in pity by thy prayers was won
To grace my ſmall remains of breath with fame,
Why loads he this imbitter'd life with ſhame?
Suffering his king of men to force my ſlave,
Whom, well deſerv'd in war, the Grecians gave.
Set by old Ocean's ſide the Goddeſs heard;
Then from the ſacred deep her head ſhe rear'd:
Roſe like a morning-miſt; and thus begun
To ſooth the ſorrows of her plaintive ſon.
Why cries my Care, and why conceals his ſmart?
Let thy afflicted parent ſhare her part.
Then, ſighing from the bottom of his breaſt,
To the Sea-Goddeſs thus the Goddeſs-born addreſs'd:
Thou know'ſt my pain, which telling but renews:
By force of arms we raz'd the Theban walls;
The ranſack'd city, taken by our toils,
We left, and hither brought the golden ſpoils;
Equal we ſhar'd them; but before the reſt,
The proud Prerogative had ſeiz'd the beſt.
Chryſeis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
Chryſeis roſy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.

ollo's prieſt, arriv'd to buy,
'd gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
fore the Grecian chiefs he ſtood,
rm'd with enſigns of his God:
hoary head, one holy hand
is laurel-crown, and one, his ſceptre of
mmand.
common, but above the reſt
brother-princes was addreſs'd.
of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
gifts, to ſet the priſoner free.
rrant, who with ſcorn the prieſt
d with opprobrious words diſmiſs'd.
d man, forlorn of human aid,
ce to his heavenly patron pray'd:
d gave a favourable ear,
l all to him he held ſo dear;
r his piercing ſhafts he ſped;
n heaps of ſlaughter'd Greeks lay dead,
l the camp he rang'd: at length aroſe
well divin'd; and durſt diſcloſe
f all our ills: I took the word;
he ſacred ſlave to be reſtor'd,
peas'd: the ſwelling monarch ſtorm'd:
ie vengeance vow'd, he ſince perform'd:
, 'tis true, their ruin to prevent,
royal prieſt his daughter ſent;
eir haughty king his heralds came,
by his command, my captive dame,
ſuffrage given; but, thou, be won,
wer, t' avenge thy injur'd ſon:
ſkies; and ſupplicating move
mplaints, to cloud-compelling Jove,
ither word or deed haſt wrought
embrance in his grateful thought,
/ that: for often haſt thou ſaid
was once not uſeleſs in his aid,
'ho high above the higheſt reigns,
y traitor Gods, was bound in chains:
, Pallas, with ambition fir'd,
e brother of the ſeas conſpir'd,
ſt the ſovereign from unworthy bands,
ht'ſt Briareus with his hundred hands,
) heaven, but mortal men below
ſtrial name Ægeon know:
iger than his ſire, who ſat above
he throne of thundering Jove.)
liſmay'd at his approach, withdrew,
heir unaccompliſh'd crime purſue.
i to his grateful mind recal;
s knees, and at his footſtool fall:
if ever, he will aid our foes;
triumphant troops the camp incloſe:
i to the ſhore, the ſiege forſake;
heir king deſerves, with him partake.
oud tyrant, at his proper coſt,
he value of the man he loſt.
n the Mother-goddeſs thus reply'd,
he ſpoke, and while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd:
ed me! by Fates averſe, decreed,
ee forth with pain, with care to breed!
s heaven not otherwiſe ordain,
hollow ſhips thou ſhouldſt remain;
mpt the fatal field again.
ly planet ſheds his poiſonous rays
and full of ſorrow are thy days.
emains, to heaven I will aſcend,
Thunderer's throne thy ſuit commend.

Till then, ſecure in ſhips, abſtain from fight;
Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy ſpight.
For yeſterday the court of heaven with Jove
Remov'd: 'tis dead vacation now above.
Twelve days the Gods their ſolemn revels keep,
And quaff with blameleſs Ethiops in the deep.
Return'd from thence, to heaven my flight I take,
Knock at the brazen-gates, and Providence awake.
Embrace his knees, and ſuppliant to the ſire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy deſire.
She ſaid: and parting left him on the place,
Swoln with diſdain, reſenting his diſgrace:
Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
He wept for anger, and for love he pin'd.
Meantime with proſperous gales Ulyſſes brought
The ſlave, and ſhip with ſacrifices fraught,
To Chryſa's port: where entering with the tide
He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he ply'd,
Furl'd every ſail, and drawing down the maſt,
His veſſel moor'd; and made with haulſers faſt.
Deſcending on the plain, aſhore they bring
The hecatomb to pleaſe the ſhooter king.
The dame before an altar's holy fire
Ulyſſes led; and thus beſpoke her ſire:
Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy God ador'd:
The king of men thy daughter has reſtor'd;
And ſent by me with preſents and with prayer;
He recommends him to thy pious care.
That Phœbus at thy ſuit his wrath may ceaſe,
And give the penitent offenders peace.
He ſaid, and gave her to her father's hands,
Who glad receiv'd her, free from ſervile bands.
This done, in order they, with ſober grace,
Their gifts around the well-built altar place.
Then waſh'd, and took the cakes; while Chryſes ſtood
With hands upheld, and thus invok'd his God:
God of the ſilver bow, whoſe eyes ſurvey
The ſacred Cilla, thou whoſe awful ſway
Chryſa the bleſs'd, and Tenedos obey:
Now hear, as thou before my prayer haſt heard,
Againſt the Grecians and their prince preferr'd:
Once thou haſt honour'd, honour once again
Thy prieſt; nor let his ſecond vows be vain.
But from the afflicted hoſt and humbled prince
Avert thy wrath, and ceaſe thy peſtilence.
Apollo heard, and, conquering his diſdain,
Unbent his bow, and Greece reſpir'd again.
Now when the ſolemn rites of prayer were paſt,
Their ſalted cakes on crackling flames they caſt.
Then, turning back, the ſacrifice they ſped:
The fatted oxen ſlew, and flea'd the dead.
Chopp'd off their nervous thighs, and next prepar'd
T' involve the lean in cauls, and mend with lard.
Sweet-breads and collops were with ſkewers prick'd
About the ſides; imbibing what they deck'd.
The prieſt with holy hands were ſeen to tine
The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
The youth approach'd the fire, and as it burn'd
On five ſharp broachers rank'd, the roaſt they turn'd
Theſe morſels ſtay'd their ſtomachs; then the reſt
They cut in legs and fillets for the feaſt;
Which drawn and ſerv'd, their hunger they appeaſ
With ſavory meat, and ſet their minds at eaſe.
Now when the rage of eating was repell'd,
The boys with generous wine the goblets fill'
The firſt libations to the gods they pour:
And then with ſongs indulge the genial hour.

Holy debauch! Till day to night they bring.
With hymns and pæans to the bowyer King.
At sun-set to their ship they make return,
And snore secure on decks, till rosy morn.
The skies with dawning day were purpled o'er;
Awak'd, with labouring oars they leave the shore:
The power appeas'd, with winds suffic'd the sail,
The bellying canvas strutted with the gale;
The waves indignant roar with surly pride,
And press against the sides, and beaten off divide.
They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
Superior, till the Trojan port they held:
Then hauling on the strand their galley moor,
And pitch their tent along the crooked shore.
Meantime the Goddess-born in secret pin'd;
Nor visited the camp, nor in the council join'd,
But, keeping close, his gnawing heart he fed
With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head:
And wish'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds,
And of the Greeks oppress'd in fight to hear the dying sounds.

Now, when twelve days compleat had run their race,
The gods bethought them of the cares belonging to their place.
Jove at their head ascending from the sea,
A shoal of puny Powers attend his way.
Then Thetis, not unmindful of her son,
Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
Pursued their track; and waken'd from his rest,
Before the sovereign stood a morning guest.
Him in the circle, but apart, she found:
The rest at awful distance stood around,
She bow'd, and ere she durst her suit begin,
One hand embrac'd his knees, one propp'd his chin.
Then thus: If I, celestial sire, in aught
Have serv'd thy will, or gratify'd thy thought,
One glimpse of glory to my issue give;
Grac'd for the little time he has to live.
Dishonour'd by the king of men he stands:
His rightful prize is ravish'd from his hands.
But thou, O father, in my son's defence,
Assume thy power, assert thy providence.
Let Troy prevail, till Greece th' affront has paid
With doubled honours; and redeem'd his aid.

She ceas'd, but the considering God was mute:
Till she, resolv'd to win, renew'd her suit:
Nor loos'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply,
Or grant me my petition, or deny:
Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my face,
That I, of all the Gods, am least in grace.
This I can bear. The Cloud-compeller mourn'd,
And, sighing first, this answer he return'd:

Know'st thou what clamours will disturb my reign,
What my stunn'd ears from Juno must sustain?
In council she gives licence to her tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong.
And now she will my partial power upbraid,
If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid.
But thou depart, and shun her jealous sight,
The care be mine, to do Pelides right.
Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely:
When, nodding to thy suit, he bows the sky.
This ratifies th' irrevocable doom:
The sign obtain'd, that what I will shall come
The stamp of heaven, and seal of fate. He said,
And shook the sacred honours of his head.
With terror trembled heaven's subsiding hill:
And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews distil.
The Goddess goes exulting from his sight,
And seeks the seas profound: and leaves the realms of light.

He moves into his hall: the Powers resort,
Each from his house to fill the sovereign's court.
Nor waiting summons, nor expecting stood;
But met with reverence, and receiv'd the God.
He mounts the throne; and Juno took her place:
But sullen discontent sate lowering on her face.
With jealous eyes, at distance she had seen,
Whispering with Jove, the silver-footed Queen;
Then, impotent of tongue (her silence broke)
Thus turbulent in rattling tone she spoke.

Author of ills, and close contriver Jove,
Which of thy dames, what prostitute of love,
Has held thy ear so long, and begg'd so hard,
For some old service done, some new reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that's your special care,
The consort never must the council share.
One gracious word is for a wife too much;
Such is a marriage-vow, and Jove's own faith is such.

Then thus the Sire of Gods, and men below,
What I have hidden, hope not thou to know?
Ev'n Goddesses are women: and no wife
Has power to regulate her husband's life:
Counsel she may; and I will give thy ear
The knowledge first, of what is fit to hear.
What I transact with others, or alone,
Beware to learn; nor press too near the throne.

To whom the Goddess with the charming eyes,
What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies?
When did I search the secrets of thy reign,
Though privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in vain?
But well thou do'st, to hide from common sight
Thy close intrigues, too bad to bear the light.
Nor doubt I, but the silver-footed name,
Tripping from sea, on such an errand came,
To grace her issue, at the Grecians' cost,
And for one peevish man destroy an host.

To whom the Thunderer made this stern reply;
My household curse, my lawful plague, the spy
Of Jove's designs, his other squinting eye!
Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
Jove will be master still, and Juno fail.
Should thy suspicious thoughts divine aright,
Thou but becom'st more odious to my sight,
For this attempt: uneasy life to me,
Still watch'd, and importun'd, but worse for thee.
Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late,
The Gods behold, and tremble at thy fate.
Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
To lift a hand against Omnipotence.

This heard, th' imperious Queen sate mute with fear:
Nor further durst incense the gloomy Thunderer.
Silence was in the court at this rebuke;
Nor could the Gods, abash'd, sustain their sovereign's look.

The limping Smith observ'd the sadden'd feast,
And hopping here and there, (himself a jest)
But in his word, that neither might offend;
To Jove obsequious, yet his mother's friend.
What end in heaven will be of civil war,
If Gods of pleasure will for mortals jar?

rd but diſturbs our jovial feaſt;
of bad, embitters all the beſt.
ough wife yourſelf, my counſel weigh:
unſafe my fire to diſobey.
ou provoke him to your coſt,
is marr'd, and the good chear is loſt.
his heavy hand; for he has power
you headlong, from his heavenly tower,
bmiſſive word, which you let fall,
e him in good humour with us all.
no more; but crown'd a bowl, unbid:
ing nectar overlook'd the lid:
it to her hand; and thus purſu'd;
d quarrel be no more renew'd.
omes a wife, obedient ſtill;
riev'd, yet ſubject to her huſband's will.
ot ſee you beaten; yet, afraid
ſuperior force, I dare not aid.
I know him, ſince that hapleſs hour
nd all the Gods employ'd our power
your bonds: me by the heel he drew,
heaven's battlements with fury threw.
fell: my flight at morn begun,
d not but with the ſetting ſun.
n my head, at length the Lemnian ground
my batter'd ſkull, the Sinthians heal'd my
wound.
lcan's homely mirth his mother ſmil'd,
ng took the cup the clown had fill'd.
nciler-bowl went round the board,
npty'd, the rude kinker ſtill reſtor'd.
of laughter ſeiz'd the gueſts, to ſee
ing God ſo deft at his new miniſtry.
continued till declining light:
nk, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then 'twas
night.
ed tuneful harp, nor vocal quire;
es ſung; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
at laſt, and drowſy they depart,
is houſe; adorn'd with labour'd art
ne architect: the thundering God
withdrew to reſt, and had his load.
iming head to needful ſleep apply'd;
lay unheeded by his ſide.

THE LAST PARTING OF

OR AND ANDROMACHE.

M THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

*turning from the field of battle, to viſit Helen
r-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had
unſucceſsfully hand in hand with Menelaus,
hence goes to his own palace to ſee his wife An-
he, and his infant ſon Aſtyanax. The de-
n of that interview is the ſubject of this tranſ-*

S having ſaid, brave Hector went to ſee
s virtuous wife, the fair Andromache.
He found her not at home; for ſhe was gone,
Attended by her maid and infant ſon,
To climb the ſteepy tower of Ilion:
From whence, with heavy heart, ſhe might ſurvey
The bloody buſineſs of the dreadful day.
Her mournful eyes ſhe caſt around the plain,
And ſought the lord of her deſires in vain.
But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
When ſhe, his only comfort, was not there,
Stood in the gate, and aſk'd of every one,
Which way ſhe took, and whither ſhe was gone;
If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
In long proceſſion to Minerva's fane?
The ſervants anſwer'd, Neither to the court,
Where Priam's ſons and daughters did reſort,
Nor to the temple was ſhe gone, to move
With prayers the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove;
But, more ſolicitous for him alone,
Than all their ſafety, to the tower was gone,
There to ſurvey the labours of the field,
Where the Greeks conquer, and the Trojans yield;
Swiftly ſhe paſs'd, with fear and fury wild;
The nurſe went lagging after with the child.
This heard, the noble Hector made no ſtay;
Th' admiring throng divide, to give him way;
He paſs'd through every ſtreet, by which he came,
And at the gate he met the mournful dame.
His wife beheld him, and with eager pace
Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace:
His wife, who brought in dower Cilicia's crown,
And, in herſelf, a greater dower alone:
Aetion's heir, who on the woody plain
Of Hippoplacus did in Thebe reign.
Breathleſs ſhe flew, with joy and paſſion wild;
The nurſe came lagging after with her child.
The royal babe upon her breaſt was laid;
Who, like the morning ſtar, his beams diſplay'd.
Scamandrius was his name, which Hector gave,
From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave:
But him Aſtyanax the Trojans call,
From his great father, who defends the wall.
Hector beheld him with a ſilent ſmile:
His tender wife ſtood weeping by the while:
Preſs'd in her own, his warlike hand ſhe took,
Then ſigh'd, and thus prophetically ſpoke:
Thy dauntleſs heart (which I foreſee too late)
Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate:
Nor doſt thou pity, with a parent's mind,
This helpleſs orphan, whom thou leav'ſt behind;
Nor me, th' unhappy partner of thy bed;
Who muſt in triumph by the Greeks be led:
They ſeek thy life, and, in unequal fight
With many, will oppreſs thy ſingle might:
Better it were for miſerable me
To die, before the fate which I foreſee.
For ah! what comfort can the world bequeath
To Hector's widow, after Hector's death?
Eternal ſorrow and perpetual tears
Began my youth, and will conclude my years:
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
By ſtern Achilles all of life bereft.
Then when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,
His fatal hand my royal father ſlew;
He ſlew Aetion, but deſpoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;

Arm'd as he was he ſent him whole below,
And reverenc'd thus the manes of his foe:
A tomb he rais'd; the mountain nymphs around
Inclos'd with planted elms the holy ground.
My ſeven brave brothers in one fatal day
To death's dark manſions took the mournful way;
Slain by the ſame Achilles, while they keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating ſheep.
My mother, who the royal ſceptre ſway'd,
Was captive to the cruel victor made,
And hither led; but, hence redeem'd with gold,
Her native country did again behold,
And but beheld: for ſoon Diana's dart
In an unhappy chace transfix'd her heart.
But thou, my Hector, art thyſelf alone
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one:
O kill not all my kindred o'er again,
Nor tempt the dangers of the duſty plain;
But in this tower, for our defence, remain.
Thy wife and ſon are in thy ruin loſt:
This is a huſband's and a father's poſt.
The Scæan gate commands the plains below;
Here marſhal all thy ſoldiers as they go;
And hence with other hands repel the foe.
By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief aſcent,
And thither all their powers are daily bent:
The two Ajaces have I often ſeen,
And the wrong'd huſband of the Spartan queen:
With him his greater brother; and with theſe
Fierce Diomede and bold Meriones:
Uncertain if by augury or chance,
But by this eaſy riſe they all advance;
Guard well that paſs, ſecure of all beſide.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd.
That and the reſt are in my daily care;
But ſhould I ſhun the dangers of the war,
With ſcorn the Trojans would reward my pains,
And their proud ladies with their ſweeping trains.
The Grecian ſwords and lances I can bear:
But loſs of honour is my only fear.
Shall Hector, born to war, his birth-right yield,
Belye his courage, and forſake the field?
Early in rugged arms I took delight,
And ſtill have been the foremoſt in the fight:
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown.
And yet my mind forebodes, with ſure preſage,
That Troy ſhall periſh by the Grecian rage.
The fatal day draws on, when I muſt fall;
And univerſal ruin cover all.
Not Troy itſelf, though built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
Whoſe valour yet defends th' unhappy town;
Nor theſe, nor all their fates which I foreſee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.
I ſee, I ſee thee, in that fatal hour,
Subjected to the victor's cruel power;
Led hence a ſlave to ſome inſulting ſword,
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;
A ſpectacle in Argos, at the loom,
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
Or from deep wells the living ſtream to take,
And on thy weary ſhoulders bring it back.
While, groaning under this laborious life,
They inſolently call thee Hector's wife;
Upbraid thy bondage with thy huſband's name;
And from my glory propagate thy ſhame.
This when they ſay, thy ſorrows will increaſe
With anxious thoughts of former happineſs;
That he is dead who could thy wrongs redreſs.
But I, oppreſs'd with iron ſleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more.
He ſaid—
Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.
The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
And on his nurſe's neck reclining lay,
His unknown father ſhunning with affright,
And looking back on ſo uncouth a ſight;
Daunted to ſee a face with ſteel o'erſpread,
And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
His fire and mother ſmil'd with ſilent joy;
And Hector haſten'd to relieve his boy;
Diſmiſs'd his burniſh'd helm, that ſhone afar,
The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war:
Th' illuſtrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took:
Hugg'd in his arms, and kiſs'd, and thus he ſpoke:
Parent of Gods and men, propitious Jove,
And you bright ſynod of the Powers above;
On this my ſon your gracious gifts beſtow;
Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
To ſhield the people, and aſſert the crown:
That, when hereafter he from war ſhall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,
Some aged man, who lives this act to ſee,
And who in former times remember'd me,
May ſay, the ſon in fortitude and fame
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
That at theſe words his mother may rejoice,
And add her ſuffrage to the public voice.
Thus having ſaid,
He firſt with ſuppliant hands the Gods ador'd:
Then to the mother's arms the child reſtor'd:
With tears and ſmiles ſhe took her ſon, and preſs'd
Th' illuſtrious infant to her fragrant breaſt.
He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
And eas'd her ſorrows with this laſt relief.
My wife and miſtreſs, drive thy fears away,
Nor give ſo bad an omen to the day;
Think not it lies in any Grecian's power,
To take my life before the fatal hour.
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
Th' irrevocable doom of deſtiny.
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
There taſk thy maids, and exerciſe the loom,
Employ'd in works that womankind become.
The toils of war and feats of chivalry
Belong to men, and moſt of all to me.
At this, for new replies he did not ſtay,
But lac'd his creſted helm, and ſtrode away.
His lovely conſort to her houſe return'd,
And looking often back in ſilence mourn'd:
Home when ſhe came, her ſecret woe ſhe vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments;
Thoſe loud laments her echoing maids reſtore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.

ARYLLIS:

THE THIRD IDYLLIUM OF

OCRITUS,

RAPHRASED.

/llis Love compels my way,
:zing goats upon the mountains ſtray:
id them well, and ſee them fed
:ſh, an' to their watering led;
e ridgling with his budding head.
; nymph! can you forget your love,
; grottos, and the ſhady grove;
h'd at eaſe your tender limbs were
, I
's beauties nakedly diſplay'd?
:all'd your darling, your deſire,
:ch as ſet my ſoul on fire:
hang'd, yet I am ſtill the ſame;
ntains for both a double flame;
unmov'd, and patient of your ſcorn:
and you ſo much forſworn!
ich will finiſh all my pain;
:, behold me once again:
h deform'd, ſo chang'd of late?
judges are our love and hate!
; have I gather'd for my dear;
like your lips, their ſtreaks appear!
view'd them with a longing eye
pmoſt branch (the tree was high):
up, from bough to bough I ſwerv'd,
norrow have ten more reſerv'd.
kindly, and ſome pity ſhew,
eave at leaſt to look on you.
ransform me by his heavenly power
e to buzz within your bower,
g ivy-chaplet to invade,
fern that your fair forehead ſhade.
coſt the force of Love I find;
and it bears on human-kind.
tigers was his infant food,
n his tender years the taſte of blood;
whelps and he ran wild about the
ood.
, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
e ſufferings of your ſlaves your ſport!
uin! treacherous delight!
ardneſs ſoften'd to the fight!
ant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
ght thoſe, and theſe like break of morn!
again, revive me with your charms;
die contented in your arms.
t aſk to live another day,
t ſweetly kiſs my ſoul away.
n I from empty joys debarr'd?
re but empty when compar'd.
in my raging fit ſhall tear
d, which I wove for you to wear,
with a wreath of ivy bound,
r'd with a roſy edging round.
gs I feel, unpity'd and unheard!
aſt die, why is my fate deferr'd!

I ſtrip my body of my ſhepherd's frock:
Behold that dreadful downfall of a rock,
Where yon old fiſher views the waves from high!
'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd to ſee me plunge to ſhore,
But better pleas'd if I ſhould riſe no more.
I might have read my fortune long ago,
When, ſeeking my ſucceſs in love to know,
I try'd th' infallible prophetic way,
A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay:
I ſtruck, and yet no lucky crack did follow;
Yet I ſtruck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow:
And which was worſe, if any worſe could prove,
The withering leaf foreſhew'd your withering love.
Yet farther (ah, how far a lover dares!)
My laſt recourſe I had to ſieve and ſheers;
And told the witch Agreo my diſeaſe:
Agreo, that in harveſt us'd to leaſe:
But harveſt done, to chare-work did aſpire;
Meat, drink, and two-pence, was her daily hire.
To work ſhe went, her charms ſhe mutter'd o'er,
And yet the reſty ſieve wagg'd ne'er the more;
I wept for woe, the teſty beldame ſwore,
And, foaming with her God, foretold my fate;
That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
A milk-white goat for you I did provide;
Two milk-white kids ran friſking by her ſide,
For which the nut-brown laſs, Erithacis,
Full often offer'd many a ſavoury kiſs.
Hers they ſhall be, ſince you refuſe the price:
What madman would o'erſtand his market twice!
My right eye itches, ſome good-luck is near,
Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear;
I'll ſet up ſuch a note as ſhe ſhall hear.
What nymph but my melodious voice would move?
She muſt be flint, if ſhe refuſe my love.
Hippomenes, who ran with noble ſtrife
To win his lady, or to loſe his life,
(What ſhift ſome men will make to get a wife!)
Threw down a golden apple in her way;
For all her haſte ſhe could not chooſe but ſtay:
Renown ſaid, Run; the glittering bride cry'd, Hold;
The man might have been hang'd, but for his gold.
Yet ſome ſuppoſe 'twas Love (ſome few indeed)
That ſtopt the fatal fury of her ſpeed:
She ſaw, ſhe ſigh'd; her nimble feet refuſe
Their wonted ſpeed, and ſhe took pains to loſe.
A Prophet ſome, and ſome a Poet cry,
(No matter which, ſo neither of them lye)
From ſteepy Othrys' top to Pylus drove
His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his love:
If ſuch another wager ſhould be laid,
I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.
Why name I men, when Love extended finds
His power on high, and in cœleſtial minds;
Venus the ſhepherd's homely habit took,
And manag'd ſomething elſe beſides the crook;
Nay, when Adonis died, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the boar.
How bleſt was fair Endymion with his Moon,
Who ſleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon!
What Jaſon from Medea's love poſſeſt,
You ſhall not hear, but know 'tis like the reſt.

My aking head can ſcarce ſupport the pain;
This curſed Love will ſurely turn my brain:
Feel how it ſhoots, and yet you take no pity;
Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
A clammy ſweat does o'er my temples creep;
My heavy eyes are urg'd with iron ſleep:
I lay me down to gaſp my lateſt breath,
The wolves will get a breakfaſt by my death;
Yet ſcarce enough their hunger to ſupply,
For Love has made me carrion ere I die.

THE

EPITHALAMIUM

OF

HELEN AND MENELAUS.

FROM THE 18TH IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

TWELVE Spartan virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous palace did reſort,
Where Menelaus kept his royal court.
There hand in hand a comely choir they led;
To ſing a bleſſing to his nuptial bed,
With curious needles wrought, and painted flowers beſpread.
Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride muſt be,
And Jove himſelf was leſs a God than he:
For this their artful hands inſtruct the lute to ſound,
Their feet aſſiſt their hands, and juſtly beat the ground.
This was their ſong: Why, happy bridegroom, why,
Ere yet the ſtars are kindled in the ſky,
Ere twilight ſhades, or evening dews are ſhed,
Why doſt thou ſteal ſo ſoon away to bed?
Has Somnus bruſh'd thy eye-lids with his rod,
Or do thy legs refuſe to bear their load,
With flowing bowls of a more generous God?
If gentle ſlumber on thy temples creep,
(But, naughty man, thou doſt not mean to ſleep)
Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowzy drone,
Sleep by thyſelf, and leave thy bride alone:
Go, leave her with her maiden mates to play,
At ſports more harmleſs till the break of day:
Give us this evening; thou haſt morn and night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy youth! to thee, among the crowd,
Of rival princes, Cupid ſneez'd aloud;
And every lucky omen ſent before,
To meet thee landing on the Spartan ſhore.
Of all our heroes thou canſt boaſt alone,
That Jove, whene'er he thunders, calls thee ſon:
Betwixt two ſheets thou ſhalt enjoy her bare,
With whom no Grecian virgin can compare;
So ſoft, ſo ſweet, ſo balmy, and ſo fair.
A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line:
But oh, a girl like her muſt be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelve ſcore viragoes of the Spartan race,
While naked to Eurotas' banks we bend,
And there in manly exerciſe contend,
When ſhe appears, are all eclips'd and loſt,
And hide the beauties that we made our boaſt.
So, when the night and winter diſappear,
The purple morning, riſing with the year,
Salutes the ſpring, as her celeſtial eyes
Adorn the world, and brighten all the ſkies:
So beauteous Helen ſhines among the reſt,
Tall, ſlender, ſtraight, with all the graces bleſt,
As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn,
Or as Theſſalian ſteeds the race adorn;
So roſy-colour'd Helen is the pride
Of Lacedæmon, and of Greece beſide.
Like her no nymph can willing oſiers bend
In baſket-works, which painted ſtreaks commend:
With Pallas in the loom ſhe may contend.
But none, ah! none can animate the lyre,
And the mute ſtrings with vocal ſounds inſpire;
Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
Or chaſte Diana bathing in the ſtream:
None can record their heavenly praiſe ſo well
As Helen, in whoſe eyes ten thouſand Cupids dwell,
O fair, O Graceful! yet with maids inroll'd,
But whom to-morrow's ſun a matron ſhall behold!
Yet ere to-morrow's ſun ſhall ſhew his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head.
Where all ſhall weep and wiſh for thy return,
As bleating lambs their abſent mother mourn.
Our nobleſt maids ſhall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of Lotos, form'd into a wreath.
This monument, thy maiden beauty's due,
High on a plane-tree ſhall be hung to view:
On the ſmooth rind the paſſenger ſhall ſee
Thy name engrav'd, and worſhip Helen's tree:
Balm, from a ſilver-box diſtill'd around,
Shall all bedew the roots, and ſcent the ſacred ground.
The balm, 'tis true, can aged plants prolong,
But Helen's name will keep it ever young.
Hail bride, hail bridegroom, ſon-in-law to Jove!
With fruitful joys Latona bleſs your love;
Let Venus furniſh you with full deſires,
Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires:
Almighty Jove augment your wealthy ſtore,
Give much to you, and to his grandſons more.
From generous loins a generous race will ſpring,
Each girl, like her, a queen; each boy, like you, a king.
Now ſleep, if ſleep you can; but while you reſt,
Sleep cloſe, with folded arms, and breaſt to breaſt:
Riſe in the morn; but oh! before you riſe,
Forget not to perform your morning ſacrifice.
We will be with you ere the crowing cock
Salutes the light, and ſtruts before his feather'd flock.
Hymen, oh Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
And view the mighty ſpoils thou haſt in battle won.

THE

DESPAIRING LOVER

FROM THE 23d IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

WITH inauſpicious love, a wretched ſwain
Purſued the faireſt nymph of all the plain;

deed, but prouder far than fair,
'd him hopeleſs in a deep deſpair:
nly form too haughtily ſhe priz'd,
hated, and his gifts deſpis'd;
the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
his awful power on human hearts;
from her hopeleſs lover fled,
iſdainful glances ſhot him dead.
look, to chear the drooping boy;
he ſpoke, ſhe ſcorn'd even to deny.
unted panther caſts about
g eyes and pricks her liſtening ears to
ſcout,
ſhun his toils, her cares employ'd,
ly in her ſavage freedom joy'd.
ſhe writh'd, her forehead taught to frown,
o ſparkle fires to love unknown:
cheeks her envious mind did ſhew,
feature ſpoke aloud the curſtneſs of a
hrew.
not he his obvious fate eſcape;
ill dreſs'd her in a pleaſing ſhape;
ſullen frown, and bitter ſcorn,
the fuel that too faſt did burn.
, unequal to his mighty pain,
o curb it, but he ſtrove in vain:
woes broke out, and begg'd relief
, the dumb petitioners of grief:
ſo tender as adorn'd his love,
art, but only hers, would move.
before her bolted doors he ſtood,
pour'd out th' unprofitable flood:
eyes, and haggard was his look;
ng firſt the threſhold, thus he ſpoke:
ph, more cruel than of human race!
heart belies thy angel face:
ou ſhew'dſt thy pedigree from ſtone:
lame's was the firſt by Pyrrha thrown:
thou to be ſo long deſir'd;
love, and ſo my fate requir'd.
ow (for 'tis in vain) to live;
is gift, the laſt that I can give.
ly cord ſhall ſoon decide the ſtrife
y lingering love and loathſome life:
nt puts an end to all my pain;
nore deſpair, nor thou diſdain.
ngrateful and unkind! I go
by thee to thoſe ſad ſhades below.
remeſt remedy to prove,
blivion, and to drench my love:
ily to loſe my long deſires:
at draught ſo deep to quench my fires?
e never-opening gates, ye ſtones,
old guilty of my midnight moans.
e ſuffer'd here, ye know too well;
ll do, the Gods and I can tell.
fragrant, but it fades in time;
ſweet, but quickly paſt the prime;
hang their heads, and ſoon decay,
ſnow in minutes melts away:
r blooming youth, and withering ſo:
ill come, it will, when you ſhall know
love; your haughty heart ſhall burn
ke mine, and meet a like return.
s you are, oh! hear at leaſt
rayers, and grant my laſt requeſt.
I.

When firſt you ope your doors, and paſſing by
The ſad ill-omen'd object meets your eye,
Think it not loſt, a moment if you ſtay;
The breathleſs wretch, ſo made by you, ſurvey:
Some cruel pleaſure will from thence ariſe,
To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.
I wiſh (but oh! my wiſh is vain, I fear)
The kind oblation of a falling tear:
Then looſe the knot, and take me from the place,
And ſpread your mantle o'er my grizly face;
Upon my livid lips beſtow a kiſs:
O envy not the dead; they feel not bliſs!
Nor fear your kiſſes can reſtore my breath;
Ev'n you are not more pityleſs than death.
Then for my corpſe a homely grave provide,
Which love and me from public ſcorn may hide.
Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your breaſt,
And hail me thrice to everlaſting reſt:
Laſt let my tomb this ſad inſcription bear:
A wretch whom love has kill'd lies buried here;
O paſſengers, Aminta's eyes beware.
Thus having ſaid, and furious with his love,
He heav'd with more than human force to move
A weighty ſtone (the labour of a team)
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the neighbouring beam:
Around its bulk a ſliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal nooſe:
Then ſpurning backward took a ſwing, till death
Crept up, and ſtopt the paſſage of his breath.
The bounce burſt ope the door; the ſcornful fair,
Relentleſs look'd, and ſaw him beat his quivering feet in air;
Nor wept his fate, nor caſt a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but bruſh'd regardleſs by:
And, as ſhe paſt, her chance or fate was ſuch,
Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the touch:
Next to the dance, thence to the bath did move;
The bath was ſacred to the God of Love;
Whoſe injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,
Stood threatening from a pedeſtal on high;
Nodding a while, and watchful of his blow,
He fell; and falling cruſh'd th' ungrateful nymph below:
Her guſhing blood the pavement all beſmear'd;
And this her laſt expiring voice was heard;
Lovers farewell, revenge has reach'd my ſcorn;
Thus warn'd, be wiſe, and love for love return.

THE BEGINNING OF THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

LUCRETIUS.

DELIGHT of human-kind, and Gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love,

Whoſe vital power, air, earth, and ſea ſupplies;
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling ſkies:
For every kind, by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, Goddeſs, thee the clouds and tempeſts fear:
And at thy pleaſing preſence diſappear:
For thee the land in fragrant flowers is dreſt;
For thee the ocean ſmiles, and ſmooths her wavy breaſt;
And Heaven itſelf with more ſerene and purer light is bleſt.
For when the riſing ſpring adorns the mead,
And a new ſcene of nature ſtands diſplay'd,
When teeming buds and cheerful greens appear,
And weſtern gales unlock the lazy year;
The joyous birds thy welcome firſt expreſs,
Whoſe native ſongs thy genial fire confeſs,
Then ſavage beaſts bound o'er their ſlighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood.
All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and ſea;
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren mountains, o'er the flowery plain,
The leafy foreſt, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontrol'd and boundleſs reign.
Through all the living regions doſt thou move,
And ſcatter'ſt, where thou go'ſt, the kindly ſeeds of love.
Since then the race of every living thing
Obeys thy power; ſince nothing new can ſpring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,
Or beautiful, or loveſome can appear;
By thou my aid, my tuneful ſong inſpire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire;
While all thy province, Nature, I ſurvey,
And ſing to Memmius an immortal lay
Of heaven and earth, and every where thy wondrous power diſplay:
To Memmius, under thy ſweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces doſt adorn.
The rather then aſſiſt my Muſe and me,
Infuſing verſes worthy him and thee.
Meantime on land and ſea let barbarous diſcord ceaſe,
And lull the liſtening world in univerſal peace.
To thee mankind their ſoft repoſe muſt owe;
For thou alone that bleſſing canſt beſtow;
Becauſe the brutal buſineſs of the war
Is manag'd by thy dreadful ſervant's care;
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleaſing pains of thy eternal love;
And, panting on thy breaſt, ſupinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famiſh'd eyes;
Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
By turns reſtor'd to life, and plung'd in pleaſing death.
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
When, wiſhing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy charms in that auſpicious moment try;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary world reſtore.

THE BEGINNING OF THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

LUCRETIUS.

'TIS pleaſant, ſafely to behold from ſhore,
The rolling ſhip, and hear the tempeſt roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleaſing fight.
'Tis pleaſant alſo to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war.
But much more ſweet thy labouring ſteps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wiſdom well ſupply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human-kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind:
To ſee vain fools ambitiouſly contend
For wit and power; their laſt endeavours bend
T' outſhine each other, waſte their time and health
In ſearch of honour, and purſuit of wealth.
O wretched man! in what a miſt of life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noiſy ſtrife,
He ſpends his little ſpan; and overfeeds
His cramm'd defires, with more than nature needs!
For nature wiſely ſtints our appetite,
And craves no more than undiſturb'd delight:
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears obtain;
A ſoul ſerene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires;
So bounded are our natural deſires,
That, wanting all, and ſetting pain aſide,
With bare privation ſenſe is ſatisfy'd.
If golden ſconces hang not on the walls,
To light the coſtly ſuppers and the balls;
If the proud palace ſhines not with the ſtate
Of burniſh'd bowls, and of reflected plate;
If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleaſing ſound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
Yet on the graſs, beneath a poplar ſhade,
By the cool ſtream, our careleſs limbs are lay'd;
With cheaper pleaſures innocently bleſt,
When the warm ſpring with gaudy flowers is dreſt.
Nor will the raging fever's fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of ſtate;
But the poor patient will as ſoon be ſound
On the hard mattreſs, or the mother ground.
Then ſince our bodies are not eas'd the more
By birth, or power, or fortune's wealthy ſtore,
'Tis plain, theſe uſeleſs toys of every kind
As little can relieve the labouring mind:
Unleſs we could ſuppoſe the dreadful fight
Of marſhal'd legions moving to the fight,
Could, with their ſound and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death away.
But, ſince the ſuppoſition vain appears,
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with ſounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midſt of pomp purſue the prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the preſence bold,
Without reſpect to purple, or to gold;

not we theſe pageantries deſpiſe,
ı but in our want of reaſon lies?
in wandering errors led;
children are ſurpriz'd with dread,
in the dark, ſo riper years
d day-light are poſſeſs'd with fears;
: ſhadows fanciful and vain,
ch in the breaſts of children reign.
ars of the mind, this inward hell,
ıtward ſunſhine can diſpel;
nd right reaſon muſt diſplay
abroad, and bring the darkſome ſoul to
r.

)M THE FIFTH BOOK OF

C R E T I U S.

" Tum porrò puer, &c."

ike a ſailor by a tempeſt hurl'd
:, the babe is ſhipwreck'd on the world:
s, and ready to expire;
ll that human wants require;
ın unhoſpitable earth,
ſt moment of his hapleſs birth.
ı foreboding cries he fills the room;
ſages of his future doom.
nd herds, and every ſavage beaſt,
ulgent nature are increas'd.
ıo rattles for their froward mood,
reconcile them to their food,
ı words; nor winter blaſts they fear,
their habits with the changing year:
r ſafety, citadels prepare,
e wicked inſtruments of war:
:arth her bounteous treaſure grants,
's laviſh hand ſupplies their common
ants.

THE

) ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK

OF

[. O R A C E.

the Earl of ROSCOMMON, on his intend-
ed Voyage to Ireland.

ı' auſpicious queen of love,
: twin ſtars the ſeed of Jove.
rules the raging wind,
ſacred ſhip, be kind;
ɔreezes fill thy ſails,
ɔft Eteſian gales:
As thou, to whom the Muſe commends
The beſt of poets and of friends,
Doſt thy committed pledge reſtore;
And land him ſafely on the ſhore;
And ſave the better part of me,
From periſhing with him at ſea!
Sure he, who firſt the paſſage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his ſide;
Or his at leaſt, in hollow wood
Who tempted firſt the briny flood:
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the ſhore;
Nor Hyades portending rain;
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd, with ſtedfaſt ſight,
Could view the ſurges mounting ſteep,
And monſters rolling in the deep!
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With ſtorms above, and rocks below!
In vain did nature's wiſe command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ſhips and men prophane
Invade th' inviolable main;
Th' eternal fences over-leap,
And paſs at will the boundleſs deep.
No toil, no hardſhip, can reſtrain
Ambitious man inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aſpire,
And ſtole from Heaven the ſeeds of fire:
A train of ills, a ghaſtly crew,
The robber's blazing track purſue:
Fierce famine with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In ſwarms th' offending wretch ſurround,
All brooding on the blaſted ground:
And limping death, laſh'd on by fate,
Comes up to ſhorten half our date.
This made not Dædalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to ſail in air:
To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Plung'd through the lake, and ſnatch'd the prey:
Nay ſcarce the Gods, or heavenly climes,
Are ſafe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

THE

NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK

OF

H O R A C E.

I.

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of ſnow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppreſs the labouring woods below:
And ſtreams, with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and crampt to ſolid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd logs diſſolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
And ſprightly wit and love inſpires:
For what hereafter ſhall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
To toſs and turn the world below;
At his command the ſtorms invade;
The winds by his commiſſion blow;
Till with a nod he bids them ceaſe,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To-morrow and her works defy,
Lay hold upon the preſent hour,
And ſnatch the pleaſures paſſing by,
To put them out of fortune's power:
Nor love, nor love's delights diſdain;
Whate'er thou gett'ſt to-day, is gain.

V.

Secure thoſe golden early joys,
That youth unſour'd with ſorrows bears,
Ere withering time the taſte deſtroys,
With ſickneſs and unwieldy years.
For active ſports, for pleaſing reſt,
This is the time to be poſſeſt;
The beſt is but in ſeaſon beſt.

VI.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliſs,
The pleaſing whiſper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiſs,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyneſs feign,
And hides but to be found again;
Theſe, theſe are joys the Gods for youth ordain.

THE

TWENTY-NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Paraphras'd in Pindaric Verſe, and inſcribed to the Right Hon. Laurence Earl of Rocheſter.

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuſcan ſcepter ſway'd,
Make haſte to meet the generous wine,
Whoſe piercing is for thee delay'd:
The roſy wreath is ready made:
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil, that ſhall perfume thy hair.

II.

When the wine ſparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries Come away;
Make haſte, and leave thy buſineſs and thy care:
No mortal intereſt can be worth thy ſtay.

III.

Leave for awhile thy coſtly country ſeat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauſeous pleaſures of the great:
Make haſte and come:
Come, and forſake thy cloying ſtore;
Thy turret, that ſurveys, from high,
The ſmoke, the wealth, and noiſe of Rome;
And all the buſy pageantry
That wiſe men ſcorn, and fools adore:
Come, give thy ſoul a looſe, and taſte the pleaſures of the poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich, to try
A ſhort viciſſitude, and fit of poverty:
A ſavory diſh, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the ſtately ſpacious room,
The Perſian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;
The Sirian ſtar,
Barks from afar,
And with his ſultry breath infects the ſky;
The ground below is parch'd, the Heavens above fry.
The ſhepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And ſeeks refreſhing rivulets nigh:
The Sylvans to their ſhades retire,
Thoſe very ſhades and ſtreams new ſhades and ſtreams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

VI.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiouſly inquiſitive to know:
But God has wiſely, hid from human ſight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And ſown their ſeeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of ſtate;
When mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the preſent ſmiling hour;
And put it out of fortune's power:
The tide of buſineſs, like the running ſtream,
Is ſometimes high, and ſometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempeſtuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiſeleſs gentle courſe
It keeps within the middle bed:
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both houſe and homeſted into ſeas are borne;
And rocks are from their own foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their ſcatter'd honours mourn.

VIII.

he man, and happy he alone,
ho can call to-day his own:
o, ſecure within, can ſay,
ow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd to-
day;
, or foul, or rain, or ſhine,
ave poſſeſs'd, in ſpite of fate are mine.
ven itſelf upon the paſt has power;
been, has been, and I have had my
r.
that, with malicious joy,
nan her ſlave oppreſs,
her office to deſtroy,
om pleas'd to bleſs:
ous and unconſtant ſtill,
inclination to be ill,
s, degrades, delights in ſtrife,
ces a lottery of life.
her while ſhe's kind;
dances in the wind,
the wings and will not ſtay,
roſtitute away:
he much ſhe gave, is quietly reſign'd:
th poverty, my ſoul I arm;
, though in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
ſail in her unfaithful ſea,
ariſe, and clouds grow black;
aſt ſplit, and threaten wreck?
e greedy merchant fear
s ill-gotten gain;
o Gods that will not hear,
ating winds and billows bear
ealth into the main.
ure from fortune's blows,
hat I cannot loſe,
l pinnace I can ſail,
all the bluſtering roar;
ning with a merry gale,
ly ſtars my ſafety ſeek
e little winding creek:
the ſtorm aſhore.

COND EPODE OF HORACE.

oy in his low degree,
h in humble poverty, is he,
uiet country life;
uſineſs, void of ſtrife,
griping ſcrivener free!
ſeeds of vice were ſown,
n better ages born,
with oxen of their own
paternal field of corn,
ſummon him to war.
diſturb his morning ſleep,
merchants' gainful care,
dangers of the deep.
of contentious law,
and ſtate, he wiſely ſhuns,
th hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
vile ſalutations runs;

But either to the claſping vine
Does the ſupporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning-hook diſjoin
Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their ſtead:
Or, climbing to a hilly ſteep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or ſheers the overburden'd ſheep,
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey in the jars.
Or in the now-declining year,
When bounteous autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And cluſtering grapes with purple ſpread;
The faireſt of his fruit he ſerves,
Priapus, thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deſerves,
Whoſe care the fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted graſs, he lies;
No God of ſleep he need invoke;
The ſtream that o'er the pebbles flies
With gentle ſlumbers crowns his eyes.
The wind that whiſtles through the ſprays
Maintains the concert of the ſong;
And hidden birds with native lays
The golden ſleep prolong.
But, when the blaſt of winter blows,
And hoary froſt inverts the year,
Into the naked woods he goes,
And ſeeks the truſty boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed ſpear:
Or ſpreads his ſubtle nets from ſight
With twinkling glaſſes, to betray
The larks that in the meſhes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaſte and pleaſing wife,
To eaſe the buſineſs of his life,
Divides with him his houſhold care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the ſwift Apulian's bride,
Sun-burnt and ſwarthy though ſhe be,
Will fire for winter-nights provide,
And without noiſe will overſee
His children and his family;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;
If ſhe in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy ſtore,
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not oyſters of the Lucrine lake
My ſober appetite would wiſh,
Nor turbot, or the foreign fiſh
That rolling tempeſts overtake,
And hither waft the coſtly diſh.
Not heathpout, or the rarer bird,
Which Phaſis or Ionia yields,
More pleaſing morſels would afford
Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than ſhards or mallows for the pot,
That keeps the looſen'd body ſound,
Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
To the juſt guardian of my ground.

Amidſt theſe feaſts of happy ſwains,
The jolly ſhepherd ſmiles to ſee
His flocks returning from the plains;
The farmer is as pleas'd as he,
To view his oxen ſweating ſmoke,
Bear on their necks the looſen'd yoke:
To look upon his menial crew,
That ſit around his chearful hearth,
And bodies ſpent in toil renew
With wholeſome food and country mirth.
This Morecraft ſaid within himſelf,
Reſolv'd to leave the wicked town:
And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in;
But the prevailing love of pelf
Soon ſplit him on the former ſhelf,
He put it out again.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

EXCELLENT TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

WHENE'ER great Virgil's lofty verſe I ſee,
The pompous ſcene charms my admiring eye:
There different beauties in perfection meet;
The thoughts as proper, as the numbers ſweet:
And when wild Fancy mounts a daring height,
Judgment ſteps in, and moderates her flight.
Wiſely he manages his wealthy ſtore,
Still ſays enough, and yet implies ſtill more:
For though the weighty ſenſe be cloſely wrought,
The reader's left t'improve the pleaſing thought.
Hence we deſpair to ſee an Engliſh dreſs
Should e'er his nervous energy expreſs;
For who could that in fetter'd rhyme incloſe,
Which without loſs can ſcarce be told in proſe!
But you, great Sir, his manly genius raiſe;
And make your copy ſhare an equal praiſe.
Oh how I ſee thee in ſoft ſcenes of love,
Renew thoſe paſſions he alone could move!
Here Cupid's charms are with new art expreſt,
And pale Eliza leaves her peaceful reſt:
Leaves her Elyſium, as if glad to live,
To love, and wiſh, to ſigh, deſpair, and grieve,
And die again for him that would again deceive.
Nor does the mighty Trojan leſs appear
Than Mars himſelf amidſt the ſtorms of war,
Now his fierce eyes with double fury glow,
And a new dread attends th' impending blow:
The Daunian chiefs their eager rage abate,
And, though unwounded, ſeem to feel their fate.
Long the rude fury of an ignorant age,
With barbarous ſpite, prophan'd his ſacred page.
The heavy Dutchmen, with laborious toil,
Wreſted his ſenſe, and cramp'd his vigorous ſtyle;
No time, no pains, the drudging pedants ſpare;
But ſtill his ſhoulders muſt the burden bear.
While through the mazes of their comments led,
We learn not what he writes, but what they read.
Yet, through theſe ſhades of undiſtinguiſh'd night
Appear'd ſome glimmering intervals of light;
Till mangled by a vile tranſlating ſect,
Like babes by witches in effigy rackt;
Till Ogleby, mature in dulneſs, roſe,
And Holborn doggrel, and low chiming proſe,
His ſtrength and beauty did at once depoſe.
But now the magic ſpell is at an end,
Since ev'n the dead in you hath found a friend;
You free the Bard from rude oppreſſors' power,
And grace his verſe with charms unknown before
He, doubly thus oblig'd, muſt doubting ſtand,
Which chiefly ſhould his gratitude command;
Whether ſhould claim the tribute of his heart,
The Patron's bounty, or the Poet's art.
Alike with wonder and delight we view'd
The Roman genius in thy verſe renew'd:
We ſaw thee raiſe ſoft Ovid's amorous fire,
And fit the tuneful Horace to thy lyre:
We ſaw new gall imbitter Juvenal's pen,
And crabbed Perſeus made politely plain:
Virgil alone was thought too great a taſk;
What you could ſcarce perform, or we durſt aſk;
A taſk! which Waller's Muſe could ne'er engage;
A taſk! too hard for Denham's ſtronger rage:
Sure of ſucceſs they ſome ſlight ſallies try'd,
But the fenc'd coaſt their bold attempts defy'd.
With fear their o'er-match'd forces back they drew,
Quitted the province Fate reſerv'd for you.
In vain thus Philip did the Perſians ſtorm;
A work his ſon was deſtin'd to perform.
"O had Roſcommon liv'd to hail the day,
"And ſing loud Pæans through the crowded way;
"When you in Roman majeſty appear,
"Which none know better, and none come ſo near;"
The happy author would with wonder ſee,
His rules were only prophecies of thee:
And were he now to give tranſlators light,
He'd bid them only read thy work, and write.
For this great taſk our loud applauſe is due;
We own old favours, but muſt preſs for new:
Th' expecting world demands one labour more;
And thy lov'd Homer does thy aid implore,
To right his injur'd works, and ſet them free
From the lewd rhymes of groveling Ogleby.
Then ſhall his verſe in grateful pomp appear,
Nor will his birth renew the ancient jar;
On thoſe Greek cities we ſhall look with ſcorn,
And in our Britain think the Poet born.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

I.

WE read, how dreams and viſions heretofore
The Prophet and the Poet could inſpire;
And make them in unuſual rapture ſoar,
With rage divine, and with poetic fire.

II.

nd it now;—Would Virgil's ſhade
e vou hſafe to bear the light;
y numbers, and that Muſe to aid,
Poet that has done him right.

III.

ɔeen this ſacred Author's fate,
/ dull Tranſlator's will;
his Muſe has groan'd beneath the
eight
)gleby's preſumptuous quill.

IV.

laſt, in his defence aroſe;
w is righted by the ſon:
his Muſe endeavours to diſcloſe
eauties, ſhe declares her own.

V.

ıooth, pompous numbers dreſt, each
ne,
, betrays ſuch a majeſtic touch;
ɔt, had he finiſh'd his deſign,
t better, or have done ſo much.

VI.

is Hero, though yourſelf were free;
led from the war of wit;
ecure might other dangers ſee,
all malicious cenſures ſit.

VII.

: ſacred Virgil's noble Muſe,
ɔols, was ready to expire:
r fame again, you boldly chuſe,
or periſh with your fire.

VIII.

ıd laſt, we owe him half to you,
Eneids miſs'd their threaten'd fate,
his friends by ſome prediction knew,
o correcting ſhould tranſlate.

IX.

ıy Muſe, thy needleſs flight reſtrain,
m, thou couldſt a verſe indite:
s fancy to deſcribe is vain,
can diſcover light, but light.

X.

)f genius that does more deny:
ɔraiſe ſhould make your glory leſs.
ɔre, like the modeſt Painter, I
e veil, where I cannot expreſs.

HENRY GRAHME.

TO

R. DRYDEN.

ıuted Monarch govern'd yet
ıiverſal ſway the realms of wit;
Nature could never ſuch expence afford;
Each ſeveral province own'd a ſeveral lord.
A Poet then had his poetic wife,
One Muſe embrac'd, and married for his life.
By the ſtale thing his appetite was cloy'd,
His fancy leſſen'd, and his fire deſtroy'd.
But nature grown extravagantly kind,
With all her treaſures did adorn your mind.
The different powers were then united found,
And you Wit's univerſal monarch crown'd.
Your mighty ſway your great deſert ſecures,
And every Muſe and every Grace is yours,
To none confin'd, by turns you all enjoy,
ſated with this, you to another fly.
So Sultan-like in your ſeraglio ſtand,
While wiſhing Muſes wait for your command.
Thus no decay, no want of vigour find,
Sublime your fancy, boundleſs is your mind.
Not all the blaſts of time can do you wrong;
Young, ſpite of age; in ſpite of weakneſs ſtrong.
Time, like Alcides, ſtrikes you to the ground:
You, like Antæus, from each fall rebound.

H. St. JOHN.

TO

MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

VIRGIL.

'TIS ſaid that Phidias gave ſuch living grace
To the carv'd image of a beauteous face,
That the cold marble might even ſeem to be
The life; and the true life, the imagery.

You paſs'd that artiſt, Sir, and all his powers,
Making the beſt of Roman Poets ours;
With ſuch effect, we know not which to call
The imitation, which th' original.

What Virgil lent, you pay in equal weight,
The charming beauty of the coin no leſs;
And ſuch the majeſty of your impreſs,
You ſeem the very author you tranſlate.

'Tis certain, were he now alive with us,
And did revolving deſtiny conſtrain,
To dreſs his thoughts in Engliſh o'er again,
Himſelf could write no otherwiſe than thus.

His old encomium never did appear
So true as now; Romans and Greeks, ſubmit.
Something of late is in our language writ,
More nobly great than the fam'd Iliads were.

A. WRIGHT.

THE

FIRST PASTORAL:

OR,

TITYRUS AND MELIBŒUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The occaſion of the firſt Paſtoral was this. When Auguſtus had ſettled himſelf in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their paſt ſervice, he diſtributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua: turning out the right owners for having ſided with his enemies. Virgil was a ſufferer among the reſt; who afterwards recovered his eſtate by Mæcenas's interceſſion, and as an inſtance of his gratitude compoſed the following Paſtoral; where he ſets out his own good fortune in the perſon of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Melibœus.

MELIBOEUS.

BENEATH the ſhade which beechen boughs diffuſe,
You, Tityrus, entertain your ſylvan Muſe:
Round the wide world in baniſhment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleaſing fields and native home:
While ſtretch'd at eaſe you ſing your happy loves;
And Amarillis fills the ſhady groves.

TIT. Theſe bleſſings, friend, a Deity beſtow'd:
For never can I deem him leſs than God.
The tender firſtlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
He gave my kine to graze the flowery plain;
And to my pipe renew'd the rural ſtrain.

MEL. I envy not your fortune, but admire,
That while the raging ſword and waſteful fire
Deſtroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
No hoſtile arms approach your happy ground.
Far different is my fate: my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forſaken cotes:
And this you ſee I ſcarcely drag along,
Who yeaning on the rocks has left her young;
(The hope and promiſe of my failing fold.)
My loſs by dire portents the gods foretold:
For had I not been blind, I might have ſeen
Yon riven oak, the faireſt of the green,
And the hoarſe raven, on the blaſted bough,
By croaking from the left preſag'd the coming blow.
But tell me, Tityrus, what heavenly power
Preſerv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour?

TIT. Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua, where on market-days we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.
So kids and whelps their ſires and dams expreſs:
And ſo the great I meaſur'd by the leſs.
But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like ſhrubs when lofty cypreſſes are near.

MEL. What great occaſion call'd you hence to Rome!

TIT. Freedom, which came at length, though ſlow to come:
Nor did my ſearch of liberty begin,
Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin.
Nor Amarillis would vouchſafe a look,
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a helpleſs, hopeleſs, homely ſwain,
I ſought not freedom, nor aſpir'd to gain:
Though many a victim from my folds was bought,
And many a cheeſe to country markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got, I ſpent,
And ſtill return'd as empty as I went.

MEL. We ſtood amaz'd to ſee your miſtreſs mourn;
Unknowing that ſhe pin'd for your return:
We wonder'd why ſhe kept her fruit ſo long,
For whom ſo late th' ungather'd apples hung;
But now the wonder ceaſes, ſince I ſee
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee.
For thee the bubbling ſprings appear'd to mourn,
And whiſpering pines made vows for thy return.

TIT. What ſhould I do, while here I was enchain'd,
No glimpſe of god-like liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope in any place but there,
To find a god ſo preſent to my prayer.
There firſt the youth of heav'nly birth I view'd,
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
He heard my vows, and graciouſly decreed
My grounds to be reſtor'd, my former flocks to feed.

MEL. O fortunate old man! whoſe farm remains
For you ſufficient, and requites your pains:
Though ruſhes overſpread the neighbouring plains
Though here the marſhy grounds approach your fields,
And there the ſoil a ſtony harveſt yields,
Your teeming ewes ſhall no ſtrange meadows try,
Nor feat a rott from tainted company.
Behold you bordering fence of ſallow trees
Is fraught with flowers, the flowers are fraught with bees:
The buſy bees with a ſoft murmuring ſtrain
Invite to gentle ſleep the labouring ſwain.
While from the neighbouring rock, with rural ſongs
The pruner's voice the pleaſing dream prolongs;
Stock-doves and turtles tell their amorous pain,
And, from the lofty elms, of love complain.

TIT. Th' inhabitants of ſeas and ſkies ſhall change,
And fiſh on ſhore, and ſtags in air ſhall range,
The baniſh'd Parthian dwell on Arar's brink,
And the blue German ſhall the Tigris drink:
Ere I forſaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

MEL. But we muſt beg our bread in climes unknown,
Beneath the ſcorching or the freezing zone.
And ſome to far Oaxis ſhall be ſold;
Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold.
The reſt among the Britons be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
O muſt the wretched exiles ever mourn,
Nor after length of rolling years return?
Are we condemn'd by fate's unjuſt decree,
No more our houſes and our homes to ſee?

mount again the rural throne,
e country kingdoms, once our own!
hese barbarians plant and ſow,
s theſe, our happy fields beſtow?
n, what dire effects from civil diſcord
ow:
graff my pears, and prune the vine;
theirs, the labour only mine.
paſtures, my paternal ſtock,
fields, and my more fruitful flock!
y goats, ſhall I behold you climb,
cliffs, or crop the flowery thyme!
tended in the grot below,
browſing on the mountain's brow
ſhrubs; and after on the bare,
the deep abyſs, and hang in air,
ſheep ſhall ſip the morning dew;
ſong ſhall pleaſe the rural crew:
uneful pipe! and all the world adieu!
his night, at leaſt, with me forget your
re;
d curds and cream ſhall be your fare:
ground ſhall be with leaves o'erſpread;
ſhall weave a covering for your head.
ſunny hill the ſhade extends:
; ſmoke from cottages aſcends.

THE

SECOND PASTORAL.

OR,

LEXIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ators can by no means agree on the perſon but are all of opinion that ſome beautiful meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes ydon's language and ſimplicity. His way p is wholly paſtoral: he complains of the ſs; recommends himſelf for his beauty and bing; invites the youth into the country, promiſes him the diverſions of the place, able preſent of nuts and apples: but when thing will prevail, he reſolves to quit his amour, and betake himſelf again to his neſs.

Corydon, th' unhappy ſhepherd ſwain,
ir Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
rath the beechen ſhade, alone,
woods and mountains made his moan.
nd Alexis, my reward,
die unpity'd, and unheard?
en lizard in the grove is laid,
njoy the coolneſs of the ſhade;
lis wild thyme and garlic beats
hinds, o'erſpent with toil and heats:
: ſcorching ſun I trace in vain
ootſteps o'er the burning plain,
The creaking locuſts with my voice conſpire,
They fry with heat, and I with fierce deſire.
How much more eaſy was it to ſuſtain
Proud Amarillis and her haughty reign,
The ſcorns of young Menalcas, once my care,
Though he was black, and thou art heavenly fair.
Truſt not too much to that enchanting face;
Beauty's a charm, but ſoon the charm will paſs:
White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
While duſky hyacinths for uſe remain.
My paſſion is thy ſcorn: nor wilt thou know
What wealth I have, what gifts I can beſtow:
What ſtores my dairies and my folds contain;
A thouſand lambs that wander on the plain:
New milk that all the winter never fails,
And all the ſummer overflows the pails:
Amphion ſung not ſweeter to his herd,
When ſummon'd ſtones the Theban turrets rear'd.
Nor am I ſo deform'd; for late I ſtood
Upon the margin of the briny flood:
The winds were ſtill, and if the glaſs be true,
With Daphnis I may vie, though judg'd by you.
O leave the noiſy town, O come and ſee
Our country cots, and live content with me!
To wound the flying deer, and from their cotes
With me to drive a-field the browſing goats:
To pipe and ſing, and in our country ſtrain
To copy, or perhaps contend with Pan.
Pan taught to join with wax, unequal reeds,
Pan loves the ſhepherds, and their flocks he feeds:
Nor ſcorn the pipe; Amyntas, to be taught,
With all his kiſſes would my ſkill have bought.
Of ſeven ſmooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damætas gave:
And ſaid, This, Corydon, I leave to thee;
For only thou deſerv'ſt it after me.
His eyes Amyntas durſt not upward lift,
For much he grudg'd the praiſe, but more the gift.
Beſides two kids that in the valley ſtray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd.
They drain two bagging udders every day;
And theſe ſhall be companions of thy play.
Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian ſtrain,
Which Theſtylis had often begg'd in vain:
And ſhe ſhall have them, if again ſhe ſues,
Since you the giver and the gift refuſe.
Come to my longing arms, my lovely care,
And take the preſents which the nymphs prepare.
White lilies in full canifters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple ſpring.
The daughters of the flood have ſearch'd the mead.
For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppies head;
The ſhort narciſſus, and fair daffodil,
Panſies to pleaſe the ſight, and caſſia ſweet to ſmell;
And ſet ſoft hyacinths with iron-blue,
To ſhade marſh marigolds of ſhining hue.
Some bound in order, others looſely ſtrow'd,
To dreſs thy bower, and trim thy new abode.
Myſelf will ſearch our planted grounds at home,
For downy peaches and the gloſſy plumb:
And thraſh the cheſnuts in the neighbouring grove,
Such as my Amarillis uſed to love.
The laurel and the myrtle ſweets agree;
And both in noſegays ſhall be bound for thee.
Ah, Corydon, ah poor unhappy ſwain,
Alexis will thy homely gifts diſdain:
Nor, ſhould'ſt thou offer all thy little ſtore,
Will rich Iolus yield, but offer more.

What have I done to name that wealthy ſwain,
So powerful are his preſents, mine ſo mean!
The boar amidſt my cryſtal ſtreams I bring;
And ſouthern winds to blaſt my flowery ſpring.
Ah cruel creature, whom doſt thou deſpiſe?
The gods to live in woods have left the ſkies.
And godlike Paris in th' Idean grove,
To Priam's wealth preferr'd Oenone's love.
In cities which ſhe built, let Pallas reign;
Towers are for Gods, but foreſts for the ſwain.
The greedy lioneſs the wolf purſues,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browſe:
Alexis, thou art chas'd by Corydon;
All follow ſeveral games, and each his own.
See from afar the fields no longer ſmoke,
The ſweating ſteers unharneſs'd from the yoke,
Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked plough;
The ſhadows lengthen as the ſun goes low.
Cool breezes now the raging heats remove;
Ah, cruel heaven! that made no cure for love!
I wiſh for balmy ſleep, but wiſh in vain:
Love has no bounds in pleaſure, or in pain.
What frenzy, ſhepherd, has thy ſoul poſſeſs'd,
Thy vineyard lies half-prun'd, and half undreſs'd.
Quench, Corydon, thy long unanſwer'd fire:
Mind what the common wants of life require:
On willow twigs employ thy weaving care;
And find an eaſier love, though not ſo fair.

THE

THIRD PASTORAL.

OR,

PALÆMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Damætas and Menalcas, after ſome ſmart ſtrokes of country raillery, reſolve to try who has the moſt ſkill at a ſong; and accordingly make their neighbour Palæmon judge of their performances: who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himſelf unfit for the deciſion of ſo weighty a controverſy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

MENALCAS, DAMÆTAS, PALEMON.

MENALCAS.

HO, ſwain, what ſhepherd owns thoſe ragged ſheep?

DAM. Ægon's they are, he gave them me to keep.

MEN. Unhappy ſheep of an unhappy ſwain!
While he Neæra courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I the damſel ſhall obtain.
Thou, varlet, doſt thy maſter's gains devour:
Thou milk'ſt his ewes, and often twice an hour;
Of graſs and fodder thou defraud'ſt the dams;
And of their mother's dugs, the ſtarving lambs.

DAM. Good words, young Catamite, at leaſt to men:
We know who did your buſineſs, how, and when.
And in what chapel too you plaid your prize;
And what the goats obſerv'd with leering eyes:
The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd, and there your ſafety lies.

MEN. Yes, when I cropt the hedges of the Leis;
Cut Micon's tender vines, and ſtole the ſtays.

DAM. Or rather, when beneath yon ancient oak,
The bow of Daphnis, and the ſhafts you broke:
When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right;
And, but for miſchief, you had dy'd for ſpite.

MEN. What nonſenſe would the fool thy maſter prate,
When thou, his knave, canſt talk at ſuch a rate!
Did I not ſee you, raſcal, did I not?
When you lay ſnug to ſnap young Damon's goat?
His mungrel bark'd, I ran to his relief,
And cry'd, There, there he goes; ſtop, ſtop the thief:
Diſcover'd, and defeated of your prey,
You ſkulk'd behind the fence, and ſneak'd away.

DAM. An honeſt man may freely take his own;
The goat was mine, by ſinging fairly won.
A ſolemn match was made; he loſt the prize.
Aſk Damon, aſk if he the debt denies;
I think he dares not; if he does, he lyes.

MEN. Thou ſing with him, thou booby! never pipe
Was ſo prophan'd to touch that blubber'd lip:
Dunce at the beſt; in ſtreets but ſcarce allow'd
To tickle, on thy ſtraw, the ſtupid crowd.

DAM. To bring it to the trial, will you dare
Our pipes, our ſkill, our voices, to compare?
My brinded heifer to the ſtake I lay;
Two thriving calves ſhe ſuckles twice a day:
And twice beſides her beaſtings never fail
To ſtore the dairy with a brimming pail.
Now back your ſinging with an equal ſtake.

MEN. That ſhould be ſeen, if I had one to make.
You know too well I feed my father's flock:
What can I wager from the common ſtock:
A ſtepdame too I have, a curſed ſhe,
Who rules my hen-peck'd ſire, and orders me:
Both number twice a day the milky dams;
At once ſhe takes the tale of all the lambs.
But ſince you will be mad, and ſince you may
Suſpect my courage, if I ſhould not lay,
The pawn I proffer ſhall be full as good:
Two bowls I have, well turn'd of beechen wood:
Both by divine Alcimedon were made:
To neither of them yet the lip is laid;
The ivy's ſtem, its fruit, its foliage, lurk
In various ſhapes around the curious work.
Two figures on the ſides emboſs'd appear;
Conon, and what's his name who made the ſphere,
And ſhew'd the ſeaſons of the ſliding year,
Inſtructed in his trade the labouring ſwain,
And when to reap, and when to ſow the grain!

DAM. And I have two to match your pair, at home:
The wood the ſame, from the ſame hand they come:
The kimbo handles ſeem with bears-foot carv'd;
And never yet to table have been ſerv'd:
Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
With beaſts encompaſs'd, and a dancing grove

:, nor all the proffers you can make,
:h the heifer which I ſet to ſtake.
No more delays, vain boaſter, but begin:
y before-hand I ſhall win.
ſhall be judge how ill you rhyme:
ou how to brag another time.
Rhymer, come on, and do the worſt you can:
you, nor yet a better man.
ace, neighbour, and attention wait:
buſineſs of a high debate.
Sing then; the ſhade affords a proper place;
are cloath'd with leaves, the fields with graſs;
ms blow; the birds on buſhes ſing;
re has accompliſh'd all the ſpring.
nge to Damætas ſhall belong,
ſhall ſuſtain his under-ſong:
s turn your tuneful numbers bring;
he tuneful Muſes love to ſing.
From the great Father of the gods above
begins; for all is full of Jove;
he care of heaven and earth belongs;
he bleſſes, and he loves my ſongs.
Me Phœbus loves; for he my Muſe inſpires;
r ſongs, the warmth he gave, requires.
e god of ſhepherds and their ſheep,
g hyacinths and my bays I keep.
ſy Phyllis me with pelted apples plies,
ing to the woods the wanton hies:
s to be ſeen, before ſhe flies.
But fair Amyntas comes unaſk'd to me,
love; and ſits upon my knee:
o my dogs is known ſo well as he.
To the dear miſtreſs of my love-ſick mind,
a pretty preſent has deſign'd:
ock-doves billing, and ere long
he neſt, and hers ſhall be the young.
Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
on tip-toes, reaching from the ground;
ntas all my preſent ſtore;
o-morrow, ſend as many more.
The lovely maid lay panting in my arms;
ſaid and did was full of charms.
your wings to heaven her accents bear
as heaven alone is fit to hear.
Ah! what avails it me, my love's delight,
mine, when abſent from my ſight!
ets, while you purſue the prey;
ot ſhare the dangers of the day.
keep my birth-day: ſend my Phillis me;
-time, Iolas, you may come.
With Phyllis I am more in grace than u:
did my parting ſteps purſue:
lear, ſhe ſaid, a long adieu!

DAM. The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold;
But from my frowning fair, more ills I find
Than from the wolves, and ſtorms, and winter-wind.
MEN. The kids with pleaſure browſe the buſhy plain,
The ſhowers are grateful to the ſwelling grain:
To teeming ewes the fallow's tender tree;
But more than all the world my love to me.
DAM. Pollio my rural verſe vouchſafes to read:
A heifer, Muſes, for your patron breed.
MEN. My Pollio writes himſelf; a bull he bred
With ſpurning heels, and with a butting head.
DAM. Who Pollio loves, and who his Muſe admires,
Let Pollio's fortune crown his full deſires.
Let myrrh inſtead of thorn his fences fill;
And ſhowers of honey from his oaks diſtil.
MEN. Who hates not living Bavius, let him be
(Dead Mævius) damn'd to love thy works and thee:
The ſame ill taſte of ſenſe would ſerve to join
Dog-foxes in the yoke, and ſhear the ſwine.
DAM. Ye boys who pluck the flowers, and ſpoil the ſpring,
Beware the ſecret ſnake that ſhoots a ſting.
MEN. Graze not too near the banks, my jolly ſheep,
The ground is falſe, the running ſtreams are deep:
See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighbouring rock.
DAM. From rivers drive the kids, and fling your hook;
Anon I'll waſh them in the ſhallow brook.
MEN. To fold, my flock; when milk is dry'd with heat,
In vain the milk-maid tugs an empty teat.
DAM. How lank my bulls from plenteous paſture come!
But love, that drains the herd, deſtroys the groom.
MEN. My flocks are free from love; yet look ſo thin,
Their bones are barely cover'd with their ſkin.
What magic has bewitch'd the wooly dams,
And what ill eye beheld the tender lambs?
DAM. Say, where the round of heaven which all contains,
To three ſhort ells on earth our ſight reſtrains,
Tell that, and riſe a Phœbus for thy pains
MEN. Nay, tell me firſt, in what new region ſprings
A flower that bears inſcrib'd the names of kings:
And thou ſhalt gain a preſent as divine
As Phœbus' ſelf; for Phyllis ſhall be thine.
PAL. So nice a difference in your ſinging lies,
That both have won, or both deſerv'd, the prize.
Reſt equal happy both; and all who prove
The bitter ſweets and pleaſing pains of love.
Now dam the ditches, and the floods reſtrain:
Their moiſture has already drench'd the plain.

THE

FOURTH PASTORAL.

OR,

POLLIO.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet celebrates the birth-day of Salonius, the ſon of Pollio, born in the conſulſhip of his father, after the taking of Solonæ, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verſes are tranſlated from one of the Sibyls, who propheſied of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muſe, begin a loftier ſtrain!
Though lowly ſhrubs and trees that ſhade the plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian Muſe, prepare
To make the vocal woods deſerve a conſul's care.
The laſt great age, foretold by ſacred rhymes,
Renews its finiſhed courſe; Saturnian times
Roll round again, and mighty years, begun
From their firſt orb, in radiant circles run.
The baſe degenerate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heaven deſcends:
O chaſte Lucina, ſpeed the mother's pains;
And haſte the glorious birth; thy own Apollo reigns!
The lovely boy, with his auſpicious face!
Shall Pollio's conſulſhip and triumph grace;
Majeſtic months ſet out with him to their appointed race.
The father baniſh'd virtue ſhall reſtore,
And crimes ſhall threat the guilty world no more.
The ſon ſhall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes ſeen, and gods and heroes ſee.
The jarring nations he in peace ſhall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth ſhall wreathen ivy bring
And fragrant herbs (the promiſes of ſpring),
As her firſt offerings to her infant king.
The goats, with ſtrutting dugs, ſhall homeward ſpeed,
And lowing herds ſecure from lions feed.
His cradle ſhall with riſing flowers be crown'd;
The ſerpent's brood ſhall die: the ſacred ground
Shall weeds and poiſonous plants refuſe to bear,
Each common buſh ſhall Syrian roſes wear.
But when heroic verſe his youth ſhall raiſe,
And form it to hereditary praiſe,
Unlabour'd harveſts ſhall the fields adorn,
And cluſter'd grapes ſhall bluſh on every thorn.
The knotted oaks ſhall ſhowers of honey weep,
And through the matted graſs the liquid gold ſhall creep.
Yet, of old fraud ſome footſteps ſhall remain,
The merchant ſtill ſhall plough the deep for gain:
Great cities ſhall with walls be compaſs'd round;
And ſharpen'd ſhares ſhall vex the fruitful ground,
Another Typhis ſhall new ſeas explore,
Another Argos land the chiefs upon th' Iberian ſhore.
Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
But when to ripen'd manhood he ſhall grow,
The greedy ſailor ſhall the ſeas forego;
No keel ſhall cut the waves for foreign wares;
For every ſoil ſhall every product bear.
The labouring hind his oxen ſhall diſjoin,
No plough ſhall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the vine,
Nor wool ſhall in diſſembled colours ſtaine;
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, or unborrow'd gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece ſhall proudly ſweat;
And under Tyrian robes the lamb ſhall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy web have ſpun,
Shall bleſs the ſacred clue, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Mature in years, to ready honours move,
O of celeſtial ſeed! O ſofter ſon of Jove!
See, labouring Nature calls thee to ſuſtain
The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and main;
See, to their baſe reſtor'd, earth, ſeas, and air,
And joyful ages from behind, in crowding ranks appear.
To ſing thy praiſe, would heaven my breath prolong,
Infuſing ſpirits worthy ſuch a ſong;
Not Thracian Orpheus ſhould tranſcend my lays,
Nor Linus, crown'd with never-fading bays;
Though each his heavenly parent ſhould inſpire;
The Muſe inſtruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the lyre.
Should Pan contend in verſe, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges ſhould their God condemn.
Begin, auſpicious boy, to caſt about
Thy infant eyes, and, with a ſmile, thy mother ſingle out;
Thy mother well deſerves that ſhort delight,
The nauſeous qualms of ten long months and travel to requite.
Then ſmile; the frowning infant's doom is read,
No god ſhall crown the board, nor goddeſs bleſs the bed.

THE

FIFTH PASTORAL.

OR,

DAPHNIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mopſus and Menalcas, two very expert ſhepherds at a ſong, begin by one conſent to the memory of Daphnis; who is ſuppoſed, by the beſt critics, to repreſent Julius Cæſar. Mopſus laments his death, Menalcas proclaims his divinity: the whole Eclogue conſiſting of an elegy and an apotheoſis.

MENALCAS.

SINCE on the downs our flocks together feed,
And ſince my voice can match your tuneful reed,
Why ſit we not beneath the grateful ſhade,
Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have made?

Whether you please that sylvan scene to
ike,
ftling winds uncertain shadows make:
i to the cooler shades succeed,
ith the curling vines have overspread?
Your merit and your years command
he choice:
nly rivals you in voice.
What will not that presuming shepherd
are,
s his voice with Phœbus may compare?
Begin you first; if either Alcon's praise,
hyllis, have inspir'd your lays:
mourn, or Codrus you commend,
Tityrus your flock shall tend.
Or shall I rather the sad verse repeat,
the beech's bark I lately writ:
f sung betwixt; now bring the swain
ce you beast, and let him try the strain.
Such as the shrub to the tall olive shows,
: fallow to the blushing rose;
voice, if I can judge aright,
to thine, in sweetness and in height.
No more, but sit and hear the promis'd
ay,
y grotto makes a doubtful day.
hs about the breathless body wait
s, and lament his cruel fate.
nd floods were witness to their tears:
he rumour reach'd his mother's ears.
hed parent, with a pious haste,
ing, and his lifeless limbs embrac'd.
, she sobb'd, and, furious with despair,
er garments, and she tore her hair:
ll the gods, and every star.
s forgot their sheep, nor near the brink
g waters brought their herds to drink.
r cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
er, and their grassy fare disdain'd.
of Daphnis woods and hills deplore,
the sound to Lybia's desert shore;
n lyons hear, and hearing roar.
rs Daphnis taught the yoke to bear;
with curling ivy dress'd the spear;
id rites to Bacchus first ordain;
revels for his reeling train.
e trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
he herds, and fields the yellow corn:
a splendor, so divine a grace,
ous Daphnis cast on his illustrious race.
rious Fate the godlike Daphnis took,
ian Gods the fields and plains forsook:
onger swell'd the teeming grain,
ous fed his oxen on the plain;
l crop the sickly fields return;
nd darnel choke the rising corn.
e the vales with violets once were crown'd,
ty burrs and thorns disgrace the ground.
epherds, come, and strow with leaves the
plain;
ral rites your Daphnis did ordain.
ress boughs the crystal fountains hide,
r let the running waters glide,
monument to Daphnis raise,
inscription to record his praise:
the field's delight, the shepherd's love,
d on earth, and deify'd above,
Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the plains,
But less than he himself surpass'd the swains.

MEN. O heavenly poet! such thy verse appears,
So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd ears,
As to the weary swain with cares opprest,
Beneath the sylvan shade, refreshing rest:
As to the fev'rish traveller, when first
He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst.
In singing, as in piping, you excel;
And scarce your master could perform so well.
O fortunate young man! at least your lays
Are next to his, and claim the second praise.
Such as they are, my rural songs I join,
To raise our Daphnis to the powers divine;
For Daphnis was so good to love whate'er was mine.

MOPS. How is my soul with such a promise rais'd!
For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,
And Stimichon has often made me long
To hear like him, so soft, so sweet a song.

MEN. Daphnis, the guest of heaven, with wondering eyes
Views in the milky way the starry skies.
And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,
Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.
For this, with chearful cries the woods resound;
The purple spring arrays the various ground;
The nymphs and shepherds dance; and Pan himself is crown'd.
The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,
Nor birds the springes fear, nor stags the toils:
For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from thence
His mother's milder beams and peaceful influence.
The mountain-tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice;
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.
Assenting nature with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted God.
Be still propitious, ever good to thine;
Behold four hallow'd altars we design;
And two to thee, and two to Phœbus rise;
On both are offer'd annual sacrifice.
The holy priests, at each returning year,
Two bowls of milk and two of oil shall bear;
And I myself the guests with friendly bowls will cheer.
Two goblets will I crown with sparkling wine,
The generous vintage of the Chian vine;
These will I pour to thee, and make the nectar thine.
In winter shall the genial feast be made
Before the fire; by summer in the shade.
Damætas shall perform the rites divine:
And Lictian Ægon in the song shall join.
Alphesibeus, tripping, shall advance;
And mimic satyrs in his antic dance.
When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,
And when our fields with victims we survey:
While savage boars delight in shady woods,
And finny fish inhabit in the floods;
While bees on Thyme, and locusts feed on dew,
Thy grateful swains these honours shall renew.
Such honours as we pay to powers divine,
To Bacchus and to Ceres, shall be thine.
Such annual honours shall be giv'n, and thou
Shalt hear and shall condemn thy suppliants to their vow.

MOPS. What preſent worth thy verſe can Mopſus find!
Not the ſoft whiſpers of the ſouthern wind,
That play through trembling trees delight me more;
Nor murmuring billows on the ſounding ſhore;
Nor winding ſtreams that through the valley glide;
And the ſcarce-cover'd pebbles gently chide.
Receive you firſt this tuneful pipe; the ſame
That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame.
The ſame that ſung Neæra's conquering eyes;
And, had the judge been juſt, had won the prize.
MOPS. Accept from me this ſheephook, in exchange,
The handle braſs, the knobs in equal range.
Antigenes, with kiſſes, often try'd
To beg this preſent in his beauty's pride;
When youth and love are hard to be deny'd.
But what I could refuſe to his requeſt,
Is yours unaſk'd, for you deſerve it beſt.

THE

SIXTH PASTORAL.

OR,

SILENUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two young ſhepherds, Chromis and Mnaſylus, having been often promiſed a ſong by Silenus, chance to catch him aſleep in this paſtoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promiſe. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his ſong, in which he deſcribes the formation of the univerſe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philoſophy; and then runs through the moſt ſurpriſing tranſformations which have happened in nature ſince her birth. This Paſtoral was deſigned as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who inſtructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philoſophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnaſylus as the two pupils.

I FIRST tranſferr'd to Rome Sicilian ſtrains;
Nor bluſh'd the Doric Muſe to dwell on Mantuan plains.
But when I try'd her tender voice, too young,
And fighting kings, and bloody battles ſung;
Apollo check'd my pride: and bade me feed
My fattening flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.
Admoniſh'd thus, while every pen prepares
To write thy praiſes, Varus, and thy wars,
My paſtoral Muſe her humble tribute brings;
And yet not wholly uninſpir'd ſhe ſings.
For all who read, and, reading, not diſdain
Theſe rural poems, and their lowly ſtrain,
The name of Varus, oft inſcrib'd ſhall ſee,
In every grove, and every vocal tree;
And all the ſylvan reign ſhall ſing of thee.
Thy name, to Phœbus and the Muſes known,
Shall in the front of every page be ſhown;
For he who ſings thy praiſe, ſecures his own.
Proceed my Muſe: Two Satyrs, on the ground,
Stretch'd at his eaſe, their fire Silenus found.
Dos'd with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
They found him ſnoring in his dark abode;
And ſeiz'd with youthful arms the drunken god.
His roſy wreath was dropt not long before,
Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor.
His empty cann, with ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boaſt the triumph of the day.
Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His garland they unſtring, and bind his hands:
For, by the fraudful god deluded long,
They now reſolve to have their promis'd ſong.
Ægle came in, to make their party good;
The faireſt Naïs of the neighbouring flood,
And, while he ſtares around, with ſtupid eyes,
His brows with berries, and his temples dyes.
He finds the fraud, and, with a ſmile, demands
On what deſign the boys had bound his hands.
"Looſe me," he cry'd, "'twas impudence to find
"A ſleeping god, 'tis ſacrilege to bind,
"To you the promis'd poem I will pay;
"The nymph ſhall be rewarded in her way."
He rais'd his voice; and ſoon a numerous throng
Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the ſong;
And ſylvan Fauns, and ſavage beaſts advanced,
And nodding foreſts to the numbers danced.
Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,
Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard,
With deeper ſilence, or with more regard.
He ſing the ſecret ſeeds of Nature's frame;
How ſeas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender ſoil then, ſtiffening by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth, the bounding ſeas.
Then earth and ocean various forms diſcloſe;
And a new ſun to the new world aroſe.
And miſts condens'd to clouds obſcure the ſky;
And clouds diſſolv'd, the thirſty ground ſupply.
The riſing trees the lofty mountains grace:
The lofty mountains feed the ſavage race,
Yet few, and ſtrangers, in th' unpeopled place.
From thence the birth of man the ſong purſued,
And how the world was loſt, and how renew'd.
The reign of Saturn, and the golden age;
Prometheus' theft, and Jove's avenging rage.
The cries of Argonaut for Hylas drown'd;
With whoſe repeated name the ſhores reſound.
Then mourns the madneſs of the Cretan queen:
Happy for her if herds had never been.
What fury, wretched woman, ſeiz'd thy breaſt?
The maids of Argos (though, with rage poſſeſs'd,
Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove)
Yet ſhunn'd the guilt of thy prepoſterous love.
Nor ſought the youthful huſband of the herd,
Though labouring yokes on their own necks they fear'd;
And felt for budding horns on their ſmooth foreheads rear'd.

:hed queen! you range the pathleſs wood;
a flowery bank he chews the cud:
in ſhades, or through the foreſt roves;
with anguiſh for his abſent loves.
hs, with toils his foreſt-walk ſurround,
his wandering footſteps on the ground.
perhaps my paſſion he diſdains,
:s the milky mothers of the plains.
ı th' ungrateful fugitive abroad;
y at home ſuſtain his happy load.
he lover's fraud; the longing maid,
len fruit, like all the ſex, betray'd;
s mourning for the brother's loſs;
ies hid in barks, and furr'd with moſs.
ı a riſing alder now appears:
the Po diſtils her gummy tears.
ʒ, how Gallus by a Muſe's hand
nd welcom'd to the ſacred ſtrand.
e, riſing to ſalute their gueſt;
s thus their gratitude expreſs'd,
ıis preſent, by the Muſes made;
on which th' Aſcræan paſtor play'd;
ch of old he charm'd the ſavage train,
! the mountain aſhes to the plain.
on this, thy Phœbus; and the wood
ce his fane of Parian marble ſtood.
s ancient oracles rehearſe,
new numbers grace the God of verſe.
ld I ſing the double Scylla's fate,
ɔy love transform'd, the laſt by hate.
ıus maid above, but magic arts
ting dogs deform'd her nether parts:
geance on the paſſing fleet ſhe pour'd,
:r frighted, and the mates devour'd.
ſh'd Philomel the ſong expreſt;
e reveal'd; the ſiſters cruel feaſt:
in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns;
ding nightingale in woods complains.
ɔgne makes on chimney-tops her moan;
rs o'er the palace once her own.
ſongs beſides, the Delphian God
ht the laurels, and the Spartan flood,
ng; the vales his voice rebound,
r to the ſkies the ſacred ſound.
the ſetting ſun had warn'd the ſwain
s counted cattle from the plain:
th' unweary'd ſire purſues the tuneful
ſtrain.
rceiv'd the heavens with ſtars were hung:
en night ſurpriz'd the yet unfiniſh'd ſong.

THE

ENTH PASTORAL.

OR,

E L I B Œ U S.

THE ARGUMENT.

here gives us the relation of a ſharp poetical between Thyrſis and Corydon; at which he and Daphnis were preſent; who both declared ydon.

ATH a holm, repair'd two jolly ſwains;
r ſheep and goats together graz'd the
plains;
Both young Arcadians, both alike inſpir'd
To ſing and anſwer as the ſong requir'd.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle ſeat;
And fortune thither led my weary feet.
For while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wander'd from the fold.
Of Daphnis I enquir'd; he, ſmiling, ſaid,
Diſmiſs your fear, and pointed where he fed.
And, if no greater cares diſturb your mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.
Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At watering time will ſeek the neighbouring ford.
Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And ſhades his happy banks with bending reeds:
And ſee from yon old oak, that mates the ſkies,
How black the clouds of ſwarming bees ariſe.
What ſhould I do! nor was Alcippe nigh,
Nor abſent Phyllis could my care ſupply,
To houſe, and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
And drain the ſtrutting udders of their dams?
Great was the ſtriſe betwixt the ſinging ſwains:
And I preferr'd my pleaſure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions choſe:
Theſe Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrſis thoſe.

COR. Ye muſes, ever fair and ever young,
Aſſiſt my numbers, and inſpire my ſong.
With all my Codrus O inſpire my breaſt,
For Codrus, after Phœbus, ſings the beſt.
Or if my wiſhes have preſum'd too high,
And ſtretch'd their bounds beyond mortality,
The praiſe of artful numbers I reſign:
And hang my pipe upon the ſacred pine.

THYR. Arcadian ſwains, your youthful poet crown
With ivy wreaths; though ſurly Codrus frown.
Or if he blaſt my Muſe with envious praiſe,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays;
Leſt his ill arts or his malicious tongue
Should poiſon or bewitch my growing ſong.

COR. Theſe branches of a ſtag, this tuſky boar
(The firſt eſſay of arms untry'd before)
Young Mycon offers, Delia, to thy ſhrine;
But ſpeed his hunting with thy power divine.
Thy ſtatue then of Parian ſtone ſhall ſtand;
Thy legs in buſkins with a purple band.

THYR. This bowl of milk, theſe cakes, (our country fare,)
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Becauſe a little garden is thy care.
But if the falling lambs increaſe my fold,
Thy marble ſtatue ſhall be turn'd to gold.

COR. Fair Galatea, with thy ſilver feet,
O, whiter than the ſwan, and more than Hybla ſweet;
Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole,
Come, charm thy ſhepherd, and reſtore my ſoul.
Come when my lated ſheep at night return;
And crown the ſilent hours, and ſtop the roſy morn.

THYR. May I become as abject in thy ſight,
As ſea-weed on the ſhore, and black as night:
Rough as a bur, deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and ſo monſtrous let thy ſwain appear,
If one day's abſence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field for ſhame: the flock deſerves
No better feeding, while the ſhepherd ſtarves.

COR. Ye moſſy ſprings, inviting eaſy ſleep,
Ye trees, whoſe leafy ſhades thoſe moſſy fountains keep,

Defend my flock; the summer heats are near,
And blossoms on the swelling vines appear.
THYR. With heapy fires our chearful hearth is crown'd;
And firs for torches in the woods abound:
We fear not more the winds, and wintry cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.
COR. Our woods with juniper and chesnuts crown'd;
With falling fruits and berries paint the ground;
And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her stores around.
But if Alexis from our mountains fly,
Ev'n running rivers leave their channels dry.
THYR. Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the field,
Nor withering vines their juicy vintage yield.
But if returning Phyllis bless the plain,
The grass revives; the woods are green again;
And Jove descends in showers of kindly rain.
COR. The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn;
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves.
With hazle Phyllis crowns her flowing hair;
And while she loves that common wreath to wear,
Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazle shall compare,
THYR. The towering ash is fairest in the woods;
In garden pines, and poplars by the floods;
But if my Lycidas will ease my pains,
And often visit our forsaken plains,
To him the towering ash shall yield in woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.
MEL. These rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquish'd Thyrsis did in vain contend;
Since when 'tis Corydon among the swains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

THE

EIGHTH PASTORAL.

OR,

PHARMACEUTRIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Pastoral contains the songs of Damon and Alphesibœus. The first of them bewails the loss of his mistress, and repines at the success of his rival Mopsus. The other repeats the charms of some Enchantress, who endeavoured, by her spells and magic, to make Daphnis in love with her.

THE mournful Muse of two despairing swains,
The love rejected, and the lover's pains,
To which the savage lynxes listening stood,
The rivers stood on heaps, and stopp'd the running flood:
The hungry herd their needful food refuse;
Of two despairing swains I sing the mournful Muse.
Great Pollio, thou for whom thy Rome prepares
The ready triumph of thy finish'd wars,
Whether Timavus or th' Illyrian coast,
Whatever land or sea thy presence boast,
Is there an hour in fate reserv'd for me,
To sing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?
In numbers like to thine, could I rehearse
Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labour'd verse;
The world another Sophocles in thee,
Another Homer should behold in me:
Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine,
Thine was my earliest Muse; my truest shall be thine.
Scarce from the world the shades of night withdrew;
Scarce were the flocks refresh'd with morning dew,
When Damon, stretch'd beneath an olive shade,
And wildly flutting upwards, thus inveigh'd
Against the conscious gods, and scorn'd the cruel maid:
Star of the morning, why dost thou delay?
Come Lucifer, drive on the lagging day?
While I my Nisa's perjur'd faith deplore;
Witness, ye Powers, by whom she falsely swore!
The gods, alas! are witnesses in vain;
Yet shall my dying breath to heaven complain.
Begin with me my flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.
The pines of Maenalus, the vocal grove,
Are ever full of verse, and full of love:
They hear the hinds, they hear their God complain;
Who suffer'd not the ocean to rise in vain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.
Mopsus triumphs; he weds the willing fair:
When such is Nisa's choice, what lover can despair!
Now griffons joins with mares; another age
Shall see the hound and hind their thirst assuage
Promiscuous at the spring: prepare the lights,
O Mopsus! and perform the bridal rites.
Scatter thy nuts among the scrambling boys:
Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.
For thee the sun declines: O happy swain!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.
O, Nisa! justly to thy choice condemn'd!
Whom hast thou taken, whom hast thou contemn'd!
For him, thou hast refus'd my browsing herd,
Scorn'd my thick eye-brows, and my shaggy beard.
Unhappy Damon sighs, and sings in vain:
While Nisa thinks no God regards a lover's pain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.
I view'd thee first, how fatal was the view!
And led thee where the ruddy wildings grew
High on the planted hedge, and wet with morning dew.
Then scarce the bending branches I could win,
The callow down began to cloath my chin;
I saw, I perish'd; yet indulg'd my pain:
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.
I know thee, love; in desarts thou wert bred;
And at the dugs of savage tigers fed:
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains:
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strains.

ſs love the cruel mother led,
od of her unhappy babes to ſhed:
it the ſword; the mother ſtruck the blow;
n ſhe; but more unhappy thou.
birth, uſurper of the plains:
ith me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrains.
oting Nature, change thy courſe anew:
the trembling lamb the wolf purſue;
now glitter with Heſperian fruit,
ple daffodils from alder ſhoot.
er let the tamariſk diſtil:
ting owls contend with ſwans in ſkill.
Tityrus ſtrive with Orpheus in the woods;
llenge fam'd Arion on the floods.
let nature ceaſe, and chaos reign:
ith me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
rth be ſea; and let the whelming tide
leſs limbs of luckleſs Damon hide:
, ye ſecret woods and ſhady groves,
of my youth, and conſcious of my loves!
n high cliff I plunge into the main;
e laſt preſent of thy dying ſwain:
ſe, my ſilent flute, the ſweet Mænalian
ſtrain.
take your turns, ye Muſes, to rehearſe
id's complaints; and mighty magic verſe.
nning water, bind thoſe altars round
ets; and with vervain ſtrow the ground:
t with frankincenſe the ſacred fires,
flame my Daphnis with deſires.
e, we want but verſe. Reſtore, my charms,
ring Daphnis to my longing arms.
ebe, drawn by verſe from heaven deſcends;
ce chang'd with charms Ulyſſes' friends.
eaks the ground, and penetrates the brake,
he winding cavern ſplits the ſnake.
es the frozen veins: reſtore, my charms,
ring Daphnis to my longing arms.
id his waxen image firſt I wind
oollen fillets, of three colours join'd:
ind about his thrice-devoted head,
ound the ſacred altar thrice is led.
numbers pleaſe the gods: my charms,
ny Daphnis to my longing arms.
with three knots the fillets, knit them
ſtraight;
, Theſe knots to love I conſecrate.
maryllis, haſte; reſtore, my charms,
y Daphnis to my longing arms.
this figure hardens, made of clay;
of wax with fire conſumes away;
the ſoul of cruel Daphnis be;
the reſt of women; ſoft to me.
the ſacred mole of ſalt and corn,
he fire the bays with brimſtone burn.
le it crackles in the ſulphur, ſay,
or Daphnis burn; thus Daphnis burn away.
el is his fate: reſtore, my charms,
y Daphnis to my longing arms.
en the raging heifer, through the grove,
ith deſire, purſues her wandering love;
the laſt, ſhe ſeeks the weedy pools
ch her thirſt, and on the ruſhes rolls:
of night, unmindful to return;
leſs fires perfidious Daphnis burn.
ſo ſcorn his love; reſtore my charms,
ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

Theſe garments once were his; and left to me;
The pledges of his promis'd loyalty:
Which underneath my threſhold I beſtow;
Theſe pawns, O ſacred earth! to me my Daphnis
owe.
As theſe were his, ſo mine is he: my charms,
Reſtore their lingering lord to my deluded arms.
Theſe poiſonous plants, for magic uſe deſign'd,
(The nobleſt and the beſt of all the baneful kind,)
Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic ſtrand,
And cull'd the miſchief of a bounteous land.
Smear'd with theſe powerful juices, on the plain
He howls a wolf among the hungry train:
And oft the mighty necromancer boaſts,
With theſe, to call from tombs the ſtalking ghoſts;
And from the roots to tear the ſtanding corn,
Which, whirl'd aloft, to diſtant fields is borne.
Such is the ſtrength of ſpells: reſtore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
Bear out theſe aſhes; caſt them in the brook;
Caſt backwards o'er your head, nor turn your look:
Since neither gods, nor godlike verſe can move,
Break out, ye ſmother'd fires, and kindle ſmother'd
love.
Exert your utmoſt power, my lingering charms,
And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.
See, while my laſt endeavours I delay,
The waking aſhes riſe, and round our altars play!
Run to the threſhold, Amaryllis; hark,
Our Hylas opens, and begins to bark.
Good heaven! may lovers what they wiſh believe;
Or dream their wiſhes, and thoſe dreams deceive!
No more, my Daphnis comes; no more, my charms;
He comes, he runs, he leaps, to my deſiring arms.

THE

NINTH PASTORAL,

OR,

LYCIDAS AND MŒRIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

When Virgil, by the favour of Auguſtus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take poſſeſſion, he was in danger to be ſlain by Arius the Centurion, to whom thoſe lands were aſſigned by the Emperor, in reward of his ſervice againſt Brutus and Caſſius. This Paſtoral therefore is filled with complaints of his hard uſage; and the perſons introduced, are the Bailiff of Virgil, Mœris, and his friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

HO, Mœris! whither on thy way ſo faſt?
This leads to town.

MOER. O Lycidas, at laſt
The time is come I never thought to ſee,
(Strange revolution for my farm and me)

When the grim captain, in a ſurly tone,
Cries out, Pack up, ye raſcals! and be gone.
Kick'd out, we ſet the beſt face on't we cou'd,
And theſe two kids t' appeaſe his angry mood
I bear, of which the furies give him good!
LYC. Your country friends were told another tale;
That from the ſloping mountain to the vale,
And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas ſav'd his fortune with a ſong.
MOER. Such was the news, indeed; but ſongs and rhymes
Prevail as much in theſe hard iron times,
As would a plump of trembling fowl, that riſe
Againſt an eagle ſouſing from the ſkies.
And had not Phœbus warn'd me by the croak,
Of an old raven, from a hollow oak,
To ſhun debate, Menalcas had been ſlain,
And Mœris not ſurviv'd him, to complain.
LYC. Now heaven defend! could barbarous rage induce
The brutal ſon of Mars t' inſult the ſacred Muſe!
Who then ſhould ſing the nymphs, or who rehearſe
The waters gliding in a ſmoother verſe!
Or Amaryllis praiſe, that heavenly lay,
That ſhorten'd, as we went, our tedious way.
O Tityrus, tend my herd, and ſee them fed;
To morning paſtures, evening waters, led:
And 'ware the Lybian ridgel's butting head.
MOER. Or what unfiniſh'd he to Varus read;
Thy name, O Varus (if the kinder Powers
Preſerve our plains, and ſhield the Mantuan towers,
Obnoxious by Cremona's neighbouring crime,)
The wings of ſwans, and ſtronger pinion'd rhyme,
Shall raiſe aloft, and ſoaring bear above
Th' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove.
LYC. Sing on, ſing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd,
So may thy ſwarms the baleful eugh avoid:
So may thy cows their burden'd bags diſtend,
And trees to goats their willing branches bend.
Mean as I am, yet have the Muſes made
Me free, a member of the tuneful trade:
At leaſt, the ſhepherds ſeem to like my lays,
But I diſcern their flattery from their praiſe:
I nor to Cinna's ears, nor Varus' dare aſpire;
But gabble like a gooſe, amidſt the ſwan-like quire.
MOER. 'Tis what I have been conning in my mind:
Nor are the verſes of a vulgar kind.
Come, Galatea, come, the ſeas forſake;
What pleaſures can the tides with their hoarſe murmurs make?
See, on the ſhore inhabits purple ſpring,
Where nightingales their love-ſick ditty ſing;
See, meads with purling ſtreams, with flowers the ground,
The grottoes cool, with ſhady poplars crown'd,
And creeping vines on arbours weav'd around.
Come then, and leave the wave's tumultuous roar.
Let the wild ſurges vainly beat the ſhore.
LYC. Or that ſweet ſong I heard with ſuch delight;
The ſame you ſung alone one ſtarry night;
The tune I ſtill retain, but not the words.
MOER. Why, Daphnis, doſt thou ſearch in old records,
To know the ſeaſons when the ſtars ariſe?
See Cæſar's lamp is lighted in the ſkies:
The ſtar, whoſe rays the bluſhing grapes adorn,
And ſwell the kindly ripening ears of corn.
Under this influence graft the tender ſhoot;
Thy childrens children ſhall enjoy the fruit.
The reſt I have forgot, for cares and time
Change all things, and untune my ſoul to rhyme:
I could have once ſung down a ſummer's ſun,
But now the chime of poetry is done.
My voice grows hoarſe; I feel the notes decay,
As if the wolves had ſeen me firſt to day.
But theſe, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to ſing.
LYC. Thy faint excuſes but inflame me more;
And now the waves roll ſilent to the ſhore.
Huſht winds the topmoſt branches ſcarcely bend,
As if thy tuneful ſong they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can diſcern Bianor's tomb;
Here, where the labourer's hands have form'd a bow'r
Of wreathing trees, in ſinging waſte an hour.
Reſt here thy weary limbs, thy kids lay down,
We've day before us yet, to reach the town:
Or if, ere night, the gathering clouds we fear,
A ſong will help the beating ſtorm to bear.
And that thou may'ſt not be too late abroad,
Singing, I'll eaſe thy ſhoulders of thy load.
MOER. Ceaſe to requeſt me; let us mind our way;
Another ſong requires another day.
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

THE TENTH PASTORAL, OR, GALLUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Gallus, a great Patron of Virgil, and an excellent Poet, was very deeply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris; and who had forſaken him for the company of a ſoldier. The poet therefore ſuppoſes his friend Gallus retired in his height of melancholy into the ſolitudes of Arcadia (the celebrated ſcene of Paſtorals); where he repreſents him in a very languiſhing condition, with all the rural Deities about him, pitying his hard uſage, and condoling his misfortune.

THY ſacred ſuccour, Arethuſa, bring,
To crown my labour: 'tis the laſt I ſing.
Which proud Lycoris may with pity view;
The Muſe is mournful, though the numbers few.
Refuſe me not a verſe, to grief and Gallus due.
So may thy ſilver ſtreams beneath the tide,
Unmix'd with briny ſeas, ſecurely glide.

my Gallus, and his hopeleſs vows:
; my cattle crop the tender browſe.
grove ſhall anſwer to the ſound,
from the vales, the tuneful voice re-
ound.
s or woods withheld you from his aid,
s, when Gallus was to love betray'd;
npity'd by the cruel maid?
Pindus cou'd retard your courſe,
'arnaſſus, nor th' Aonian ſource:
at owns the Muſes cou'd ſuſpend
o Gallus, Gallus is their friend.
e lofty laurels ſtand in tears,
with humid pearls the lowly ſhrub ap-
ears.
pines the godlike ſwain bemoan;
ad beneath a rock he ſigh'd alone;
ycæus wept from every dropping ſtone.
ſurround the ſhepherd, as he lies:
ſweet poet, nor the name deſpiſe:
ſtreams his flock Adonis fed;
e queen of beauty bleſt his bed.
; and tardy neat-herds came, and laſt
wet with beating winter maſt.
; they aſk'd from whence aroſe thy flame;
mazd'd, thy own Apollo came.
ere his cheeks, and glowing were his
yes:
'are? is ſhe thy care? he cries.
ycoris flies thy love and thee:
y rival tempts the raging ſea,
of horrid war, and heaven's inclemency.
ame; his brows a country crown
and of nodding lilies, drown.
arriv'd; and we beheld him too.
and temples of vermillion hue.
us, this immoderate grief, he cry'd:
hou that love with tears is ſatisfy'd?
are ſooner drunk with morning dews;
vith flowery ſhrubs, the goats with browſe.
and with dejected eyes he mourn'd:
and then theſe broken words return'd.
and pity gives me no relief:
rcadian ſwains, ſhall ſing my grief:
ur hills my laſt complaints renew;
ng is only worthy you.
would lie the turf upon my breaſt,
ſufferings in your ſongs expreſt?
your birth and buſineſs had been mine;
e ſheep, and preſs the ſwelling vine!
s or Amyntas caus'd my pain.
mph, or ſhepherd on the plain,
yllis brown, though black Amyntas were,
not ſweet, becauſe not fair?
e fallows, and the ſhady vine,
ad mix'd their pliant limbs with mine;
h myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
myntas ſung away my care.

Come, ſee what pleaſures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flowery ground.
As you are beauteous, were you half ſo true,
Here could I live, and love, and die with only you.
Now I to fighting fields am ſent afar,
And ſtrive in winter camps with toils of war;
While you, (alas, that I ſhould find it ſo!)
To ſhun my ſight, your native ſoil forego,
And climb the frozen Alps, and tread th' eternal ſnow.
Ye froſts and ſnows, her tender body ſpare;
Thoſe are not limbs for icicles to tear.
For me, the wilds and deſerts are my choice;
The Muſes, once my care; my once harmonious voice.
There will I ſing, forſaken and alone,
The rocks and hollow caves ſhall echo to my moan.
The rind of every plant her name ſhall know;
And as the rind extends, the love ſhall grow.
Then on Arcadian mountains will I chace
(Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the ſavage race.
Nor cold ſhall hinder me, with horns and hounds
To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
And now methinks o'er ſteepy rocks I go,
And ruſh through ſounding woods, and bend the Parthian bow:
As if with ſports my ſufferings I could eaſe,
Or by my pains the God of love appeaſe.
My frenzy changes, I delight no more
On mountain tops to chace the tuſky boar;
No game but hopeleſs love my thoughts purſue:
Once more, ye nymphs and ſongs, and ſounding woods, adieu.
Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not though beneath the Thracian clime we freeze;
Or Italy's indulgent heaven forego;
And in mid-winter tread Sithonian ſnow.
Or when the barks of elms are ſcorch'd, we keep
On Meroe's burning plains the Libyan ſheep.
In hell, and earth, and ſeas, and heav'n above,
Love conquers all; and we muſt yield to love.
My Muſes, here your ſacred raptures end:
The verſe was what I ow'd my ſuffering friend.
This while I ſung, my ſorrows I deceiv'd,
And bending oſiers into baſkets weav'd.
The ſong, becauſe inſpir'd by you, ſhall ſhine:
And Gallus will approve, becauſe 'tis mine.
Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew
Each hour, and every moment riſe in view:
As alders, in the ſpring, their boles extend;
And heave ſo fiercely, that the bark they rend.
Now let us riſe, for hoarſeneſs oft invades
The ſinger's voice who ſings beneath the ſhades.
From juniper unwholeſome dews diſtil,
That blaſt the footy corn: the withering herbage kill:
Away, my goats, away; for you have brows'd your fill.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF THE

GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet, in the beginning of this Book, propounds the general design of each Georgic: and, after a solemn invocation of all the Gods, who are any way related to his subject, he addresses himself in particular to Augustus, whom he compliments with divinity; and after strikes into his business. He shews the different kinds of tillage proper to different soils, traces out the original of Agriculture, gives a catalogue of the husbandman's tools, specifies the employments peculiar to each season, describes the changes of the weather, with the signs in heaven and earth that forebode them. Instances many of the prodigies that happened near the time of Julius Cæsar's death. And shuts up all with a supplication to the gods for the safety of Augustus, and the preservation of Rome.

WHAT makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn
The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn;
The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine;
And how to raise on elms the teeming vine;
The birth and genius of the frugal bee,
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.
Ye Deities! who fields and plains protect,
Who rule the seasons, and the year direct;
Bacchus and fostering Ceres, Powers divine,
Who gave us corn for mast, for water wine:
Ye Fawns, propitious to the rural swains,
Ye Nymphs that haunt the mountains and the plains,
Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
Your needful succour, for your gifts I sing.
And thou, whose trident struck the teeming earth,
And made a passage for the courser's birth;
And thou, for whom the Cæan shore sustains
The milky herds that graze the flowery plains;
And thou, the shepherds tutelary god,
Leave for a while, O Pan! thy lov'd abode:
And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
From fields and mountains to my song repair.
Inventor, Pallas, of the fattening oil,
Thou founder of the plough and plough-man's toil;
And thou, whose hands the shroud like cypress rear;
Come all ye gods and goddesses that wear
The rural honours, and increase the year.
You, who supply the ground with seeds of grain;
And you, who swell those seeds with kindly rain:
And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd state
Is yet the business of the gods debate;
Whether in after-times to be declar'd
The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,
Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside,
And the round circuit of the year to guide:
Powerful of blessings, which thou strew'st around,
And with thy goddess mother's myrtle crown'd.
Or wilt thou, Cæsar, choose the watery reign,
To smooth the surges, and correct the main?
Then mariners, in storms, to thee shall pray,
Ev'n utmost Thulè shall thy power obey;
And Neptune shall resign the sceptre of the sea.
The watery virgins for thy bed shall strive,
And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.
Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays,
And, seated near the Balance, poise the days:
Where in the void of heaven a space is free,
Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee.
The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,
Yields half his region, and contracts his claws.
Whatever part of heaven thou shalt obtain,
For let not hell presume of such a reign;
Nor let so dire a thirst of empire move
Thy mind, to leave thy kindred gods above.
Though Greece admires Elysium's bleak retreat,
Though Proserpine affects her sickly seat,
And, importun'd by Ceres to remove,
Prefers the fields below to those above.
But thou, propitious Cæsar! guide my course,
And, to my bold endeavours, add thy force.
Pity the Poet's and the Ploughman's cares,
Interest thy greatness in our mean affairs,
And use thyself betimes to hear and grant our prayers.
While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams, yet new, from precipices run;
Ev'n in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy deer,
And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
Till the bright share is bury'd in the soil.
That crop rewards the greedy peasant's pains,
Which twice the sun and twice the cold sustains,
And bursts the crowded barns with more than promis'd gains.
But ere we stir the yet unbroken ground,
The various course of seasons must be found;
The weather, and the setting of the winds,
The culture suiting to the several kinds
Of seeds and plants, and what will thrive and rise,
And what the genius of the soil denies.
This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits;
That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground:
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd;
India, black ebon and white ivory bears;
And soft Idume weeps her odorous tears.
Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far;
And naked Spaniards temper steel for war.
Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds
This is th' original contract; these the laws
Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's cause,
On sundry places, when Deucalion hurl'd
His mother's entrails on the desert world:
Whence men, a hard laborious kind, were born.
Then borrow part of winter for thy corn:
And early with thy team the glebe in furrows turn.
That, while the turf lies open and unbound,
Succeeding suns may bake the mellow ground.

ſoil be barren, only ſcar
ce, and but lightly print the ſhare,
d Arcturus riſes with the ſun:
ed weeds the corn ſhould over-run
ſoils; or leſt the barren ſand
ck the moiſture from the thirſty land.
e unhappy ſoils the ſwain forbears,
is a ſabbath of alternate years:
ſpent earth may gather heat again;
er'd by ceſſation, bear the grain.
where vetches, pulſe, and tares have ſtood,
s of lupines grew (a ſtubborn wood),
ng ſeaſon, in return, may bear
led product of the golden year.
nd oats will burn the tender field,
y poppies harmful harveſts yield.
viciſſitudes of reſt and toil
y labour, and renew the ſoil.
kle ſordid aſhes all around,
with fattening dung thy fallow ground.
nge of ſeeds for meagre ſoils is beſt;
manur'd, not idle, though at reſt.
ractice has a ſure improvement found,
lled fires to burn the barren ground;
light ſtubble, to the flames reſign'd,
along, and crackles in the wind.
from hence the hollow womb of earth
d with ſecret ſtrength for better birth;
the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
it humours through the pores expire;
ie warmth diſtends the chinks, and makes
things, whence new nouriſhment ſhe takes;
ic heat the gaping ground conſtrains,
s the ſurface, and new ſtrings the veins,
ng ſhowers ſhould pierce her ſecret ſeat,
g Boreas chill her genial heat;
ng ſuns too violently beat.
profit ſmall, the peaſant makes,
oths with harrows, or who pounds with
rakes
bling clods: nor Ceres from on high
is labours with a grudging eye;
who plows acroſs the furrow'd grounds,
e back of earth inflicts new wounds;
th frequent exerciſe commands
lling ſoil, and tames the ſtubborn lands.
ins, invoke the Powers who rule the ſky,
ſt ſummer, and a winter dry:
r drought rewards the peaſant's pain,
is indulgent on the bury'd grain.
ſa boaſts her harveſts, and the tops
us admire their happy crops.
t the ſoil receives the fruitful ſeed,
delay, but cover it with ſpeed:
from cold; the pliant furrows break,
ſurly clod reſiſt the rake.
he floods from high, to ruſh amain
gnant ſtreams, to ſwell the teeming grain.
n the fiery ſuns too fiercely play,
el'd herbs on withering ſtems decay,
ploughman on the mountain's brow,
iis watery ſtores, huge torrents flow;
ing down the rocks, large moiſture yield,
g the thirſty fever of the field.
he ſtem, too feeble for the freight,
urce ſuſtain the head's unwieldy weight,
iis feeding flocks betimes t' invade
bulk of the luxuriant blade;

Ere yet th' aſpiring offspring of the grain
O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain:
And drains the ſtanding waters, when they yield
Too large a beverage to the drunken field.
But moſt in autumn, and the ſhowery ſpring,
When dubious months uncertain weather bring,
When fountains open, when impetuous rain
Swells haſty brooks, and pours upon the plain;
When earth with ſlime and mud is cover'd o'er,
Or hollow places ſpue their watery ſtore.
Nor yet the ploughman, nor the labouring ſteer,
Suſtain alone the hazards of the year;
But glutton geeſe, and the Strymonian crane,
With foreign troops, invade the tender grain:
And towering weeds malignant ſhadows yield;
And ſpreading ſuccory chokes the riſing field.
The fire of gods and men, with hard decrees,
Forbids our plenty to be bought with eaſe:
And wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil,
Should exerciſe, with pains, the grudging ſoil.
Himſelf invented firſt the ſhining ſhare,
And whetted human induſtry by care:
Himſelf did handy-crafts and arts ordain,
Nor ſuffer'd ſloth to ruſt his active reign.
Ere this no peaſant vex'd the peaceful ground,
Which only turfs and greens for altars found:
No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
Diſtinguiſh'd acres of litigious grounds:
But all was common, and the fruitful earth
Was free to give her unexacted birth.
Jove added venom to the viper's brood,
And ſwell'd, with raging ſtorms, the peaceful flood:
Commiſſion'd hungry wolves t' infeſt the fold,
And ſhook from oaken leaves the liquid gold.
Remov'd from human reach the chearful fire,
And from the rivers bade the wine retire:
That ſtudious need might uſeful arts explore;
From furrow'd fields to reap the fruitful ſtore:
And force the veins of claſhing flints t' expire
The lurking ſeeds of their celeſtial fire.
Then firſt on ſeas the hollow'd alder ſwam;
Then ſailors quarter'd heaven, and found a name
For every fix'd and every wandering ſtar:
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car.
Then toils for beaſts, and lime for birds were found,
And deep-mouth'd dogs did foreſt-walks ſurround:
And caſting-nets were ſpread in ſhallow brooks,
Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
Then ſaws were tooth'd, and ſounding axes made
(For wedges firſt did yielding wood invade);
And various arts in order did ſucceed.
(What cannot endleſs labour urg'd by need?)
First Ceres taught, the ground with grain to ſow,
And arm'd with iron ſhares the crooked plough,
When now Dodonian oaks no more ſupply'd
Their maſt, and trees their foreſt-fruit deny'd.
Soon was his labour doubled to the ſwain,
And blaſting mildews blacken'd all his grain.
Tough thiſtles choak'd the fields and kill'd the corn.
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was borne.
Then burrs and brambles, an unbidden crew
Of graceleſs gueſts, th' unhappy fields ſubdue:
And oats unbleſt, and darnel domineers,
And ſhoots its head above the ſhining ears.
So that unleſs the land with daily care
Is exercis'd, and with an iron war
Of rakes and harrows the proud foes expell'd,
And birds with clamours frighted from the field;

Unleſs the boughs are lopp'd that ſhade the plain,
And heaven invok'd with vows for fruitful rain,
On other crops you may with envy look,
And ſhake for food the long-abandoned oak.
Nor muſt we paſs untold what arms they wield,
Who labour tillage and the furrow'd field:
Without whoſe aid the ground her corn denies,
And nothing can be ſown, and nothing riſe.
The crooked plough, the ſhare, the towering height
Of waggons, and the cart's unwieldy weight:
The ſled, the tumbril, hurdles, and the flail,
The fan of Bacchus, with the flying ſail.
Theſe all muſt be prepar'd, if ploughmen hope
The promis'd bleſſing of a bounteous crop.
Young elms with eaſy force in copſes bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough.
Of eight foot long a faſten'd beam prepare,
On either ſide the head produce an ear,
And ſink a ſocket for the ſhining ſhare.
Of beech the plough-tail, and the bending yoke;
Or ſofter linden harden'd in the ſmoke.
I could be long in precepts, but I fear
So mean a ſubject might offend your ear.
Delve of convenient depth your thraſhing-floor:
With temper'd clay then fill and face it o'er:
And let the weighty roller run the round,
To ſmooth the ſurface of th' unequal ground;
Leſt crack'd with ſummer heats the flooring flies,
Or ſinks, and through the crannies weeds ariſe.
For ſundry ſees the rural realms ſurround:
The field-mouſe builds her garner under ground,
For gather'd grain the blind laborious mole
In winding mazes works her hidden hole.
In hollow caverns vermin make abode,
The hiſſing ſerpent, and the ſwelling toad:
The corn-devouring weazel here abides,
And the wiſe ant her wintry ſtore provides.
Mark well the flowering almonds in the wood;
If odorous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will anſwer to the ſylvan reign,
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.
But if a wood of leaves o'erſhade the tree,
Such and ſo barren will thy harveſt be:
In vain the hind ſhall vex the thraſhing-floor,
For empty chaff and ſtraw will be thy ſtore.
Some ſteep their ſeed, and ſome in cauldrons boil
With vigorous nitre, and with lees of oil,
O'er gentle fires th' exuberant juice to drain,
And ſwell the flattering huſks with fruitful grain.
Yet is not the ſucceſs for years aſſur'd,
Though choſen is the ſeed, and fully cur'd;
Unleſs the peaſant, with his annual pain,
Renews his choice, and culls the largeſt grain.
Thus all below, whether by Nature's curſe,
Or Fate's decree, degenerate ſtill to worſe.
So the boat's brawny crew the current ſtem,
And, ſlow advancing, ſtruggle with the ſtream:
But if they ſlack their hands, or ceaſe to ſtrive,
Then down the flood with headlong haſte they drive.
Nor muſt the ploughman leſs obſerve the ſkies,
When the Kids, Dragon, and Arcturus riſe,
Than ſailors homeward bent, who cut their way
Through Helle's ſtormy ſtraits, and oyſter-breeding ſea.
But when Aſtræa's balance, hung on high,
Betwixt the nights and days divides the ſky,
Then yoke your oxen, ſow your winter grain
Till cold December comes with thriving rain.
Linſeed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
In a dry ſeaſon, and prevent the ſtorm.
Sow beans and clover in a rotten ſoil,
And millet, riſing from your annual toil:
When with his golden horns, in full career,
The Bull beats down the barriers of the year;
And Argos and the Dog forſake the northern ſphere
But if your care to wheat alone extend,
Let Maia with her ſiſters firſt deſcend,
And the bright Gnoſian diadem downward bend;
Before you truſt in earth your future hope:
Or elſe expect a liftleſs lazy crop.
Some ſwains have ſown before, but moſt have found
A huſky harveſt, from the grudging ground.
Vile vetches would you ſow, or lentils lean,
The growth of Egypt, or the kidney-bean!
Begin when the ſlow waggoner deſcends;
Nor ceaſe your ſowing till mid-winter ends:
For this, through twelve bright ſigns Apollo guides
The year, and earth in ſeveral climes divides.
Five girdles bind the ſkies, the torrid zone
Glows with the paſſing and repaſſing ſun.
Far on the right and left, th' extremes of heaven,
To froſts and ſnows and bitter blaſts are given.
Betwixt the midſt and theſe, the gods aſſign'd
Two habitable ſeats for human kind,
And croſs their limits cut a ſloping way,
Which the twelve ſigns in beauteous order ſway.
Two poles turn round the globe; one ſeen to riſe
O'er Scythian hills, and one in Libyan ſkies.
The firſt ſublime in heaven, the laſt is whirl'd
Below the regions of the nether world.
Around our pole the ſpiry dragon glides,
And like a winding ſtream the Bears divides;
The Leſs and Greater, who by Fate's decree
Abhor to dive beneath the ſouthern ſea;
There, as they ſay, perpetual night is found
In ſilence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
Or when Aurora leaves our northern ſphere,
She lights the downward heaven, and riſes there.
And when on us ſhe breathes the living light,
Red veſper kindles there the tapers of the night.
From hence uncertain ſeaſons we may know;
And when to reap the grain, and when to ſow;
Or when to fell the furzes; when 'tis meet
To ſpread the flying canvaſs for the fleet.
Obſerve what ſtars ariſe or diſappear;
And the four quarters of the rolling year.
But when cold weather, and continued rain,
The labouring huſband in his houſe reſtrain,
Let him forecaſt his work with timely care,
Which elſe is huddled when the ſkies are fair:
Then let him mark the ſheep, or whet the ſhining ſhare,
Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
His ſacks, or meaſure his increaſing ſtore;
Or ſharpen ſtakes, or head the forks, or twine
The ſallow twigs to tye the ſtraggling vine;
Or wicker baſkets weave, or air the corn,
Or grinded grain betwixt two marbles turn.
No laws, divine or human, can reſtrain
From neceſſary works the labouring ſwain,
Ev'n holy-days and feaſts permiſſion yield,
To float the meadows, or to fence the field,
To fire the brambles, ſnare the birds, and ſteep
In wholeſome water-falls the woolly ſheep.

dging aſs is driven, with toil,
g towns with apples and with oil:
and loaden home with gain
h, and hand-mills for the grain.
ays, in each revolving moon,
ſe: the fifth be ſure to ſhun:
furies and pale Pluto birth,
ainſt the ſkies, the ſons of earth.
is piled on mountains, thrice they
:
epy battlements of Jove:
lightning and red thunder play'd,
oliſh'd works in ruin laid.
next the tenth, the beſt to join
the yoke, and plant the vine.
, ſtretch your ſtays upon the weſt:
ood for travel, bad for theft.
dead of night are better done;
orning dew prevents the ſun.
ls and ſtubble mow by Phœbe's
,
quire the coolneſs of the night;
hen abounds, and pearly rains
nce to refreſh the plains.
uſband equally conſpire
ght, and rake the winter fire:
orches in the glimmering room;
flying ſhuttle through the loom:
tles muſt of wine, and ſkims
he dregs that overflow the brims.
atchful cock awakes the day,
ive the tedious hours away.
weather, when the ſkies are clear,
ap the product of the year:
your golden grain diſplay,
out, and winnow it by day.
ſwain, and naked ſow the land,
r numbs the labouring hand.
er, ſwains enjoy their ſtore,
rdſhips, and recruit for more.
full bowls invites his friends,
got with pains, with pleaſure ſpends.
en eſcap'd from ſtormy ſeas,
eir veſſels, then indulge their eaſe.
proper time to thraſh the wood
k, your fathers' homely food.
el-berries and the ſpoil
tles, and to preſs your oil.
anes to ſet the guileful ſnare,
ſtags in toils, and hunt the hare.
ſlings, or Gnoſian bow,
rom far the flying doe.
e fleecy ſkies new clothe the wood,
ruſtling ice came rolling down the
d.
we ſtormy ſtars, when autumn
ghs
l adds to nights, and ſhortens days;
ining ſhine with feeble rays:
uſt then attend the toiling ſwain;
owering ſpring with laviſh rain,
e ſlender ſtem and bearded grain,
head is green, or, lightly ſwell'd
oiſture, overlooks the field!
e farmer, now ſecure of fear,
wains to ſpoil the finiſh'd year:
e reaper fills his greedy hands,
golden ſheaves in brittle bands:

Oft have I ſeen a ſudden ſtorm ariſe,
From all the warring winds that ſweep the ſkies:
The heavy harveſt from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter ſtubble borne;
With ſuch a force the flying rack is driven,
And ſuch a winter wears the face of heaven:
And oft whole ſheets deſcend of fluicy rain,
Suck'd by the ſpongy clouds from off the main:
The lofty ſkies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown,
The dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring ſound
The riſing rivers float the nether ground;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling ſeas rebound.
The Father of the Gods his glory ſhrouds;
Involv'd in tempeſts, and a night of clouds.
And from the middle darkneſs flaſhing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry God,
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beaſts in foreſts ſeek abode:
Deep horror ſeizes every human breaſt,
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confeſs'd:
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows:
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
The waves on heaps are daſh'd againſt the ſhore,
And now the woods, and now the billows roar.
In fear of this, obſerve the ſtarry ſigns,
Where Saturn houſes, and where Hermes joins.
But firſt to heaven thy due devotions pay,
And annual gifts on Ceres' altars lay.
When winter's rage abates, when chearful hours
Awake the ſpring, the ſpring awakes the flowers.
On the green turf thy careleſs limbs diſplay,
And celebrate the mighty mother's day.
For then the hills with pleaſing ſhades are crown'd,
And ſleeps are ſweeter on the ſilken ground:
With milder beams the ſun ſecurely ſhines;
Fat are the lambs, and luſcious are the wines.
Let every ſwain adore her power divine,
And milk and honey mix with ſparkling wine:
Let all the choir of clowns attend the ſhow,
In long proceſſions, ſhouting as they go;
Invoking her to bleſs their yearly ſtores,
Inviting plenty to their crowded floors.
Thus in the ſpring, and thus in ſummer's heat,
Before the ſickles touch the ripening wheat,
On Ceres call; and let the labouring hind
With oaken wreaths his hollow temples bind:
On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praiſe,
With uncouth dances, and with country lays.
And that by certain ſigns we may preſage
Of heats and rains, and wind's impetuous rage,
The Sovereign of the heavens has ſet on high
The moon, to mark the changes of the ſky:
When ſouthern blaſts ſhall ceaſe, and when the ſwain
Should near their ſolds his feeding flocks reſtrain.
For, ere the riſing winds begin to roar,
The working ſeas advance to waſh the ſhore:
Soft whiſpers run along the leafy woods,
And mountains whiſtle to the murmuring floods.
Ev'n then the doubtful billows ſcarce abſtain
From the toſs'd veſſel on the troubled main;
When crying cormorants forſake the ſea,
And, ſtretching to the covert, wing their way;

When ſportful coots run ſkimming o'er the ſtrand;
When watchful herons leave their watery ſtand;
And mounting upward with erected flight,
Gain on the ſkies, and ſoar above the ſight.
And oft before tempeſtuous winds ariſe,
The ſeeming ſtars fall headlong from the ſkies;
And, ſhooting through the darkneſs, gild the night
With ſweeping glories, and long trails of light:
And chaff with eddy winds is whirl'd around,
And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground;
And floating feathers on the waters play.
But when the winged thunder takes his way
From the cold north, and eaſt and weſt engage,
And at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
The clouds are cruſh'd, a glut of gather'd rain
The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain,
And ſailors furl their dropping ſheets amain.
Wet weather ſeldom hurts the moiſt unwiſe,
So plain the ſigns, ſuch prophets are the ſkies:
The wary crane foreſees it firſt, and ſails
Above the ſtorm, and leaves the lowly vales:
The cow looks up, and from afar can find
The change of heaven, and ſnuffs it in the wind.
The ſwallow ſkims the river's watery face,
The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious race.
The careful ant her ſecret cell forſakes,
And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks.
At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood,
Hüge flocks of riſing rooks forſake their food,
And, crying, ſeek the ſhelter of the wood.
Beſides, the ſeve al ſorts of watery fowls,
That ſwim the ſeas, or haunt the ſtanding pools:
The ſwans that ſail along the ſilver flood,
And dive with ſtretching necks to ſearch their food,
Then lave their backs with ſprinkling dews in vain,
And ſtem the ſtream to meet the promis'd rain.
The crow, with clamorous cries, the ſhower demands,
And ſingle ſtalks along the deſart ſands.
The nightly virgin, while her wheel ſhe plies,
Foreſees the ſtorms impending in the ſkies,
When ſparkling lamps their ſputtering light advance,
And in the ſockets oily bubbles dance.
Then after ſhowers, 'tis eaſy to deſcry
Returning ſuns, and a ſerener ſky:
The ſtars ſhine ſmarter, and the moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd beams, her ſharpen'd horns.
The filmy goſſamer now flits no more,
Nor halcyons baſk on the ſhort ſunny ſhore:
Their litter is not toſs'd by ſows unclean,
But a blue droughty miſt deſcends upon the plain.
And owls, that mark the ſetting-ſun, declare
A ſtar-light evening, and a morning fair.
Towering aloft, avenging Niſus flies,
While dar'd below the guilty Scylla lies.
Wherever frighted Scylla flies away,
Swift Niſus follows, and purſues his prey.
Where injur'd Niſus takes his airy courſe,
Thence trembling Scylla flies, and ſhuns his force.
This puniſhment purſues th' unhappy maid,
And thus the purple hair is dearly paid.
Then thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
And croaking notes proclaim the ſettled fair.
Then, round their airy palaces they fly,
To greet the ſun: and ſeiz'd with ſecret joy,

When ſtorms are over-blown, with food repair
To their forſaken neſts, and callow care
Not that I think their breaſts with heavenly ſouls
Inſpir'd, as man, who deſtiny controls:
But with the changeful temper of the ſkies,
As rains condenſe, and ſun-ſhine rarifies;
So turn the ſpecies in their alter'd minds,
Compos'd by calms, and diſcompos'd by winds.
From hence proceeds the birds harmonious voice;
From hence the cows exult, and friſking lambs rejoice.
Obſerve the daily circle of the ſun,
And the ſhort year of each revolving moon:
By them thou ſhalt foreſee the following day;
Nor ſhall a ſtarry night thy hopes betray.
When firſt the moon appears, if then ſhe ſhrouds
Her ſilver creſcent, tipp'd with ſable clouds;
Conclude ſhe bodes a tempeſt on the main,
And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain.
Or if her face with fiery ſluſhing glow,
Expect the rattling winds aloft to blow.
But four nights old, (for that's the ſureſt ſign,)
With ſharpen'd horns if glorious then ſhe ſhine;
Next day, not only that, but all the moon,
Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempeſts both by land and ſea,
And ſailors in the port their promis'd vows ſhall pay.
Above the reſt, the ſun, who never lies,
Foretels the change of weather in the ſkies;
For, if he riſe, unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow, and ſpots upon his face;
Or if through miſts he ſhoots his ſullen beams,
Frugal of light, in looſe and ſtraggling ſtreams:
Suſpect a driſling day, with ſouthern rain,
Fatal to fruits and flocks, and promis'd grain.
Or if Aurora with half-open'd eyes,
And a pale ſickly cheek, ſalute the ſkies,
How ſhall the vine, with tender leaves defend
Her teeming cluſters, when the ſtorms deſcend;
When ridgy roofs and tiles can ſcarce avail
To bar the ruin of the rattling hail?
But, more than all, the ſetting-ſun ſurvey,
When down the ſteep of heaven he drives the day.
For oft we find him finiſhing his race
With various colours erring on his face:
If fiery red his glowing globe deſcends,
High winds and furious tempeſts he portends:
But if his cheeks are ſwoln with livid blue,
He bodes wet weather by his watery hue;
If duſky ſpots are vary'd on his brow,
And ſtreak'd with red a troubled colour ſhow;
That ſullen mixture ſhall at once declare
Winds, rain, and ſtorms, and elemental war.
What deſperate madman then would venture o'er
The frith, or haul his cables from the ſhore?
But if with purple rays he brings the light,
And a pure heaven reſigns to quiet night.
No riſing winds, or falling ſtorms, are nigh:
But northern breezes through the foreſt fly,
And drive the rack, and purge the ruffled ſky.
Th' unerring ſun by certain ſigns declares,
What the late ev'n or early morn prepares:
And when the ſouth projects a ſtormy day,
And when the clearing north will puff the clouds away.
The ſun reveals the ſecrets of the ſky;
And who dares give the ſource of light the lye?

ıge of empires often he declares,
mults, hidden treaſons, open wars.
:he fate of Cæſar did foretel,
'd Rome, when Rome in Cæſar fell.
louds conceal'd the public light;
ious mortals fear'd eternal night.
as the fact foretold by him alone:
erſelf ſtood forth, and ſeconded the ſun.
r, and ſeas, with prodigies were ſign'd,
s obſcene, and howling dogs divin'd.
:ks did Ætna's bellowing mouth expire
torn entrails; and what floods of fire!
nks were heard, in German ſkies afar,
and armies, ruſhing to the war!
hquakes rent the ſolid Alps below,
ı their ſummits ſhook th' eternal ſnow:
tres in the cloſe of night were ſeen;
es heard of more than mortal men.
groves, dumb ſheep and oxen ſpoke,
ams ran backward, and their beds forſook:
ning earth diſclos'd th' abyſs of hell:
ping ſtatues did the wars foretel;
ſweat from brazen idols fell.
ng in his might, the king of floods
rough the foreſts, tore the loſty woods;
ng onward, with a ſweepy ſway,
es, herds, and labouring hinds away.
ang from wells, wolves howl'd in towns by night,
ng victims did the prieſts affright.
ls of thunder never pour'd from high,
lightnings flaſh'd from ſuch a ſullen ſky.
ors ran acroſs th' ethereal ſpace;
ppear'd, and comets took their place.
th' Emathian plains once more were ſtrow'd
man bodies, and juſt heaven thought good
twice thoſe fields with Roman blood.
er length of time, the labouring ſwains,
ı the turfs of thoſe unhappy plains,
piles from the plough'd furrows take,
empty helmets paſs the rake.
t antique titles on the ſtones,
ity relics of gigantic bones.
ıe-born deities, of mortal birth!
her Romulus, and mother Earth,
ınmov'd! whoſe guardian arms extend
an Tiber's courſe, and Roman towers defend;
:hful Cæſar your joint powers engage,
r him to ſave the ſinking age.
: blood, already ſpilt, atone
ıſt crimes of curſt Laomedon!
/ants thee there; and long the gods, we know,
lg'd thee, Cæſar, to the world below:
ıud and rapine, right and wrong confound;
pious arms from every part reſound,
trous crimes in every ſhape are crown'd.
:ful peaſant to the wars is preſt;
lie fallow in inglorious reſt:
no paſture to the flock affords,
:ed ſcythes are ſtraighten'd into ſwords:
Euphrates her ſoft offspring arms,
the Rhine re-bellows with alarms;
The neighbouring cities range on ſeveral ſides,
Perfidious Mars long-plighted leagues divides,
And o'er the waſted world in triumph rides.
So four fierce courſers ſtarting to the race,
Scour through the plain, and lengthen every pace:
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threatening cries they fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF THE

GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject of the following Book is Planting. In handling of which argument the Poet ſhews all the different methods of raiſing trees: deſcribes their variety; and gives rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the ſoils in which the ſeveral plants thrive beſt: and thence takes occaſion to run out into the praiſes of Italy. After which he gives ſome directions for diſcovering the nature of every ſoil; preſcribes rules for preſſing of wines, olives, &c. And concludes the Georgic with a panegyric on a country life.

THUS far of tillage, and of heavenly ſigns;
Now ſing, my Muſe, the growth of generous vines:
The ſhady groves, the woodland progeny,
And the ſlow product of Minerva's tree.
Great father Bacchus! to my ſong repair;
For cluſtering grapes are thy peculiar care:
For thee large bunches load the bending vine,
And the laſt bleſſings of the year are thine:
To thee his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows.
Come ſtrip with me, my god, come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in muſt of wine, and drink at every pore.
Some trees their births to bounteous Nature owe;
For ſome without the pains of planting grow.
With oſiers thus the banks of brooks abound,
Sprung from the watery genius of the ground:
From the ſame principle gray willows come;
Herculean poplar, and the tender broom.
But ſome from ſeeds incloſ'd in earth ariſe;
For thus the maſtful cheſnut mates the ſkies.
Hence riſe the branching beech and vocal oak,
Where Jove of old oraculouſly ſpoke.
Some from the root a riſing wood diſcloſe;
Thus elms, and thus the ſavage cherry grows:
Thus the green bay, that binds the poet's brows,
Shoots, and is ſhelter'd by the mother's boughs.
Theſe ways of planting, Nature did ordain,
For trees and ſhrubs, and all the ſylvan reign.

Others there are, by late experience found:
Some cut the ſhoot, and plant in furrow'd ground;
Some cover rooted ſtalks in deeper mold:
Some cloven ſtakes, and (wondrous to behold),
Their ſharpen'd ends in earth their footing place,
And the dry poles produce a living race,
Some bow their vines, which, bury'd in the plain,
Their tops in diſtant arches riſe again.
Others no root require, the labourer cuts
Young ſlips, and in the ſoil ſecurely puts.
Ev'n ſtumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and dead,
Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.
'Tis uſual now, an inmate graff to ſee
With inſolence invade a foreign tree:
Thus pears and quinces from the crab-tree come;
And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.
Then let the learned gardener mark with care
The kinds of ſtocks, and what thoſe kinds will bear,
Explore the nature of each ſeveral tree;
And known, improve with artful induſtry;
And let no ſpot of idle earth be found,
But cultivate the genius of the ground.
For open Iſmarus will Bacchus pleaſe;
Taburnus loves the ſhade of olive-trees.
The virtues of the ſeveral ſoils I ſing.
Mæcenas, now thy needful ſuccour bring!
O thou! the better part of my renown,
Inſpire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown;
Embark with me, while I new tracks explore,
With flying ſails and breezes from the ſhore:
Not that my ſong, in ſuch a ſcanty ſpace,
So large a ſubject fully can embrace:
Not though I were ſupply'd with iron lungs,
A hundred mouths, fill'd with as many tongues:
But ſteer my veſſel with a ſteady hand,
And coaſt along the ſhore in ſight of land.
Nor will I tire thy patience with a train
Of preface, or what ancient poets feign.
The trees, which of themſelves advance in air,
Are barren kinds, but ſtrongly built and fair:
Becauſe the vigour of the native earth
Maintains the plant, and makes a manly birth.
Yet theſe, receiving graffs of other kind,
Or thence tranſplanted, change their ſavage mind;
Their wildneſs loſe, and, quitting Nature's part,
Obey the rules and diſcipline of art.
The ſame do trees, that, ſprung from barren roots
In open fields, tranſplanted bear their fruits.
For where they grow, the native energy
Turns all into the ſubſtance of the tree,
Starves and deſtroys the fruit, is only made
For brawny bulk, and for a barren ſhade.
The plant that ſhoots from ſeed, a ſullen tree
At leiſure grows for late poſterity;
The generous flavour loſt, the fruits decay,
And ſavage grapes are made the birds ignoble prey.
Much labour is requir'd in trees, to tame
Their wild diſorder, and in ranks reclaim.
Well muſt the ground be digg'd, and better dreſs'd,
New ſoil to make, and meliorate the reſt.
Old ſtakes of olive-trees in plants revive;
By the ſame methods Paphian myrtles live:
But nobler vines by propagation thrive.
From roots hard hazles, and from cyons riſe
Tall aſh, and taller oak that mates the ſkies:
Palm, poplar, fir, deſcending from the ſteep
Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep.
The thin-leav'd arbute, hazle-graffs receives,
And planes huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.
Thus maſtful beech the briſtly cheſnut bears,
And the wild aſh is white with blooming pears,
And greedy ſwine from graſted elms are fed
With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.
But various are the ways to change the ſtate
Of plants, to bud, to graff, t' inoculate.
For where the tender rinds of trees diſcloſe
Their ſhooting gems, a ſwelling knot there grows;
Juſt in that ſpace a narrow ſlit we make,
Then other buds from bearing trees we take:
Inſerted thus, the wounded rind we cloſe,
In whoſe moiſt womb th' admitted infant grows.
But when the ſmoother bole from knots is free,
We make a deep inciſion in the tree;
And in the ſolid wood the ſlip incloſe,
The battening baſtard ſhoots again and grows;
And in ſhort ſpace the laden boughs ariſe,
With happy fruit advancing to the ſkies.
The mother-plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.
Of vegetable woods are various kinds,
And the ſame ſpecies are of ſeveral minds.
Lotes, willows, elms, have different forms allow'd,
So funeral cypreſs riſing like a ſhrowd.
Fat olive-trees of ſundry ſorts appear,
Of ſundry ſhapes their unctuous berries bear.
Radii long olives, Orchites round, produce,
And bitter Pauſia pounded for the juice.
Alcinoüs' orchard various apples bears:
Unlike are bergamotes and pounder pears.
Nor our Italian vines produce the ſhape,
Or taſte, or flavour of the Leſbian grape.
The Thaſian vines in richer ſoils abound,
The Meriotique grow in barren ground.
The Pſythian grape we dry: Lagæan juice
Will ſtammering tongues and ſtaggering feet produce.
Rathe ripe are ſome, and ſome of later kind,
Of golden ſome, and ſome of purple rind.
How ſhall I praiſe the Ræthean grape divine,
Which yet contends not with Falernian wine?
Th' Aminean many a conſulſhip ſurvives,
And longer than the Lydian vintage lives,
Or high Phanæus king of Chian growth:
But for large quantities and laſting both,
The leſs Argitis bears the prize away.
The Rhodian, ſacred to the ſolemn day,
In ſecond ſervices is pour'd to Jove;
And beſt accepted by the gods above.
Nor muſt Bumaſtus his old honours loſe,
In length and largeneſs like the dugs of cows.
I paſs the reſt, whoſe every race and name,
And kinds, are leſs material to my theme.
Which who would learn, as ſoon may tell the ſands,
Driven by the weſtern wind on Lybian lands;
Or number, when the bluſtering Eurus roars,
The billows beating on Ionian ſhores.
Nor every plant on every ſoil will grow:
The ſallow loves the watery ground, and low;
The marſhes, alders; Nature ſeems t' ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild aſh's reign;
The baleful yeugh to northern blaſts aſſigns;
To ſhores the myrtles, and to mounts the vines.
Regard th' extremeſt cultivated coaſt,
From hot Arabian to the Scythian froſt:
All ſorts of trees their ſeveral countries know;
Black ebon only will in India grow:
And odorous frankincenſe on the Sabæan bough.

rly trickles through the bleeding veins
ſhrubs, in Idumæan plains.
a Egyptian thorn, for medicine good;
iops hoary trees and wooly wood,
tell: and how the Seres ſpin
cy foreſts in a ſlender twine.
hty trunks of trees on Indian ſhores,
ight above the feather'd arrow ſoars,
the tougheſt bow; and by the brawn
archers with vaſt vigour drawn,
ed citrons Median climes produce:
rind, but generous is the juice:
fruit, a preſent antidote
ie direful ſtepdame's deadly draught:
ing wicked deeds with words impure,
of envy'd orphans would procure.
ie plant, and like a laurel grows,
t not a different ſcent diſcloſe,
rere: the fragrant flowers contemn
ıy winds, tenacious of their ſtem.
the Medes to labouring age bequeath
s, and cure the fourneſs of the breath.
ther Median woods (a plenteous land),
es, Hermus rolling golden ſand,
ia, nor the richer Indian fields,
: gummy ſtores Arabia yields;
oreign earth of greater name,
ſweet Italy contend in fame.
whoſe noſtrils breathe a living flame,
'd our turf, no teeth of ſerpents here
n, an armed hoſt, an iron crop to bear.
ıl vines, and the fat olives freight,
ſts heavy with their fruitful weight,
fields; and on the chearful green,
ıg flocks and lowing herds are ſeen.
or-horſe, here bred, is taught to train:
vs Clitumnus through the flowery plain;
ves for triumphs after proſperous war,
n ox and ſnowy ſheep prepare.
ſpring our happy climate ſees;
ed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
ner ſuns recede by ſlow degrees.
d is from the rage of tigers freed,
hes the lion's angry ſeed;
ious aconite is here produc'd,
unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.
vaſt a length our ſerpents glide,
n ſuch a ſpiry volume ride.
d our cities of illuſtrious name,
ly labour, and ſtupendous frame:
on ſteepy hills, that far below
n ſtreams in winding valleys flow.
old ſeas, that, waſhing either ſide,
ruit of foreign ſtores provide.
us lakes; thee, Larius, firſt; and next
with tempeſtuous billows vext.
praiſe thy ports, or mention make
: mound that binds the Lucrine lake;
lainful ſea, that, ſhut from thence,
id the ſtructure, and invades the fence;
ere ſecure the Julian waters glide,
Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide?
es deep in earth, were fam'd of old
f ſilver, and for ore of gold.
tants themſelves their country grace;
the Marſian and Sabellian race:
ib'd and ſtout, and to the wars inclin'd,
Ligurians, a laborious kind.

And Volſcians, arm'd with iron-headed darts,
Beſides an offspring of undaunted hearts,
The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came
From hence, and greater Scipio's double name:
And mighty Cæſar, whoſe victorious arms
To fartheſt Aſia carry fierce alarms:
Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome;
Triumph abroad, ſecure our peace at home.
Hail, ſweet Saturnian ſoil! of fruitful grain
Great Parent, greater of illuſtrious men.
For thee my tuneful accents will I raiſe,
And treat of arts diſcloſ'd in ancient days:
Once more unlock for thee the ſacred ſpring,
And old Aſcræan verſe in Roman cities ſing.
The nature of their ſeveral ſoils now ſee,
Their ſtrength, their colour, their fertility:
And firſt for heath, and barren hilly ground,
Where meagre clay and flinty ſtones abound;
Where the poor ſoil all ſuccour ſeems to want,
Yet this ſuffices the Palladian plant.
Undoubted ſigns of ſuch a ſoil are found,
For here wild olive ſhoots o'erſpread the ground,
And heaps of berries ſtrew the fields around.
But where the ſoil, with fattening moiſture fill'd,
Is cloath'd with graſs, and fruitful to be till'd;
Such as in chearful vales we view from high;
Which dripping rocks with rolling ſtreams ſupply,
And feed with ooze, where riſing hillocks run
In length, and open to the ſouthern ſun;
Where fern ſucceeds, ungrateful to the plough,
That gentle ground to generous grapes allow;
Strong ſtocks of vines it will in time produce,
And overflow the vats with friendly juice;
Such as our prieſts in golden goblets pour
To gods, the givers of the chearful hour;
Then when the bloated Thuſcan blows his horn,
And reeking entrails are in chargers borne.
If herds or fleecy flocks be more thy care,
Or goats that graze the field, and burn it bare,
Then ſeek Tarentum's lawns and fartheſt coaſt,
Or ſuch a field as hapleſs Mantua loſt:
Where ſilver ſwans ſail down the watery road,
And graze the floating herbage of the flood,
There cryſtal ſtreams perpetual tenour keep,
Nor food, nor ſprings are wanting to thy ſheep.
For what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.
Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plough,
Putrid and looſe above, and black below;
For ploughing is an imitative toil,
Reſembling nature in an eaſy ſoil.
No land for ſeed like this, no fields afford
So large an income to the village-lord!
No toiling teams from harveſt-labour come
So late at night, ſo heavy laden home.
The like of foreſt land is underſtood,
From whence the ſurly ploughman grubs the wood,
Which had for length of ages idle ſtood.
Then birds forſake the ruins of their ſeat,
And flying from their neſts their callow young forget.
The coarſe lean gravel on the mountain ſides,
Scarce dewy beverage for the bees provides:
Nor chalk nor crumbling ſtones, the food of ſnakes,
That work in hollow earth their winding tracks.
The ſoil exhaling clouds of ſubtle dews,
Imbibing moiſture which with eaſe ſhe ſpews:

Which ruſts not iron, and whoſe mould is clean,
Well cloath'd with chearful graſs, and ever green,
Is good for olives and aſpiring vines,
Embracing huſband elms, in amorous twines!
Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to ſow,
And equal to the paſture and the plough.
Such is the ſoil of fat Campanian fields,
Such large increaſe the land that joins Veſuvius yields;
And ſuch a country could Acerra boaſt,
Till Clanius overflow'd th' unhappy coaſt,
I teach thee next the differing ſoils to know;
The light for vines, the heavier for the plough.
Chooſe firſt a place for ſuch a purpoſe fit,
There dig the ſolid earth, and ſink a pit.
Next fill the hole with its own earth again,
And trample with thy feet, and tread it in;
Then if it riſe not to the former height
Of ſuperfice, conclude that ſoil is light:
A proper ground for paſturage and vines.
But if the ſullen earth, ſo preſs'd, repines,
Within its native manſion to retire,
And ſtays without, a heap of heavy mire;
'Tis good for arable, a glebe that aſks
Tough teams of oxen, and laborious taſks.
Salt earth and bitter are not fit to ſow,
Nor will be tam'd and mended by the plough.
Sweet grapes degenerate there, and fruits declin'd
From their firſt flavourous taſte, renounce their kind.
This truth by ſure experiment is try'd:
For firſt an oſier colander provide
Of twigs thick wrought (ſuch toiling peaſants twine,
When through ſtrait paſſages they ſtrain their wine);
In this cloſe veſſel place that earth accurs'd,
But fill'd brimful with wholeſome water firſt:
Then run it through, the drops will rope around,
And by the bitter taſte diſcloſe the ground.
The ſatter earth by handling we may find,
With eaſe diſtinguiſh'd from the meagre kind:
Poor ſoil will crumble into duſt, the rich
Will to the fingers cleave like clammy pitch:
Moiſt earth produces corn and graſs, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth.
Let not my land ſo large a promiſe boaſt,
Leſt the lank ears in length of ſtem be loſt.
The heavier earth is by her weight betray'd,
The lighter in the poiſing hand is weigh'd:
'Tis eaſy to diſtinguiſh by the ſight,
The colour of the ſoil, and black from white.
But the cold ground is difficult to know,
Yet this the plants, that proſper there will ſhow,
Black ivy, pitch trees, and the baleful yeugh.
Theſe rules conſider'd well, with early care
The vineyard deſtin'd for thy vines prepare:
But, long before the planting, dig the ground,
With furrows deep that caſt a riſing mound:
The clods, expos'd to winter winds, will bake;
For putrid earth will beſt in vineyards take,
And hoary froſts, after the painful toil
Of delving hinds, will rot the mellow ſoil.
Some peaſants, not t' omit the niceſt care,
Of the ſame ſoil their nurſery prepare,
With that of their plantation; leſt the tree
Tranſlated, ſhould not with the ſoil agree.
Beſide, to plant it as it was, they mark
The heav'n's four quarters on the tender bark;
And to the north or ſouth reſtore the ſide,
Which at their birth did heat or cold abide.
So ſtrong is cuſtom, ſuch effects can uſe
In tender ſouls of pliant plants produce.
Chooſe next a province for thy vineyard's reign.
On hills above, or on the lowly plain:
If fertile fields or vallies be thy choice,
Plant thick, for bounteous Bacchus will rejoice
In cloſe plantations there. But if the vine
On riſing grounds be plac'd, or hills ſupine,
Extend thy looſe battalions largely wide,
Opening thy ranks and files on either ſide:
But marſhall'd all in order as they ſtand,
And let no ſoldier ſtraggle from his band.
As legions in the field their front diſplay,
To try the fortune of ſome doubtful day,
And move to meet their foes with ſober pace,
Strict to their figure, though in wider ſpace;
Before the battle joins; while from afar
The field yet glitters with the pomp of war,
And equal Mars, like an impartial lord,
Leaves all to fortune, and the dint of ſword;
So let thy vines in intervals be ſet,
But not their rural diſcipline forget:
Indulge their width, and add a roomy ſpace,
That their extremeſt lines may ſcarce embrace:
Not this alone t' indulge a vain delight,
And make a pleaſing proſpect for the ſight:
But for the ground itſelf, this only way
Can equal vigour to the plants convey;
Which, crowded, want the room their branches to diſplay.
How deep they muſt be planted, would'ſt thou know?
In ſhallow furrows vines ſecurely grow.
Not ſo the reſt of plants; for Jove's own tree,
That holds the woods in awful ſovereignty,
Requires a depth of lodging in the ground;
And, next the lower ſkies, a bed profound:
High as his topmaſt boughs to heaven aſcend,
So low his roots to hell's dominion tend.
Therefore, nor winds, nor winter's rage o'erthrows
His bulky body, but unmov'd he grows.
For length of ages laſts his happy reign,
And lives of mortal man contend in vain
Full in the midſt of his own ſtrength he ſtands,
Stretching his brawny arms and leafy hands;
His ſhade protects the plains, his head the hills commands.
The hurtful hazle in thy vineyard ſhun:
Nor plant it to receive the ſetting ſun:
Nor break the topmoſt branches from the tree;
Nor prune, with blunted knife, the progeny.
Root up wild olives from thy labour'd lands:
For ſparkling fire, from hinds unwary hands,
Is often ſcatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
And after ſpread abroad by raging winds.
For firſt the ſmouldering flame the trunk receives,
Aſcending thence, it crackles in the leaves;
At length victorious to the top aſpires,
Involving all the wood in ſmoky fires,
But moſt, when driven by winds, the flaming ſtorm
Of the long files, deſtroys the beauteous form.
In aſhes then th' unhappy vineyard lies,
Nor will the blaſted plants from ruin riſe:
Nor will the wither'd ſtock be green again,
But the wild olive ſhoots, and ſhades th' ungrateful plain.
Be not ſeduc'd with wiſdom's empty ſhows,
To ſtir the peaceful ground when Boreas blows.

nter frosts constrain the field with cold,
y root can take no steady hold.
i the golden spring reveals the year,
white bird returns, whom serpents fear;
on deem the best to plant thy vines,
, is when autumnal warmth declines;
is quite decay'd, or cold begun,
orn admits the winter sun.
ring adorns the woods, renews the leaves,
ıb of earth the genial seed receives.
Almighty Jove descends, and pours
uxom bride his fruitful showers;
xing his large limbs with hers, he feeds
h with kindly juice, and fosters teeming
seeds.
ous birds frequent the lonely grove,
ts, by nature stung, renew their love.
lds the blades of bury'd corn disclose,
ile the balmy western spirit blows,
the breath her bosom dares expose.
idly moisture then the plants abound,
s securely springs above the ground;
ler twig shoots upward to the skies,
he faith of the new sun relies.
rving vines on the tall elms prevail,
y southern showers or northern hail.
ead their gems the genial warmth to share,
lly trust the buds in open air.
oft season (let me dare to sing)
ld was hatch'd by heaven's imperial king:
of all the year, and holy-days of spring.
l the new creation first appear;
r was the tenour of the year:
ughing heaven did the great birth attend,
ern winds their wintery breath suspend:
eep first saw the sun in open fields;
ge beasts were sent to stock the wilds:
len stars flew up to light the skies,
n's relentless race from stony quarries rise.
ld the tender, new creation, bear
ffive heats or coldness of the year;
ll'd by winter, or by summer fir'd,
idle temper of the spring requir'd.
warmth and moisture did at once abound,
ven's indulgence brooded on the ground.
hat remains, in depth of earth secure
er'd plants, and dung with hot manure;
lls and gravel in the ground inclose;
ugh their hollow chinks the water flows:
thus imbib'd, returns in misty dews,
eaming up, the rising plant renews.
sbandmen, of late, have found the way,
heap of stones above to lay,
sts the plants with shreds of potters clay.
ice against immoderate rain they sound:
n the Dog-star cleaves the thirsty ground.
dful, when thou hast entomb'd the shoot,
ore of earth around to feed the root;
on teeth of rakes and prongs to move
sted earth, and loosen it above.
xercise thy sturdy steers to plough
t thy vines, and teach the feeble row
unt on reeds and wands, and, upward led
n poles to raise their forky head.
e new crutches let them learn to walk,
erving upwards, with a stronger stalk,
rave the winds, and, clinging to their guide,
s of elms at length triumphant ride.

But in their tender nonage, while they spread
Their springing leaves, and lift their verdant head,
And upward while they shoot in open air,
Indulge their childhood, and the nurseling spare.
Nor exercise thy rage on new-born life,
But let thy hand supply the pruning-knife;
And crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loth
To strip the branches of their leafy growth:
But when the rooted vines, with steady hold,
Can clasp their elms, then, husbandmen, be bold
To lop the disobedient boughs, that stray'd
Beyond their ranks: let crooked steel invade
The lawless troops, which discipline disclaim,
And their superfluous growth with rigour tame.
Next, fenc'd with hedges and deep ditches round,
Exclude th' encroaching cattle from thy ground,
While yet the tender germs but just appear,
Unable to sustain th' uncertain year:
Whose leaves are not alone soul winter's prey,
But oft by summer suns are scorched away;
And, worse than both, become th' unworthy browse,
Of buffalos, salt goats, and hungry cows.
For not December's frost that burns the boughs,
Nor Dog-days parching heat that splits the rocks,
Are half so harmful as the greedy flocks;
Their venom'd bite, and scars indented on the stocks.
For this the malefactor goat was laid
On Bacchus' altar, and his forfeit paid.
At Athens thus old comedy began,
When round the streets the reeling actors ran;
In country villages, and crossing ways,
Contending for the prizes of their plays:
And glad, with Bacchus, on the grassy soil,
Leapt o'er the skins of goats besmear'd with oil.
Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy,
In rude Saturnian rhymes express their joy:
With taunts and laughter loud, their audience please,
Deform'd with vizards, cut from barks of trees:
In jolly hymns they praise the God of wine,
Whose earthen images adorn the pine;
And there are hung on high, in honour of the vine:
A madness so devout the vineyard fills,
In hollow vallies and on rising hills;
On whate'er side he turns his honest face,
And dances in the wind, those fields are in his grace.
To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays,
And in our mother tongue resound his praise.
Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought;
Whose offer'd entrails shall his crime reproach,
And drip their fatness from the hazle broach.
To dress thy vines new labour is requir'd,
Nor must the painful husbandman be tir'd:
For thrice, at least, in compass of a year,
Thy vineyard must employ the sturdy steer,
To turn the glebe; besides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the surface plain:
T' unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
That suck the vital moisture of the vine.
Thus in a circle runs the peasant's pain,
And the year rolls within itself again.
Ev'n in the lowest months, when storms have shed
From vines the hairy honours of their head,
Not then the drudging hind his labour ends,
But to the coming year his care extends:

Ev'n then the naked vine he perſecutes;
His pruning-knife at once reforms and cuts.
Be firſt to dig the ground, be firſt to burn
The branches lopt, and firſt the props return
Into thy houſe, that bore the burden'd vines;
But laſt to reap the vintage of thy wines.
Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'erſhade
Th' incumber'd vine; rough brambles twice invade;
Hard labour both! commend the large exceſs
Of ſpacious vineyards; cultivate the leſs.
Beſides, in woods the ſhrubs of prickly thorn
Sallows and reeds, on banks of rivers born,
Remain to cut; for vineyards uſeful found,
To ſtay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground.
Nor when thy tender trees at length are bound;
When peaceful vines from pruning-hooks are free,
When huſbands have ſurvey'd the laſt degree,
And utmoſt files of plants, and order'd every tree;
Ev'n when they ſing at eaſe in full content,
Inſulting o'er the toils they underwent;
Yet ſtill they find a future taſk remain;
To turn the ſoil, and break the clods again:
And after all, their joys are unſincere,
While falling rains on ripening grapes they fear.
Quite oppoſite to theſe are olives found,
No dreſſing they require, and dread no wound;
No rakes nor harrows need, but fix'd below,
Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
The ſoil itſelf due nouriſhment ſupplies:
Plough but the furrows, and the fruits ariſe:
Content with ſmall endeavours till they ſpring,
Soft peace they figure, and ſweet plenty bring:
Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas ſing.
Thus apple-trees, whoſe trunks are ſtrong to bear
Their ſpreading boughs, exert themſelves in air;
Want no ſupply, but ſtand ſecure alone,
Not truſting foreign force, but their own;
Till with the ruddy freight the bending branches groan.
Thus trees of nature, and each common buſh,
Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries bluſh;
Vile ſhrubs are ſhorn for browſe: the towering height
Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.
And ſhall we doubt (indulging eaſy ſloth)
To ſow, to ſet, and to reform their growth?
To leave the lofty plants; the lowly kind
Are for the ſhepherd or the ſheep deſign'd.
Ev'n humble broom and oſiers have their uſe,
And ſhade for ſheep, and food for flocks, produce;
Hedges for corn, and honey for the bees:
Beſides the pleaſing proſpect of the trees.
How goodly looks Cytorus, ever green
With boxen groves! with what delight are ſeen
Narycian woods of pitch, whoſe gloomy ſhade
Seems for retreat of heavenly Muſes made!
But much more pleaſing are thoſe fields to ſee,
That need not ploughs, nor human induſtry.
Ev'n old Caucaſean rocks with trees are ſpread,
And wear green foreſts on their hilly head.
Though bending from the blaſt of eaſtern ſtorms,
Though ſhent their leaves, and ſhatter'd are their arms;
Yet heaven their various plants for uſe deſigns:
For houſes cedars, and for ſhipping pines.
Cypreſs provides for ſpokes, and wheels of wains:
And all for keels of ſhips that ſcour the watery plains.
Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves;
The war from ſtubborn myrtle ſhafts receives:
From cornels javelins; and the tougher yeugh
Receives the bending figure of a bow.
Nor box, nor limes, without their uſe are made,
Smooth grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade;
Which curious hands may carve, and ſteel with eaſe invade.
Light alder ſtems the Po's impetuous tide,
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.
Now balance, with theſe gifts the ſumy joys
Of wine, attended with eternal noiſe.
Wine urg'd to lawleſs luſt the Centaur's train,
Through wine they quarrel'd, and through wine were ſlain.
O happy, if he knew his happy ſtate!
The ſwain, who, free from buſineſs and debate,
Receives his eaſy food from Nature's hand,
And juſt returns of cultivated land!
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
T' admit the tides of early viſitants,
With eager eyes devouring, as they paſs,
The breathing figures of Corinthian braſs.
No ſtatues threaten from high pedeſtals;
No Perſian arras hides his homely walls,
With antic veſts; which, through their ſhady fold,
Betray the ſtreaks of ill-diſſembled gold.
He boaſts no wool, whoſe native white is dy'd
With purple poiſon of Aſſyrian pride.
No coſtly drugs of Araby defile,
With foreign ſcents, the ſweetneſs of his oil.
But eaſy quiet, a ſecure retreat,
A harmleſs life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bleſs,
And rural pleaſures crown his happineſs.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undiſturb'd with noiſe,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flowery pride
Of meads, and ſtreams that through the valley glide;
And ſhady groves that eaſy ſleep invite,
And after toilſome days a ſoft repoſe at night.
Wild beaſts of nature in his woods abound;
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inur'd to hardſhip, and to homely fare,
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train:
Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane.
From hence Aſtrea took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing ſteps appear.
Ye ſacred Muſes, with whoſe beauty fir'd,
My ſoul is raviſh'd, and my brain inſpir'd;
Whoſe prieſt I am, whoſe holy fillets wear,
Would you your Poet's firſt petition hear;
Give me the ways of wandering ſtars to know:
The depths of heaven above, and earth below.
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipſes of the ſun.
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark receſs they ſhrink again.
What ſhakes the ſolid earth, what cauſe delays
The ſummer nights, and ſhortens winter days.
But if my heavy blood reſtrain the flight
Of my free ſoul, aſpiring to the height
Of nature and unclouded fields of light;

deſire is, void of care and ſtrife,
ı ſoft, ſecure, inglorious life.
·y cottage near a cryſtal flood,
ng valley, and a lofty wood.
od conduct me to the ſacred ſhades,
acchanals are ſung by Spartan maids,
e high to Hemus' hilly crown;
plains of Tempe lay me down:
ne to ſome ſolitary place,
er my retreat from human race.
r the man, who, ſtudying Nature's laws,
known effects can trace the ſecret cauſe.
d poſſeſſing in a quiet ſtate,
of Fortune, and reſign'd to Fate.
py too is he, who decks the bowers
ıs, and adores the rural powers:
ınd, unmov'd, the bribes of courts can ſee:
ittering baits and purple ſlavery.
ıes the people's praiſe, nor fears their frown,
:n contending kindred tear the crown,
up one, or pull another down.
out concern he hears, but hears from far,
lts and deſcents, and diſtant war:
ı a ſuperſtitious fear is aw'd,
t befals at home, or what abroad.
ies he the rich their happy ſtore,
own peace diſturbs, with pity for the poor.
ı on fruits, which, of their own accord,
ling ground and laden trees afford.
is lov'd home no lucre him can draw;
ıate's mad decrees he never ſaw;
rd, at bawling bars, corrupted law.
the ſeas and ſome to camps reſort,
ıe with impudence invade the court.
;n countries others ſeek renown;
ars and taxes others waſte their own,
ıſes burn, and houſhold gods deface,
k in bowls which glittering gems enchaſe:
ın couches, rich with Cytron ſteds,
their guilty limbs on Tyrian beds,
etch in earth intombs his golden ore,
g and brooding on his bury'd ſtore.
atriot fools to popular praiſe aſpire,
ıe ſpeeches, which worſe fools admire.
om both benches, with redoubled ſounds,
dauſe of lords and commoners abounds.
ırough ambition, or through thirſt of gold,
ıin their brothers, or their country ſold;
ving their ſweet homes, in exile run
s that lie beneath another ſun.
peaſant, innocent of all theſe ills,
ooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills;
: round year with daily labour fills.
ıce the country-markets are ſupply'd:
remains for houſhold charge beſide;
e and tender children to ſuſtain,
ıtefully to feed his dumb deſerving train.
ſe his labours, till the yellow field
ıturn of bearded harveſt yield;
ſo plenteous as the land to load,
ne the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks abroad.
very ſeveral ſeaſon is employ'd:
ent in toil, and ſome in eaſe enjoy'd.
aning ewes prevent the ſpringing year;
led boughs their fruits in autumn bear:
ın the vine her liquid harveſt yields,
n the ſun-ſhine of aſcending fields.

The winter comes, and then the falling maſt
For greedy ſwine provides a full repaſt.
Then olives, ground in mills, their fatneſs boaſt,
And winter fruits are mellow'd by the froſt.
His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliſs;
His little children climbing for a kiſs,
Welcome their father's late return at night;
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaſte delight.
His kine with ſwelling udders, ready ſtand,
And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.
His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd,
Fight harmleſs battles in his homely yard:
Himſelf in ruſtic pomp, on holidays,
To rural Powers a juſt oblation pays;
And on the green his careleſs limbs diſplays.
The hearth is in the midſt; the herdſmen, round
The chearful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize;
The groom his fellow-groom at buts defies;
And bends his bows, and levels with his eyes.
Or, ſtript for wreſtling, ſmears his limbs with oil,
And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
So Remus and his brother god were bred:
From whom th' auſtere Etrurian virtue roſe,
And this rude life our homely fathers choſe.
Old Rome from ſuch a race deriv'd her birth,
(The ſeat of empire, and the conquer'd earth;)
Which now on ſeven high hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compaſs all the world contains.
Ere Saturn's rebel ſon uſurp'd the ſkies,
When beaſts were only ſlain for ſacrifice;
While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her ancient lord,
Ere ſounding hammers forg'd th' inhuman ſword:
Ere hollow drums were beat, before the breath
Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death;
The good old God his hunger did aſſwage
With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age
But, over-labour'd with ſo long a courſe,
'Tis time to ſet at eaſe the ſmoking horſe.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF THE

GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Book begins with the invocation of ſome rural Deities, and a compliment to Auguſtus: after which Virgil directs himſelf to Mæcenas, and enters on his ſubject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horſes, oxen, ſheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves ſeveral pleaſant deſcriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the Book he relates the diſeaſes incident to cattle; and ends with the deſcription of a fatal murrain that formerly raged among the Alps.

THY fields, propitious Pales, I rehearſe:
And ſing thy paſtures in no vulgar verſe.

Amphryſian ſhepherd; the Lycæan woods;
Arcadia's flowery plains, and pleaſing floods.
All other themes that careleſs minds invite,
Are worn with uſe, unworthy me to write.
Buſiris' altars, and the dire decrees
Of hard Euryſtheus, every reader ſees:
Hylas the boy, Latona's erring iſle,
And Pelops' ivory ſhoulder, and his toil
For fair Hippodame, with all the reſt
Of Grecian tales, by poets are expreſt;
New ways I muſt attempt, my groveling name
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
I, firſt of Romans, ſhall in triumph come
From conquer'd Greece, and bring her trophies home:
With foreign ſpoils adorn my native place;
And with Idume's palms my Mantua grace.
Of Parian ſtone a temple will I raiſe,
Where the ſlow Mincius through the valley ſtrays;
Where cooling ſtreams invite the flocks to drink:
And reeds defend the winding water's brink.
Full in the midſt ſhall mighty Cæſar ſtand;
Mold the chief honours; and the dome command.
Then I, conſpicuous in my Tyrian gown,
(Submitting to his godhead my renown)
A hundred courſers from the goal will drive;
The rival chariots in the race ſhall ſtrive.
All Greece ſhall flock from far my games to ſee;
The whorlbat and the rapid race ſhall be
Reſerv'd for Cæſar, and ordain'd by me.
Myſelf with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear;
Ev'n now methinks the public ſhouts I hear;
The paſſing pageants and the pomps appear.
I, to the temple will conduct the crew;
The ſacrifice and ſacrificers view;
From thence return, attended with my train,
Where the proud theatres diſcloſe the ſcene:
Which interwoven Britons ſeem to raiſe,
And ſhew the triumph which their ſhame diſplays.
High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold,
The crowd ſhall Cæſar's Indian war behold;
The Nile ſhall flow beneath; and on the ſide
His ſhatter'd ſhips on brazen pillars ride,
Next him, Niphates, with inverted urn,
And dropping ſedge, ſhall his Armenia mourn;
And Aſian cities in our triumph borne.
With backward bows the Parthian ſhall be there;
And, ſpurring from the fight, confeſs their fear.
A double wreath ſhall crown our Cæſar's brows,
Two differing trophies, from two different foes.
Europe with Afric in his fame ſhall join;
But neither ſhore his conqueſt ſhall confine.
The Parian marble, there, ſhall ſeem to move,
In breathing ſtatues, not unworthy Jove;
Reſembling heroes, whoſe ethereal root
Is Jove himſelf, and Cæſar is the fruit.
Tros and his race the ſculptor ſhall employ;
And he the god, who built the walls of Troy.
Envy herſelf, at laſt grown pale and dumb,
(By Cæſar combated and overcome)
Shall give her hands; and fear the curling ſnakes
Of laſhing furies, and the burning lakes:
The pains of famiſh'd Tantalus ſhall feel;
And Siſyphus that labours up the hill
The rolling rock in vain; and curſt Ixion's wheel.

Mean time we muſt purſue the Sylvan lands;
(Th' abode of nymphs, untouch'd by former hands;
For ſuch, Mæcenas, are thy hard commands.
Without thee nothing lofty can I ſing;
Come then, and with thyſelf thy genius bring;
With which inſpir'd, I brook no dull delay,
Cytheron loudly calls me to my way;
Thy hounds, Taygetus, open and purſue their prey.
High Epidaurus urges on my ſpeed,
Fam'd for his hills, and for his horſes breed:
From hills and dale; the chearful cries rebound:
For echo hunts along, and propagates the ſound.
A time will come, when my maturer Muſe
In Cæſar's wars a nobler theme ſhall chuſe.
And through more ages bear my ſovereign's praiſe,
Than have from Tithon paſt to Cæſar's days.
The generous youth, who, ſtudious of the prize,
The race of running courſers multiplies;
Or to the plough the ſturdy bullock breeds,
May know that from the dam the worth of each proceeds.
The mother cow muſt wear a lowering look,
Sour-headed, ſtrongly neck'd to bear the yoke.
Her double dew-lap from her chin deſcends;
And at her thighs the ponderous burden ends.
Long are her ſides and large, her limbs are great;
Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.
Her colour ſhining black, but fleck'd with white;
She toſſes from the yoke: provokes the fight:
She riſes in her gait, is free from fears,
And in her face a bull's reſemblance bears:
Her ample forehead with a ſtar is crown'd;
And with her length of tail ſhe ſweeps the ground.
The bull's inſult at four ſhe may ſuſtain;
But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain.
Six ſeaſons uſe; but then releaſe the cow,
Unfit for love, and for the labouring plough.
Now while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
Submit thy females to the luſty ſire:
Watch the quick motions of the friſking tail,
Then ſerve their fury with the ruſhing male,
Indulging pleaſure left the breed ſhould fail.
In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
But, ah! the mighty bliſs is fugitive!
Diſcolour'd ſickneſs, anxious labour come,
And age, and death's inexorable doom.
Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair;
Recruit and mend them with thy yearly care:
Still propagate, for ſtill they fall away,
'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay.
Like diligence require the courſer's race;
In early choice, and for a longer ſpace.
The colt, that for a ſtallion is deſign'd,
By ſure preſages ſhows his generous kind,
Of able body, ſound of limb and wind.
Upright he walks on paſterns firm and ſtraight,
His motions eaſy; prancing in his gait.
The firſt to lead the way, to tempt the flood;
To paſs the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling wood.
Dauntleſs at empty noiſes; lofty-neck'd;
Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly-back'd,
Brawny his cheſt, and deep: his colour grey;
For beauty dappled, or the brighteſt bay:
Faint white and dun will ſcarce the rearing pay.

/ courſer, when he hears from far
ly trumpets, and the ſhouts of war,
iis ears, and, trembling with delight,
, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight,
t ſhoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
peed, and dances in the wind.
ooſs are jetty black and round,
s double; ſtarting with a bound,
e turf, and ſhakes the ſolid ground.
is eyes, clouds from his noſtrils flow:
s rider headlong on the foe.
; the ſteed in Grecian poets fam'd,
rus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd;
rs bore to fight the god of Thrace;
Achilles, was thy warlike race.
ape, grim Saturn did reſtrain
y limbs, and flow'd with ſuch a mane;
ſurpriz'd, and fearing to be ſeen,
gallop'd from his jealous queen;
ridges of the rocks amain,
ſhrill neighings fill'd the neighbouring
lain.
with years when dire diſeaſes come,
iis not ignoble age at home:
enjoy his former palms and plains:
illy be kind to his remains.
is blood no youthful ſpirits move,
es and labours in his love.
the ſprightly ſeed ſhould ſwiftly come,
drudges, and defrauds the womb.
urns like haſty ſtubble fires;
ſelf his former ſelf requires.
nd courage weigh: nor thoſe alone,
s father's virtues and his own;
he diſdains to yield the prize;
atient, proud of victories.
a beheld, when from the goal they ſtart,
ul charioteers with heaving heart
race; and panting, ſcarcely bear
es of fev'riſh hope, and chilling fear;
reins, and laſh with all their force;
chariot kindles in the courſe:
-low, and now aloft they fly,
rough air, and ſeem to touch the ſky.
ſtay, but clouds of ſand ariſe,
d caſt backward on the follower's eyes.
oft blows the foam upon the firſt;
love of praiſe, an honourable thirſt.
Rhonius was the firſt, who join'd
for the rapid race deſign'd;
e duſty wheels preſiding fate;
e to chariots, add the ſtate
bridles; taught the ſteed to bound;
ring, and trace the mazy round.
fly, the rules of war to know:
rider, and to dare the foe.
a youthful ſteed, with courage fir'd:
m, break him, back him, are requir'd
l maſters, and in ſundry ways:
rs equal, and alike their praiſe.
gain the batter'd horſe beware,
old ſtallion will deceive thy care.
nous in his youth for force and ſpeed,
Argos or Epirian breed,
Neptune's race, or from himſelf pro-
ceed.
ngs premis'd, when now the nuptial time
for the ſtately ſteed to climb;
With food to enable him to make his court;
Diſtend his chine, and pamper him for ſport.
Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canſt find,
Of generous warmth, and of ſalacious kind.
Then water him, and (drinking what he can)
Encourage him to thirſt again, with bran.
Inſtructed thus, produce him to the fair:
And join in wedlock to the longing mare.
For, if the fire be faint, or out of caſe,
He will be copied in his famiſh'd race:
And ſink beneath the pleaſing taſk aſſign'd:
(For all's too little for the craving kind.)
As for the females, with induſtrious care
Take down their mettle, keep them lean and bare;
When conſcious of their paſt delight, and keen
To take the leap, and prove the ſport again;
With ſcanty meaſure then ſupply their food;
And, when athirſt, reſtrain them from the flood;
Their bodies harraſs, ſink them when they run;
And fry their melting marrow in the ſun.
Starve them, when barns beneath their burden groan;
And winnow'd chaff by weſtern winds is blown;
For fear the rankneſs of the ſwelling womb
Should ſcant the paſſage, and confine the room.
Leſt the fat furrows ſhould the ſenſe deſtroy
Of genial luſt, and dull the ſeat of joy.
But let them ſuck the ſeed with greedy force,
And cloſe involve the vigour of the horſe.
The male has done; thy care muſt now proceed
To teeming females, and the promis'd breed.
Firſt let them run at large, and never know
The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plough.
Let them not leap the ditch, or ſwim the flood,
Or lumber o'er the meads or croſs the wood:
But range the foreſt, by the ſilver ſide
Of ſome cool ſtream, where nature ſhall provide
Green graſs, and fattening clover for their fare,
And moſſy caverns for their noon-tide lare:
With rocks above to ſhield the ſharp nocturnal air.
About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,
Of winged inſects mighty ſwarms are ſeen:
This flying plague (to mark its quality)
Oeſtros the Grecians call: Aſylus, we:
A fierce loud buzzing breeze; their ſtings draw blood,
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood.
Seiz'd with unuſual pains, they loudly cry;
Tanagrus haſtens thence, and leaves his channel dry.
This curſe the jealous Juno did invent,
And firſt employ'd for Io's puniſhment.
To ſhun this ill, the cunning leach ordains
In ſummer's ſultry heats (for then it reigns)
To feed the females, ere the ſun ariſe,
Or late at night, when ſtars adorn the ſkies.
When ſhe has calv'd, then ſet the dam aſide;
And for the tender progeny provide.
Diſtinguiſh all betimes, with branding fire;
To note the tribe, the lineage, and the ſire.
Whom to reſerve for huſband of the herd,
Or who ſhall be to ſacrifice preferr'd;
Or whom thou ſhalt to turn thy glebe allow;
To ſmooth the furrows, and ſuſtain the plough:
The reſt, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
May run in paſtures, and at pleaſure feed.
The calf, by nature and by genius made
To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade;

Set him betimes to ſchool, and let him be
Inſtructed there in rules of huſbandry:
While yet his youth is flexible and green,
Nor bad examples of the world has ſeen.
Early begin the ſtubborn child to break;
For his ſoft neck a ſupple collar make
Of bending oſiers; and (with time and care
Inur'd that eaſy ſervitude to bear)
Thy flattering method on the youth purſue:
Join'd with his ſchool-fellows by two and two,
Perſuade them firſt to lead an empty wheel,
That ſcarce the duſt can raiſe, or they can feel:
In length of time produce the labouring yoke
And ſhining ſhares, that make the furrow ſmoke.
Ere the licentious youth be thus reſtrain'd,
Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd;
Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicates of leaves, and marſhy weed,
But with thy ſickle reap the rankeſt land:
And mingle the blade with bounteous hand.
Nor be with harmful parſimony won
To follow what our homely ſires have done;
Who fill'd the pail with beeſtlings of the cow:
Put all her udder to the calf allow.
If to the warlike ſteed thy ſtudies bend,
Or for the prize in chariots to contend;
Near Pi...'s flood the rapid wheels to guide,
Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride,
The generous labours of the courſer, firſt
Muſt be with ſight of arms and ſounds of trumpets nurs'd:
Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear;
And let him claſhing whips in ſtables hear.
Sooth him with praiſe, and make him underſtand
The lov'd applauſes of his maſter's hand:
This from his weaning let him well be taught;
And then betimes in a ſoft ſnaffle wrought:
Before his tender joints with nerves are knit;
Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit,
But when to four full ſprings his years advance,
Put when to four full ſprings his years advance,
Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance;
And ſightly manag'd; equal time to beat;
To turn, to bound in meaſure, and curvet.
Let him, to this, with eaſy pains be brought:
And ſeem to labour, when he labours not.
Thus, form'd for ſpeed, he challenges the wind;
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind:
He ſcours along the field, with looſen'd reins;
And treads ſo light, he ſcarcely prints the plains.
Like Boreas in his race, when ruſhing forth,
He ſweeps the ſkies, and clears the cloudy north:
The waving harveſt bends beneath his blaſt;
The foreſt ſhakes, the groves their honours caſt;
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Purſues the foaming ſurges to the ſhore.
Thus o'er th' Elean plains, thy well-breath'd horſe
Impels the flying car, and wins the courſe.
Or, bred to Belgian waggons, leads the way;
Untir'd at night, and chearful all the day.
When once he's broken, feed him full and high:
Indulge his growth, and his gaunt ſides ſupply.
Before his training, keep him poor and low;
For his fleſh ſtomach with his food will grow;
The pamper'd colt will diſciplin'e diſdain,
Impatient of the laſh, and reſtleſs to the rein.
Would'ſt thou their courage and their ſtrength improve,
Too ſoon they muſt not feel the ſtings of love.
Whether the bull or courſer be thy care,
Let him not leap the cow, or mount the mare.
The youthful bull muſt wander in the wood;
Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood:
Or, in the ſtall at home his fodder find;
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his miſtreſs burns his breaſt;
He looks, and languiſhes, and leaves his reſt;
Forſakes his food, and, pining for the laſs,
Is joyleſs of the grove, and ſpurns the growing graſs,
The ſoft ſeducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.
A beauteous heifer in the wood is bred,
The ſtooping warriors, aiming head to head,
Engage their claſhing horns; with dreadful ſound
The foreſt rattles, and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they puſh, and puſhing loudly roar;
Their dewlaps and their ſides are bath'd in gore.
Nor when the war is over, is it peace;
Nor will the vanquiſh'd bull his claim releaſe:
But, feeding in his breaſt his ancient fires,
And curſing fate, from his proud foe retires.
Driven from his native land, to foreign grounds,
He with a generous rage reſents his wounds;
His ignominious flight, the victor's boaſt,
And more than both, the loves, which unrevenged he loſt.
Often he turns his eyes, and with a groan,
Surveys the pleaſing kingdoms, once his own.
And therefore to repair his ſtrength he tries:
Hardening his limbs with painful exerciſe,
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.
On prickly leaves and on ſharp herbs he feeds,
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns, yet ſore, he tries againſt a tree:
And meditates his abſent enemy.
He ſnuffs the wind, his heels the ſand excite,
But, when he ſtands collected in his might,
He roars, and promiſes a more ſucceſsful fight.
Then, to redeem his honour at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careleſs foe.
Not with more maineſs, rolling from afar,
The ſpumy waves proclaim the watery war,
And, mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and inſult the rocky ſhore.
They mate the middle region with their height;
And fall no leſs than with a mountain's weight:
The waters boil, and belch ing from below
Black ſands, as from a forceful engine, throw.
Thus every creature, and of every kind,
The ſecret joys of ſweet coition find:
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or ſwim the ſea,
Or haunt the deſert, ruſh into the flame;
For love is lord of all, and is in all the ſame.
'Tis with this rage, the mother lion ſtung,
Scours o'er the plain, regardleſs of her young:
Demanding rites of love; ſhe ſternly ſtalks;
And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.
'Tis then the ſhapeleſs bear his den forſakes,
In woods and fields a wild deſtruction makes.
Boars whet their tuſks, to battle tigers move;
Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love.
Then woe to him, that in the deſert land
Of Libya travels, o'er the burning ſand.
The ſtallion ſnuffs the well-known ſcent afar,
And ſnorts and trembles for the diſtant mare:

or bridles can his rage reſtrain;
d rocks are interpos'd in vain:
his way o'er mountains, and contemns
rents and unforded ſtreams.
d boar, who feels the pleaſing wound,
s his arming tuſks, and digs the ground.
leacher ſhuts his little eyes;
:hurning chaps the frothy bubbles riſe:
s ſides againſt a tree; prepares
is both his ſhoulders for the wars.
he Youth, when love's unerring dart
his liver, and inflam'd his heart?
ight, his watery way he took;
, and above, the billows broke;
of the ſky were open ſpread,
; thunder rattled o'er his head.
tempeſt call'd him back in vain,
boding omen of the main.
his kindred, not the kindly force
g parents, change his fatal courſe.
e dying maid, who muſt deplore
; carcaſe on the Seſtian ſhore.
e wars that ſpotted linxes make
fierce rivals, for the females' ſake:
ig wolves, the maſtiffs amorous rage;
the fearful ſtag dares for his hind engage.
ve the reſt, the furious mare,
i the male, is frantic with deſpair.
ier pouting vent declares her pain,
ie harneſs, and ſhe rends the rein;
hen Venus gave them rage and power),
ers' mangled members they devour;
frauded in their longing hour.
ey force through thickets of the wood,
) the ſteepy hills, and ſtem the flood.
the ſpring's approach their marrow burns
the ſpring their genial warmth returns),
to cliffs of rugged rocks repair,
wide noſtrils ſnuff the weſtern air:
ndrous to relate) the parent wind,
ie ſtallion, propagates the kind.
with amorous rage, they take their flight
lains, and mount the hills unequal height;
north, nor to the riſing ſun,
ard to the rainy regions run;
to the weſt, and hovering there,
ig mouths, they draw prolific air:
:h impregnate, from their groins they
hed
ce, by falſe conception bred.
erd knows it well; and calls by name
es, to note the mother's flame.
r'd in the planetary hour,
ous weeds, and ſpell'd with words of
ower,
imes in the magic bowl infuſe;
or deadly draughts, the poiſonous juice.
loſt, which never will renew,
too far the pleaſing path purſue;
nature with too nice a view.
fice for herds: our following care
y flocks and ſhaggy goats declare.
doubt what oil I muſt beſtow,
y ſubject from a ground ſo low:
ran matter which my theme affords,
h with magnificence of words.
nmanding Muſe my chariot guides:
the dubious cliff ſecurely rides:
And pleas'd I am, no beaten road to take:
But firſt the way to new diſcoveries make.
Now, ſacred Pales, in a lofty ſtrain
I ſing the rural honours of thy reign.
Firſt, with aſſiduous care, from winter keep
Well fodder'd in the ſtalls, thy tender ſheep:
Then ſpread with ſtraw, the bedding of thy fold;
With fern beneath, to ſend the bitter cold.
That free from gouts thou may'ſt preſerve thy care,
And clear from ſcabs, produc'd by freezing air.
Next let thy goats officiouſly be nurs'd:
And led to living ſtreams, to quench their thirſt.
Feed them with wiſter-browſe, and for their lare
A cote that opens to the ſouth prepare:
Where, baſking in the ſun-ſhine, they may lie,
And the ſhort remnants of his heat enjoy.
This during winter's driſly reign be done:
Till the new ram receives th' exalted ſun:
For hairy goats of equal profit are
With woolly ſheep, and aſk an equal care.
'Tis true, the fleece, when drunk with Tyrian juice,
Is dearly ſold: but not for needful uſe:
For the ſalacious goat increaſes more;
And twice as largely yields her milky ſtore.
The ſtill-diſtended udders never fail;
But, when they ſeem exhauſted, ſwell the pail.
Mean time the paſtor ſhears their hoary beards;
And eaſes of their hair, the loaden herds.
Their camelots, warm in tents, the ſoldier hold;
And ſhield the ſhivering mariner from cold.
On ſhrubs they browſe, and on the bleaky top
Of rugged hills, the thorny bramble crop.
Attended with their bleating kids they come
At night unaſk'd, and mindful of their home;
And ſcarce their ſwelling bags the threſhold over-come.
So much the more thy diligence beſtow
In depth of winter, to defend the ſnow:
By how much leſs the tender helpleſs kind,
For their own ills, can fit proviſion find.
Then miniſter the browſe, with bounteous hand;
And open let thy ſtacks all winter ſtand.
But when the weſtern winds with vital power
Call forth the tender graſs, and budding flower;
Then, at the laſt, produce in open air
Both flocks, and ſend them to their ſummer fare.
Before the ſun, while Heſperus appears;
Firſt let them ſip from herbs the pearly tears
Of morning dews; and after break their faſt
On green-ſward ground (a cool and grateful taſte):
But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,
And the ſun's ſultry heat their thirſt renews;
When creaking graſhoppers on ſhrubs complain,
Then lead them to their watering-troughs again.
In ſummer's heat ſome bending valley find,
Cloſ'd from the ſun, but open to the wind:
Or ſeek ſome ancient oak, whoſe arms extend
In ample breadth thy cattle to defend:
Or ſolitary grove, or gloomy glade,
To ſhield them with its venerable ſhade.
Once more to watering lead; and feed again
When the low ſun is ſinking to the main.
When riſing Cynthia ſheds her ſilver dews,
And the cool evening-breeze the meads renews:
When linnets fill the woods with tuneful ſound,
And hollow ſhores the halcyon's voice rebound.
Why ſhould my Muſe enlarge on Libyan ſwains;
Their ſcatter'd cottages, and ample plains?

Where oft the flocks without a leader ſtray;
Or through continued deſarts take their way;
And, feeding, add the length of night to day.
Whole months they wander, grazing as they go;
Nor folds, nor hoſpitable harbour know;
Such an extent of plains, ſo vaſt a ſpace
Of wilds unknown, and of untaſted graſs,
Allures their eyes: the ſhepherd laſt appears,
And with him all his patrimony bears:
His houſe and houſhold gods! his trade of war,
His bow and quiver; and his truſty cur.
Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of Rome
Their long, laborious marches overcome:
Chearly their tedious travels undergo;
And pitch their ſudden camp before the foe.
Not ſo the Scythian ſhepherd tends his fold;
Nor he who hears in Thrace the bitter cold:
Nor he who treads the bleak Meotian ſtrand;
Or where proud Iſter rolls his yellow ſand.
Early they ſtall their flocks and herds; for there
No graſs the fields, no leaves the foreſts wear:
The frozen earth lies buried there below
A hilly heap, ſeven cubits deep in ſnow:
And all the weſt allies of ſtormy Boreas blow.
The ſun from far peeps with a ſickly face;
Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chace;
When up the ſkies he ſhoots his roſy head,
Or in the ruddy ocean ſeeks his bed.
Swift rivers are with ſudden ice conſtrain'd;
And ſtudded wheels are on its back ſuſtain'd.
An hoſtry now for waggons, which before
Tall ſhips of burden on its boſom bore.
The brazen cauldrons with the froſt are flaw'd;
The garment, ſtiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd;
With axes firſt they cleave the wine, and thence
By weight, the ſolid portions they diſpenſe.
From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
Long iſicles depend, and crackling ſounds are heard.
Mean time perpetual ſleet, and driving ſnow,
Obſcure the ſkies, and hang on herds below.
The ſtarving cattle periſh in their ſtalls,
Huge oxen ſtand inclos'd in wintery walls
Of ſnow congeal'd; whole herds are bury'd there
Of mighty ſtags, and ſcarce their horns appear.
The dextrous huntſman wounds not theſe afar,
With ſhafts or darts, or makes a diſtant war
With dogs, or pitches toils to ſtop their flight:
But cloſe engages in unequal fight.
And while they ſtrive in vain to make their way
Through hills of ſnow, and pitifully bray;
Aſſaults with dint of ſword, or pointed ſpears:
And homeward, on his back, the joyful burden bears.
The men to ſubterranean caves retire;
Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire:
With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load,
Nor tempt th' inclemency of heaven abroad.
Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
They paſs, to drive the tedious hours away.
And their cold ſtomachs with crown'd goblets cheer
Of windy cider, and of barmy beer.
Such are the cold Riphean race: and ſuch
The ſavage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch.
Where ſkins of beaſts the rude barbarians wear,
The ſpoils of foxes, and the furry bear.
Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle go
Where buſhes are, where burrs and thiſtles grow;
Nor in too rank a paſture let them feed:
Then of the pureſt white ſelect thy breed.
Ev'n though a ſnowy ram thou ſhalt behold,
Prefer him not in haſte for huſband to thy fold.
But ſearch his mouth; and if a ſwarthy tongue
Is underneath his humid palate hung,
Reject him, leſt he darken all the flock;
And ſubſtitute another from thy ſtock.
'Twas thus with fleeces milky white (if we
May truſt report), Pan god of Arcady
Did bribe thee, Cynthia; nor didſt thou diſdain,
When call'd in woody ſhades, to cure a lover's pain.
If milk be thy deſign; with plenteous hand
Bring clover-graſs; and from the marſhy land
Salt herbage for the foddering-rack provide
To fill their bags, and ſwell the milky tide:
Theſe raiſe their thirſt, and to the taſte reſtore
The ſavour of the ſalt on which they fed before.
Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain,
With gags and muzzles their ſoft mouths reſtrain.
Their morning milk, the peaſants preſs at night:
Their evening meal before the riſing light
To market bear; or ſparingly they ſteep
With ſeaſoning ſalt, and ſtor'd, for winter keep.
Nor laſt, forget thy faithful dogs; but feed
With fattening whey the maſtiff's generous breed;
And Spartan race; who, for the fold's relief,
Will proſecute with cries the nightly thief:
Repulſe the prowling wolf, and hold at bay
The mountain robbers, ruſhing to the prey.
With cries of hounds, thou may'ſt purſue the fear
Of flying hares, and chaſe the fallow deer;
Rouſe from their deſart dens the briſtled rage
Of boars, and beamy ſtags in toils engage.
With ſmoak of burning cedar ſcent thy walls,
And ſume with ſtinking galbanum thy ſtalls:
With that rank odour from thy dwelling-place
To drive the viper's brood, and all the venom'd race.
For often under ſtalls unmov'd they lie,
Obſcure in ſhades, and ſhunning heaven's broad eye.
And ſnakes, familiar to the hearth ſucceed,
Diſcloſe their eggs, and near the chimney breed.
Whether to roofy houſes they repair,
Or ſun themſelves abroad in open air,
In all abodes of peſtilential kind
To ſheep and oxen, and the painful hind.
Take, ſhepherd, take, a plant of ſtubborn oak;
And labour him with many a ſturdy ſtroke:
Or with hard ſtones, demoliſh from afar
His haughty creſt, the ſeat of all the war;
Invade his hiſſing throat, and winding ſpires;
'Till, ſtretch'd in length, th' unfolded foe retires.
He drags his tail, and for his head provides:
And in ſome ſecret cranny ſlowly glides;
But leaves expos'd to blows, his back and batter'd ſides.
In fair Calabria's woods a ſnake is bred,
With curling creſt, and with advancing head:
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track;
His belly ſpotted, burniſh'd is his back:
While ſprings are broken, while the ſouthern air
And dropping heavens the moiſten'd earth repair,
He lives on ſtanding lakes and trembling bogs;
He fills his maw with fiſh, or with loquacious frogs.
But when, in muddy pools, the water ſinks;
And the chapt earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks;

e ſens, and leaps upon the ground;
, rolls his glaring eyes around.
inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
the fields, and wide deſtruction threats.
keep my cloſing eyes invade
ns, or in the ſecret ſhade,
renew'd in all the ſpeckled pride
s youth, has caſt his ſlough aſide,
ſummer livery rolls along,
brandiſhing his forky tongue,
neſt and his imperfect young;
ghtleſs of his eggs, forgets to rear
of poiſon, for the following year.
es and the ſigns ſhall next be told,
:kneſs that infects the fold.
tter on their pelts will ſtick,
aw rain has pierc'd them to the quick:
g frosts have eaten through the ſkin:
iſicles are lodg'd within:
e fleece is ſhorn, if ſweat remains
and ſoaks into their empty veins:
defenceleſs limbs the brambles tear;
eir wool, and naked from the ſheer.
epherds, after ſheering, drench their
heep,
flock's father (forc'd from high to
:ap)
m the ſtream, and plunges in the deep.
their naked limbs with mother'd oil;
e founts where living ſulphurs boil,
a medicine to foment their limbs;
that on the molten ſilver ſwims.
and black bitumen, add to theſe,
waxen labour of the bees:
ore, and ſquills deep-rooted in the
eas,
ound, but ſearching all thy ſtore,
Will at hand—to lance the ſore,
e head, for till the core be found,
vice is ſed, and gathers ground:
aking fruitleſs moan, the ſhepherd
ands,
n the lancing knife requires his hands,
, with idle prayers, from heaven de-
nands.
eir bones when fevers fix their ſeat,
heir limbs, and lick the vital heat;
cure to cool the raging pain,
ath the foot to breathe a vein.
dy the Scythian ſhepherds found:
tants of Thracia's hilly ground,
s uſe it, when for drink and food
their cruddled milk with horſes blood.
ew thou ſee'ſt a ſingle ſheep remain
oof, or crouch'd upon the plain;
to crop the tender graſs;
lag behind, with truant pace;
e crime, and take the traitor's head,
faultleſs flock the dire contagion ſpread.
er ſeas we fewer ſtorms behold,
diſeaſes that infect the fold.
ſe ills on ſingle bodies prey;
r bring the nation to decay;
p the preſent ſtock and future hope
away.
xample of this truth appears:
er ſuch a length of rolling years,

We ſee the naked Alps, and thin remains
Of ſcatter'd cots, and yet unpeopled plains:
Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the ſhepherd's
happy reigns.
Here from the vicious air, and ſickly ſkies,
A plague did on the dumb creation riſe:
During th' autumnal heats th' infection grew,
Tame cattle, and the beaſts of nature ſlew.
Poiſoning the ſtanding lakes, and pools impure:
Nor was the foodful graſs in fields ſecure.
Strange death! for when the thirſty fire had drunk
Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were ſhrunk;
When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, ev'n
then,
A wateriſh humour ſwell'd and ooz'd again;
Converting into bane the kindly juice,
Ordain'd by nature for a better uſe.
The victim ox, that was for altars preſt,
Trim'd with white ribbons, and with garlands dreſt,
Sunk of himſelf, without the gods command:
Preventing the ſlow ſacrificer's hand.
Or, by the holy butcher if he fell,
Th' inſpected entrails could no fates foretel:
Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames ariſe;
But clouds of ſmouldering ſmoke forbade the ſacrifice.
Scarcely the knife was reddened with his gore,
Or the black poiſon ſtain'd the ſandy floor.
The thriven calves in meads their food forſake,
And render their ſweet ſouls before the plenteous
rack.
The fawning dog runs mad, the wheaſing ſwine
With coughs is choak'd, and labours from the chine:
The victor horſe, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces, and abhors the flood.
He paws the ground, and, on his hanging ears,
A doubtful ſweat in clammy drops appears:
Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs.
Such are the ſymptoms of the young diſeaſe;
But in time's proceſs, when his pains increaſe,
He rolls his mournful eyes, he deeply groans
With patient ſobbing, and with manly moans.
He heaves for breath; which from his lungs ſuply'd,
And fetch'd from far, diſtends his labouring ſides
To his rough palate, his dry tongue ſucceeds;
And ropy gore he from his noſtrils bleeds.
A drench of wine has with ſucceſs been us'd;
And through a horn the generous juice infus'd:
Which timely taken op'd his cloſing jaws;
But, if too late, the patient's death did cauſe.
For the too vigorous doſe too fiercely wrought;
And added fury to the ſtrength it brought.
Recruited into rage he grinds his teeth
In his own fleſh, and feeds approaching death.
Ye gods, to better fate good men diſpoſe,
And turn that impious error on our foes!
The ſteer, who to the yoke was bred to bow,
(Studious of tillage, and the crooked plough)
Falls down and dies; and dying ſpews a flood
Of foamy madneſs, mix'd with clotted blood.
The clown, who, curſing Providence, repines,
His mournful fellow from the team disjoins:
With many a groan forſakes his fruitleſs care,
And in th' unfiniſh'd furrow leaves the ſhare.
The pining ſteer no ſhades of lofty woods,
Nor flowery meads, can eaſe; nor cryſtal floods
Roll'd from the rock: his flabby flanks decreaſe;
His eyes are ſettled in a ſtupid peace.

His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown;
And his unwieldy neck hangs drooping down.
Now what avails his well-deserving toil,
To turn the glebe, or smooth the rugged soil!
And yet he never supp'd in solemn state,
Nor undigested feasts did urge his fate;
Nor day to night luxuriously did join;
Nor surfeited on rich Campanian wine.
Simple his beverage, homely was his food;
The wholesome herbage, and the running flood.
No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright;
His pains by day secur'd his rest by night.
'Twas then that buffaloes, ill-pair'd, were seen
To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen,
For want of oxen; and the labouring swain
Scratch'd with a rake a furrow for his grain:
And cover'd with his hand the shallow seed again.
He yokes himself, and up the hilly height,
With his own shoulders draws the waggon's weight.
The nightly wolf that round th' inclosure proul'd
To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold:
Tam'd with a sharper pain, the fearful doe
And flying stag, amidst the greyhounds go:
And round the dwellings roam of man, their fiercer foe.
The scaly nations of the sea profound,
Like shipwreck'd carcases are driven aground;
And mighty Phocæ, never seen before
In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore.
The viper dead within her hole is found;
Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
The water-snake, whom fish and paddocks fed,
With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed:
To birds their native heavens contagious prove,
From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above.
Besides, to change their pasture 'tis in vain;
Or trust to physic; physic is their bane.
The learned leaches in despair depart:
And shake their heads, desponding of their art.
Tisiphone, let loose from under ground,
Majestically pale, now treads the round;
Before her drives diseases and affright;
And every moment rises to the sight:
Aspiring to the skies, incroaching on the light.
The rivers and their banks, and hills around,
With lowings, and with dying bleats resound.
At length she strikes an universal blow;
To death at once whole herds of cattle go:
Sheep, oxen, horses fall; and, heap'd on high,
The differing species in confusion lie.
Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,
To lodge their loathsome carrion under ground,
For, useless to the currier were their hides:
Nor could their tainted flesh with ocean tides
Be freed from filth: nor could Vulcanian flame
The stench abolish, or the savour tame.
Nor safely could they shave their fleecy store
(Made drunk with poisonous juice, and stiff with gore);
Or touch the web: but if the vest they wear,
Red blisters rising on their paps appear,
And flaming carbuncles and noisome sweat,
And clammy dews, that loathsome lice beget:
Till the slow creeping evil eats his way,
Consumes the parching limbs, and makes the life his prey.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Virgil has taken care to raise the subject of the Georgics: In the first he has only dead matter on which to work. In the second he just steps on the world of life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third he advances to animals: and in the last singles out the bee, which may be reckoned the most sagacious of them, for his subject.

In this Georgic he shews us what station is most proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey: how to call them home when they swarm; and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different kind; and, after an excursion, relates their prudent and politic administration of affairs, and the several diseases that often rage in their hives, with the proper symptoms and remedies of each disease. In the last place he lays down a method of restoring their kind, supposing their whole breed lost, and gives at large the history of its invention.

THE gifts of heaven my following song pursues,
Aerial honey, and ambrosial dews.
Mæcenas, read this other part, that sings
Embattled squadrons and adventurous kings;
A mighty pomp, though made of little things.
Their arms, their arts, their manners I disclose,
And how they war, and whence the people rose:
Slight is the subject, but the praise not small,
If heaven assist, and Phœbus hear my call.

First, for thy bees a quiet station find,
And lodge them under covert of the wind:
For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded carriers from their evening hive.
Far from the cows and goats insulting crew,
That trample down the flowers, and brush the dew:
The painted lizard, and the birds of prey,
Foes of the frugal kind, be far away.
The titmouse, and the pecker's hungry brood,
And Progne, with her bosom stain'd in blood:
These rob the trading citizens, and bear
The trembling captives through the liquid air;
And for their callow young a cruel feast prepare.
But near a living stream their mansion place,
Edg'd round with moss, and tufts of matted grass:
And plant (the wind's impetuous rage to stop),
Wild olive-trees, or palms, before the busy shop.
That when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
Calls out the venturous colony to swarm;

their way through yielding air they wing,
pleaſures of their native ſpring;
of brooks may make a cool retreat
ſoldiers from the ſcalding heat:
ouring trees, with friendly ſhade, invite
unus'd to long laborious flight.
he running ſtream, or ſtanding lake,
or thy weary people make;
floats the ſtanding water ſtrow;
ones make bridges, if it flow:
ig in the ſun thy bees may lie,
there, their flaggy pinions dry:
returning home, the laden hoſt
winds is wreck'd upon the coaſt.
: and ſavory ſet around their cell;
e taſte, and fragrant to the ſmell;
roſemary with flowering ſtem,
purple violets drink the ſtream.
thou build the palace of thy bees
:d oſiers, or with barks of trees;
narrow mouth: for as the cold
to a lump the liquid gold;
n diſſolv'd by ſummer's heat,
eet labours both extremes defeat.
re, not in vain, th' induſtrious kind
y wax and flowers the chinks have lin'd.
heir ſtores of gather'd glue, contrive
: vents and crannies of their hive.
ie, or Idean pitch, produce
acious maſs of clammy juice.
are lodg'd in hives alone, but found
s of their own, beneath the ground:
ed roofs are hung in pumices,
rotten trunks of hollow trees.
ter thou the chinky hives with clay,
ranches o'er their lodging lay,
hem where too deep a water flows,
the yeugh their poiſonous neighbour
rows:
:d crabs t' offend the niceneſs of their
oſe.
ie ſteeming ſtench of muddy ground:
rocks that render back the ſound,
'd images of voice rebound.
: remains, when golden ſuns appear,
earth have driven the winter year:
d nation wanders through the ſkies,
ie plains and ſhady foreſt flies:
ping on the meads and leafy bowers,
the floods, and ſip the purple flowers.
ice, and drunk with ſecret joy,
ſucceſſion all their cares employ:
, they brood, inſtruct, and educate,
proviſion for the future ſtate:
their waxen lodgings in their hives,
honey to ſuſtain their lives.
hou ſeeſt a ſwarming cloud ariſe,
s aloft, and darkens all the ſkies,
s of their haſty flight attend;
to floods, or woods, their airy march they
end.
il beat, and honey-ſuckles pound,
alluring ſavours ſtrew the ground,
ith tinkling braſs, the cymbal's dron-
g ſound.
their ancient cells, recall'd from air,
:il'd deſerters will repair.

But if inteſtine broils alarm the hive,
(For two pretenders oft for empire ſtrive)
The vulgar in divided factions jar;
And murmuring ſounds proclaim the civil war.
Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with diſdain,
Scarce can their limbs their mighty ſouls contain,
With ſhouts the coward's courage they excite,
And martial clangors call them out to fight:
With hoarſe alarms the hollow camp rebounds,
That imitates the trumpet's angry ſounds:
Then to their common ſtandard they repair;
The nimble horſemen ſcour the fields of air.
In form of battle drawn, they iſſue forth,
And every knight is proud to prove his worth.
Preſs'd for their country's honour, and their king's,
On their ſharp beaks they whet their pointed ſtings;
And exerciſe their arms, and tremble with their wings.
Full in the midſt the haughty monarchs ride,
The truſty guards come up, and cloſe the ſide;
With ſhouts the daring foe to battle is defy'd.
Thus in the ſeaſon of unclouded ſpring,
To war they follow their undaunted kings:
Crowd through their gates, and in the fields of light.
The ſhocking ſquadrons meet in mortal fight:
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,
And heaps of ſlaughter'd ſoldiers bite the ground.
Hard hailſtones lie not thicker on the plain,
Nor ſhaken oaks ſuch ſhowers of acorn rain.
With gorgeous wings, the marks of ſovereign ſway,
The two contending princes make their way;
Intrepid through the midſt of danger go;
Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.
With mighty ſouls in narrow bodies preſt,
They challenge, and encounter breaſt to breaſt;
So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
And obſtinately bent to win or die;
That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
Till one prevails (for one can only reign).
Yet all thoſe dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,
A caſt of ſcatter'd duſt will ſoon allay;
And undecided leave the fortune of the day.
When both the chiefs are ſundered from the fight,
Then to the lawful king reſtore his right.
And let the waſteful prodigal be ſlain,
That he, who beſt deſerves, alone may reign.
With eaſe diſtinguiſh'd is the regal race:
One monarch wears an honeſt open face:
Shap'd to his ſize, and godlike to behold,
His royal body ſhines with ſpecks of gold,
And ruddy ſcales; for empire he deſign'd,
Is better born, and of a nobler kind.
That other looks like nature in diſgrace,
Gaunt are his ſides, and ſullen is his face:
And like their griſly prince appears his gloomy race:
Grim, ghaſtly, rugged, like a thirſty train
That long have travel'd through a deſart plain,
And ſpit from their dry chaps the gather'd duſt again.
The better brood, unlike the baſtard crew,
Are mark'd with royal ſtreaks of ſhining hue;
Glittering and ardent, though in body leſs:
From theſe, at 'pointed ſeaſons, hope to preſs

Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,
Not only ſweet, but pure, and fit for uſe;
T' allay the ſtrength and hardneſs of the wine,
And with old Bacchus, new metheglin join.
But when the ſwarms are eager of their play,
And loathe their empty hives, and idly ſtray,
Reſtrain the wanton fugitives, and take
A timely care to bring the truants back.
The taſk is eaſy, but to clip the wings
Of their high-flying arbitrary kings:
At their command, the people ſwarm away;
Confine the tyrant, and the ſlaves will ſtay.
Sweet gardens, full of ſaffron flowers, invite
The wandering gluttons, and retard their flight.
Beſides the god obſcene, who frights away,
With his lath ſword, the thieves and birds of prey.
With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
For ſlips of pines, may ſearch the mountain trees:
And with wild thyme and ſavory plant the plain,
Till his hard horny fingers ache with pain:
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreſhing waters drench the ground.
Now, did I not ſo near my labours end,
Strike ſail, and haſtening to the harbour tend,
My ſong to flowery gardens might extend.
To teach the vegetable arts, to ſing
The Pæſtan roſes, and their double ſpring:
How ſuccory drinks the running ſtream, and how
Green beds of parſley near the river grow;
How cucumbers along the ſurface creep,
With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep.
The late Narciſſus, and the winding trail
Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.
For where with ſtately towers Tarentum ſtands,
And deep Galeſus ſoaks the yellow ſands,
I chanc'd an old Corycian ſwain to know,
Lord of few acres, and thoſe barren too;
Unfit for ſheep or vines, and more unfit to ſow:
Yet, labouring well his little ſpot of ground,
Some ſcattering pot-herbs here and there he found:
Which, cultivated with his daily care,
And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.
Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford,
With wholſome poppy-flowers to mend his homely board:
For late returning home he ſupp'd at eaſe,
And wiſely deem'd the wealth of monarchs leſs:
The little of his own, becauſe his own did pleaſe.
To quit his care, he gather'd firſt of all
In ſpring the roſes, apples in the fall:
And when cold winter ſplit the rocks in twain,
And ice the running rivers did reſtrain,
He ſtripp'd the bears-foot of its leafy growth,
And, calling Weſtern winds, accus'd the ſpring of ſloth;
He therefore firſt among the ſwains was found
To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
And ſqueeze the combs with golden liquor crown'd.
His limes were firſt in flowers; his lofty pines,
With friendly ſhade, ſecur'd his tender vines.
For every bloom his trees in ſpring afford,
An autumn apple was by tale reſtor'd.
He knew to rank his elms in even rows:
For fruit the grafted pear-tree to diſpoſe:
And tame to plumbs, the fourneſs of the ſloes.
With ſpreading planes he made a cool retreat,
To ſhade good fellows from the ſummer's heat.
But, ſtraiten'd in my ſpace, I muſt forſake
This taſk; for others afterwards to take.
Deſcribe we next the nature of the bees,
Beſtow'd by Jove for ſecret ſervices:
When, by the tinkling ſound of timbrels led,
The king of heaven in Cretan caves they fed.
Of all the race of animals, alone
The bees have common cities of their own,
And common ſons, beneath one law they live,
And with one common ſtock their traffic drive.
Each has a certain home, a ſeveral ſtall:
All is the ſtate's, the ſtate provides for all.
Mindful of coming cold, they ſhare the pain:
And hoard, for winter's uſe, the ſummer's gain.
Some o'er the public magazines preſide,
And ſome are ſent new forage to provide:
Theſe drudge in fields abroad, and thoſe at home
Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb,
With dew, Narciſſus' leaves, and clammy gum.
To pitch the waxen flooring ſome contrive;
Some nurſe the future nation of the hive:
Sweet honey ſome condenſe, ſome purge the grout;
The reſt, in cells apart, the liquid nectar ſhut.
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive.
With envy ſtung, they view each other's deeds:
With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
As when the Cyclops, at th' Almighty nod,
New thunder haſten for their angry god:
Subdued in fire the ſtubborn metal lies,
One brawny ſmith the puffing bellows plies;
And draws and blows reciprocating air:
Others to quench the hiſſing maſs prepare:
With lifted arms they order every blow,
And chime their ſounding hammers in a row:
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
Strongly they ſtrike, huge flakes of flames expire,
With tongs they turn the ſteel, and vex it in the fire.
If little things with great we may compare,
Such are the bees, and ſuch their buſy care:
Studious of honey, each in his degree,
The youthful ſwain, the grave experienc'd bee:
That in the field; this in affairs of ſtate,
Employ'd at home, abides within the gate:
To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins, leſt the fabric fall:
But late at night, with weary pinions come
The labouring youth, and heavy laden, home
Plains, meads, and orchards, all the day he plies;
The gleans of yellow thyme diſtend his thighs:
He ſpoils the ſaffron flowers, he ſips the blues
Of violets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.
Their toil is common, common is their ſleep;
They ſhake their wings when morn begins to peep;
Ruſh through the city-gates without delay,
Nor ends their work but with declining day:
Then having ſpent the laſt remains of light,
They give their bodies due repoſe at night:
When hollow murmurs of their evening bells
Diſmiſs the ſleepy ſwains, and toll them to their cells.
When once in beds their weary limbs they ſteep,
No buzzing ſounds diſturb their golden ſleep,
'Tis ſacred ſilence all. Nor dare they ſtray,
When rain is promis'd, or a ſtormy day:
But near the city walls their watering take,
Nor forage far, but ſhort excurſions make.

vhen empty barks on billows float,
' ballaſt ſailors trim the boat,
r gravel-ſtones, whoſe poiſing weight
igh the whiſtling winds their ſteady flight.
it's more ſtrange, their modeſt appetites,
ı Venus, fly the nuptial rites.
rvates their heroic mind,
their ſtrength on wanton woman-kind,
mouths reſide their genial powers,
r children from the leaves and flowers.
they kings to fill the regal ſeat:
heir little citizens create:
cities build, the palaces of ſtate.
rocks their tender wings they tear,
meath the burdens which they bear.
f honey in their boſom beats:
zeal they have for flowery ſweets.
ough the race of life they quickly run;
ıe ſpace of ſeven ſhort years is done;
tal line in ſure ſucceſſion reigns,
: of the family remains:
res grandſons the long liſt contains.
not Ægypt, India, Media, more
: awe, their idol king adore:
rvives, in concord and content
ons live, by no diviſions rent;
at monarch's death diſſolves the go-
rnment.
uin, they themſelves contrive
ioney, and ſubvert the hive.
eſides, his ſubjects' toil ſurveys;
rout their careful Cæſar praiſe:
ctol, they worſhip him alone:
l his levees, and ſupport his throne:
im on their ſhoulders with a ſhout:
heir ſovereign's quarrel calls them out,
mortal combat they defy,
t honour at his feet to die.
y ſuch examples, ſome have taught
ave portions of etherial thought:
ı particles of heavenly fires:
: whole created maſs inſpires;
'aven, and earth, and ocean's depth le
rows
:e round, and kindles as he goes.
s, and herds, and men, and beaſts, and
wls,
are quicken'd, and attract their ſouls.
the forms his preſcience did ordain,
m at length reſolve again.
leſt for death, they mount the ſky,
· own congenial planets fly.
:n thou haſt decreed to ſeize their ſtores,
'ogative to break their doors:
led water firſt the city choke,
arſue the citizens with ſmoke.
-harveſts fall in every year:
the pleaſing Pleiades appear,
ng upward ſpurn the briny ſeas:
n their affrighted quire ſurveys
Scorpion mend his pace behind,
k train of ſtorms and winter wind,
e into the deep, and ſafe protection
id.
'enge, the bees, a wrathful race,
provok'd, aſſault th' aggreſſor's face:
h the purple veins a paſſage find;
eir ſtings, and leave their ſouls behind.

But if a pinching winter thou foreſee,
And wouldſt preſerve thy famiſh'd family;
With fragrant thyme the city fumigate,
And break the waxen walls to ſave the ſtate.
For lurking lizards often lodge, by ſtealth,
Within the ſuburbs, and purloin their wealth.
And lizards, ſhunning light, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the ſeat.
Or lazy drones, without their ſhare of pain,
In winter-quarters free, devour the gain:
Or waſps infeſt the camp with loud alarms,
And mix in battle with unequal arms:
Or ſecret moths are there in ſilence fed;
Or ſpiders in the vault their ſnary webs have ſpread.
The more oppreſs'd by foes, or famine pin'd,
The more increaſe thy care to ſave the ſinking kind;
With greens and flowers recruit their empty hives,
And ſeek freſh forage to ſuſtain their lives.
But ſince they ſhare with man one common fate,
In health and ſickneſs, and in turns of ſtate;
Obſerve the ſymptoms when they fall away,
And languiſh with inſenſible decay.
They change their hue, with haggard eyes they ſtare,
Lean are their looks, and ſhagged is their hair:
And crowds of dead, that never muſt return
To their lov'd hives, in decent pomp are borne:
Their friends attend the hearſe, the next relations mourn.
The ſick, for air, before the portal gaſp,
Their feeble legs within each other claſp,
Or idle in their empty hives remain,
Benumb'd with cold, or liſtleſs of their gain.
Soft whiſpers then and broken ſounds are heard,
As when the woods by gentle winds are ſtirr'd,
Such ſtifled noiſe as the cloſe furnace hides,
Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
This, when thou ſeeſt, Galbanean odours uſe,
And honey in the ſickly hive infuſe.
Through reeden pipes convey the golden flood,
T' invite the people to their wonted food:
Mix it with thicken'd juice of ſodden wines,
And raiſins from the grapes of Pſythian vines!
To theſe add pounded galls, and roſes dry,
And with Cecropian thyme, ſtrong-ſcented centaury.
A flower there is that grows in meadow ground,
Amellus call'd, and eaſy to be found:
For from one root the riſing ſtem beſtows
A wood of leaves, and violet-purple boughs.
The flower itſelf is glorious to behold,
And ſhines on altars like refulgent gold:
Sharp to the taſte, by ſhepherds near the ſtream
Of Mella found, and thence they gave the name.
Boil this reſtoring root in generous wine,
And ſet beſide the door the ſickly ſtock to dine.
But if the labouring kind be wholly loſt,
And not to be retriev'd with care or coſt,
'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art,
Th' Arcadian maſter did of old impart:
And how he ſtock'd his empty hives again;
Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen ſlain.
An ancient legend I prepare to ſing,
And upward follow Fame's immortal ſpring:
For where, with ſeven-fold horns, myſterious Nile
Surrounds the ſkirts of Ægypt's fruitful iſle,
And where in pomp the ſun-burnt people ride,
On painted barges o'er the teeming tide,

Which, pouring down from Ethiopian lands,
Makes green the ſoil with ſlime, and black prolific ſands;
That length of region, and large tract of ground,
In this one art a ſure relief have found.
Firſt, in a place, by nature cloſe, they build
A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
In this, four windows are contriv'd, that ſtrike
To the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique.
A ſteer of two years old they take, whoſe head
Now firſt with burniſh'd horns begins to ſpread:
They ſtop his noſtrils, while he ſtrives in vain
To breathe free air, and ſtruggles with his pain.
Knock'd down, he dies: his bowels bruis'd within,
Betray no wound on his unbroken ſkin.
Extended thus, in his obſcene abode,
They leave the beaſt; but firſt ſweet flowers are ſtrow'd
Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyme,
And pleaſing caſſia juſt renew'd in prime.
This muſt be done, ere ſpring makes equal day,
When weſtern winds on curling waters play:
Ere painted meads produce their flowery crops,
Or ſwallows twitter on the chimney-tops.
The tainted blood, in this cloſe priſon pent,
Begins to boil, and through the bones ferment.
Then, wondrous to behold, new creatures riſe,
A moving maſs at firſt, and ſhort of thighs;
Till ſhooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
The grubs proceed to bees with pointed ſtings:
And more and more aſſaying air, they try
Their tender pinions, and begin to fly
At length, like ſummer ſtorms from ſpreading clouds,
That burſt at once, and pour impetuous floods,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When from afar they gall embattled foes,
With ſuch a tempeſt through the ſkies they ſteer,
And ſuch a form the winged ſquadrons bear.
What God, O Muſe! this uſeful ſcience taught?
Or by what man's experience was it brought?
Sad Ariſtæus from fair Tempe fled,
His bees with famine, or diſeaſes, dead;
On Peneus' banks he ſtood, and near his holy head.
And while his falling tears the ſtreams ſupply'd,
Thus mourning, to his mother-goddeſs, cry'd:
Mother Cyrene, mother, whoſe abode
Is in the depth of this immortal flood:
What boots it, that from Phœbus' loins I ſpring,
The third, by him and thee, from heaven's high King?
O! where is all thy boaſted pity gone,
And promiſe of the ſkies to thy deluded ſon?
Why didſt thou me, unhappy me, create?
Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate.
Whom, ſcarce my ſheep, and ſcarce my painful plouch
The needful aids of human life allow:
So wretched is thy ſon, ſo hard a mother thou.
Proceed, inhuman parent, in thy ſcorn;
Root up my trees, with blights deſtroy my corn;
My vineyards ruin, and my ſheepfolds burn.
Let looſe thy rage, let all thy ſpite be ſhown,
Since thus thy hate purſues the praiſes of thy ſon.
But from her moſſy bower below the ground,
His careful mother heard the plaintive ſound,
Encompaſs'd with her ſea-green ſiſters round.
One common work they ply'd: their diſtaffs full
With carded locks of blue Mileſian wool.
Spio with Drymo brown, and Zanthe fair,
And ſweet Phyllodoce with long diſhevel'd hair:
Cydippe with Licorias, one a maid,
And one that once had called Lucina's aid.
Clio and Beroe, from one father both,
Both girt with gold, and clad in party-colour'd cloth.
Opis the meek, and Deiopeia proud;
Nilæa lofty with Ligæa loud;
Thalia joyous, Ephyré the ſad,
And Arethuſa once Diana's maid,
But now, her quiver left, to love betray'd.
To theſe, Clymene the ſweet theft declares
Of Mars, and Vulcan's unavailing cares:
And all the rapes of gods, and every love,
From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.
Thus while ſhe ſings, the ſiſters turn the wheel,
Empty the woolly rack, and fill the reel.
A mournful ſound again the mother hears;
Again the mournful ſound invades the ſiſter's ears:
Starting at once from their green ſeats, they riſe;
Fear in their heart, amazement in their eyes,
But Arethuſa, leaping from her bed,
Firſt lifts above the waves her beauteous head;
And, crying from afar, thus to Cyrene ſaid:
O ſiſter, not with cauſeleſs fear poſſeſt,
No ſtranger voice diſturbs thy tender breaſt.
'Tis Ariſtæus, 'tis thy darling ſon,
Who to his careleſs mother makes his moan.
Near his paternal ſtream he ſadly ſtands,
With down-caſt eyes, wet cheeks, and folded hands:
Upbraiding heaven, from whence his lineage came,
And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name.
Cyrene, mov'd with love, and ſeiz'd with fear,
Cries out, Conduct my ſon, conduct him here:
'Tis lawful for the youth, deriv'd from gods,
To view the ſecrets of our deep abodes.
At once ſhe wav'd her hand on either ſide,
At once the ranks of ſwelling ſtreams divide.
Two riſing heaps of liquid cryſtal ſtand,
And leave a ſpace betwixt, of empty ſand.
Thus ſafe receiv'd, the downward track he treads
Which to his mother's watery palace leads.
With wondering eyes he views the ſecret ſtore
Of lakes, that pent in hollow caverns roar.
He hears the crackling ſound of coral woods,
And ſees the ſecret ſource of ſubterranean floods.
And where, diſtinguiſh'd in their ſeveral cells,
The fount of Phaſis and of Lycus dwells;
Where ſwift Enipeus in his bed appears,
And Tiber his majeſtic forehead rears.
Whence Anio flows, and Hypanis, profound,
Breaks through th' oppoſing rocks with raging ſound.
Where Po firſt iſſues from his dark abodes,
And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods,
Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
And his grim face a bull's reſemblance bears.
With rapid courſe he ſeeks the ſacred main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.
Now to the court arriv'd, th' admiring ſon
Beholds the vaulted roofs of pory ſtone,
Now to his mother goddeſs tells his grief,
Which ſhe with pity hears, and promiſes relief.
Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
With water drawn from their perpetual ſpring,

hly dregs his body purify,
is temples, with fine towels, dry:
l the tables with a liberal feaſt,
ur with full bowls their friendly gueſt.
d altars are involv'd in ſmoke,
right quire their kindred gods invoke.
ls the mother fills with Lydian wine;
, let theſe be pour'd, with rites divine,
at author of our watery line.
Ocean, this; and this, ſhe ſaid,
nymphs his ſacred ſiſters paid,
the watery plains, and hold the wood-
land ſhade.
led thrice, with wine, the veſtal fire,
he vaulted roof the flames aſpire.
h ſo bleſt an omen, ſhe began,
ls like theſe to chear her drooping ſon.
pathian bottom makes abode
erd of the ſeas, a prophet and a god;
he main in watery pomp he rides,
car and finny courſers guides:
s name: to his Pallenian port
far the weary god reſort.
lone, we river-gods adore,
Nereus hearkens to his lore.
foreſight, and with unerring doom,
at is, and was, and is to come.
une gave him, when he gave to keep
ocks, that graze the watery deep.
s aid, for Proteus only knows
cauſe, and cure of all thy woes.
e wily wizard muſt be caught,
train'd he nothing tells for naught;
prayers, or bribes, or flattery bought.
m firſt, and with hard fetters bind;
's frauds will vaniſh into wind.
If conduct thee on thy way,
t the ſouthing ſun inflames the day:
dry herbage thirſts for dews in vain,
in ſhades, avoid the parching plain;
I lead thee to his ſecret ſeat;
ry with his toil, and ſcorch'd with heat,
ard ſtre frequents his cool retreat.
ith heavy ſlumber overcaſt;
invade his limbs, and bind him faſt:
r bound, yet be not over bold.
y god will try to looſe his hold:
s forms aſſume to cheat thy ſight;
rain images of beaſts affright.
y tuſks will ſeem a briſtly boar,
the lion's angry roar;
n crackling flames to ſhun thy ſnare,
ragon, or a tiger ſtare:
vile thy caution to betray,
ſtreams attempt to ſlide away.
he more he varies forms, beware
is fetters with a ſtricter care:
all his arts, he turns again
ſhape, in which he firſt was ſeen.
, with nectar ſhe her ſon anoints:
pour through his mortal joints:
his head the liquid odours ran:
l of heaven, and look'd above a man.
mountain's hollow womb there lies
ſs, conceal'd from human eyes;
s of billows, driven by wind and tide,
war, their watery ranks divide;
like ſentries ſet, without the mouth
ide;
A ſtation ſafe for ſhips, when tempeſts roar,
A ſilent harbour, and a cover'd ſhore.
Secure within reſides the various god,
And draws a rock upon his dark abode,
Hither with ſilent ſteps, ſecure from ſight,
The goddeſs guides her ſon, and turns him from the light:
Herſelf, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight.
'Twas noon; the ſultry dog ſtar from the ſky
Scorch'd Indian ſwains, the rivel'd graſs was dry;
The ſun, with flaming arrows, pierc'd the flood,
And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud:
When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,
Retir'd from ſhelter to his wonted caves:
His finny flocks about their ſhepherd play,
And, rolling round him, ſpirt the bitter ſea.
Unwieldily they wallow firſt in ooze,
Then in the ſpady covert ſeek repoſe.
Himſelf their herdſman, on the middle mount,
Takes of his muſter'd flocks a juſt account.
So, ſeated on a rock, a ſhepherd's groom
Surveys his evening flocks returning home:
When lowing calves, and bleating lambs, from far,
Provoke the prouling wolf to nightly war.
Th' occaſion offers, and the youth complies:
For ſcarce the weary god had clos'd his eyes,
When ruſhing on, with ſhouts, he binds in chains
The drowſy prophet, and his limbs conſtrains.
He, not unmindful of his uſual art,
Firſt in diſſembled fire attempts to part:
Then roaring beaſts and running ſtreams he tries,
And wearies all his miracles of lies:
But, having ſhifted every form to 'ſcape,
Convinc'd of conqueſt, he reſum'd his ſhape;
And thus, at length, in human accent ſpoke:
Audacious youth, what madneſs could provoke
A mortal man t' invade a ſleeping god?
What buſineſs brought thee to my dark abode?
To this th' audacious youth: Thou know'ſt full well
My name, and buſineſs, god, nor need I tell:
No man can Proteus cheat; but, Proteus, leave
Thy fraudful arts, and do not thou deceive.
Following the gods' command, I come t' implore
Thy help, my periſh'd people to reſtore.
The ſeer, who could not yet his wrath aſſuage,
Roll'd his green eyes, that ſparkled with his rage;
And gnaſh'd his teeth, and cry'd, No vulgar god
Purſues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.
Thy great miſdeeds have met a due reward,
And Orpheus' dying prayers at length are heard;
For crimes, not his, the lover loſt his life,
And at thy hands requires his murder'd wife;
Nor (if the Fates aſſiſt not) canſt thou 'ſcape
The juſt revenge of that intended rape.
To ſhun thy lawleſs luſt, the dying bride,
Unwary, took along the river's ſide:
Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly ſnake,
That keeps the bank, in covert of the brake.
But all her fellow-nymphs the mountains tear
With loud laments, and break the yielding air:
The realms of Mars remurmur'd all around,
And echoes to th' Athenian ſhores rebound.
Th' unhappy huſband, huſband now no more,
Did on his tuneful harp his loſs deplore,
And ſought his mournful mind with muſic to restore.
On thee, dear wife, in deſarts all alone,
He call'd, figh'd, ſung, his griefs with day begun,
Nor were they finiſh'd with the ſetting ſun.

Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night
He took his way, through foreſts void of light:
And dar'd amidſt the trembling ghoſts to ſing,
And ſtood before th' inexorable king.
Th' infernal troops like paſſing ſhadows glide,
And, liſtening, crowd the ſweet muſician's ſide.
Nor flocks of birds when driven by ſtorms or night,
Stretch to the foreſt with ſo thick a flight,
Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarry'd maid,
* The mighty heroes more majeſtic ſhade;
And youths on funeral piles before their parents laid.
All theſe Cocytus bounds with ſqualid reeds,
With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds:
And baleful Styx encompaſſes around,
With nine ſlow circling ſtreams th' unhappy ground.
Ev'n from the depths of hell the damn'd advance,
Th' infernal manſions nodding ſeem to dance:
The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to ſnarl,
The Furies hearken, and their ſnakes uncurl:
Ixion ſeems no more his pain to feel,
But leans attentive on his ſtanding-wheel.
All dangers paſt, at length the lovely bride
In ſafety goes, with her melodious guide;
Longing the common light again to ſhare,
And draw the vital breath of upper air:
He firſt, and cloſe behind him follow'd ſhe,
For ſuch was Proſerpine's ſevere decree.
When ſtrong deſires th' impatient youth invade;
By little caution and much love betray'd;
A fault which eaſy pardon might receive,
Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive.
For near the confines of ethereal light,
And longing for the glimmering of a ſight,
Th' unwary lover caſt his eyes behind,
Forgetful of the law, nor maſter of his mind.
Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty ſmoke;
And his long toils were forfeit for a look.
Three flaſhes of blue lightning gave the ſign
Of covenants broke, three peals of thunder join.
Then thus the bride: What fury ſeiz'd on thee,
Unhappy man! to loſe thyſelf and me?
Dragg'd back again by cruel deſtinies,
An iron ſlumber ſhut my ſwimming eyes.
And now farewel, involv'd in ſhades of night,
For ever I am raviſh'd from thy ſight.
In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
In ſweet embraces, ah! no longer thine!
She ſaid, and from his eyes the fleeting fair
Retir'd like ſubtle ſmoke diſſolv'd in air;
And left her hopeleſs lover in deſpair.
In vain, with folding arms, the youth eſſay'd
To ſtop her flight, and ſtrain the flying ſhade:
He prays, he raves, all means in vain he tries,
With rage inflam'd, aſtoniſh'd with ſurprize:
But ſhe return'd no more, to bleſs his longing eyes.
Nor would th' infernal Ferry-man once more
Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther ſhore.
What ſhould he do, who twice had loſt his love?
What notes invent, what new petitions move?
Her ſoul already was confign'd to fate,
And ſhivering in the leaky ſculler ſate.
For ſeven continued months, if fame ſay true,
The wretched ſwain his ſorrows did renew;
By Strymon's freezing ſtreams he ſate alone,
The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:
Trees bent their heads to hear him ſing his wrongs:
Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning tongues.
So, cloſe in poplar ſhades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone:
Whoſe neſt ſome prying churl had found, and thence,
By ſtealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But ſhe ſupplies the night with mournful ſtrains,
And melancholy muſic fills the plains.
Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs,
Averſe from Venus, and from nuptial joys,
Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone
Th' unhappy climes, where ſpring was never known;
He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain reſtor'd,
And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.
The Thracian matrons, who the youth accus'd
Of love diſdain'd, and marriage rites refus'd,
With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
At length, againſt his ſacred life conſpir'd.
Whom ev'n the ſavage beaſts had ſpar'd, they kill'd,
And ſtrew'd his mangled limbs about the field.
Then, when his head from his fair ſhoulders torn,
Waſh'd by the waters, was on Hebrus borne;
Ev'n then his trembling tongue invok'd his bride;
With his laſt voice, Eurydice, he cry'd,
Eurydice, the rocks and river-banks reply'd.
This anſwer Proteus gave, nor more he ſaid,
But in the billows plung'd his hoary head;
And where he leap'd, the waves in circles widely ſpread.
The nymph return'd, her drooping ſon to cheer,
And bade him baniſh his ſuperfluous fear;
For now, ſaid ſhe, the cauſe is known, from whence
Thy woe ſucceeded, and for what offence:
The nymphs, companions of th' unhappy maid,
This puniſhment upon thy crimes have laid;
And ſent a plague among thy thriving bees.
With vows and ſuppliant prayers their powers appeaſe;
The ſoft Napæan race will ſoon repent
Their anger, and remit the puniſhment:
The ſecret in an eaſy method lies;
Select four brawny bulls for ſacrifice,
Which, on Lycæus graze, without a guide;
Add four fair heifers yet in yoke untry'd:
For theſe, four altars in their temple rear,
And then adore the woodland powers with prayer.
From the ſlain victims pour the ſtreaming blood,
And leave their bodies in the ſhady wood:
Nine mornings thence, Lethean poppy bring,
T' appeaſe the manes of the Poets' king:
And, to propitiate his offended pride,
A fatted calf, and a black ewe provide:
This finiſh'd, to the former woods repair.
His mother's precepts he performs with care;
The temple viſits, and adores with prayer.
Four altars raiſes, from his herd he culls,
For ſlaughter, four the faireſt of his bulls;
Four heifers from his female ſtore he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke.
Nine mornings thence, with ſacrifice and prayer,
The powers aton'd, he to the grove repairs.
Behold a prodigy! for, from within
The broken bowels, and the bloated ſkin,
A buzzing noiſe of bees his ears alarms,
Straight iſſue through the ſides aſſembling ſwarms,

* This whole line is taken from the Marquis of Normanby's tranſlation. DRYDEN.

ıd they make a wheeling flight,
ighbouring tree, deſcending light:
luſter of black grapes they ſhow,
large dependence from the bough.
I ſung of fields, and flocks, and trees,
axen work of labouring bees:
/ Cæſar, thundering from afar,
hrates' banks the ſpoils of war;
ring arts aſſerts his country's cauſe,
eace the willing people draws:
arth the golden age renews,
father's path to heaven purſues.
aples paſs my peaceful days,
dies of leſs noiſy praiſe:
ough youth, beneath the beechen ſhade,
epherds, and their loves, have play'd.

THE

RST BOOK

OF THE

N E I S.

HE ARGUMENT.

after a ſeven years voyage, ſet ſail for are overtaken by a dreadful ſtorm, us raiſes at Juno's requeſt. The tempeſt nd ſcatters the reſt. Neptune drives off and calms the ſea. Æneas, with his ınd ſix more, arrives ſafe at an African us complains to Jupiter of her ſon's mis- Jupiter comforts her, and ſends Mercury him a kind reception among the Carthagi- neas, going out to diſcover the country, nother in the ſhape of an huntreſs, who s in a cloud to Carthage; where he ſees whom he thought loſt, and receives a ainment from the queen. Dido, by a de- us, begins to have a paſſion for him, and, diſcourſe with him, deſires the hiſtory of ures ſince the ſiege of Troy, which is the he two following books.

and the man I ſing, who forc'd by fate,
aughty Juno's unrelenting hate;
exil'd, left the Trojan ſhore;
, both by ſea and land, he bore,
oubtful war, before he won
ealm, and built the deſtin'd town:
gods reſtor'd to rites divine,
ſure ſucceſſion in his line:
e the race of Alban fathers come,
ſ glories of majeſtic Rome.
! the cauſes and the crimes relate,
ſs was provok'd, and whence her hate;
fence the queen of heaven began
e ſo brave, ſo juſt a man!

Involv'd his anxious life in endleſs cares,
Expos'd to wants, and hurry'd into wars!
Can heavenly minds ſuch high reſentment ſhow;
Or exerciſe their ſpite in human woe?
Againſt the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was ſeated on the ſea:
A Tyrian colony; the people made
Stout for the war, and ſtudious of their trade.
Carthage the name, belov'd by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian ſhore.
Here ſtood her chariot, here, if heaven were kind,
The ſeat of awful empire ſhe deſign'd.
Yet ſhe had heard an ancient rumour fly
(Long cited by the people of the ſky);
That times to come ſhould ſee the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her towers deface;
Nor, thus confin'd, the yoke of ſovereign ſway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war ſhe wag'd of late,
For conquering Greece againſt the Trojan ſtate.
Beſides, long cauſes working in her mind,
And ſecret ſeeds of envy lay behind.
Deep graven in her heart, the doom remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her ſcorn diſdain'd:
The grace beſtow'd on raviſh'd Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.
Each was a cauſe alone, and all combin'd
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far diſtant from the Latian coaſt,
She drove the remnants of the Trojan hoſt:
And ſeven long years th' unhappy wandering train
Were toſs'd by ſtorms, and ſcatter'd through the main.
Such time, ſuch toil, requir'd the Roman name,
Such length of labour for ſo vaſt a frame.
Now ſcarce the Trojan fleet with ſails and oars
Had left behind the fair Sicilian ſhores;
Entering with chearful ſhouts the watery reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main;
When, labouring ſtill with endleſs diſcontent,
The queen of heaven did thus her fury vent.
Then am I vanquiſh'd, muſt I yield, ſaid ſhe,
And muſt the Trojans reign in Italy?
So fate will have it, and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my power divert their happy courſe.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful ſpleen,
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending ſoe,
The bolts of Jove himſelf preſum'd to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath ſhe toſs'd the ſhip,
And bare expos'd the boſom of the deep:
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
The wretch yet hiſſing with her father's flame
She ſtrongly ſeiz'd, and, with a burning wound,
Transfix'd and naked, on a rock ſhe bound.
But I, who walk in awful ſtate above,
The majeſty of heaven, the ſiſter-wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitleſs force employ
Againſt the thin remains of ruin'd Troy.
What nations now to Juno's power will pray,
Or offerings on my ſlighted altars lay?
Thus rag'd the goddeſs, and, with fury fraught,
The reſtleſs regions of the ſtorms ſhe ſought;
Where, in a ſpacious cave of living ſtone,
The tyrant Æolus, from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the ſtruggling winds,
And ſounding tempeſts in dark priſons binds,

This way, and that, th' impatient captives tend,
And, preſſing for releaſe, the mountains rend:
High in his hall, th' undaunted monarch ſtands,
And ſhakes his ſceptre, and their rage commands:
Which did he not, their unreſiſted ſway
Would ſweep the world before them in their way:
Earth, air, and ſeas, through empty ſpace would roll,
And heaven would fly before the driving ſoul!
In fear of this, the father of the gods
Confin'd their fury to thoſe dark abodes,
And lock'd them ſafe within, oppreſs'd with mountain loads:
Impos'd a king, with arbitrary ſway,
To looſe their fetters, or their force allay.
To whom the ſuppliant queen her prayers addreſt,
And thus the tenour of her ſuit expreſs'd.
O Æolus! for to thee the king of heaven
The power of tempeſts and of winds has given:
Thy force alone their fury can reſtrain,
And ſmooth the waves, or ſwell the troubled main:
A race of wandering ſlaves abhorr'd by me,
With proſperous paſſage cut the Thuſcan ſea:
To fruitful Italy their courſe they ſteer,
And for their vanquiſh'd gods deſign new temples there.
Raiſe all thy winds, with night involve the ſkies;
Sink or diſperſe my fatal enemies.
Twice ſeven, the charming daughters of the main,
Around my perſon wait, and bear my train:
Succeed my wiſh, and ſecond my deſign,
The faireſt, Deiopeia, ſhall be thine;
And make thee father of a happy line.
To this the God—'Tis yours, O queen! to will
The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.
Theſe airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the preſents of your bounteous hand;
Yours is my ſovereign's grace, and as your gueſt,
I ſit with gods at their celeſtial feaſt,
Raiſe tempeſts at your pleaſure, or ſubdue;
Diſpoſe of empire, which I hold from you!
He ſaid, and hurl'd againſt the mountain ſide
His quivering ſpear, and all the god apply'd.
The raging winds ruſh through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and ſkim along the ground:
Then, ſettling on the ſea, the ſurges ſweep;
Raiſe liquid mountains, and diſcloſe the deep!
South, eaſt, and weſt, with mix'd confuſion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the ſhore.
The cables crack, the ſailors' fearful cries
Aſcend; and ſable night involves the ſkies;
And heaven itſelf is raviſh'd from their eyes!
Loud peals of thunder from the poles enſue,
Then flaſhing fires the tranſient light renew:
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And preſent death in various forms appears!
Struck with unuſual fright, the Trojan chief,
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief!
And thrice, and four times happy thoſe, he cry'd,
That under Ilian walls before their parents dy'd!
Tydides, braveſt of the Grecian train,
Why could not I by that ſtrong arm be ſlain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain!
O great Sarpedon, in thoſe bloody fields,
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the ſhields
Of heroes, whoſe diſmember'd hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed ſpear!

Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove againſt his flying ſails,
And rent the ſheets: the raging billows riſe,
And mount the toſſing veſſel to the ſkies:
Nor can the ſhivering oars ſuſtain the blow;
The galley gives her ſide, and turns her prow:
While thoſe aſtern deſcending down the ſteep,
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep!
Three ſhips were hurry'd by the ſouthern blaſt,
And on the ſecret ſhelves with fury caſt!
Thoſe hidden rocks, th' Auſonian ſailors knew,
They call'd them altars, when they roſe in view,
And ſhow'd their ſpacious backs above the flood!
Three more fierce Eurus in his angry mood
Daſh'd on the ſhallows of the moving ſand,
And in mid ocean left them moor'd a-land!
Orontes' bark that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid ſight) ev'n in the hero's view,
From ſtem to ſtern, by waves was overborn:
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd: thrice round, the ſhip was toſt,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was loſt!
And here and there above the waves were ſeen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men:
The ſtouteſt veſſel to the ſtorm gave way,
And ſuck'd through looſen'd planks the ruſhing ſea:
Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endur'd not leſs: their ſhips, with gaping ſeams,
Admit the deluge of the briny ſtreams!
Mean time imperial Neptune heard the ſound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground:
Diſpleas'd, and fearing for his watery reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main:
Serene in majeſty, then roll'd his eyes
Around this ſpace of earth, and ſeas, and ſkies.
He ſaw the Trojan fleet diſpers'd, diſtreſs'd,
By ſtormy winds and wintery heaven oppreſs'd.
Full well the god his ſiſter's envy knew,
And what her aims and what her arts purſue;
He ſummon'd Eurus and the weſtern blaſt,
And firſt an angry glance on both he caſt:
Then thus rebuk'd; Audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel inſolence?
Is it for you to ravage ſeas and land,
Unauthoriz'd by my ſupreme command?
To raiſe ſuch mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I—But firſt 'tis fit the billows to reſtrain,
And then you ſhall be taught obedience to my reign.
Hence, to your Lord my royal mandate bear,
The realms of ocean, and the fields of air
Are mine, not his; by fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the ſea.
His power to hollow caverns is confin'd;
There let him reign, the jailor of the wind:
With hoarſe commands his breathing ſubjects call,
And boaſt and bluſter in his empty hall!
He ſpoke; and while he ſpoke, he ſmooth'd the ſea,
Diſpell'd the darkneſs, and reſtor'd the day:
Cymothoë, Triton, and the ſea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, and daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the veſſels with their hands;
The god himſelf with ready trident ſtands,
And opes the deep, and ſpreads the moving ſands;

them off the ſhoals; where'er he
des
rſers, and in triumph rides,
ruffle, and the ſea ſubſides.
umults riſe the ignoble crowd,
motions, and their tongues are loud;
d brands in rattling vollies fly,
ſtic arms that fury can ſupply;
grave and pious man appear,
eir noiſe, and lend a liſtening ear;
ith ſober words their angry mood,
s their innate deſire of blood:
father of the flood appears,
ſeas his ſovereign trident rears,
ils: he ſkims the liquid plains,
hariot, and with looſen'd reins
ves along, and awful peace main-
is.
rojans ply their ſhatter'd oars
d, and make the Libyan ſhores.
ng receſs there lies a bay,
ades it from the rolling ſea,
port ſecure for ſhips to ride,
jutting land on either ſide:
ams the briny waters glide.
rows of rocks, a ſylvan ſcene
e, and groves for ever green:
n'd beneath, with moſſy ſeats,
lereids, and exclude the heats.
h the crannies of the living walls
reams deſcend in murmuring falls.
eed to bind the veſſels here,
anchors, for no ſtorms they fear.
vithin this happy harbour meet,
ainders of the ſcatter'd fleet.
worn with toils, and ſpent with woes,
welcome land, and ſeek their wiſh'd
oſe.
chates, with repeated ſtrokes
ints, their hidden fire provokes;
ucceeds, a bed of wither'd leaves
arkles in their fall receives:
ife, in fiery fumes they riſe,
h ſtronger food, invade the ſkies.
dropping wet, or ſtand around
blaze, or lie along the ground;
ir corn infected with the brine,
vith marbles, and prepare to dine.
s the mountain's airy brow,
roſpect of the ſeas below:
ce, or Antheus he could ſpy;
reamers of Caicus fly.
re in view: but, on the plain,
ſtags command a lordly train
heads; the more ignoble throng
ſtately ſteps, and ſlowly graze along.
d while ſecure they fed below,
quiver, and the truſty bow
to bear; the leaders firſt
;, and then the vulgar pierc'd;
s arrows, till the ſhady plain
bodies with their blood diſtain.
ſhips he made an equal ſhare,
ort return'd, triumphant from the war.
enerous wine (Aceſtes' gift,
inacrian ſhores the navy left)
h, and for the feaſt prepar'd,
ions with the ven'ſon ſhar'd.

Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief,
With chearful words, allay'd the common grief:
Endure, and conquer; Jove will ſoon diſpoſe
To future good, our paſt and preſent woes.
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have try'd;
Th' inhuman Cyclops, and his den defy'd.
What greater ills he: eaſter can you bear?
Reſume your courage, and diſmiſs your care.
An hour will come, with pleaſure to relate
Your ſorrows paſt, as benefits of fate.
Through various hazards and events we move
To Latium, and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
Call'd to the ſeat (the promiſe of the ſkies)
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may riſe.
Endure the hardſhips of your preſent ſtate,
Live, and reſerve yourſelves for better fate.
These words he ſpoke: but ſpoke not from his heart:
His outward ſmiles conceal'd his inward ſmart.
The jolly crew, unmindful of the paſt,
The quarry ſhare, their plenteous dinner haſte:
Some ſtrip the ſkin, ſome portion out the ſpoil;
The limbs, yet trembling, in the cauldrons boil:
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
Stretch'd on the graſſy turf, at eaſe they dine;
Reſtore their ſtrength with meat, and chear their ſouls with wine.
Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends
The doubtful fortune of their abſent friends;
Alternate hopes and fears their minds poſſeſs,
Whether to deem them dead, or in diſtreſs.
Above the reſt, Æneas mourns the fate
Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain ſtate
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus:
The day, but not their ſorrows, ended thus.
When, from aloft, almighty Jove ſurveys
Earth, air, and ſhores, and navigable ſeas,
At length on Lybian realms he fixt his eyes:
Whom, pondering thus on human miſeries,
When Venus ſaw, ſhe with a lively look,
Not free from tears, her heavenly ſire beſpoke:
O king of gods and men, whoſe awful hand
Diſperſes thunder on the ſeas and land;
Diſpoſes all with abſolute command:
How could my pious ſon thy power incenſe?
Or what, alas! is vaniſh'd Troy's offence?
Our hope of Italy not only loſt,
On various ſeas, by various tempeſts toſt,
But ſhut from every ſhore, and barr'd from every coaſt.
You promis'd once, a progeny divine,
Of Romans, riſing from the Trojan line,
In after-times ſhould hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law.
How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care
When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war!
Then fates to fates I could oppoſe; but now,
When fortune ſtill purſues her former blow,
What can I hope? What worſe can ſtill ſucceed?
What end of labours has your will decreed?
Antenor, from the midſt of Grecian hoſts,
Could paſs ſecure, and pierce th' Illyrian coaſts:
Where, rolling down the ſteep, Timavus raves,
And through nine channels diſembogues his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy ſeat,
And gave his Trojans a ſecure retreat:
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame:

But we, deſcended from your ſacred line,
Entitled to your heaven and rites divine,
Are baniſh'd earth, and for the wrath of one,
Remov'd from Latium, and the promis'd throne.
Are theſe our ſceptres? theſe our due rewards?
And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?
To whom, the father of immortal race,
Smiling with that ſerene indulgent face,
With which he drives the clouds and clears the ſkies,
Firſt gave a holy kiſs; then thus replies:
Daughter, diſmiſs thy fears: to thy deſire
The fates of thine are fix'd, and ſtand entire.
Thou ſhalt behold thy wiſh'd Lavinian walls,
And, ripe for heaven, when fate Æneas calls,
Then ſhalt thou bear him up, ſublime, to me;
No councils have revers'd my firm decree.
And, leſt new fears diſturb thy happy ſtate,
Know, I have ſearch'd the myſtic rolls of fate:
Thy ſon (nor is th' appointed ſeaſon far)
In Italy ſhall wage ſucceſsful war;
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And ſovereign laws impoſe, and cities build.
Till, after every foe ſubdued, the ſun
Thrice through the ſigns his annual race ſhall run:
This is his time prefix'd. Aſcanius then,
Now call'd Iülus, ſhall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling years the crown ſhall wear:
Then from Lavinium ſhall the ſeat transfer:
And, with hard labour, Alba-longa build;
The throne with his ſucceſſion ſhall be fill'd,
Three hundred circuits more: then ſhall be ſeen,
Ilia the fair, a prieſteſs and a queen.
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throws
Shall, at a birth, two goodly boys diſcloſe.
The royal babes a tawny wolf ſhall drain,
Then Romulus his grandſire's throne ſhall gain,
Of martial towers the founder ſhall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them, no bounds of empire I aſſign;
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
Ev'n haughty Juno, who, with endleſs broils,
Earth, ſeas, and heaven, and Jove himſelf turmoils;
At length aton'd, her friendly power ſhall join,
To cheriſh and advance the Trojan line.
The ſubject world ſhall Rome's dominion own,
And, proſtrate, ſhall adore the nation of the gown.
An age is ripening in revolving fate,
When Troy ſhall overturn the Grecian ſtate:
And ſweet revenge her conquering ſons ſhall call,
To cruſh the people that conſpir'd her fall.
Then Cæſar from the Julian ſtock ſhall riſe,
Whoſe empire ocean, and whoſe fame the ſkies,
Alone ſhall bound; whom, fraught with Eaſtern ſpoils,
Our heaven, the juſt reward of human toils,
Securely ſhall repay with rites divine;
And incenſe ſhall aſcend before his ſacred ſhrine.
Then dire debate, and impious war ſhall ceaſe,
And the ſtern age be ſoften'd into peace:
Then baniſh'd faith ſhall once again return,
And veſtal fires in hallow'd temples burn,
And Remus with Quirinus ſhall ſuſtain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force reſtrain.
Janus himſelf before his fane ſhall wait,
And keep the dreadful iſſues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Impriſon'd fury, bound in brazen chains:
High on a trophy rais'd, of uſeleſs arms,
He fits, and threats the world with vain alarms.
He ſaid, and ſent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
To Trojan gueſts; leſt, ignorant of fate,
The queen might force them from her town and ſtate;
Down from the ſteep of heaven Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves, with all his wings, the yielding ſkies.
Soon on the Libyan ſhore deſcends the god,
Performs his meſſage, and diſplays his rod;
The ſurly murmurs of the people ceaſe,
And as the fates requir'd, they give the peace.
The queen herſelf ſuſpends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cauſe.
Mean time, in ſhades of night Æneas lies;
Care ſeiz'd his ſoul, and ſleep forſook his eyes:
But when the ſun reſtor'd the chearful day,
He roſe, the coaſt and country to ſurvey,
Anxious and eager to diſcover more:
It look'd a wild uncultivated ſhore:
But whether human kind, or beaſts alone
Poſſeſs'd the new-found region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides;
Tall trees ſurround the mountains' ſhady ſides:
The bending brow above a ſafe retreat provides.
Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,
And true Achates on his ſteps attends.
Lo, in the deep receſſes of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddeſs mother ſtood:
A huntreſs in her habit and her mien;
Her dreſs a maid, her air confeſs'd a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;
Looſe was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind;
Her hand ſuſtain'd a bow, her quiver hung behind.
She ſeem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood:
With ſuch array Harpalice beſtrode
Her Thracian courſer, and out-ſtripp'd the rapid flood.
Ho! ſtrangers! have you lately ſeen, ſhe ſaid,
One of my ſiſters like myſelf array'd;
Who croſs'd the lawn, or in the foreſt ſtray'd?
A painted quiver at her back ſhe bore,
Vary'd with ſpots, a lynx's hide ſhe wore:
And at full cry purſu'd the tuſky boar?
Thus Venus: Thus her ſon reply'd again,
None of your ſiſters have we heard or ſeen,
O Virgin! or what other name you bear
Above that ſtyle; O more than mortal fair!
Your voice and mien celeſtial birth betray!
If, as you ſeem, the ſiſter of the day;
Or one, at leaſt, of chaſte Diana's train,
Let not an humble ſuppliant ſue in vain:
But tell a ſtranger, long in tempeſts toſs'd,
What earth we tread, and who commands the coaſt?
Then on your name ſhall wretched mortals call,
And offer'd victims at your altars fall.
I dare not, ſhe reply'd, aſſume the name
Of goddeſs, or celeſtial honours claim:
For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buſkins o'er their ancles wear.
Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are:
A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
The riſing city, which from far you ſee,
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.

ian Dido rules the growing ſtate,
d from Tyre, to ſhun her brother's hate:
'ere her wrongs, her ſtory full of fate,
I will ſum in ſhort. Sichæus, known
lth, and brother to the Punic throne,
l fair Dido's bed: and either heart
was wounded with an equal dart.
ier gave her, yet a ſpotleſs maid;
on then the Tyrian ſceptre ſway'd:
o contemn'd divine and human laws.
ife enſu'd, and curſed gold the cauſe.
narch, blinded with deſire of wealth,
el invades his brother's life by ſtealth;
he ſacred altar made him bleed,
g from her conceal'd the cruel deed:
le, ſome new pretence, he daily coin'd,
ie his ſiſter, and delude her mind.
h, in dead of night, the ghoſt appears
nhappy lord: the ſpectre ſtares,
h erected eyes his bloody boſom bares.
el altars and his fate he tells,
dire ſecret of his houſe reveals:
urns the widow and her houſhold gods
a refuge in remote abodes.
ſupport her in ſo long a way,
s her where his hidden treaſure lay.
ſh'd thus, and ſeiz'd with mortal fright,
en provides companions of her flight:
ſet, and all combine to leave the ſtate,
:e the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
ze a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;
ygmalion's treaſure left behind.
els, heavy laden, put to ſea
oſperous winds, a woman leads the way.
not, if by ſtreſs of weather driven,
heir fatal courſe diſpos'd by heaven!
hey landed, where from far your eyes
w the turrets of new Carthage riſe:
ught a ſpace of ground, which, Byrſa call'd
: bull's hide, they firſt incloſ'd, and wall'd.
ince are you? what country claims your
birth?
:k you, ſtrangers, on our Lybian earth?
om, with ſorrow ſtreaming from his eyes,
ply ſighing, thus her ſon replies:
u with patience hear, or I relate,
h! the tedious annals of our fate!
ſuch a train of woes if I ſhould run,
would ſooner than the tale be done!
cient Troy by force expell'd, we came,
chance have heard the Trojan name:
us ſeas, by various tempeſts toſs'd,
n we landed on your Libyan coaſt:
d Æneas am I call'd, a name,
rtune favour'd, not unknown to fame:
hold gods, companions of my woes,
us care I reſcued from our foes;
ul Italy my courſe was bent,
n the king of heaven is my deſcent.
ice ten ſail I croſs'd the Phrygian ſea;
my mother goddeſs led my way.
ven, the thin remainder of my fleet,
rms preſerv'd, within your harbour meet:
ſtreſs'd, an exile, and unknown,
from Europe, and from Aſia thrown,
n deſerts wander thus alone.
nder parent could no longer bear;
rpoſing, ſought to ſoothe his care.

Whoe'er you are, not unbelov'd by heaven,
Since on our friendly ſhore your ſhips are driven,
Have courage: to the gods permit the reſt,
And to the queen expoſe your juſt requeſt.
Now take this earneſt of ſucceſs, for more:
Your ſcatter'd fleet is join'd upon the ſhore:
The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger free,
Or I renounce my ſkill in augury.
Twelve ſwans behold, in beauteous order move,
And ſtoop, with cloſing pinions, from above:
Whom late the bird of Jove had driven along,
And, through the clouds, purſu'd the ſcattering throng:
Now all united in a goodly team,
They ſkim the ground, and ſeek the quiet ſtream.
As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,
And ride the circuits of the ſkies in rings:
Not otherwiſe your ſhips, and every friend,
Already hold the port, or with ſwift ſails deſcend.
No more advice is needful, but purſue
The path before you, and the town in view.
Thus having ſaid, ſhe turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and diſhevel'd hair;
Which, flowing from her ſhoulders, reach'd the ground,
And widely ſpread ambroſial ſcents around:
In length of train deſcends her ſweeping gown,
And, by her graceful walk, the queen of love is known.
The prince purſu'd the parting deity,
With words like theſe: Ah, whither doſt thou fly?
Unkind and cruel, to deceive your ſon
In borrow'd ſhapes, and his embrace to ſhun;
Never to bleſs my ſight, but thus unknown;
And ſtill to ſpeak in accents not your own!
Againſt the goddeſs theſe complaints he made;
But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
They march obſcure, for Venus kindly ſhrouds,
With miſts, their perſons, and involves in clouds:
That thus unſeen, their paſſage none might ſtay,
Or force to tell the cauſes of their way.
This part perform'd, the goddeſs flies ſublime,
To viſit Paphos, and her nat ve clime:
Where garlands ever green, and ever fair,
With vows are offer'd, and with ſolemn prayer,
A hundred altars in her temple ſmoke,
A thouſand bleeding hearts her power invoke.
They climb the next aſcent, and, looking down,
Now, at a nearer diſtance, view the town:
The prince, with wonder, ſees the ſtately towers
Which late were huts, and ſhepherds' homely bowers;
The gates and ſtreets; and hears from every part
The noiſe and buſy concourſe of the mart.
The toiling Tyrians on each other call,
To ply their labour: ſome extend the wall;
Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or puſh unwieldy ſtones along.
Some for their dwellings chooſe a ſpot of ground,
Which firſt deſign'd, with ditches they ſurround.
Some laws ordain, and ſome attend the choice
Of holy ſenates, and elect by voice.
Here ſome deſign a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theatre:
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of ſcenes, and future view.
Such is their toil, and ſuch their buſy pains,
As exerciſe the bees in flowery plains;
When winter paſt, and ſummer ſcarce begun,
Invites them forth to labour in the ſun:

Some lead their youth abroad, while ſome condenſe
Their liquid ſtore, and ſome in cells diſpenſe.
Some at the gate ſtand ready to receive
The golden burden, and their friends relieve.
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive;
With envy ſtung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
Thrice happy you, whoſe walls already riſe;
Æneas ſaid; and view'd, with lifted eyes,
Their lofty towers: then entering at the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate),
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the buſy throng,
Borne by the tide, and paſs'd unſeen along.
Full in the centre of the town there ſtood,
Thick ſet with trees, a venerable wood:
The Tyrians landed near this holy ground,
And digging here, a proſperous omen found:
From under earth a courſer's head they drew,
Their growth and future fortune to foreſhew:
This fated ſign their foundreſs Juno gave,
Of a ſoil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with ſolemn ſtate
Did Juno's temple build and conſecrate:
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden ſhrine;
But more the goddeſs made the place divine.
On brazen ſteps the marble threſhold roſe,
And brazen plates the cedar beams incloſe:
The rafters are with brazen coverings crown'd,
The lofty doors on brazen hinges ſound.
What firſt Æneas in this place beheld,
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
His wandering eyes, and round the temple gaz'd;
Admir'd the fortune of the riſing town,
The ſtriving artiſts and their arts renown:
He ſaw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here he ſpies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.
He ſtopp'd, and weeping ſaid, O friend! ev'n here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear!
Our known diſaſters fill ev'n foreign lands:
See there, where old unhappy Priam ſtands!
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim.
He ſaid: his tears a ready paſſage find,
Devouring what he ſaw ſo well deſign'd;
And with an empty picture fed his mind.
For there he ſaw the fainting Grecians yield,
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
Purſu'd by fierce Achilles through the plain,
On his high chariot driving o'er the ſlain.
The tents of Rheſus next his grief renew,
By their white ſails betray'd to nightly view.
And wakeful Diomede, whoſe cruel ſword
The centries ſlew, nor ſpar'd their ſlumbering lord.
Then took the fiery ſteeds, ere yet the food
Of Troy they taſte, or drink the Zanthian flood.
Elſe where he ſaw where Troïlus defy'd
Achilles, and unequal combat try'd.
Then, where the boy diſarm'd, with looſen'd reins,
Was by his horſes hurry'd o'er the plains:
Hung by the neck and hair, and drag'd around,
The hoſtile ſpear yet ſticking in his wound;
With tracks of blood inſcrib'd the duſty ground.

Mean time the Trojan dames, oppreſs'd with woe,
To Pallas' fane in long proceſſion go,
In hopes to reconcile their heavenly foe:
They weep, they beat their breaſts, they rend their hair,
And rich embroider'd veſts for preſents bear:
But the ſtern goddeſs ſtands unmov'd with prayer.
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
The corpſe of Hector, whom in fight he ſlew.
Here Priam ſues; and there, for ſums of gold,
The lifeleſs body of his ſon is ſold.
So ſad an object, and ſo well expreſs'd,
Drew ſighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breaſt:
To ſee the figure of his lifeleſs friend,
And his old ſire, his helpleſs hand extend.
Himſelf he ſaw amidſt the Grecian train,
Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain:
And ſwarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
His pompous enſigns, and his Indian crew.
Pentheſilea, there, with haughty grace,
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race;
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
The left, for ward, ſuſtains the lunar ſhield.
Athwart her breaſt a golden belt ſhe throws,
Amidſt the preſs alone provokes a thouſand foes:
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppoſe.
Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and ſurprize,
The beauteous Dido with a numerous train,
And pomp of guards, aſcends the ſacred fane.
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana ſeems; and ſo ſhe charms the ſight,
When in the dance the graceful goddeſs leads
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
Known by her quiver and her lofty mien,
She walks majeſtic, and ſhe looks their queen:
Latona ſees her ſhine above the reſt,
And feeds with ſecret joy her ſilent breaſt.
Such Dido was; with ſuch becoming ſtate,
Amidſt the crowd, ſhe walks ſerenely great.
Their labour to her future ſway ſhe ſpeeds,
And, paſſing with a gracious glance, proceeds:
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the ſhrine;
In crowds around the ſwarming people join.
She takes petitions, and diſpenſes laws,
Hears and determines every private cauſe.
Their taſks, in equal portions, ſhe divides,
And, where unequal, there by lots decides.
Another way, by chance, Æneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected ſees his friends:
Antheus, Sergeſtus grave, Cloanthus ſtrong,
And, at their backs, a mighty Trojan throng;
Whom late the tempeſt on the billows toſs'd,
And widely ſcatter'd on another coaſt.
The prince, unſeen, ſurpriz'd with wonder ſtands,
And longs, with joyful haſte, to join their hands:
But, doubtful of the wiſh'd event, he ſtays,
And from the hollow cloud, his friends ſurveys:
Impatient till they told their preſent ſtate,
And where they left their ſhips, and what their fate:
And why they came, and what was their requeſt;
For theſe were ſent, commiſſion'd by the reſt,
To ſue for leave to land their ſickly men,
And gain admiſſion to the gracious queen.
Entering, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:

ı! indulg'd by favour of the gods,
id an empire in theſe new abodes;
d a town, with ſtatutes to reſtrain
d inhabitants beneath thy reign:
tched Trojans, toſs'd on every ſhore
a to ſea, thy clemency implore:
he fires our ſhipping to deface,
th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
re the remnant of a pious race.
ie not with deſign of waſteful prey,
: the country, force the ſwains away:
h'our ſtrength, nor ſuch is our deſire,
quiſh'd dare not to ſuch thoughts aſpire.
here is, Heſperian nam'd of old,
is fruitful, and the men are bold:
notrians held it once, by common-fame,
ll'd Italia, from the leader's name.
ſweet region was our voyage bent,
vinds, and every warring element
d our courſe, and, far from ſight of land,
torn veſſels on the moving ſand:
came on; the ſouth with mighty roar,
d and daſh'd the reſt upon the rocky ſhore.
w you ſee eſcap'd the ſtorm, and fear,
ou interpoſe, a ſhipwreck here;
ien, what monſters, what inhuman race,
ws, what barbarous cuſtoms of the place,
a deſart ſhore to drowning men,
ve us to the cruel ſeas again!
ird fortune no compaſſion draws,
pitable rites, nor human laws,
s are juſt, and will revenge our cauſe.
was our prince; a juſter lord,
r warrior, never drew a ſword:
nt of the right, religious of his word.
: lives, and draws this vital air,
his friends of ſafety ſhall deſpair;
, great queen, theſe offices repent,
ie will equal, and perhaps augment.
it not cities, nor Sicilian coaſts,
cing Aceſtes Trojan lineage boaſts.
our ſhips a ſhelter on your ſhores,
from your woods with planks and oars;
our prince be ſafe, we may renew
in'd courſe, and Italy purſue.
O beſt of men! the fates ordain
ou art ſwallow'd in the Libyan main;
our young Iülus be no more,
our navy from your friendly ſhore;
: to good Aceſtes may return,
h our friends our common loſſes mourn.
oke Ilioneus; the Trojan crew
ies and clamours his requeſt renew.
leſt queen awhile, with down-caſt eyes,
d the ſpeech; then briefly thus replies:
diſmiſs your fears: my cruel fate,
bts attending an unſettled ſtate,
e to guard my coaſt from foreign foes:
; not heard the ſtory of your woes?
ie and fortune of your native place,
e and valour of the Phrygian race?
ians are not ſo devoid of ſenſe,
remote from Phœbus' influence.
to Latian ſhores your courſe is bent,
n by tempeſts from your firſt intent,
e the good Aceſtes' government;
n ſhall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
with ſhips of convoy for your guard:
Or, would you ſtay, and join your friendly powers,
To raiſe and to defend the Tyrian towers,
My wealth, my city, and myſelf are yours.
And would to heaven the ſtorm, you felt, would bring
On Carthaginian coaſts your wandering king.
My people ſhall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of every winding ſhore,
And towns, and wilds, and ſhady woods, in queſt
Of ſo renown'd and ſo deſir'd a gueſt.
Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero ſtood,
And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud;
Achates found it; and thus urg'd his way:
From whence, O goddeſs-born, this long delay?
What more can you deſire, your welcome ſure,
Your fleet in ſafety, and your friends ſecure?
One only wants: and him we ſaw in vain
Oppoſe the ſtorm, and ſwallow'd in the main!
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid,
The reſt agrees with what your mother ſaid.
Scarce had he ſpoken, when the cloud gave way,
The miſts flew upward, and diſſolv'd in day.
The Trojan chief appear'd in open ſight,
Auguſt in viſage, and ſerenely bright.
His mother goddeſs, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples ſhine;
And given his rolling eyes a ſparkling grace;
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face:
Like poliſh'd ivory, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold.
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
And thus with manly modeſty he ſpoke:
He whom you ſeek am I: by tempeſts toſt,
And ſav'd from ſhipwreck on your Libyan coaſt:
Preſenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majeſty, the refuge and redreſs
Of thoſe whom fate purſues, and wants oppreſs.
You, who your pious offices employ
To ſave the relics of abandon'd Troy,
Receive the ſhipwreck'd on your friendly ſhore:
With heſpitable rites relieve the poor;
Aſſociate in your town a wandering train,
And ſtrangers in your palace entertain.
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who ſcatter'd through the world in exile mourn?
The gods, (if gods to goodneſs are inclin'd),
If acts of mercy touch their heavenly mind;
And more than all the gods, your generous heart,
Conſcious of worth, requite its own deſert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth:
And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
While rolling rivers into ſeas ſhall run,
And round the ſpace of heaven the radiant ſun:
While trees the mountain-tops with ſhades ſupply,
Your honour, name, and praiſe ſhall never die.
Whate'er abode my fortune has aſſign'd,
Your image ſhall be preſent in my mind.
Thus having ſaid; he turn'd with pious haſte,
And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:
With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,
Sereſtus with his left; then to his breaſt
Cloanthus and the noble Gyas preſs'd,
And ſo by turns deſcended to the reſt.
The Tyrian queen ſtood fix'd upon his face,
Pleas'd with his motions, raviſh'd with his grace:
Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;
Then recollected ſtood; and thus began:

What fate, O goddeſs-born, what angry powers
Have caſt you ſhipwreck'd on our barren ſhores?
Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,
Who from celeſtial ſeed your lineage claim?
The ſame Æneas, whom fair Venus bore
To fam'd Anchiſes on th' Idean ſhore?
It calls into my mind, though then a child,
When Teucer came from Salamis exil'd;
And ſought my father's aid, to be reſtor'd:
My father Belus then with fire and ſword
Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare,
And conquering, finiſh'd the ſucceſsful war.
From him the Trojan ſiege I underſtood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illuſtrious blood.
Your foe himſelf the Dardan valour prais'd,
And his own anceſtry from Trojans rais'd.
Enter, my noble gueſt, and you ſhall find,
If not a coſtly welcome, yet a kind.
For I myſelf, like you, have been diſtreſs'd;
Till heaven afforded me this place of reſt.
Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
Learn to pity woes, ſo like my own.
She ſaid, and to the palace led her gueſt,
Then offer'd incenſe, and proclaim'd a feaſt.
Nor yet leſs careful for her abſent friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ſhips ſhe ſends:
Beſides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams.
And jars of generous wine, and ſpacious bowls,
She gives to chear the ſailors drooping ſouls.
Now purple hangings cloath the palace-walls,
And ſumptuous feaſts are made in ſplendid halls:
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
With loads of maſſy plate the ſide-boards ſhine.
And antic vaſes all of gold emboſs'd
(The gold itſelf inferior to the coſt):
Of curious work, where on the ſides were ſeen
The fights and figures of illuſtrious men;
From their firſt founder to the preſent queen.

The good Æneas, whoſe paternal care
Julus' abſence could no longer bear,
Diſpatch'd Achates to the ſhips in haſte,
To give a glad relation of the paſt;
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:
A robe of tiſſue, ſtiff with golden wire;
An upper veſt, once Helen's rich attire;
From Argos by the fam'd adultreſs brought:
With golden flowers and winding foliage wrought;
Her mother Leda's preſent, when ſhe came
To ruin Troy, and ſet the world on flame.
The ſceptre Priam's eldeſt daughter bore.
Her orient necklace, and the crown ſhe wore;
Of double texture, glorious to behold;
One order ſet with gems, and one with gold.
Inſtructed thus, the wiſe Achates goes:
And in his diligence his duty ſhows.

But Venus, anxious for her ſon's affairs,
New counſels tries; and new deſigns prepares:
That Cupid ſhould aſſume the ſhape and face
Of ſweet Aſcanius, and the ſprightly grace:
Should bring her preſents, in her nephew's ſtead,
And in Eliza's veins the gentle poiſon ſhed.
For much ſhe fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongued,
And knew the town to Juno's care beleng'd.
Theſe thoughts by night her golden ſlumbers broke;
And thus alarm'd to winged love ſhe ſpoke:

My ſon, my ſtrength, whoſe mighty power alone
Controls the thunderer on his awful throne;
To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
And on thy ſuccour, and thy faith relies.
Thou know'ſt my ſon, how Jove's revengeful wife,
By force and fraud attempts thy brother's life.
And often haſt thou mourn'd with me his pains;
Him Dido now with blandiſhment detains;
But I ſuſpect the town where Juno reigns.
For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart.
A love ſo violent, ſo ſtrong, ſo ſure,
As neither age can change, nor art can cure.
How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:
Aſcanius, by his father, is deſign'd
To come, with preſents, laden from the port,
To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
I mean to plunge the boy in pleaſing ſleep,
And, raviſh'd, in Idalian bowers to keep;
Or high Cythera: that the ſweet deceit
May paſs unſeen, and none prevent the cheat,
Take thou his form and ſhape. I beg the grace
But only for a night's revolving ſpace;
Thyſelf a boy, aſſume a boy's diſſembled face.
That when, amidſt the fervour of the feaſt
The Tyrian hugs, and fonds thee on her breaſt,
And with ſweet kiſſes in her arms conſtrains,
Thou may'ſt infuſe thy venom in her veins.
The god of love obeys, and ſets aſide
His bow and quiver, and his plumy pride:
He walks Iülus in his mother's ſight;
And in the ſweet reſemblance takes delight.

The goddeſs then to young Aſcanius flies,
And, in a pleaſing ſlumber, ſeals his eyes;
Lull'd in her lap, amidſt a train of loves,
She gently bears him to her bliſsful groves:
Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
And ſoftly lays him on a flowery bed.
Cupid, mean time, aſſum'd his form and face,
Following Achates with a ſhorter pace,
And brought the gifts. The queen already ſate,
Amidſt the Trojan lords, in ſhining ſtate,
High on a golden bed: her princely gueſt
Was next her ſide, in order ſate the reſt.
Then caniſters with bread are heap'd on high;
Th' attendants water for their hands ſupply;
And, having waſh'd, with ſilken towels dry.
Next, fifty handmaids in long order bore
The cenſers, and with fumes the gods adore.
Then youths, and virgins, twice as many, join
To place the diſhes, and to ſerve the wine.
The Tyrian train, admitted to the feaſt,
Approach, and on the painted couches reſt.
All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze:
But view the beauteous boy with more amaze!
His roſy-colour'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
His motions, voice, and ſhape, and all the god's diſguiſe.
Nor paſs unprais'd the veſt and veil divine,
Which wandering foliage and rich flowers entwine.
But, far above the reſt, the royal dame,
(Already doom'd to love's diſaſtrous flame)
With eyes inſatiate, and tumultuous joy,
Beholds the preſents, and admires the boy.
The guileful god, about the hero long,
With childrens' play, and falſe embraces, hung;
Then ſought the queen; ſhe took him to her arms
With greedy pleaſure, and devour'd his charms.

r Dido little thought what gueſt,
e a god ſhe drew ſo near her breaſt.
not mindleſs of his mother's prayer,
n the pliant boſom of the fair;
ulds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
d is to the living love reſign'd,
Æneas enters in her mind.
when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
it remov'd. and every gueſt was pleas'd,
len bowls with ſparkling wine are crown'd,
ough the palace chearful cries reſound.
lded roofs depending lamps diſplay
al beams, that emulate the day.
n bowl, that ſhone with gems divine,
en commanded to be crown'd with wine,
l that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line.
lence through the hall proclaim'd, ſhe ſpoke:
:able Jove! we thus invoke,
lemn rites, thy ſacred name and power!
both nations this auſpicious hour!
the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
g concord, from this day combine.
lacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
cious Juno, both be preſent here:
ı, my lords of Tyre, your vows addreſs
en with mine, to ratify the peace.
let then ſhe took, with nectar crown'd
ling the firſt libations on the ground),
s'd it to her mouth with ſober grace,
ipping, offer'd to the next in place.
Bitias, whom ſhe call'd a thirſty ſoul,
: the challenge, and embrac'd the bowl:
leaſure ſwill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
the bottom of the brimmer ſaw.
let goes around: Iöpas brought
leſt lyre, and ſung what ancient Atlas taught.
ious labours of the wandering moon,
ience proceed th' eclipſes of the ſun.
ginal of men and beaſts; and whence
ns ariſe, and fires their warmth diſpenſe;
'd and erring ſtars diſpoſe their influence.
akes the ſolid earth, what cauſe delays
nmer nights, and ſhortens winter days.
eals of ſhouts the Tyrians praiſe the ſong;
eals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
appy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
ink large draughts of love with vaſt delight.
m much enquir'd, of Hector more;
ſk'd what arms the ſwarthy Memnon wore;
oops he landed on the Trojan ſhore.
eds of Diomede vary'd the diſcourſe,
rce Achilles, with his matchleſs force.
th, as fate and her ill ſtars requir'd,
the ſeries of the war deſir'd:
at large, my god-like gueſt, ſhe ſaid,
ecian ſtratagems, the town betray'd;
al iſſue of ſo long a war,
ight, your wanderings, and your woes, declare.
ice on every ſea, on every coaſt,
ien have been diſtreſs'd, your navy toſs'd,
imes the ſun has either tropic view'd,
nter baniſh'd, and the ſpring renew'd.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years ſiege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the ſtratagem of a wooden horſe. He declares the fixed reſolution he had taken, not to ſurvive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at laſt, having been before adviſed by Hector's ghoſt, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and ſettle his houſhold gods in another country. In order to this he carries off his father on his ſhoulders, and leads his little ſon by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but miſſes his wife, whoſe ghoſt afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was deſigned for him.

ALL were attentive to the god-like man,
When, from his lofty couch, he thus began:
Great queen! what you command me to relate,
Renews the ſad remembrance of our fate,
An empire from its old foundations rent,
And every woe the Trojans underwent:
A peopled city made a deſert place;
All that I ſaw, and part of which I was:
Not ev'n the hardeſt of our foes could hear,
Nor ſtern Ulyſſes tell without a tear.
And now the latter watch of waſting night,
And ſetting ſtars, to kindly reſt invite.
But, ſince you take ſuch intereſt in our woe,
And Troy's diſaſtrous end deſire to know,
I will reſtrain my tears, and briefly tell
What in our laſt and fatal night befel.
By deſtiny compell'd, and in deſpair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war:
And, by Minerva's aid, a fabric rear'd,
Which, like a ſteed of monſtrous height, appear'd;
The ſides were plank'd with pine, they feign'd it made
For their return, and this the vow they paid.
Thus they pretend; but in the hollow ſide
Selected numbers of their ſoldiers hide:
With inward arms the dire machine they load,
And iron bowels ſtuff the dark abode.
In ſight of Troy lies Tenedos, an iſle
(While fortune did on Priam's empire ſmile)
Renown'd for wealth; but ſince a faithleſs bay,
Where ſhips expos'd to winds and weather lay.
There was their fleet conceal'd: we thought for Greece
The ſails were hoiſted, and our fears releaſe.

The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so long,
Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
Like swarming bees, and, with delight, survey
The camp deserted where the Thracians lay:
The quarters of the several chiefs they show'd,
Here Phœnix, here Achilles made abode,
Here join'd the battles, there the navy rode.
Part on the pile their wondering eyes employ
(The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy).
Thymætes first ('tis doubtful whether hir'd,
Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the monster fabric in the town.
But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames design'd;
Or to the watery deep: at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore:
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoon, followed by a numerous crowd,
Ran from the fort; and cry'd, from far, aloud;
O wretched countrymen: what fury reigns?
What more than madness has possess'd your brains?
Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone,
And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
This hollow fabric either must inclose,
Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town,
T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is sure design'd; by fraud or force;
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.
Thus having said, against the steed he threw
His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Pierc'd through the yielding planks of jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
The sides transpierc'd return a rattling sound,
And groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing through the wound.
And had not heaven the fall of Troy design'd,
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done, t' inspire a better mind:
Then had our lances pierc'd the treacherous wood,
And Ilian towers and Priam's empire stood.
Mean time, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
A captive Greek in bands, before the king:
Taken, to take; who made himself their prey,
T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray.
Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
All press to see, and some insult the foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguis'd,
Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
Trembling the miscreant stood, unarm'd and bound;
He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around;
Then said, Alas! what earth remains, what sea
Is open to receive unhappy me!
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends!
He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:
Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
We chear the youth to make his own defence,
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What news he could impart, we long to know,
And what to credit from a captive foe.

His fear at length dismiss'd, he said, whate'er
My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:
I neither can, nor dare, my birth disclaim;
Greece is my country, Sinon is my name:
Though plung'd by fortune's power in misery,
'Tis not in fortune's power to make me lye.
If any chance has hither brought the name
Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
Who suffer'd from the malice of the times;
Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes:
Because the fatal wars he would prevent;
Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament;
Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare
Of other means, committed to his care:
His kinsman and companion in the war.
While fortune favour'd, while his arms support
The cause, and rul'd the counsels of the court,
I made some figure there; nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.
But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
Had made impression in the peoples' hearts;
And forg'd a treason in my patron's name
(I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame),
My kinsman fell; then I, without support,
In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.
Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the state:
And curs'd the direful author of my woes.
'Twas told again, and hence my ruin rose.
I threaten'd, if indulgent heaven once more
Would land me safely on my native shore,
His death with double vengeance to restore.
Thus mov'd the murderer's hate, and soon ensu'd
Th' effects of malice from a man so proud.
Ambiguous rumours through the camp he spread,
And fought, by treason, my devoted head:
New crimes invented, left untum'd no stone,
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own,
Till Calchas was by force and threatening wrought:
But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?
If on my nation just revenge you seek,
And 'tis t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;
Already you my name and country know,
Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow:
My death will both the kingly brothers please,
And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.
This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts:
Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts.
His former trembling once again renew'd,
With gifted fear, the villain thus pursu'd:
Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care,
And weary'd with an unsuccessful war)
Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town;
And, had the gods permitted, they had gone.
But oft the wintery seas and southern winds
Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their minds.
Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd;
But most, when this stupendous pile was rais'd:
Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,
And thunders rattled through a sky serene:
Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
Eurypylus, t' enquire their fate, was sent;
He from the gods this dreadful answer brought;
O Grecians: when the Trojan shores you sought,
Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought!

ur ſafe return be bought again,
in blood once more atone the main!
ing rumour round the people ran;
and each believ'd himſelf the man.
k th' advantage of their fright;
has, and produc'd in open ſight:
him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate
victim, to redeem the ſtate.
me preſag'd the dire event,
hat ſacrifice Ulyſſes meant.
five days the good old ſeer withſtood
ed treaſon, and was dumb to blood.
with endleſs clamours, and purſuit
, he ſtood no longer mute:
was agreed, pronounc'd that I
'd by the wrathful gods to die!
the ſentence, pleas'd the ſtorm ſhould fall
me, whoſe fury threaten'd all.
l day was come, the prieſts prepare
en'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
nature's laws, and muſt avow
bonds, and fled the fatal blow.
eedy lake all night I lay,
afety when they ſail'd away.
what further hopes for me remain,
friends or native ſoil again?
infants, or my careful ſire,
y returning will to death require?
trate on them their firſt deſign,
he forfeit of their heads for mine!
, if pity mortal minds can move,
faith below, or gods above,
ce and truth can claim deſert,
s, from an injur'd wretch avert.
true pity move: the king commands
is fetters, and unbind his hands:
theſe friendly words; diſmiſs thy fears,
Greeks, be mine as thou wert theirs:
tell, was it for force or guile,
ligious end, you rais'd this pile?
the king. He, full of fraudful arts,
invented tale for truth imparts:
of heaven! he ſaid, and lifted high
now free, thou venerable ſky,
powers, ador'd with dread,
llets, that once bound this head,
altars, from whoſe flames I fled,
ou abjur'd; and grant I may,
crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray!
ſecrets of the guilty ſtate,
puniſh whom I juſtly hate!
O king! preſerve the faith you gave.
ve myſelf, your empire ſave.
ian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,
founded on Minerva's aid.
the time when impious Diomede,
Ulyſſes, that inventive head,
mage from the temple drew,
ng guardians of the caſtle ſlew,
ſtatue with their bloody hands
nd prophan'd her holy bands:
ice the tide of fortune left their ſhore,
l much faſter than it flow'd before:
rage languiſh'd, as their hopes decay'd,
s, now averſe, refus'd her aid.
e goddeſs doubtfully declare
d mind, and alienated care:

When firſt her fatal image touch'd the ground,
She ſternly caſt her glaring eyes around;
That ſparkled as they roll'd, and ſeem'd to threat:
Her heavenly limbs diſtill'd a briny ſweat.
Thrice from the ground ſhe leap'd, was ſeen to wield
Her brandiſh'd lance, and ſhake her horrid ſhield!
Then Calchas bade our hoſt for flight prepare,
And hope no conqueſt from the tedious war:
Till firſt they ſail'd for Greece; with prayers beſought
Her injur'd power, and better omens brought.
And now their navy ploughs the watery main,
Yet, ſoon expect it on your ſhores again,
With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.
But firſt, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid,
For her ſtolen ſtatue, and her tower betray'd;
Warn'd by the ſeer, to her offended name
We rais'd, and dedicate this wondrous frame:
So lofty, leſt through your forbidden gates
It paſs, and intercept our better fates.
For, once admitted there, our hopes are loſt;
And Troy may then a new Palladium boaſt.
For ſo religion and the gods ordain;
That if you violate with hands profane
(Minerva's gift, your town in flames ſhall burn,
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn)!
But if it climb, with your aſſiſting hands,
The Trojan walls, and in the city ſtands,
Then Troy ſhall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
And the reverſe of fate on us return.
With ſuch deceits he gain'd their eaſy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts,
What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater ſon,
A thouſand ſhips, nor ten years ſiege had done:
Falſe tears and fawning words the city won.
A greater omen, and of worſe portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear torment:
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoon, Neptune's prieſt by lot that year,
With ſolemn pomp then ſacrificed a ſteer.
When, dreadful to behold, from ſea we ſpy'd
Two ſerpents rank'd abreaſt, the ſeas divide,
And ſmoothly ſweep along the ſwelling tide.
Their flaming creſts above the waves they ſhow,
Their bellies ſeem to burn the ſeas below:
Their ſpeckled tails advance to ſteer their courſe,
And, on the ſounding ſhore, the flying billows force.
And now the ſtrand, and now the plain they held,
Their ardent eyes with bloody ſtreaks were fill'd:
Their nimble tongues they brandiſh'd as they came,
And lick'd their hiſſing jaws that ſputter'd flame.
We fled amaz'd; their deſtin'd way they take,
And to Laocoon and his children make:
And firſt around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their ſharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haſte, but vain, they next invade:
Twice round his waiſt their winding volumes roll'd,
And twice about his gaſping throat they fold.
The prieſt, thus doubly chok'd, their creſts divide,
And, towering o'er his head, in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labours at the knots,
His holy fillets the blue venom blots:
His roaring fills the flitting air around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,

He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
And, with loud bellowings, breaks the yielding ſkies.
Their taſks perform'd, the ſerpents quit their prey,
And to the tower of Pallas make their way:
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there,
By her large buckler, and protended ſpear.
Amazement ſeizes all; the general cry
Proclaims Laocoon juſtly doom'd to die,
Whoſe hand the will of Pallas had withſtood,
And dar'd to violate the ſacred wood.
All vote t' admit the ſteed, that vows be paid,
And incenſe offer'd to th' offended maid.
A ſpacious breach is made, the town lies bare,
Some hoiſting levers, ſome the wheels prepare,
And faſten to the horſes feet: the reſt
With cables hall along th' unwieldy beaſt.
Each on his fellow for aſſiſtance calls:
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with deſtruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And choirs of virgins, ſing and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then deſcending down,
It enters o'er our heads and threats the town.
O ſacred city! built by hands divine!
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
Four times he ſtuck; as oft the claſhing ſound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
We hawl along the horſe in ſolemn ſtate;
Then place the dire portent within the tower.
Caſſandra cry'd, and curs'd th' unhappy hour;
Foretold our fate; but, by the gods decree
All heard, and none believ'd, the prophecy.
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waſte
In jollity the day ordain'd to be the laſt.
Meantime the rapid heavens roll'd down the light,
And on the ſhaded ocean ruſh'd the night:
Our men ſecure, nor guards nor centries held,
But eaſy ſleep their weary limbs compell'd.
The Grecians had embark'd their naval powers
From Tenedos, and fought our well-known ſhores:
Safe under covert of the ſilent night,
And guided by th' imperial galley's light.
When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
Unlock'd the horſe, and op'd his dark abodes;
Reſtor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
Who joyful from their long confinement roſe.
Tyſander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,
And dire Ulyſſes down the cable ſlide:
Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haſte;
Nor was the Podalyrian hero laſt:
Nor injur'd Menelaus, nor the fam'd
Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd.
A nameleſs crowd ſucceed; their forces join
T' invade the town, oppreſs'd with ſleep and wine.
Thoſe few they find awake, firſt meet their fate,
Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.
'Twas in the dead of night, when ſleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
When Hector's ghoſt before my ſight appears:
A bloody ſhroud he ſeem'd, and bath'd in tears.
Such as he was, when, by Pelides ſlain,
Theſſalian courſers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thruſt
Through the bor'd holes, his body black with duſt.
Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
Of war triumphant, in Æacian ſpoils:
Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And launch'd againſt their navy Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard ſtood ſtiffen'd with his gore;
And all the wounds he for his country bore,
Now ſtream'd afreſh, and with new purple ran:
I wept to ſee the viſionary man:
And, while my trance continu'd, thus began:
O light of Trojans, and ſupport of Troy.
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
Art thou ſo late return'd for our defence?
Do we behold thee, wearied as we are,
With length of labours and with toils of war?
After ſo many funerals of thy own,
Art thou reſtor'd to thy declining town?
But ſay, what wounds are theſe? What new diſgrace
Deforms the manly features of thy face?
To this the ſpectre no reply did frame;
But anſwer'd to the cauſe for which he came:
And, groaning from the bottom of his breaſt,
This warning, in theſe mournful words, expreſs'd:
O goddeſs-born! eſcape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes, already, have poſſeſs'd the wall,
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
More than enough to duty and to fame.
If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone:
Now Troy to thee commends her future ſtate,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
From their aſſiſtance happier walls expect,
Which, wandering long, at laſt thou ſhalt erect.
He ſaid, and brought me from their bleſt abodes,
The venerable ſtatues of the gods:
With ancient Veſta from the ſacred choir
The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.
Now peals of ſhouts come thundering from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war!
The noiſe approaches, though our palace ſtood
Aloof from ſtreets, encompaſs'd with a wood.
Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries diſtinct, and claſhing arms!
Fear broke my ſlumbers: I no longer ſtay,
But mount the terraſs, thence the town ſurvey:
And hearken what the fruitful ſounds convey!
Thus when a flood of fire by wind is born,
Crackling it rolls, and mows the ſtanding corn:
Or deluges, deſcending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow year, deſtroy the pains
Of labouring oxen, and the peaſant's gains:
Unroot the foreſt oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undiſtinguiſh'd prey!
The ſhepherd climbs the cliff, and ſees, from far,
The waſteful ravage of the watery war.
Then Hector's faith was manifeſtly clear'd;
And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd!
The palace of Deïphobus aſcends
In ſmoaky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ucalegon burns next; the ſeas are bright
With ſplendor not their own; and ſhine with Trojan light.
New clamours and new clangors now ariſe,
The ſound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries
With frenzy ſeiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
Reſolv'd on death, reſolv'd to die in arms!
But firſt, to gather friends, with them t' oppoſe,
If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes.

my courage, by my country fir'd;
: of honour, and revenge inſpir'd!
is, Apollo's prieſt, a ſacred name,
'd the Grecian ſwords, and paſs'd the
flame;
i loaden, to my doors he fled,
: hand, his tender grandſon led.
:, O Pantheus! whither can we run?
ke a ſtand? and what may yet be done?
I ſaid, when Pantheus, with a groan,
more, and Ilium was a town!
day, th' appointed hour, is come,
ithful Jove's irrevocable doom
the Trojan ſtate to Grecian hands.
onſumes the town, the foe commands!
d hoſts, an unexpected force,
i the bowels of the fatal horſe!
e gates proud Sinon throws about
s, and foes for entrance preſs without.
iſand others, whom I fear to name,
i from Argos or Mycenæ came.
poſts their parties they divide;
k the narrow ſtreets, ſome ſcour the wide.
:hey kill, th' unwary they ſurprize;
ts finds death, and death finds him who
flies.
ers of the gate but ſcarce maintain
ial combat, and reſiſt in vain.
ind heaven, that well-born ſouls inſpires,
ne, through lifted ſwords and riſing fires
where claſhing arms and clamour calls,
undaunted to defend the walls!
nd Iphitus by my ſide engage,
one renown'd, and one for age.
d Hypanis by moonlight knew
ns and my mien, and to my party drew;
ig Chorœbus, who by love was led
nown and fair Caſſandra's bed;
brought his troops to Priam's aid:
d in vain by the prophetic maid.
hen I ſaw, reſolv'd in arms to fall,
one ſpirit animated all;
s, ſaid I, but brave, alas! in vain:
iſh what our cruel fates ordain.
ie deſperate ſtate of our affairs;
:n's protecting powers are deaf to prayers.
'e gods behold the Greeks defile
ples, and abandon to the ſpoil
i abodes: we, feeble few, conſpire
ſinking town involv'd in fire.
's fall, but fall amidſt our foes:
life, the means of living ſhows.
ſpeech encourag'd their deſire
and added fuel to their fire!
gry wolves, with raging appetite,
ough the fields, nor fear the ſtormy night,
:lps at home expect the promis'd food,
to temper their dry chaps in blood,
we forth at once, reſolv'd to die,
n death the laſt extremes to try!
the narrow lanes behind, and dare
ial combat in the public ſquare:
: our friend, our leader was Deſpair.
gue can tell the ſlaughter of that night!
: can weep the ſorrows and affright!
it and imperial city falls,
s are fill'd with frequent funerals:

Houſes and holy temples float in blood,
And hoſtile nations make a common flood.
Not only Trojans fall, but, in their turn,
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the victors mourn.
Ours take new courage from deſpair and night;
Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.
All parts reſound with tumults, plaints, and fears,
And griſly death in ſundry ſhapes appears!
Androgeos fell among us, with his band,
Who thought us Grecians newly come to land:
From whence, ſaid he, my friends, this long delay?
You loiter, while the ſpoils are borne away.
Our ſhips are laden with the Trojan ſtore,
And you, like truants, come too late a ſhore.
He ſaid, but ſoon corrected his miſtake,
Found by the doubtful anſwers which we make:
Amaz'd he would have ſhunn'd th' unequal fight,
But we, more numerous, intercept his flight.
As when ſome peaſant, in a buſhy brake,
Has, with unwary footing, preſs'd a ſnake,
He ſtarts aſide, aſtoniſh'd, when he ſpies
His riſing creſt, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
So from our arms ſurpriz'd Androgeos flies!
In vain; for him and his we compaſs round,
Poſſeſs'd with fear, unknowing of the ground;
And of their lives an eaſy conqueſt found.
Thus fortune on our firſt endeavour ſmil'd;
Chorœbus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
Swoln with ſucceſs, and of a daring mind,
This new invention fatally deſign'd.
My friends, ſaid he, ſince fortune ſhows the way,
'Tis fit we ſhould th' auſpicious guide obey.
For what has ſhe theſe Grecian arms beſtow'd,
But their deſtruction, and the Trojans good?
Then change we ſhields, and their devices bear,
Let fraud ſupply the want of force in war.
They find us arms. This ſaid, himſelf he dreſs'd
In dead Androgeos' ſpoils, his upper veſt,
His painted buckler, and his plumy creſt.
Thus Rypheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
Lay down their own attire, and ſtrip the ſlain.
Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill preſage,
Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage:
Unknown, aſſaulting whom we blindly meet,
And ſlew, with Grecian carcaſes, the ſtreet.
Thus while their ſtraggling parties we defeat,
Some to the ſhore and ſafer ſhips retreat:
And ſome, oppreſs'd with more ignoble fear,
Remount the hollow horſe, and pant in ſecret there.
But ah! what uſe of valour can be made,
When heaven's propitious powers refuſe their aid!
Behold the royal propheteſs, the fair
Caſſandra, dragg'd by her diſhevel'd hair;
Whom not Minerva's ſhrine, nor ſacred bands,
In ſafety could protect from ſacrilegious hands:
On heaven ſhe caſt her eyes, ſhe ſigh'd, ſhe cry'd,
('Twas all ſhe could), her tender arms were ty'd.
So ſad a ſight Chorœbus could not bear;
But, fir'd with rage, diſtracted with deſpair,
Amid the barbarous raviſhers he flew;
Our leader's raſh example we purſue;
But ſtorms of ſtones, from the proud temple's height,
Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:
We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow,
Who thought us Grecians, as we ſeem'd in ſhow.
They aim at the miſtaken creſts, from high,
And ours beneath the ponderous ruin lie.

Then, mov'd with anger and diſdain, to ſee
Their troops diſpers'd, the royal virgin free:
The Grecians rally, and their powers unite,
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
The brother-kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole ſquadron of Theſſalian horſe.
Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try,
Contending for the kingdom of the ſky,
South, eaſt, and weſt, on airy courſers borne,
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
Then Nereus ſtrikes the deep, the billows riſe,
And, mix'd with ooze and ſand, pollute the ſkies.
The troops we ſquander'd firſt, again appear
From ſeveral quarters, and incloſe the rear.
They firſt obſerve, and to the reſt betray,
Our different ſpeech; our borrow'd arms ſurvey.
Oppreſs'd with odds, we fall; Chorœbus firſt,
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
Then Rypheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
Juſt of his word, obſervant of the right:
Heaven thought not ſo: Dymas their fate attends,
With Hiparis, miſtaken by their friends.
Nor Pantheus, thee, thy mitre nor the bands
Of awful Phœbus, ſav'd from impious hands.
Ye Trojan flames, your teſtimony bear
What I perform'd, and what I ſuffer'd there:
No ſword avoiding in the fatal ſtriſe,
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life.
Witneſs, ye heavens; I live not by my fault;
I ſtrove to have deſerv'd the death I ſought.
But when I could not fight, and would have dy'd,
Borne off to diſtance by the growing tide,
Old Iphitus and I were hurry'd thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defence.
New clamours from th' inveſted palace ring;
We run to die, or diſengage the king.
So hot th' aſſault, ſo high the tumult roſe,
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppoſe,
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow ſpace:
Or as all Ilium elſe were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and ſlaughter only there.
Their targets in a tortoiſe caſt, the foes
Secure advancing, to the turrets roſe:
Some mount the ſcaling-ladders; ſome, more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by poſts and pillars hold:
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' aſcent,
While with the right they ſeize the battlement.
From the demoliſh'd towers the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of ſtones, that, falling, cruſh the foe:
And heavy beams and rafters from the ſides
(Such arms their laſt neceſſity provides):
And gilded roofs come tumbling from on high,
The marks of ſtate and ancient royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the paſs, attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
Renew'd in courage, with recover'd breath,
A ſecond time we ran to tempt our death:
To clear the palace from the foe, ſucceed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.
A poſtern-door, yet unobſerv'd and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind gallery,
To the king's cloſet led, a way well known
To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne:
Through which ſhe brought Aſtyanax, unſeen,
To cheer his grandſire and his grandſire's queen.
Through this we paſs, and mount the tower from whence,
With unavailing arms the Trojans make defence.
From this the trembling king had oft deſcry'd
The Grecian camp, and ſaw their navy ride.
Beams from his lofty height with ſwords we hew;
Then wrenching with our hands, th' aſſault renew.
And, where the rafters on the column meet,
We puſh them headlong with our arms and feet:
The lightning flies not ſwifter than the fall,
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath
Are piece-meal torn, or pounded into death.
Yet more ſucceed, and more to death are ſent;
We ceaſe not from above, nor they below relent.
Before the gate ſtood Pyrrhus, threatening loud,
With glittering arms conſpicuous in the crowd.
So ſhines, renew'd in youth, the creſted ſnake,
Who ſlept the winter in a thorny brake:
And, caſting off his ſlough, when ſpring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns:
Reſtor'd with poiſonous herbs, his ardent ſides
Reflect the ſun, and, rais'd on ſpires, he rides;
High o'er the graſs, hiſſing he rolls along,
And brandiſhes, by fits, his forky tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
His father's charioteer, together run
To force the gate: The Scyrian infantry
Ruſh on in crouds, and the barr'd paſſage free.
Entering the court, with ſhouts the ſkies they rend,
And flaming firebrands to the roofs aſcend.
Himſelf, among the foremoſt, deals his blows,
And, with his ax, repeated ſtrokes beſtows
On the ſtrong doors: then all their ſhoulders ply,
Till from the poſts the brazen hinges fly.
He hews apace, the double bars at length
Yield to his ax, and unreſiſted ſtrength.
A mighty breach is made; the rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd.
The halls of audience, and of public ſtate,
And where the lonely queen in ſecret fate.
Arm'd ſoldiers now by trembling maids are ſeen,
With not a door, and ſcarce a ſpace between.
The houſe is fill'd with loud laments and cries,
And ſhrieks of women rend the vaulted ſkies.
The fearful matrons run from place to place,
And kiſs the threſholds, and the poſts embrace.
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
And all his father ſparkles in his eyes.
Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force ſuſtain;
The bars are broken, and the guards are ſlain.
In ruſh the Greeks, and all th' apartments fill;
Thoſe few defendants whom they find they kill.
Not with ſo fierce a rage, the foaming flood
Roars when he finds his rapid courſe withſtood:
Bears down the dams with unreſiſted ſway,
And ſweeps the cattle and the cots away.
Theſe eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
The brother-kings: I ſaw th' unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam ſtood,
To ſtain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds (ſuch hopes had he,
So large a promiſe of a progeny).
The poſts of plated gold, and hung with ſpoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a ſpace,
The Grecians enter, and poſſeſs the place.

nay of Priam's fate enquire:
ſaw his regal town on fire,
ace, and his entering foes,
inevitable woes;
d, inveſts his limbs decay'd,
ith age; a late and uſeleſs aid.
ulders ſcarce the weight ſuſtain:
rm'd, he creeps along with pain;
ſucceſs: ambitious to be ſlain!
t by heaven, there ſtood in view
ir the hearth a laurel grew,
1 age, whoſe boughs encompaſs round
gods, and ſhade the holy ground.
with all her helpleſs train
r ſhelter ſought, but fought in vain.
flock of doves along the ſky,
they hug, and to their altars fly.
hen ſhe beheld her trembling lord,
by his ſide a heavy ſword,
ſhe cry'd, has ſeiz'd my huſband's
d;
e theſe, and to what uſe deſign'd?
vant other aids: were Hector here,
now in vain, like Priam, would ap-
.
common ſhelter thou ſhalt find,
mon fate with us be join'd.
with a laſt ſalute embrac'd
man, and by the laurel plac'd.
, one of Priam's ſons,
rrhus, there for ſafety runs,
rds and foes, amaz'd and hurt he flies
ty courts, and open galleries:
s, urging with his lance, purſues,
ches, and his thruſts renews.
ansfix'd, with lamentable cries,
e his wretched parents' eyes.
ng at his feet, when Priam ſaw,
ath gave place to nature's law.
more with anger than with age,
d he, requite thy brutal rage:
will, Barbarian! ſure they muſt,
ds in heaven, and gods be juſt:
1 wrongs an inſolent delight,
death t' infect a father's ſight.
n thou and lying fame conſpire
is: not he thy vaunted ſire,
/ wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
ature and of nations heard.
y ſorrows, and, for ſums of gold,
carcaſe of my Hector ſold.
es a parent underwent,
back in ſafety from his tent.
his feeble hand a javelin threw,
ring, ſeem'd to loiter as it flew:
barely, to the mark it held,
nckled on the brazen ſhield.
hus thus: Go thou from me to fate;
ther my ſoul deeds relate.
ith that he dragg'd the trembling ſire,
ough clotter'd blood and holy mire
d paſte his murder'd ſon had made),
beneath the violated ſhade,
acred pile the royal victim laid.
id held his bloody fauchion bare;
viſted in his hoary hair:
Then, with a ſpeeding thruſt his heart he found:
The lukewarm blood came ruſhing through the wound,
And ſanguine ſtreams diſtain'd the ſacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and ſhar'd one common fate
With Troy in aſhes, and his ruin'd ſtate:
He, who the ſceptre of all Aſia ſway'd,
Whom monarchs, like domeſtic ſlaves, obey'd,
On the bleak ſhore now lies th' abandon'd king,
* A headleſs carcaſe, and a nameleſs thing.
Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood
Congeal with fear, my hair with horror ſtood:
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
Leſt equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forſaken wife,
And trembled for my ſon's abandon'd life.
I look'd about, but found myſelf alone,
Deſerted at my need, my friends were gone.
Some ſpent with toil, ſome with deſpair oppreſs'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames conſum'd the reſt.
Thus, wandering in my way, without a guide,
The graceleſs Helen in the porch I ſpy'd
Of Veſta's temple; there ſhe lurk'd alone;
Muffled ſhe ſate, and, what ſhe could, unknown:
But, by the flames, that caſt their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy, I found.
For Ilium burnt, ſhe dreads the Trojan's ſword;
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;
Ev'n by thoſe gods, who refug'd her, abhorr'd.
Trembling with rage, the ſtrumpet I regard;
Reſolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.
Shall ſhe triumphant ſail before the wind,
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
Shall ſhe her kingdom and her friends review,
In ſtate attended with a captive crew;
While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,
And Grecian fires conſume the Trojan walls?
For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
Were ſwell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood!
'Tis true, a ſoldier can ſmall honour gain,
And boaſt no conqueſt from a woman ſlain;
Yet ſhall the fact not paſs without applauſe,
Of vengeance taken in ſo juſt a cauſe.
The puniſh'd crime ſhall ſet my ſoul at eaſe:
And murmuring manes of my friends appeaſe.
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleaſant light
Spread o'er the place, and, ſhining heavenly bright,
My Mother ſtood reveal'd before my ſight.
Never ſo radiant did her eyes appear;
Nor her own ſtar confeſs'd a light ſo clear.
Great in her charms, as when the gods above
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their love.
She held my hand, the deſtin'd blow to break:
Then, from her roſy lips, began to ſpeak:
My ſon, from whence this madneſs, this neglect
Of my commands, and thoſe whom I protect?
Why this unmanly rage? recal to mind
Whom you forſake, what pledges leave behind.

* This whole line is taken from Sir John Denham.

Look if your hapleſs father yet ſurvive;
Or if Aſcanius, or Creüſa, live.
Around your houſe the greedy Grecians err;
And theſe had periſh'd in the nightly war,
But for my preſence and protecting care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault:
But by the gods was this deſtruction brought.
Now caſt your eyes around; while I diſſolve
The miſts and films that mortal eyes involve:
Purge from your ſight the droſs, and make you ſee
The ſhape of each avenging deity.
Enlighten'd thus, my juſt commands fulfil:
Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
Where yon diſorder'd heap of ruin lies,
Stones rent from ſtones, where clouds of duſt ariſe,
Amid that ſmother, Neptune holds his place:
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,
And heaves the building from the ſolid baſe.
Look where, in arms, imperial Juno ſtands,
Full in the Scæan gate, with loud commands,
Urging on ſhore the tardy Grecian bands.
See Pallas, of her ſnaky buckler proud,
Beſtrides the tower, refulgent through the cloud:
See Jove new courage to the foe ſupplies,
And arms againſt the town the partial deities.
Haſte hence, my ſon; this fruitleſs labour end:
Haſte where your trembling ſpouſe and ſire attend:
Haſte, and a mother's care your paſſage ſhall befriend.
She ſaid: and ſwiftly vaniſh'd from my ſight,
Obſcure in clouds, and gloomy ſhades of night.
I look'd, I liſtened; dreadful ſounds I hear;
And the dire forms of hoſtile gods appear.
Troy ſunk in flames I ſaw, nor could prevent;
And Ilium from its old foundations rent.
Rent like a mountain aſh, which darʼd the winds;
And ſtood the ſturdy ſtrokes of labouring hinds:
About the roots the cruel axe reſounds,
The ſtumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds.
The war is felt on high, the nodding crown
Now threats a fall, and throws the leafy honours down.
To their united force it yields, though late;
And mourns, with mortal groans, th'approaching fate:
The roots no more their upper load ſuſtain;
But down ſhe falls, and ſpreads a ruin through the plain
Deſcending thence, I 'ſcape through foes, and fire:
Before the goddeſs, foes and flames retire.
Arriv'd at home, he for whoſe only ſake,
Or moſt for his, ſuch toils I undertake,
The good Anchiſes, whom, by timely flight,
I purpos'd to ſecure on Ida's height,
Refuſ'd the journey; reſolute to die,
And add his funerals to the fate of Troy.
Rather than exile and old age ſuſtain.
Go you, whoſe blood runs warm in every vein:
Had heaven decreed that I ſhould life enjoy,
Heaven had decreed to ſave unhappy Troy.
'Tis ſure enough, if not too much for one,
Twice to have ſeen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haſte to ſave the poor remaining crew;
And give this uſeleſs corpſe a long adieu.
Theſe week old hands ſuffice to ſtop my breath:
At leaſt the pitying foes will aid my death,
The ſpoils may ſatisfy: and leave my body bare:
Without my sepulchre let heaven take care.
'Tis long ſince I, for my celeſtial wife,
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a lingering life:
Since every hour and moment I expire,
Blaſted from heaven by Jove's avenging fire.
This oft repeated, he ſtood fix'd to die:
Myſelf, my wife, my ſon, my family,
Intreat, pray, beg, and raiſe a doleful cry.
What, will he ſtill perſiſt, on death reſolve,
And in his ruin all his houſe involve?
He ſtill perſiſts his reaſons to maintain;
Our prayers, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.
Urg'd by deſpair, again I go to try
The fate of arms, reſolv'd in fight to die.
What hope remains, but what my death muſt give?
Can I without ſo dear a father live?
You term it prudence, what I baſeneſs call:
Could ſuch a word from ſuch a parent fall?
If fortune pleaſe, and ſo the gods ordain,
That nothing ſhould of ruin'd Troy remain;
And you conſpire with fortune, to be ſlain;
The way to death is wide, th' approaches near:
For ſoon relentleſs Pyrrhus will appear,
Reeking with Priam's blood: the wretch who ſlew
The ſon (inhuman) in the father's view,
And then the ſire himſelf to the dire altar drew.
O goddeſs mother, give me back to fate;
Your gift was undeſir'd, and came too late.
Did you for this, unhappy me convey
Through foes and fires to ſee my houſe a prey?
Shall I, my father, wife, and ſon behold
Weltering in blood, each other's arms infold?
Haſte! gird my ſword, though ſpent and overcome:
'Tis the laſt ſummons to receive your doom.
I hear thee, fate, and I obey thy call:
Not unrevenge'd the foe ſhall ſee my fall.
Reſtore me yet to the unfiniſh'd fight:
My death is wanting to conclude the night.
Arm'd once again, my glittering ſword I wield!
While th' other hand ſuſtains my weighty ſhield:
And forth I ruſh to ſeek th' abandon'd field.
I went; but ſad Creüſa ſtopp'd my way,
And, croſs the threſhold, in my paſſage lay;
Embrac'd my knees; and when I would have gone,
Shew'd me my feeble ſire, and tender ſon.
If death be your deſign, at leaſt, ſaid ſhe,
Take us along to ſhare your deſtiny.
If any further hopes in arms remain,
This place, theſe pledges of your love maintain.
To whom do you expoſe your father's life,
Your ſon's, and mine, your now-forgotten wife!
While thus ſhe fills the houſe with clamorous cries,
Our hearing is diverted by our eyes;
For while I held my ſon, in the ſhort ſpace,
Betwixt our kiſſes and our laſt embrace,
Strange to relate, from young Iülus' head
A lambent flame aroſe, which gently ſpread
Around his brows, and on his temples fed.
Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
To quench the ſacred fire, and ſhake his hair;
But old Anchiſes, vers'd in omens, rear'd
His hand to heaven, and this requeſt preferr'd:
If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
Thy will, if piety can prayers commend,
Confirm the glad preſage which thou art pleas'd to ſend.
Scarce had he ſaid, when, on our left, we hear
A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:

reaming lamp, along the ſky,
winged lightning ſeem'd to fly;
roof the blaze began to move;
aniſh'd in th' Idean grove.
in heaven and ſhone a guide;
ning ſtench of ſulphur dy'd.
d man with ſuppliant hands implor'd
ction, and their ſtar ador'd.
d he, my ſon, no more delay,
w where heaven ſhews the way.
ountry gods) our dwelling-place,
s relick of the Trojan race:
ild; theſe omens are your own;
et reſtore the ruin'd town.
pliſh what your ſigns foreſhow:
l, and am prepar'd to go.
e crackling flames appear on high,
arkles dance along the ſky.
rage the riſing winds conſpire;
palace rolls the flood of fire.
r father ('tis no time to wait,)
houlders with a willing freight.
ls, your life ſhall be my care,
one deliverance, we will ſhare.
lead our little ſon; and you,
nſort, ſhall our ſteps purſue.
ſervants, heed my ſtrict commands:
alls a ruin'd temple ſtands,
w'd once; a cypreſs nigh
venerable head on high;
n kept; there bend your feet;
ed parties, let us meet.
ods, the relicks, and the bands,
father, in your guiltleſs hands:
ious holy things to bear,
ith ſlaughter, new from war:
living ſtream, I cleanſe the guilt
, and blood in battle ſpilt.
g all that prudence could provide,
oulders with a lion's hide
oils: then, on my bending back,
load of my dear father take.
better hand, Aſcanius hung,
equal paces, tript along.
hind: by choice we ſtray
dark and every devious way.
and dauntleſs, juſt before,
larts and ſhocks of lances bore,
w now am ſeiz'd with fear
; but for the charge I bear.
uin'd gate arriv'd at laſt,
eeming all the danger paſt,
ſe of trampling feet we hear;
king through the ſhades with fear
ſte, haſte, my ſon, the foes are nigh;
nd ſhining armour I deſcry.
od, for ſome unknown offence,
t my mind of better ſenſe:
rough winding ways, I took my
t,
e ſhelter of the gloomy night,
reüſa: hard to tell
deſtiny ſhe fell,
or wander'd with affright;
ſt for ever to my ſight.
reflected, till I meet
Ceres' now deſerted ſeat:
one was wanting, only ſhe
iends, her ſon, and wretched me.

What mad expreſſions did my tongue refuſe!
Whom did I not of gods or men accuſe!
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my loſs, and raving with deſpair,
Abandoning my now-forgotten care,
Of counſel, comfort, and of hope bereſt,
My ſire, my ſon, my country gods, I left.
In ſhining armour once again I ſheath
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And ſeek the danger I was forc'd to ſhun.
I tread my former tracks: through night explore
Each paſſage, every ſtreet I croſs'd before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the ſilence of the night.
Then to my father's houſe I make repair,
With ſome ſmall glimpſe of hope to find her there:
Inſtead of her, the cruel Greeks I met:
The houſe was fill'd with foes, with flames beſet.
Driven on the wings of winds, whole ſheets of fire,
Through air tranſported, to the roofs aſpire.
From thence to Priam's palace I reſort,
And ſearch the citadel, and deſert court.
Then, unobſerv'd, I paſs'd by Juno's church;
A guard of Grecians had poſſeſs'd the porch:
There Phœnix and Ulyſſes watch the prey,
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey.
The ſpoils which they from ranſack'd houſes brought.
And golden bowls from burning altars caught.
The tables of the gods, the purple veſts,
The people's treaſure, and the pomp of prieſts.
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
And captive matrons in long order ſtands.
Then, with ungovern'd madneſs, I proclaim,
Through all the ſilent ſtreets, Creüſa's name.
Creüſa ſtill I call: at length ſhe hears:
And, ſudden, through the ſhades of night appears,
Appears no more Creüſa, nor my wife,
But a pale ſpectre, larger than the life.
Aghaſt, aſtoniſh'd, and ſtruck dumb with fear,
I ſtood; like briſtles roſe my ſtiffen'd hair,
Then thus the ghoſt began to ſoothe my grief:
Nor tears, nor cries can give the dead relief;
Deſiſt, my much-lov'd lord, t' indulge your pain:
You bear no more than what the gods ordain.
My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great comptroller of the ſky.
Long wandering ways for you the powers decree:
On land hard labours, and a length of ſea.
Then, after many painful years are paſt,
On Latium's happy ſhore you ſhall be caſt:
Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
The flowery meadows, and the feeding folds.
There end your toils: and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:
There fortune ſhall the Trojan line reſtore;
And you for loſt Creüſa weep no more.
Fear not that I ſhall watch, with ſervile ſhame,
Th' imperious looks of ſome proud Grecian dame:
Or, ſtooping to the victor's luſt, diſgrace
My goddeſs mother, or my royal race.
And now, farewel: the parent of the gods
Reſtrains my fleeting ſoul in her abodes:
I truſt our common iſſue to your care.
She ſaid: and gliding paſs'd unſeen in air.
I ſtrove to ſpeak, but horror ty'd my tongue;
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung;
And thrice, deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.

Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blaſt of wind, the ruſh'd away.
Thus, having paſs'd the night in fruitleſs pain,
I to my longing friends return again.
Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old:
A wretched exil'd crew together brought,
With arms appointed, and with treaſure fraught.
Reſolv'd, and willing under my command,
To run all hazards both of ſea and land.
The morn began, from Ida, to diſplay
Her roſy cheeks, and Phoſphor led the day:
Before the gates the Grecians took their poſt:
And all pretence of late relief were loſt.
I yield to fate, unwillingly retire,
And, loaded, up the hill convey my fire.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet with which he ſailed, and the ſucceſs of his firſt voyage to Thrace; from thence he directs his courſe to Delos, and aſks the oracle what place the Gods had appointed for his habitation? By a miſtake of the oracle's anſwer, he ſettles in Crete: his houſhold Gods give him the true ſenſe of the oracle in a dream: he follows their advice, and makes the beſt of his way for Italy: he is caſt on ſeveral ſhores, and meets with many ſurpriſing adventures, till at length he lands in Sicily; where his father Anchiſes dies. This is the place he was ſailing from, when the tempeſt roſe, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coaſt.

WHEN heaven had overturn'd the Trojan ſtate,
And Priam's throne, by too ſevere a fate:
When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians prey,
And Ilium's lofty towers in aſhes lay:
Warned by celeſtial omens, we retreat,
To ſeek in foreign lands a happier ſeat.
Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
The timber of the ſacred groves we cut;
And build our fleet: uncertain yet to find
What place the gods for our repoſe aſſign'd.
Friends daily flock, and ſcarce the kindly ſpring
Began to clothe the ground, and birds to ſing:
When old Anchiſes ſummon'd all to ſea:
The crew, my father and the fates obey.
With ſighs and tears I leave my native ſhore,
And empty fields, where Ilium ſtood before.
My ſire, my ſon, our leſs, and greater gods,
All ſail at once; and cleave the briny floods.

Againſt our coaſt appears a ſpacious land,
Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command:
Thracia the name; the people bold in war;
Vaſt are their fields, and tillage is their care.
A hoſpitable realm, while fate was kind;
With Troy in friendſhip and religion join'd.
I land, with luckleſs omens; then adore
Their gods, and draw a line along the ſhore:
I lay the deep foundations of a wall:
And Enos, nam'd from me, the city call.
To Dionæan Venus vows are paid,
And all the powers that riſing labours aid;
A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.
Not far, a riſing hillock ſtood in view;
Sharp myrtles, on the ſides, and cornels grew.
There, while I went to crop the ſylvan ſcenes,
And ſhade our altar with their leafy greens,
I pull'd a plant (with horror I relate
A prodigy ſo ſtrange, and full of fate);
The rooted fibres roſe; and from the wound,
Black bloody drops diſtill'd upon the ground.
Mute, and amaz'd, my hair with terror ſtood;
Fear ſhrunk my ſinews, and congeal'd my blood:
Man'd once again, another plant I try,
That other guſh'd with the ſame ſanguine dye.
Then, fearing guilt for ſome offence unknown,
With prayers and vows the Dryads I atone;
With all the ſiſters of the woods, and moſt
The god of arms, who rules the Thracian coaſt:
That they, or he, theſe omens would avert;
Releaſe our fears, and better ſigns impart.
Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length
To learn the cauſe, I tugg'd with all my ſtrength:
I bent my knees againſt the ground; once more
The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce dare I tell the ſequel: from the womb
Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb,
A groan as of a troubled ghoſt renew'd
My fright, and then theſe dreadful words enſued:
Why doſt thou thus my bury'd body rend?
O ſpare the corpſe of thy unhappy friend!
Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood:
The tears diſtil not from the wounded wood;
But every drop this living tree contains
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins:
O fly from this unhoſpitable ſhore,
Warn'd by my fate; for I am Polydore!
Here loads of lances, in my blood embrued,
Again ſhoot upward, by my blood renew'd.
My faltering tongue and ſhivering limbs declare
My horror, and in briſtles roſe my hair.
When Troy with Grecian arms was cloſely pent,
Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,
This hapleſs Polydore to Thracia ſent.
Loaded with gold, he ſent his darling far
From noiſe and tumults, and deſtructive war:
Committed to the faithleſs tyrant's care:
Who, when he ſaw the power of Troy decline,
Forſook the weaker, with the ſtrong to join:
Broke every bond of nature, and of truth:
And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.
O ſacred hunger of pernicious gold,
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold!
Now, when my ſoul had ſhaken off her fears,
I call my father, and the Trojan peers:
Relate the prodigies of heaven, require
What he commands, and their advice deſire.

leave that execrable ſhore,
th the blood of Polydore.
ſail, his funeral rites prepare;
s ghoſt, a tomb and altars rear.
l pomp the matrons walk the round:
l cypreſs and blue fillets crown'd;
lejected, and with hair unbound.
s of tepid milk and blood we pour,
invoke the ſoul of Polydore.
en the raging ſtorms no longer reign;
n gales invite us to the main;
our veſſels, with a proſperous wind;
he cities and the ſhores behind.
l in th' Ægean main appears;
ld watery Doris claim it theirs.
nce, till Phœbus fix'd the ſides
earth, and now it braves the tides.
: by friendly winds, we come aſhore,
ul eaſe our weary limbs reſtore:
n's temple and his town adore.
e prieſt, and king, with laurel crown'd,
ocks with purple fillets bound,
ıy ſtre the Delian ſhore aſcend,
with eager haſte to meet his friend:
ı to his palace: and in ſign
love, their plighted hands they join.
e temple of the god I went;
efore the ſhrine my vows preſent:
ıymbræus, give a reſting place
relicks of the Trojan race:
re, a region of their own,
mpire, and a happier town.
l we fix, where ſhall our labours end,
l we follow, and what fate attend?
prayers a doubtful anſwer find,
r auguries unveil thy mind.
I ſaid; he ſhook the holy ground,
, and the lofty hills around:
he tripos ruſh'd a bellowing ſound.
e fell, confeſs'd the preſent god;
his anſwer from his dark abode:
youths, go ſeek that mother earth
h your Anceſtors derive their birth,
at ſent you forth, her ancient race,
oſom, ſhall again embrace.
he wide world th' Æneian houſe ſhall
ſign,
ns children ſhall the crown ſuſtain.
ous did our future fates diſcloſe:
umult, mix'd with joy, aroſe.
oncerned to know what place the god
ıd where determin'd our abode.
long revolving in his mind
ıd lineage of the Trojan kind,
er'd their demands: ye princes, hear
ng fortune; and diſpel your fear.
l iſle of Crete, well known to fame,
d to Jove's imperial name,
ocean lies with large command;
plains a hundred cities ſtand.
a riſes there; and we
e derive our Trojan anceſtry.
e, as 'tis divulg'd by certain fame,
etean ſhores old Teucer came:
, and there the ſeat of empire choſe,
ınd the Trojan towers aroſe.
vales they built their ſoft abodes:
, the mother of the gods,
ng cymbals, charm'd th' Idean woods.

She ſecret rites and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the ſavage lions brought.
Let us the land, which heaven appoints, explore;
Appeaſe the winds, and ſeek the Gnoſſian ſhore.
If Jove aſſiſt the paſſage of our fleet,
The third propitious dawn diſcovers Crete.
Thus having ſaid, the ſacrifices laid
On ſmoaking altars, to the gods he paid.
A bull to Neptune, an oblation due,
Another bull to bright Apollo ſlew:
A milk-white ewe the weſtern winds to pleaſe:
And one coal black to calm the ſtormy ſeas.
Ere this, a flying rumour had been ſpread,
That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled;
Expell'd and exil'd; that the coaſt was free
From foreign or domeſtic enemy:
We leave the Delian ports, and put to ſea.
By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make our way:
Then green Donyſa paſs; and ſail in ſight
Of Paros iſle, with marble quarries white.
We paſs the ſcatter'd iſles of Cyclades,
That, ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd ſeem to ſtud the ſeas,
The ſhouts of ſailors double near the ſhores;
They ſtretch their canvas, and they ply their oars.
All hands aloft, for Crete, for Crete they cry,
And ſwiftly through the foamy billows fly.
Full on the promis'd land at length we bore,
With joy deſcending on the Cretan ſhore.
With eager haſte a riſing town I frame,
Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name:
The name itſelf was grateful; I exhort
To ſound their houſes, and erect a fort.
Our ſhips are haul'd upon the yellow ſtrand.
The youth begin to till the labour'd land.
And I myſelf new marriages promote,
Give laws; and dwellings I divide by lot.
When riſing vapours choke the wholeſom air,
And blaſts of noiſom winds corrupt the year:
The trees, devouring caterpillars burn:
Parch'd was the graſs, and blighted was the corn.
Nor ſcape the beaſts: for Sirius from on high
With peſtilential heat infects the ſky:
My men, ſome fall, the reſt in fevers fry.
Again my father bids me ſeek the ſhore
Of ſacred Delos and the god implore:
To learn what end of woes we might expect,
And to what clime our weary courſe direct.
'Twas night, when every creature, void of cares,
The common gift of balmy ſlumber ſhares:
The ſtatues of my gods (for ſuch they ſeem'd)
Thoſe gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
Before me ſtood; majeſtically bright,
Full in the beams of Phœbe's entering light.
Then thus they ſpoke; and eas'd my troubled mind:
What from the Delian God thou go'ſt to find,
He tells thee here; and ſends us to relate:
Thoſe powers are we, companions of thy fate,
Who from the burning town by thee were brought;
Thy fortune follow'd, and thy ſafety wrought.
Through ſeas and lands as we thy ſteps attend,
So ſhall our care thy glorious race befriend.
An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain;
A town, that o'er the conquer'd world ſhall reign.
Thou mighty walls for mighty nations build;
Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield:
But change thy ſeat; for not the Delian god,
Nor we, have giv'n thee Crete for our abode.
A land there is, Heſperia call'd of old,
The ſoil is fruitful, and the natives bold.

Th' Oenotrians held it once; by later fame,
Now call'd Italia from the leader's name.
Jaſius there, and Dardanus were born:
From thence we came, and thither muſt return.
Riſe, and thy ſire with theſe glad tidings greet;
Search Italy, for Jove denies thee Crete.
Aſtoniſh'd at their voices, and their ſight,
(Nor were they dreams, but viſions of the night;
I ſaw, I knew their faces, and deſcry'd
In perfect view their hair with fillets ty'd);
I ſtarted from my couch, and clammy ſweat
On all my limbs and ſhivering body ſate.
To heaven I liſt my hands with pious haſte,
And ſacred incenſe in the flames I caſt.
Thus to the gods their perfect honours done,
More chearful to my good old ſire I run,
And tell the pleaſing news: in little ſpace
He found his error of the double race.
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from Crete;
No more deluded by the doubtful ſeat.
Then ſaid, O ſon! turmoil'd in Trojan fate,
Such things as theſe Caſſandra did relate;
This day revives within my mind, what ſhe
Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,
And Latian lands: but who could then have thought
That Phrygian gods to Latium ſhould be brought?
Or who believ'd what mad Caſſandra taught?
Now let us go, where Phœbus leads the way,
He ſaid, and we with glad conſent obey:
Forſake the ſeat; and, leaving few behind,
We ſpread our ſails before the willing wind.
Now from the ſight of land our gallies move,
With only ſeas around, and ſkies above.
When o'er our heads deſcends a burſt of rain,
And night, with ſable clouds, involves the main;
The ruffling winds the foamy billows raiſe;
The ſcatter'd fleet is forc'd to ſeveral ways;
The face of heaven is raviſh'd from our eyes,
And, in redoubled peals, the roaring thunder flies.
Caſt from our courſe, we wander in the dark;
No ſtars to guide, no point of land to mark.
Ev'n Palinurus no diſtinction found
Betwixt the night and day, ſuch darkneſs reign'd around.
Three ſtarleſs nights the doubtful navy ſtrays
Without diſtinction, and three funleſs days.
The fourth renews the light, and, from our ſhrouds,
We view a riſing land like diſtant clouds:
The mountain-tops confirm the pleaſing ſight,
And curling ſmoke aſcending from their height.
The canvaſs falls, their oars the ſailors ply,
From the rude ſtrokes the whirling waters fly.
At length I land upon the Strophades,
Safe from the danger of the ſtormy ſeas:
Theſe iſles are compaſs'd by th' Ionian main,
The dire abode where the foul harpies reign:
Forc'd by the winged warriors to repair
To their old homes, and leave their coſtly fare.
Monſters more fierce, offended heaven ne'er ſent
From hell's abyſs, for human puniſhment.
With virgin faces, but with wombs obſcene,
Foul paunches, and with ordure ſtill unclean:
With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.
We landed at the port, and ſoon beheld
Fat herds of oxen graze the flowery field:
And wanton goats without a keeper ſtray'd;
With weapons we the welcome prey invade.
Then call the gods for partners of our feaſt:
And Jove himſelf the chief invited gueſt.
We ſpread the tables on the greenſward ground:
We feed with hunger, and the bowls go round:
When from the mountain tops, with hideous cry,
And clattering wings, the hungry harpies fly:
They ſnatch the meat, defiling all they find;
And, parting, leave a loathſome ſtench behind.
Cloſe by a hollow rock again we ſit,
New dreſs the dinner, and the beds refit;
Secure from ſight, beneath a pleaſing ſhade,
Where tufted trees a native arbour made.
Again the holy fires on altars burn,
And once again the ravenous birds return:
Or from the dark receſſes where they lie,
Or from another quarter of the ſky;
With filthy claws their odious meal repeat,
And mix their loathſome ordures with their meat.
I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
And with the helliſh nation wage the war.
They, as commanded, for the fight provide,
And in the graſs their glittering weapons hide:
Then, when along the crooked ſhore we hear
Their clattering wings, and ſaw the foes appear,
Miſenus ſounds a charge: we take th' alarm,
And our ſtrong hands with ſwords and bucklers arm.
In this new kind of combat all employ
Their utmoſt force the monſters to deſtroy.
In vain; the fated ſkin is proof to wounds:
And, from their plumes, the ſhining ſword rebounds.
At length, rebuff'd, they leave their mangled prey,
And their ſtretch'd pinions to the ſkies diſplay.
Yet one remain'd the meſſenger of Fate,
High on a craggy cliff Celæno ſate,
And thus her diſmal errand did relate:
What, not contented with our oxen ſlain,
Dare you with heaven an impious war maintain,
And drive the harpies from their native reign?
Heed, therefore, what I ſay, and keep in mind
What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has deſign'd:
And I, the Fury's queen, from both relate:
You ſeek th' Italian ſhores, foredoom'd by fate:
Th' Italian ſhores are granted you to find,
And a ſafe paſſage to the port aſſign'd.
But know, that ere your promis'd walls you build,
My curſes ſhall ſeverely be fulfill'd.
Fierce famine is your lot, for this miſdeed,
Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed.
She ſaid, and to the neighbouring foreſt flew:
Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.
Hopeleſs to win by war, to prayers we fall,
And on th' offended harpies humbly call.
And whether gods or birds obſcene they were,
Our vows for pardon and for peace preſer.
But old Anchiſes, offering ſacrifice,
And lifting up to heaven his hands and eyes,
Ador'd the greater gods: Avert, ſaid he,
Theſe omens; render vain this prophecy;
And, from th' impending curſe, a pious people free.
Thus having ſaid, he bids us put to ſea;
We looſe from ſhore our hauſers and obey,
And ſoon, with ſwelling ſails, purſue our watery way.
Amidſt our courſe Zacynthian woods appear;
And next by rocky Neritos we ſteer:
We fly from Ithaca's deteſted ſhore,
And curſe the land which dire Ulyſſes bore.

eucate's cloudy top appears,
's temple, which the sailor fears.
breathe a while from labour past,
d anchors from the prow we cast,
to the little city haste.
eyond our hopes, our vows we pay
e guide and patron of our way.
is of our country we pursue,
games on Actian shores renew.
their naked limbs besmear with oil,
e the wrestlers noble toil.
ave sail'd so long before the wind,
many Grecian towns behind.
I now fulfill'd his annual course,
on the seas display'd his force:
the temple's lofty door
shield which vanquish'd Abas bore:
neath my name and action speaks,
Æneas took from conquering Greeks.
mand to weigh; the seamen ply
ing oars, the smoking billows fly.
high Phæacia soon we lost,
along Epirus' rocky coast.
onia's port our course we bend,
, to Buthrotus' heights ascend.
ous things were loudly blaz'd by fame,
us reviv'd the Trojan name,
in Greece: That Priam's captive son
yrrhus in his bed and throne.
dromache, restor'd by fate,
was happy in a Trojan mate.
allies riding in the port,
see the new Dardanian court.
he mournful queen, before the gate,
niz'd her former husband's fate.
rais'd of turf, with gifts she crown'd
priests in order stand around,
he name of hapless Hector sound.
self resembles Ida's wood,
seem'd the well dissembled flood.
t nearer distance, she beheld
rmour, and my Trojan shield,
t the sight, the vital heat
limbs, her veins no longer beat:
e falls; and, scarce recovering strength,
faultering tongue, she speaks at length:
live, O goddess-born! she said,
, then where is Hector's shade?
ast a loud and frightful cry:
words I made this brief reply:
t remains appears in sight.
ng he to loath the light.
; but I drag a wretched life;
nbling that of Hector's wife.
ou suffer'd since you lost your lord?
nge blessings are you now restor'd?
Hector's, or is Hector fled,
mbrance lost in Pyrrhus bed?
jected, in a lowly tone,
st pause, she thus begun:
y maid of Priam's race,
deliver'd from the foes embrace!
on Achilles' tomb to die,
ce us, to hard captivity;
ty master's arms to lie.
ips unhappy we were borne:
ector's luft; sustain'd the scorn:

Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
Cloy'd with possession, he forsook my bed,
And Helen's lovely daughter sought to wed.
Then me to Trojan Helenus resign'd:
And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd.
Till young Orestes, pierc'd with deep despair,
And longing to redeem the promis'd fair,
Before Apollo's altar slew the ravisher.
By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd:
At least one half with Helenus remain'd;
Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls:
And names, from Pergamus, his rising walls.
But you, what Fates have landed on our coast,
What gods have sent you, or what storms have tost'd?
Does young Ascanius life and health enjoy,
Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy?
O tell me how his mother's loss he bears,
What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years,
How much of Hector in his face appears?
She spoke: and mix'd her speech with mournful cries:
And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes.
At length her lord descends upon the plain,
In pomp attended with a numerous train:
Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds.
Proceeding on, another Troy I see;
Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome.
A rivulet by the name of Xanthus ran:
And I embrace the Scæan gate again.
My friends in porticos were entertained,
And feasts and pleasures through the city reign'd.
The tables fill'd the spacious hall around,
And golden bowls with sparkling wine were crown'd.
Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly gales,
Blown from the south, supply'd our swelling sails.
Then to the royal seer I thus began:
O thou who knowest, beyond the reach of man,
The laws of heaven, and what the stars decree,
Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy,
From his own tripod, and his holy tree:
Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
What auspices their notes and flights declare:
O say; for all religious rites portend
A happy voyage, and a prosperous end;
And every power and omen of the sky
Direct my course for destin'd Italy.
But only dire Celæno, from the gods,
A dismal famine fatally forebodes:
O say what dangers I am first to shun,
What toils to vanquish, and what course to run.
The prophet first with sacrifice adores
The greater gods; their pardon then implores:
Unbinds the fillet from his holy head;
To Phœbus next my trembling steps he led,
Full of religious doubts and awful dread.
Then, with his god possess'd, before the shrine,
These words proceeded from his mouth divine:
O goddess born (for heaven's appointed will,
With greater auspices of good than ill,
Fore-shows thy voyage, and thy course directs;
Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself protects):
Of many things, some few I shall explain,
Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main,
And how at length the promis'd shore to gain.

The reſt the Fates from Helenus conceal;
And Juno's angry power forbids to tell.
Firſt then, that happy ſhore, that ſeems ſo nigh,
Will far from your deluded wiſhes fly:
Long tracts of ſeas divide your hopes from Italy.
For you muſt cruiſe along Sicilian ſhores,
And ſtem the currents with your ſtruggling oars:
Then round th' Italian coaſt your navy ſteer,
And, after this, to Circe's iſland veer.
And laſt, before your new foundations riſe,
Muſt paſs the Stygian lake, and view the nether ſkies
Now mark the ſigns of future eaſe and reſt,
And bear them ſafely treaſur'd in thy breaſt.
When in the ſhady ſhelter of a wood,
And near the margin of a gentle flood,
Thou ſhalt behold a ſow upon the ground,
With thirty ſucking young encompaſs'd round;
The dam and offspring white as falling ſnow:
Theſe on thy city ſhall their name beſtow,
And there ſhall end thy labour and thy woe.
Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy mind,
For Phœbus will aſſiſt, and fate the way will find.
Let not thy courſe to that ill coaſt be bent,
Which fronts from far th' Epirian continent;
Thoſe parts are all by Grecian foes poſſeſs'd:
The ſavage Locrians here the ſhores infeſt.
There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
And guards, with arms, the Salentinian fields.
And on the mountain's brow Petilia ſtands,
Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.
Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the ſhore,
And prieſts with holy vows the gods adore;
Then with a purple veil involve your eyes;
Let hoſtile faces blaſt the ſacrifice.
Theſe rites and cuſtoms to the reſt commend,
That to your pious race they may deſcend.
When parted hence, the wind, that ready waits
For Sicily, ſhall bear you to the ſtraits:
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way,
Tack to the larboard, and ſtand off to ſea:
Veer ſtarboard ſea and land. Th' Italian ſhore,
And fair Sicilia's coaſt were one, before
An earthquake caus'd the flaw, the roaring tides
The paſſage broke, that land from land divides,
And where the lands retir'd, the ruſhing ocean rides.
Diſtinguiſh'd by the ſtraits on either hand,
Now riſing cities in long order ſtand,
And fruitful fields (ſo much can time invade
The mouldering work that beauteous nature made).
Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides:
Charybdis roaring on the left preſides;
And in her greedy whirlpool ſucks the tides;
Then ſpouts them from below; with fury driven,
The waves mount up, and waſh the face of heaven.
But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
The ſinking veſſel in her eddy draws;
Then daſhes on the rocks: a human face,
And virgin-boſom, hides her tail's diſgrace.
Her parts obſcene below the waves deſcend,
With dogs incloſ'd, and in a dolphin end.
'Tis ſafer, then, to bear aloof to ſea,
And coaſt Pachynus, though with more delay;
Than once to view miſhapen Scylla near,
And the loud yell of watery wolves to hear.
Beſides, if faith to Helenus be due,
And if prophetic Phœbus tell me true,
Do not this precept of your friend forget:
Which therefore more than once I muſt repeat.
Above the reſt, great Juno's name adore:
Pay vows to Juno; Juno's aid implore.
Let gifts be to the mighty queen deſign'd;
And mollify with prayers her haughty mind.
Thus, at the length, your paſſage ſhall be free,
And you ſhall ſafe deſcend on Italy.
Arriv'd at Cumæ, when you view the flood
Of black Avernus, and the ſounding wood,
The mad prophetic ſibyl you ſhall find,
Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.
She ſings the fates, and, in her frantic fits,
The notes and names inſcribed, to leaves commits.
What ſhe commits to leaves, in order laid,
Before the cavern's entrance are diſplay'd:
Unmov'd they lie: but if a blaſt of wind
Without, or vapours iſſue from behind,
The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air,
And ſhe reſumes no more her muſeful care:
Nor gathers from the rocks her ſcatter'd verſe:
Nor ſets in order what the winds diſperſe.
Thus, many not ſucceeding, moſt upbraid
The madneſs of the viſionary maid;
And, with loud curſes, leave the myſtic ſhade.
Think it not loſs of time a while to ſtay;
Though thy companions chide thy long delay:
Though ſummon'd to the ſeas, though pleaſing gales
Invite thy courſe, and ſtretch thy ſwelling ſails,
But beg the ſacred prieſteſs to relate
With ſwelling words, and not to write thy fate.
The fierce Italian people ſhe will ſhow;
And all thy wars and all thy future woe;
And what thou may'ſt avoid, and what muſt undergo.
She ſhall direct thy courſe; inſtruct thy mind;
And teach thee how the happy ſhores to find.
This is what heaven allows me to relate:
Now part in peace; purſue thy better fate,
And raiſe, by ſtrength of arms, the Trojan ſtate
This when the prieſt with friendly voice declar'd,
He gave me licenſe, and rich gifts prepar'd:
Bounteous of treaſure, he ſupply'd my want
With heavy gold, and poliſh'd elephant.
Then Dodonæan caldrons put on board,
And every ſhip with ſums of ſilver ſtor'd.
A truſty coat of mail to me he ſent,
Thrice chain'd with gold, for uſe and ornament:
The helm of Pyrrhus added to the reſt,
Then flouriſh'd with a plume and waving creſt.
Nor was my ſire forgotten, nor my friends:
And large recruits he to my navy ſends;
Men, horſes, captains, arms, and warlike ſtores:
Supplies new pilots, and new ſweeping oars.
Mean time my ſire commands to hoiſt our ſails;
Leſt we ſhould loſe the firſt auſpicious gales.
The prophet bleſt the parting crew: and laſt,
With words like theſe, his ancient friend embrac'd.
Old happy man, the care of gods above,
Whom heavenly Venus honour'd with her love,
And twice preſerv'd thy life when Troy was loſt,
Behold from far the wiſh'd Auſonian coaſt:
There land; but take a larger compaſs round
For that before is all forbidden ground.
The ſhore that Phœbus has deſigh'd for you,
At farther diſtance lies, conceal'd from view.
Go happy hence, and ſeek your new abodes;
Bleſs'd in a ſon, and favour'd by the gods:

ith uſeleſs words prolong your ſtay;
outhern gales have ſummon'd you away.
:ſs the queen our parting thence deplor'd;
leſs bounteous than her Trojan lord.
preſent to my ſon ſhe brought,
with flowers on golden tiſſue wrought;
gian veſt; and loads, with gifts beſide
ious texture, and of Aſian pride.
ſhe ſaid, theſe monuments of love;
n my youth with happier hands I wove:
theſe trifles for the giver's ſake;
laſt preſent Hector's wife can make.
ll'ſt my loſt Aſtyanax to mind:
his features and his form I find.
ſo ſparkled with a lively flame;
re his motions, ſuch was all his frame;
! had heaven ſo pleas'd, his years had been the ſame.
tears I took my laſt adieu, and ſaid,
tune, happy fair, already made,
ou no farther wiſh: my different ſtate,
g one, incurs another fate.
a quiet ſeat the gods allow,
e no ſhores to ſearch, no ſeas to plow,
ds of flying Italy to chace:
ig viſions, and a vain embrace!)
another Simois, and enjoy
our of your hands, another Troy;
tter auſpice than her ancient towers,
obnoxious to the Grecian powers.
e gods, whom I with vows adore,
my ſteps to Tiber's happy ſhore?
aſcend the Latian throne,
ld a city I may call my own,
of us our birth from Troy derive,
ir kindred lines in concord live;
h in acts of equal friendſhip ſtrive.
unes, good or bad, ſhall be the ſame,
ble Troy ſhall differ but in name:
at we now begin, may never end;
, to late poſterity deſcend.
the Ceraunian rocks our courſe we bore
orteſt paſſage to th' Italian ſhore).
d the ſun withdrawn his radiant light,
s were hid in duſky ſhades of night,
l: and on the boſom of the ground,
treat and a bare lodging found;
the ſhore we lay; the ſailors keep
atches, and the reſt ſecurely ſleep.
nt, proceeding on with ſilent pace,
her noon, and view'd with equal face
py riſe, and her declining race.
akeful Palinurus roſe, to ſpy
of heaven, and the nocturnal ſky;
en'd every breath of air to try;
the ſtars, and notes their ſliding courſe,
iads, Hyads, and their watery force;
h the bears is careful to behold;
ght Orion arm'd with burniſh'd gold.
when he ſaw no threatening tempeſt nigh,
re promiſe of a ſettled ſky;
the ſign to weigh; we break our ſleep;
the pleaſing ſhore, and plough the deep.
w the riſing morn, with roſy light,
the ſkies, and puts the ſtars to flight;
re from far, like bluiſh miſts, deſcry
s, and then the plains of Italy.
firſt pronounc'd the joyful ſound;

Then Italy the chearful crew rebound;
My ſire Anchiſes crown'd a cup with wine,
And offering, thus implor'd the powers divine:
Ye gods, preſiding over lands and ſeas,
And you who raging winds and waves appeaſe,
Breathe on our ſwelling ſails a proſperous wind,
And ſmooth our paſſage to the port aſſign'd.
The gentle gales their flagging force renew;
And now the happy harbour is in view.
Minerva's temple then ſalutes our ſight;
Plac'd as a land-mark on the mountain's height;
We furl our ſails, and turn the prows to ſhore;
The curling waters round the galleys roar;
The land lies open to the raging eaſt,
Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compreſs'd,
Shuts out the ſtorms; the winds and waves complain,
And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.
The port lies hid within; on either ſide
Two towering rocks the narrow mouth divide.
The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To diſtance flies, and ſeems to ſhun the ſhore.
Scarce landed, the firſt omens I beheld
Were four fine ſteeds that cropp'd the flowery field.
War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground,
(My father cry'd) where warlike ſteeds are found.
Yet, ſince reclaim'd to chariots they ſubmit,
And bend to ſtubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
Peace may ſucceed to war. Our way we bend
To Pallas, and the ſacred hills aſcend.
There proſtrate to the fierce Virago pray;
Whoſe temple was the land-mark of our way.
Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head;
And all commands of Helenus obey'd;
And pious rights to Grecian Juno paid.
Theſe dues perform'd, we ſtretch our ſails, and ſtand
To ſea, forſaking that ſuſpected land.
From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view;
For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.
Juſt oppoſite, Lacinian Juno ſtands:
Caulonian towers, and Scylæcian ſtrands
For ſhipwrecks fear'd: Mount Ætna thence we ſpy,
Known by the ſmoky flames which cloud the ſky.
Far off we hear the waves with ſurly ſound
Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound.
The billows break upon the ſounding ſtrand;
And roll the riſing tide, impure with ſand.
Then thus Anchiſes, in experience old,
'Tis that Charybdis which the ſeer foretold:
And thoſe the promis'd rocks; bear off to ſea:
With haſte the frighted mariners obey.
Firſt Palinurus to the larboard veer'd;
Then all the fleet by his example ſteer'd.
To heaven aloft on ridgy waves we ride;
Then down to hell deſcend, when they divide:
And thrice our gallies knock'd the ſtony ground,
And thrice the hollow rocks return'd the ſound,
And thrice we ſaw the ſtars, that ſtood with dews around.
The flagging winds forſook us with the ſun;
And, weary'd, on Cyclopean ſhores we run.
The port capacious, and ſecure from wind,
Is to the foot of thundering Ætna join'd.
By turns a pitchy cloud ſhe rolls on high;
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly;
And flakes of mounting flames, that lick the ſky.

Oft from her bowels maſſy rocks are thrown,
And ſhiver'd by the force come piece-meal down.
Oft liquid lakes of burning ſulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery ſprings that boil below.
Enceladus, they ſay, transfix'd by Jove,
With blaſted limbs came trembling from above:
And where he fell, th' avenging father drew
This flaming hill, and on his body threw:
As often as he turns his weary ſides,
He ſhakes the ſolid iſle, and ſmoke the heavens hides.
In ſhady woods we paſs the tedious night,
Where bellowing ſounds and groans our ſouls affright;
Of which no cauſe is offer'd to the ſight.
For not one ſtar was kindled in the ſky;
Nor could the moon her borrow'd light ſupply:
For miſty clouds involv'd the firmament;
The ſtars were muffled, and the moon was pent.
Scarce had the riſing ſun the day reveal'd;
Scarce had his heat the pearly dews diſpell'd;
When from the woods there bolts, before our ſight,
Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a ſpright.
So thin, ſo ghaſtly meagre, and ſo wan,
So bare of fleſh, he ſcarce reſembled man.
This thing all tatter'd, ſeem'd from far t' implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to the ſhore.
We look behind; then view his ſhaggy beard;
His cloaths were tagg'd with thorns, and filth his limbs beſmear'd;
The reſt, in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a Greek, and ſuch indeed he was.
He caſt on us, from far, a frightful view,
Whom ſoon for Trojans and for foes he knew:
Stood ſtill and paus'd; thence all at once began
To ſtretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus, with tears and ſighs, for pity calls:
Now by the powers above, and what we ſhare
From nature's common gift, this vital air,
O Trojans, take me hence; I beg no more,
But bear me far from this unhappy ſhore!
'Tis true, I am a Greek, and farther own,
Among your foes beſieg'd th' imperial town;
For ſuch demerits if my death be due,
No more for this abandon'd life I ſue:
This only favour let my tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid main:
Since nothing more than death my crime demands:
I die content to die by human hands.
He ſaid, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
I bade him boldly tell his fortune paſt;
His preſent ſtate, his lineage, and his name;
Th' occaſion of his fears, and whence he came.
The good Anchiſes rais'd him with his hand;
Who, thus encourag'd, anſwer'd our demand:
From Ithaca, my native ſoil, I came
To Troy, and Achæmenides my name.
Me, my poor father with Ulyſſes ſent;
(Oh had I ſtay'd with poverty content!)
But, fearful for themſelves, my countrymen
Left me forſaken in the Cyclops' den.
The cave, though large, was dark; the diſmal floor
Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
Our monſtrous hoſt, of more than human ſize,
Erects his head, and ſtares within the ſkies,
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.
Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view!
The joints of ſlaughter'd wretches are his food:
And for his wine he quaffs the ſtreaming blood.
Theſe eyes beheld, when with his ſpacious hand
He ſeiz'd two captives of our Grecian band;
Stretch'd on his back, he daſh'd againſt the ſtones
Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones:
With ſpouting blood the purple pavement ſwims,
While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.
Not unreveng'd, Ulyſſes bore their fate,
Nor thoughtleſs of his own unhappy ſtate;
For, gorg'd with fleſh, and drunk with human wine,
While faſt aſleep the giant lay ſupine:
Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw
His indigeſted foam, and morſels raw:
We pray, we caſt the lots, and then ſurround
The monſtrous body, ſtretch'd along the ground:
Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand
To bore his eyeball with a flaming brand:
Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye
(For only one did the vaſt frame ſupply);
But that a globe ſo large, his front it fill'd,
Like the ſun's diſk, or like a Grecian ſhield.
The ſtroke ſucceeds; and down the pupil bends;
This vengeance follow'd for our ſlaughter'd friends.
But haſte, unhappy wretches, haſte to fly;
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely.
Such and ſo vaſt as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated iſland bears:
Like him, in caves they ſhut their woolly ſheep;
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty ſtrides, they ſtalk from ſteep to ſteep.
And now three moons their ſharpen'd horns renew,
Since thus in woods and wilds, obſcure from view,
I drag my loathſome days with mortal fright;
And, in deſerted caverns, lodge by night.
Oft from the rocks a dreadful proſpect ſee
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree:
From far I hear his thundering voice reſound;
And trampling feet that ſhake the ſolid ground.
Cornels and ſavage berries of the wood,
And roots and herbs, have been my meagre food.
While all around my longing eyes are caſt,
I ſaw your happy ſhips appear at laſt:
On thoſe I fix'd my hopes, to theſe I run,
'Tis all I aſk, this cruel race to ſhun:
What other death you pleaſe yourſelves, beſtow.
Scarce had he ſaid, when, on the mountain's brow,
We ſaw the giant-ſhepherd ſtalk before
His following flock, and leading to the ſhore.
A monſtrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of ſight,
His ſtaff a trunk of pine to guide his ſteps aright.
His ponderous whiſtle from his neck deſcends;
His woolly care their penſive lord attends:
This only ſolace his hard fortune ſends.
Soon as he reach'd the ſhore, and touch'd the waves,
From his bor'd eye the guttering blood he laves:
He gnaſh'd his teeth and groan'd; through ſeas he ſtrides,
And ſcarce the topmaſt billows touch his ſides.
Seiz'd with a ſudden fear, we run to ſea,
The cables cut, and ſilent haſte away:
The well-deſerving ſtranger entertain;
Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the main.

hearken'd to the dashing sound:
our vessels out of reach he found,
onward; and in vain essay'd
deep, and durst no farther wade.
he roar'd aloud: the dreadful cry
th and air, and seas: the billows fly,
bellowing noise, to distant Italy.
pouring Ætna trembling all around:
ng caverns echo to the sound.
r Cyclops hear the yelling roar;
ng down the mountains, croud the shore.
eir stern distorted looks from far,
ye'd glance, that vainly threaten'd war.
council with their heads on high;
clouds about their foreheads fly:
ig to the towering tree of Jove,
ypress of Diana's grove.
s of mortal fear our minds assail,
every oar, and hoist up every sail;
h' advantage of the friendly gale.
l by Helenus, we strive to shun
gulph, nor dare to Scylla run.
ate on either side appears;
g to the left, are free from fears:
Pelorus' point, the north arose,
us back where swift Pantagias flows.
nouth we pass, and make our way
s, and Megara's winding bay;
ge Achæmenides had shown,
e course which he before had run.
against Plemmyrium's watery strand
an isle, once call'd th' Ortygian land:
is old fame reports, has found
ce a secret passage under ground:
beauteous Arethusa led,
ing here, they roll in the same sacred bed.
s enjoin'd, we next adore
ne, protectress of the shore.
erous gales we pass the quiet sounds
rus, and his fruitful bounds.
ling Cape Pachynus, we survey
shore extended to the sea.
of Camarine from far we see:
lake undrain'd by fates decree.
he Geloan fields we pass,
ge walls, where mighty Gela was:
gas with lofty summits crown'd;
e race of warlike steeds renown'd:
Selinus, and the palmy land,
shun the Lilybean strand,
secret rocks, and moving sand.
n shore the weary fleet arriv'd:
panum's unhappy port receiv'd.
endless labours, often tost
torms, and driven on every coast,
ear father, spent with age, I lost.
cares and solace of my pain,
gh a thousand toils, but sav'd in vain.
et, who my future woes reveal'd,
he greatest and the worst conceal'd.
elæno, whose foreboding skill
all else, was silent of this ill:
st labour was. Some friendly god
e convey'd us to your blest abode.
the listening queen, the royal guest
ing course, and all his toils express'd,
ncluding, he retir'd to rest.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him: she prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus's consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be compleated. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage: Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage: Dido finds out his design; and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's intreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover: when nothing would prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

BUT anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
She fed within her veins a flame unseen:
The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inspire
Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
His words, his looks imprinted in her heart,
Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
Now when the purple morn had chas'd away
The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
Her sister first with early care she sought,
And thus, in mournful accents, eas'd her thought:
My dearest Anna, what new dreams affright
My labouring soul; what visions of the night
Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
With strange ideas of our Trojan guest?
His worth, his actions, and majestic air,
A man descended from the gods declare.
Fear ever argues a degenerate kind,
His birth is well asserted by his mind.
Then what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd,
What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!
Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
Of hapless marriage, never to be curs'd
With second love, so fatal was my first,
To this one error I might yield again:
For since Sichæus was untimely slain,
This only man is able to subvert
The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
And, to confess my frailty, to my shame,
Somewhat I find within, if not the same,
Too like the sparkles of my former flame.
But first, let yawning earth a passage rend,
And let me through the dark abyss descend:
First let avenging Jove, with flames on high,
Drive down this body to the nether sky,
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie,

Before I break the plighted faith I gave:
No; he who had my vows, ſhall ever have:
For whom I lov'd on earth, I worſhip in the grave.
She ſaid: the tears ran guſhing from her eyes,
And ſtopp'd her ſpeech. Her ſiſter thus replies:
O dearer than the vital air I breathe,
Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath?
Condemn'd to waſte in woes your lonely life,
Without the joys of mother or of wife?
Think you theſe tears, this pompous train of woe,
Are known or valued by the ghoſt below?
I grant, that while your ſorrows yet were green,
It well became a woman and a queen
The vows of Tyrian Princes to neglect,
To ſcorn Iärbas, and his love reject;
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name:
But will you fight againſt a pleaſing flame?
This little ſpot of land, which heaven beſtows,
On every ſide is hemm'd with warlike foes:
Getulian cities here are ſpread around;
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound;
Here lies a barren waſte of thirſty land,
And there the Syrtes raiſe the moving ſand:
Barcæan troops beſiege the narrow ſhore,
And from the ſea Pygmalion threatens more.
Propitious heaven, and gracious Juno, lead
This wandering navy to your needful aid;
How will your empire ſpread, your city riſe
From ſuch an union, and with ſuch allies!
Implore the favour of the powers above,
And leave the conduct of the reſt to love.
Continue ſtill your hoſpitable way,
And ſtill invent occaſions of their ſtay;
Till ſtorms and winter winds ſhall ceaſe to threat,
And planks and oars repair their ſhatter'd fleet.
Theſe words, which from a friend and ſiſter came,
With eaſe reſolv'd the ſcruples of her ſame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inſpir'd with hope, the project they purſue;
On every altar ſacrifice renew:
A choſen ewe of two-years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day:
Preferring Juno's power: for Juno ties
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage joys.
The beauteous queen before her altar ſtands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
A milk-white heifer ſhe with flowers adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And while the prieſts with prayer the gods invoke,
She feeds their altars with Sabæan ſmoke.
With hourly care the ſacrifice renews,
And anxiouſly the panting entrails views.
What prieſtly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart!
A gentle fire ſhe feeds within her veins,
Where the ſoft god ſecure in ſilence reigns.
Sick with deſire, and ſeeking him ſhe loves,
From ſtreet to ſtreet the raving Dido roves.
So when the watchful ſhepherd from the blind,
Wounds with a random ſhaft the careleſs hind,
Diſtracted with her pain ſhe flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and ſeeks the ſilent floods;
With fruitleſs care; for ſtill the fatal dart
Sticks in her ſide, and rankles in her heart.
And now ſhe leads the Trojan chief along
The lofty walls, amidſt the buſy throng;
Diſplays her Tyrian wealth and riſing town,
Which love, without his labour, makes his own.
This pomp ſhe ſhows to tempt her wandering gueſt;
Her faltering tongue forbids to ſpeak the reſt.
When day declines, and feaſts renew the night,
Still on his face ſhe feeds her famiſh'd ſight:
She longs again to hear the prince relate
His own adventures, and the Trojan fate:
He tells it o'er and o'er: but ſtill in vain;
For ſtill ſhe begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the ſpeaker's mouth depends;
And thus the tragic ſtory never ends.
Thus, when they part, when Phœbe's pale light
Withdraws, and falling ſtars to ſleep invite,
She laſt remains, when every gueſt is gone,
Sits on the bed he preſs'd, and ſighs alone;
Abſent, her abſent hero ſees and hears,
Or in her boſom young Aſcanius bears:
And ſeeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeneſs might be ſo beguil'd.
Mean time the riſing towers are at a ſtand:
No labours exerciſe the youthful band:
Nor uſe of arts nor toils of arms they know;
The mole is left unfiniſh'd to the foe.
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd height that ſeem'd to threat the ſky.
But when imperial Juno, from above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love;
Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
And by no ſenſe of ſhame to be reclaim'd,
With ſoothing words to Venus ſhe begun:
High praiſes, endleſs honours you have won,
And mighty trophies with your worthy ſon:
Two gods a filly woman have undone.
Nor am I ignorant, you both ſuſpect
This riſing city, which my hands erect:
But ſhall celeſtial diſcord never ceaſe?
'Tis better ended in a laſting peace.
You ſtand poſſeſs'd of all your ſoul deſir'd;
Poor Dido, with conſuming love, is fir'd:
Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join,
So Dido ſhall be yours, Æneas mine:
One common kingdom, one united line.
Eliza ſhall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dower convey.
Then Venus, who her hidden fraud deſcry'd,
(Which would the ſceptre of the world miſguide
To Libyan ſhores), thus artfully reply'd:
Who but a fool would wars with Juno chooſe,
And ſuch alliance and ſuch gifts refuſe?
If Fortune with our joint deſires comply:
The doubt is all from Jove, and Deſtiny;
Leſt he forbid with abſolute command,
To mix the people in one common land.
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
In laſting leagues and ſure ſucceſſion join?
But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
May move his mind; my wiſhes are your own.
Mine, ſaid imperial Juno, be the care;
Time urges now to perfect this affair:
Attend my counſel, and the ſecret ſhare.
When next the ſun his riſing light diſplays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays;
The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
Shall to the ſhady woods, for ſylvan game, reſort.
There while the huntſmen pitch their toils around,
And chearful horns, from ſide to ſide, reſound,

· cloud ſhall cover all the plain
il and thunder, and tempeſtuous rain:
ful train ſhall take their ſpeedy flight,
d, and all involv'd in gloomy night:
e a grateful ſhelter ſhall afford
air princeſs and the Trojan lord.
yſelf the bridal bed prepare,
o bleſs the nuptials, will be there:
their loves be crown'd with due delights,
men ſhall be preſent at their rites.
en of love conſents, and cloſely ſmiles
ain project and diſcover'd wiles.
oſy morn was riſen from the main,
ns and hounds awake the princely train:
ue early through the city gate,
he more wakeful huntſmen ready wait,
ts, and toils, and darts, beſide the force
tan dogs, and ſwift Maſſylian horſe.
rian peers and officers of ſtate
ſlow queen in anti-chambers wait:
y courſer in the court below
is majeſtic rider ſeems to know),
f his purple trappings, paws the ground,
amps the golden bit, and ſpreads the foam around.
en at length appears: on either hand
wny guards in martial order ſtand.
r'd cymarr, with golden fringe ſhe wore;
her back a golden quiver bore:
wing hair a golden caul reſtrains;
n claſp the Tyrian robe ſuſtains.
oung Aſcanius, with a ſprightly grace,
n the Trojan youth to view the chace.
above the reſt in beauty ſhines
at Æneas, when the troop he joins:
r Apollo, when he leaves the froſt
ery Xanthus, and the Lycian coaſt:
o his native Delos he reſorts,
the dances, and renews the ſports:
painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
he joyful altars join their hands.
f, on Cynthus walking, ſees below
rry madneſs of the ſacred ſhow.
wreaths of bays his length of hair incloſe;
n fillet binds his awful brows;
ver ſounds: not leſs the prince is ſeen
ly preſence, or in lofty mien.
had they reach'd the hills, and ſtorm'd the feat
ge beaſts, in dens, their laſt retreat:
r purſues the mountain-goats; they bound
ock to rock, and keep the craggy ground:
therwiſe the ſtags, a trembling train,
s unſingled, ſcour the duſty plain;
ong chaſe, in open view, maintain.
ad Aſcanius, as his courſer guides,
hrough the vale, and theſe and thoſe outrides.
ſe's flanks and ſides are forc'd to feel
anking laſh, and goring of the ſteel.
ently he views the feeble prey,
g ſome nobler beaſt to croſs his way;
ther would the tuſky boar attend,
the tawny lion downward bend.
n time the gathering clouds obſcure the ſkies:
ole to pole the forky lightning flies;
ttling thunder rolls: and Juno pours
ery deluge down, and ſounding ſhowers.

The company diſpers'd, to coverts ride,
And ſeek the homely cots, or mountains hollow ſide.
The rapid rains, deſcending from the hills,
To rolling torrents raiſe the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,
One common cavern in her boſom hides.
Then firſt the trembling earth the ſignal gave;
And flaſhing fires enlighten all the cave:
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs were conſcious to their love.
From this ill-omen'd hour, in time aroſe
Debate and death, and all ſucceeding woes.
The queen, whom ſenſe of honour could not move,
No longer made a ſecret of her love;
But call'd it marriage, by that ſpecious name
To veil the crime, and ſanctify the ſhame.
The loud report through Libyan cities goes;
Fame, the great ill, from ſmall beginnings grows.
Swift from the firſt; and every moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic ſize;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the ſkies:
Inrag'd againſt the gods revengeful earth
Produc'd her laſt of the Titanian birth.
Swift in her walk, more ſwift her winged haſte:
A monſtrous phantom, horrible and vaſt;
As many plumes as raiſe her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her ſight:
Millions of opening mouths to fame belong;
And every mouth is furniſh'd with a tongue:
And round with liſtening ears the flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful univerſe with cries;
No ſlumbers ever cloſe her wakeful eyes.
By day from lofty towers her head ſhe ſhews:
And ſpreads, through trembling crouds, diſaſtrous news.
With court-informers haunts, and royal ſpies,
This done relates, nor done ſhe feigns; and mingles truth with lies.
Talk is her buſineſs; and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies, and cauſe affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name;
Who, loſt to honour, and the ſenſe of ſhame,
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wandering gueſt, who from his country fled:
Whole days with him ſhe paſſes in delights;
And waſtes in luxury long winter nights.
Forgetful of her fame, and royal truſt;
Diſſolv'd in eaſe, abandon'd to her luſt.
The goddeſs widely ſpreads the loud report;
And flies at length to king Hiarba's court.
When firſt poſſeſs'd with this unwelcome news,
Whom did he not of men and gods accuſe?
This prince, from raviſh'd Garamantis born,
A hundred temples did with ſpoils adorn,
In Ammon's honour, his celeſtial fire,
A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;
And through his vaſt dominions prieſts ordain'd,
Whoſe watchful care theſe holy rites maintain'd.
The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim beaſts enrich the ground.
He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princeſs, who diſdain'd his love,
His breaſt with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire;
Mad with deſpair, impatient with deſire.

Then on the ſacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with prayers implor'd his ſire divine:
Great Jove, propitious to the Mooriſh race,
Who feaſt on painted beds, with offerings grace
Thy Temples; and adore thy power divine
With blood of victims, and with ſparkling wine;
Seeſt thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boaſted thunder, and thy thoughtleſs reign?
Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance,
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance;
A wandering woman builds, within our ſtate,
A little town, bought at an eaſy rate;
She pays me homage, and my grants allow
A narrow ſpace of Libyan lands to plough.
Yet, ſcorning me, by paſſion blindly led,
Admits a baniſh'd Trojan to her bed:
And now this other Paris, with his train
Of conquer'd cowards, muſt in Afric reign!
(Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confeſs;
Their locks with oil perform'd, their Lydian dreſs:)
He takes the ſpoil, enjoys the princely dame;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name.
His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd,
And held his altar's horns: the mighty thunderer heard,
Then caſt his eyes on Carthage, where he found
The luſtful pair, in lawleſs pleaſure drown'd.
Loſt in their loves, inſenſible of ſhame,
And both forgetful of their better fame.
He calls Cyllenius; and the god attends;
By whom his menacing command he ſends:
Go, mount the weſtern winds, and cleave the ſky;
Then, with a ſwift deſcent, to Carthage fly:
There find the Trojan chief, who waſtes his days
In ſlothful riot and inglorious eaſe,
Nor minds the future city, giv'n by fate;
To him this meſſage from my mouth relate:
Not ſo, fair Venus hop'd, when twice ſhe won
Thy life with prayers; nor promis'd ſuch a ſon.
Her's was a hero, deſtin'd to command
A martial race; and rule the Latian land.
Who ſhould his ancient line from Teucer draw;
And, on the conquer'd world, impoſe the law.
If glory cannot move a mind ſo mean,
Nor future praiſe from fading pleaſure wean,
Yet why ſhould he defraud his ſon of fame;
And grudge the Romans their immortal name!
What are his vain deſigns? what hopes he more,
From his long lingering on a hoſtile ſhore?
Regardleſs to redeem his honour loſt,
And for his race to gain th' Auſonian coaſt!
Bid him with ſpeed the Tyrian court forſake;
With this command the ſlumbering warrior wake.
Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the weſtern winds:
And whether o'er the ſeas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the ſkies.
But firſt he graſps, within his awful hand,
The mark of ſovereign power, his magic wand:
With this he draws the ghoſts from hollow graves,
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;
With this he ſeals in ſleep the wakeful ſight;
And eyes, though cloſ'd in death, reſtores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid ſpace.
Now ſees the tops of Atlas, as he flies,
Whoſe brawny back ſupports the ſtarry ſkies;
Atlas, whoſe head, with piny foreſts crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapours bound.
Snows hide his ſhoulders; from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling ſtreams their race begin:
A beard of ice on his large breaſt depends:
Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god deſcends:
Then, reſted thus, he from the towering height
Plung'd downward, with precipitated flight:
Lights on the ſeas, and ſkims along the flood:
As water-fowl, who ſeek their fiſhy food,
Leſs, and yet leſs, to diſtant proſpect ſhow,
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:
Like theſe, the ſteerage of his wings he plies,
And near the ſurface of the water flies:
Till, having paſs'd the ſeas, and croſs'd the ſands,
He clos'd his wings, and ſtoop'd on Libyan lands:
Where ſhepherds once were hous'd in homely ſheds,
Now towers within the clouds advance their heads.
Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
New ramparts raiſing for the town's defence:
A purple ſcarf, with gold embroider'd o'er
(Queen Dido's gift), about his waiſt he wore;
A ſword with glittering gems diverſify'd,
For ornament, not uſe, hung idly by his ſide.
Then thus, with winged words, the god began
(Reſuming his own ſhape): Degenerate man,
Thou woman's property, what mak'ſt thou here,
Theſe foreign walls and Tyrian towers to rear?
Forgetful of thy own? All-powerful Jove,
Who ſways the world below, and heaven above,
Has ſent me down, with this ſevere command:
What means thy lingering in the Libyan land?
If glory cannot move a mind ſo mean,
Nor future praiſe, from ſlitting pleaſure wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy riſing heir;
The promis'd crown let young Aſcanius wear;
To whom th' Auſonian ſceptre and the ſtate
Of Rome's imperial name is ow'd by fate.
So ſpoke the god; and ſpeaking took his flight,
Involv'd in clouds; and vaniſh'd out of ſight.
The pious prince was ſeiz'd with ſudden fear;
Mute was his tongue, and upright ſtood his hair;
Revolving in his mind the ſtern command,
He longs to fly, and loaths the charming land.
What ſhould he ſay, or how ſhould he begin,
What courſe, alas! remains, to ſteer between
Th' offended lover, and the powerful queen!
This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,
And all expedients tries, and none can find:
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means;
After long thought to this advice he leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
The fleet, and ſhip their men with ſilent care:
Some plauſible pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in ſecret he deſign'd.
Himſelf, meantime, the ſofteſt hours would chooſe,
Before the love-ſick lady heard the news;
And move her tender mind, by ſlow degrees,
To ſuffer what the ſovereign power decrees:
Jove will inſpire him, when, and what to ſay.
They hear with pleaſure, and with haſte obey.
But ſoon the queen perceives the thin diſguiſe:
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?)
She was the firſt to find the ſecret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.
Love the firſt motions of the lover hears,
Quick to preſage, and ev'n in ſafety fears.

us fame was wanting, to report
repair'd; the Trojans thick reſort,
ſe to forſake the Tyrian court.
th fear, impatient of the wound,
ent of mind, ſhe roves the city round:
he Bacchanalian dames appear,
n afar, their nightly god they hear,
about the hills, and ſhake the wreathy
pear.
he finds the dear perfidious man;
is form'd excuſe, and thus began:
ngrateful, could you hope to fly,
cover'd 'ſcape a lover's eye?
my kindneſs your compaſſion move,
d vows, nor dearer bands of love?
eath of a deſpairing queen
preventing, though too well foreſeen?
the wintery winds command your ſtay,
he tempeſt, and defy the ſea.
a are, ſuppoſe you were not bound
nknown, and foreign coaſts to ſound;
reſtor'd and Priam's happy reign,
you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
you fly; am I the foe you ſhun?
oſe holy vows ſo late begun,
t hand (ſince I have nothing more
e, but the faith you gave before),
y tiefe tears too truly ſhed,
pleaſures of our nuptial bed;
o, when you moſt were kind,
ing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
y prayers, if prayers may yet have place;
tunes of a falling race.
ave provok'd a tyrant's hate;
e Libyan and the Tyrian ſtate;
ne I ſuffer in my fame;
onour, and expos'd to ſhame:
e I now to truſt? (ungrateful gueſt!
name remains of all the reſt!)
I left, or whither can I fly;
nd Pygmalion's cruelty?
rbas ſhall in triumph lead
hat proudly ſcorn'd his proffer'd bed?
ferr'd, at leaſt, your haſty flight,
hind ſome pledge of our delight,
to bleſs the mother's mournful ſight;
g Æneas to ſupply your place;
ures might expreſs his father's face;
t then complain, to live bereft
uſband, or be wholly left!
ius'd the queen; unmov'd he holds
is eyes,
command; nor ſuffer'd love to riſe,
aving in his heart; and thus at length
eplies:
, you never can enough repeat,
dleſs favours, or I own my debt;
y mind forget Eliza's name,
l breath inſpires this mortal frame.
et me ſpeak in my defence;
'd a ſecret flight from hence;
pretended to the lawful claim
uptials, or a huſband's name.
gent heaven would leave me free,
bmit my life to fate's decree,
would lead me to the Trojan ſhore,
s to review, their duſt adore;
r's ruin'd palace to reſtore.

But now the Delphian oracle commands,
And fate invites me to the Latian lands.
That is the promis'd land to which I ſteer,
And all my vows are terminated there.
If you, a Tyrian, and a ſtranger born,
With walls and towers a Libyan town adorn;
Why may not we, like you a foreign race,
Like you ſeek ſhelter in a foreign place?
As often as the night obſcures the ſkies
With humid ſhades, or twinkling ſtars ariſe,
Anchiſes' angry ghoſt in dreams appears,
Chides my delay, and fills my ſoul with fears;
And young Aſcanius juſtly may complain,
Of his defrauded fate, and deſtin'd reign.
Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd,
Waking I ſaw him, and his meſſage heard.
From Jove he came commiſſion'd, heavenly bright
With radiant beams, and maniſeſt to ſight:
The ſender and the ſent, I both atteſt,
Theſe walls he enter'd, and thoſe words expreſs'd:
Fair queen, oppoſe not what the gods command;
Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land.
Thus while he ſpoke, already ſhe began,
With ſparkling eyes, to view the guilty man:
From head to foot ſurvey'd his perſon o'er,
Nor longer theſe outrageous threats forbore:
Falſe as thou art, and more than falſe, forſworn;
Not ſprung from noble blood, nor goddeſs-born,
But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock;
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee ſuck.
Why ſhould I fawn? what have I worſe to fear?
Did he once look, or lent a liſtening ear;
Sigh'd when I ſobb'd, or ſhed one kindly tear?
All ſymptoms of a baſe ungrateful mind,
So foul, that which is worſe, 'tis hard to find.
Of man's injuſtice, why ſhould I complain?
The gods, and Jove himſelf, behold in vain
Triumphant treaſon, yet no thunder flies:
Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes;
Faithleſs is earth, and faithleſs are the ſkies!
Juſtice is fled, and truth is now no more;
I ſav'd the ſhipwreck'd exile on my ſhore:
With needful food his hungry Trojans fed;
I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
Fool that I was!—'tis little to repeat
The reſt, I ſtor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
I rave, I rave! A god's command he pleads
And makes heaven acceſſary to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful ſtate
Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human fate!
But go; thy flight no longer I detain;
Go ſeek thy promis'd kingdom through the main:
Yet, if the heavens will hear my pious vow,
The faithleſs waves, not half ſo falſe as thou,
Or ſecret ſands, ſhall ſepulchres afford
To thy proud veſſels and their perjur'd lord.
Then ſhalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
Dido ſhall come, in a black ſulphury flame;
When death has once diſſolv'd her mortal frame:
Shall ſmile to ſee the traitor vainly weep;
Her angry ghoſt, ariſing from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and diſturb thy ſleep.
At leaſt my ſhade thy puniſhment ſhall know;
And fame ſhall ſpread the pleaſing news below.
Abruptly here ſhe ſtops: then turns away
Her loathing eyes, and ſhuns the ſight of day.

Amaz'd he ſtood, revolving in his mind
What ſpeech to frame, and what excuſe to find.
Her fearful maids their fainting miſtreſs led;
And ſoftly laid her on her ivory bed.
But good Æneas, though he much deſired
To give that pity, which her grief requir'd,
Though much he mourn'd and labour'd with his love,
Reſolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove:
Reviews his forces; they with early care
Unmoor their veſſels, and for ſea prepare.
The fleet is ſoon afloat, in all its pride:
And well caulk'd gallies in the harbour ride.
Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they ſtood,
Of its green arms deſpoil'd the growing wood,
Studious of flight: the beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands that blacken all the ſhore:
On every ſide are ſeen, deſcending down,
Thick ſwarms of ſoldiers loaden from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
The ſable troops, along the narrow tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs:
Some ſet their ſhoulders on the ponderous grain;
Some guard the ſpoil; ſome laſh the lagging train;
All ply their ſeveral taſks, and equal toil ſuſtain.
What pangs the tender breaſt of Dido tore,
When, from the tower, ſhe ſaw the cover'd ſhore;
And heard the ſhouts of ſailors from afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the watery war!
All-powerful love, what changes canſt thou cauſe
In human hearts, ſubjected to thy laws!
Once more her haughty ſoul the tyrant bends;
To prayers and mean ſubmiſſions ſhe deſcends.
No female arts or aids ſhe left untry'd,
Nor counſels unexplor'd, before ſhe dy'd.
Look, Anna, look; the Trojans crowd to ſea;
They ſpread their canvaſs, and their anchors weigh:
The ſhouting crew, their ſhips with garlands bind,
Invoke the ſea-gods, and invite the wind.
Could I have thought this threatening blow ſo near,
My tender ſoul had been forewarn'd to bear.
But do not you my laſt requeſt deny,
With yon perfidious man your intereſt try;
And bring me news, if I muſt live or die.
You are his favourite, you alone can find
The dark receſſes of his inmoſt mind:
In all his truſty ſecrets you have part,
And know the ſoft approaches to his heart.
Haſte then, and humbly ſeek my haughty foe;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go;
Nor did my fleet againſt his friends employ,
Nor ſwore the ruin of unhappy Troy;
Nor mov'd with hands prophane his father's duſt;
Why ſhould he then reject a ſuit ſo juſt!
Whom does he ſhun, and whither would he fly?
Can he this laſt, this only prayer deny!
Let him at leaſt his dangerous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer ſea.
The nuptials he diſclaims, I urge no more;
Let him purſue the promis'd Latian ſhore.
A ſhort delay is all I aſk him now,
A pauſe of grief, an interval from woe:
Till my ſoft ſoul be temper'd to ſuſtain
Accuſtom'd ſorrows, and inur'd to pain.
If you in pity grant this one requeſt,
My death ſhall glut the hatred of his breaſt.
This mournful meſſage pious Anna bears,
And ſeconds, with her own, her ſiſter's tears:
But all her arts are ſtill employ'd in vain;
Again ſhe comes, and is refus'd again.
His harden'd heart nor prayers nor threatenings move;
Fate, and the god had ſtopp'd his ears to love.
As when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Juſtling from every quarter of the ſky,
This way and that the mountain oak they bend,
His boughs they ſhatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling maſt they ſpread the ground,
The hollow valleys echo to the ſound;
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or, ſhaken, clings more cloſely to the rocks:
Far as he ſhoots his towering head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie:
No leſs a ſtorm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick meſſages and loud complaints he hears,
And bandy'd words ſtill beating on his ears.
Sighs, groans and tears, proclaim his inward pains,
But the firm purpoſe of his heart remains.
The wretched queen, purſu'd by cruel fate,
Begins at length the light of heaven to hate,
And loaths to live: then dire portents ſhe ſees,
To haſten on the death her ſoul decrees;
Strange to relate: for when, before the ſhrine,
She pours, in ſacrifice, the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood,
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
This dire preſage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and ev'n her ſiſter, ſhe conceal'd.
A marble temple ſtood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
That honour'd chapel ſhe had hung around
With ſnowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Oft, when ſhe viſited this lonely dome
Strange voices iſſued from her huſband's tomb:
She thought ſhe heard him ſummon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her ſtay.
Hourly 'tis heard, when, with a boding note,
The ſolitary ſcreech-owl ſtrains her throat:
And on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
With ſongs obſcene diſturbs the ſilence of the night.
Beſides, old prophecies augment her fears,
And ſtern Æneas in her dreams appears
Diſdainful as by day; ſhe ſeems alone
To wander in her ſleep, through ways unknown,
Guideleſs and dark: or, in a deſert plain
To ſeek her ſubjects, and to ſeek in vain.
Like Pentheus, when, diſtracted with his fear,
He ſaw two ſuns, and double Thebes appear:
Or mad Oreſtes, when his mother's ghoſt
Full in his face infernal torches toſs'd;
And ſhook her ſnaky locks: he ſhuns the ſight,
Flies o'er the ſtage, ſurpriz'd with mortal fright;
The furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.
Now, ſinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone ſhe ſeeks her laſt relief:
The time and means reſolv'd within her breaſt,
She to her mournful ſiſter thus addreſs'd
(Diſſembling hope, her cloudy front the clears,
And a falſe vigour in her eyes appears):
Rejoice, ſhe ſaid, inſtructed from above,
My lover I ſhall gain, or loſe my love.

g Atlas, next the falling ſun,
s of Æthiopian climates run:
ſaſſylian princeſs I have found,
for age, for magic arts renown'd;
rian temple was her truſted care;
ſupply'd the wakeful dragon's fare.
feeds in honey taught to ſleep,
his rage, and ſooth'd him into ſleep.
'd the golden fruit; her charms unbind
s of love, or fix them on the mind.
the torrents, leaves the channel dry;
ſtars, and backward bears the ſky.
ing earth rebellows to her call,
s aſcend, and mountain aſhes fall.
e gods, and thou my better part,
I am to try this impious art!
e ſecret court, with ſilent care,
ty pile, expos'd in air;
he topmoſt part the Trojan veſt,
ns and preſents of my faithleſs gueſt.
er theſe, the bridal bed be placed,
ny ruin in his arms embrac'd:
of the wretch are doom'd to fire,
prieſteſs and her charms require.
he ſaid, and farther ſpeech forbears;
paleneſs in her face appears:
iſtruſtleſs Anna could not find
funeral in theſe rites deſign'd,
ht ſo dire a rage poſſeſs'd her mind.
g of a train conceal'd ſo well,
no worſe than when Sichæus fell:
obeys. The fatal pile they rear
e ſecret court, expos'd in air.
n holms and pines are heap'd on high;
nds on the hollow ſpaces lie.
s, vervain, eugh, compoſe the wreath,
baleful green denoting death.
, determin'd to the fatal deed,
and ſword he left, in order ſpread:
an's image on the nuptial bed.
w (the ſacred altars plac'd around)
eſs enters, with her hair unbound,
invokes the powers below the ground.
bus, and Chaos, ſhe proclaims,
fold Hecate, with her hundred names,
Dianas: next ſhe ſprinkles round,
'd Avernian drops, the hallow'd ground:
y ſimples, found by Phœbe's light,
en ſickles reap'd at noon of night.
s baleful juices in the bowl,
he forehead of a new born foal;
e mother's love. The deſtin'd queen
aſſiſting at the rites obſcene:
cake in her devoted hands
and next the higheſt altar ſtands:
foot was ſhod, her other bare,
er gather'd gown, and looſe her hair.
'd, ſhe ſummon'd, with her dying breath,
ns and planets, conſcious of her death;
power, if any rules above,
s, or who revenges, injur'd love.
ead of night, when weary bodies cloſe
in balmy ſleep and ſoft repoſe:
no longer whiſper through the woods,
uring tides diſturb the gentle floods.
a ſilent order mov'd around,
, with downy wings, was brooding on the
round.

The flocks and herds, and particolour'd fowl,
Which haunt the woods, or ſwim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth ſecurely lay
Forgetting the paſt labours of the day.
All elſe of nature's common gift partake;
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor ſleep nor eaſe the furious queen can find;
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
Deſpair, and rage, and love, divide her heart:
Deſpair and rage had ſome, but love the greateſt part.
Then thus ſhe ſaid within her ſecret mind:
What ſhall I do; what ſuccour can I find?
Become a ſuppliant to Hiarbas' pride,
And take my turn, to court and be deny'd!
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forſake an empire, and attend a foe?
Himſelf I refuged, and his train reliev'd;
'Tis true: but am I ſure to be receiv'd?
Can gratitude in Trojan ſouls have place?
Laomedon ſtill lives in all his race!
Then, ſhall I ſeek alone the churliſh crew,
And with my fleet their flying ſails purſue?
What force have I but thoſe, whom ſcarce before
I drew reluctant from their native ſhore?
Will they again embark at my deſire,
Once more ſuſtain the ſeas, and quit their ſecond Tyre?
Rather with ſteel thy guilty breaſt invade,
And take the fortune thou thyſelf haſt made.
Your pity, ſiſter, firſt ſeduc'd my mind;
Or ſeconded too well what I deſign'd.
Theſe dear-bought pleaſures had I never known,
Had I continued free, and ſtill my own;
Avoiding love, I had not found deſpair:
But ſhar'd, with ſavage beaſts, the common air;
Like them a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor diſturb'd the dead.
Theſe thoughts ſhe brooded in her anxious breaſt,
On board, the Trojan found more eaſy reſt.
Reſolv'd to ſail, in ſleep he paſſ'd the night;
And order'd all things for his early flight.
To whom once more the winged god appears:
His former youthful mien and ſhape he wears,
And, with this new alarm, invades his ears:
Sleep'ſt thou, O goddeſs-born! and canſt thou drown
Thy needful cares, ſo near a hoſtile town,
Beſet with foes? nor hear'ſt the weſtern gales
Invite thy paſſage, and inſpire thy ſails?
She harbours in her heart a furious hate;
And thou ſhalt find the dire effects too late;
Fix'd on revenge, and obſtinate to die;
Haſte ſwiftly hence, while thou haſt power to fly.
The ſea with ſhips will ſoon be cover'd o'er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the ſhore.
Prevent her rage, while night obſcures the ſkies;
And ſail before the purple morn ariſe.
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman's a various and a changeful thing.
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight,
Aloft in air unſeen; and mix'd with night.
Twice warn'd by the celeſtial meſſenger,
The pious prince aroſe with haſty fear:
Then rous'd his drowſy train without delay,
Haſte to your banks; your crooked archer weigh;
And ſpread your flying ſails, and ſtand to ſea.

A god commands; he ſtood before my ſight;
And urg'd us once again to ſpeedy flight.
O ſacred power, what power ſoe'er thou art,
To thy bleſs'd orders I reſign my heart:
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands;
And proſper the deſign thy will commands.
He ſaid, and, drawing forth his flaming ſword,
His thundering arm divides the many-twiſted cord:
An emulating zeal inſpires his train;
They run, they ſnatch; they ruſh into the main.
With headlong haſte they leave the deſert ſhores,
And bruſh the liquid ſeas with labouring oars.
Aurora now had left her ſaffron bed,
And beams of early light the heavens o'erſpread,
When from a tower the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the roſy ſkies:
She look'd to ſeaward, but the ſea was void,
And ſcarce in ken the ſailing ſhips deſcry'd:
Stung with deſpite, and furious with deſpair,
She ſtruck her trembling breaſt, and tore her hair.
And ſhall th' ungrateful traitor go, ſhe ſaid,
My land forſaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm, not ruſh from every ſtreet,
To follow, ſink, and burn his perjur'd fleet?
Haſte; haul my gallies out; purſue the foe:
Bring flaming brands; ſet ſail, and ſwiftly row.
What have I ſaid? where am I? Fury turns
My brain, and my diſtem per'd boſom burns.
Then, when I gave my perſon and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely ſhown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, ruſhing through the flame,
Preſerv'd his god's, and to the Phrygian ſhore
The lo[illegible]en of his feeble father bore!
I ſhould have torn him piece-meal; ſtrow'd in floods
His ſcatter'd limbs, or left expoſed in woods:
Deſtroy'd his friends and ſon; and, from the fire,
Have ſet the reeking boy before the ſire.
Events are doubtful which on battle wait;
Yet where's the doubt to ſouliſh ure of fate!
My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had tofs'd their fires amid the Trojan band:
At once extinguiſh'd all the faithleſs name;
And I myſelf, in vengeance of my flame,
Had fall'n upon the pile to mend the funeral flame.
Thou ſun, who view'ſt at once the world below,
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow,
Thou Hecate, hearken from thy dark abodes;
Ye furies, fiends, and violated gods,
All powers invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curſes, and avenge her death.
If ſo the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch ſhould find the Latian lands,
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppoſe;
Oppreſs'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men diſcourag'd and himſelf expell'd;
Let him for ſuccour ſue from place to place,
Torn from his ſubjects, and his ſon's embrace:
First let him ſee his friends in battle ſlain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when, at length, the cruel war ſhall ceaſe,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
Nor let him then enjoy ſupreme command,
But fall untimely by ſome hoſtile hand,
And lie unbury'd on the barren ſand.
These are my prayers, and this my dying will:
And you, my Tyrians, every curſe fulfil;
Perpetual hate, and mortal wars proclaim
Againſt the prince, the people, and the name.
These grateful offerings on my grave beſtow,
Nor league, nor love, the hoſtile nations know:
Now, and from hence in every future age,
When rage excites your arms, and ſtrength ſupplies the rage,
Riſe ſome avenger of our Libyan blood;
With fire and ſword purſue the perjur'd brood:
Our arms, our ſeas, our ſhores oppos'd to theirs,
And the ſame hate deſcend on all our heirs.
This ſaid, within her anxious mind ſhe weighs
The means of cutting ſhort her odious days.
Then to Sichæus' nurſe ſhe briefly ſaid
(For when ſhe left her country her's was dead),
Go, Barce, call my ſiſter; let her care
The ſolemn rites of ſacrifice prepare:
The ſheep, and all the atoning offerings bring,
Sprinkling her body from the cryſtal ſpring
With living drops: then let her come, and thou
With ſacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my diſaſtrous love.
Then caſt the Trojan image on the fire,
And, as that burns, my paſſion ſhall expire.
The nurſe moves onward, with officious care,
And all the ſpeed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty miſchief ſhe reſolv'd.
With livid ſpots diſtinguiſh'd was her face,
Red were her rolling eyes, and diſcompos'd her pace:
Ghaſtly ſhe gaz'd, with pain ſhe drew her breath,
And nature ſhiver'd at approaching death.
Then ſwiftly to the fatal place ſhe paſs'd,
And mounts the funeral pile, with furious haſte:
Unſheaths the ſword the Trojan left behind
(Not for ſo dire an enterprize deſign'd).
But when ſhe view'd the garments looſely ſpread,
Which once he wore, and ſaw the conſcious bed,
She paus'd, and, with a ſigh, the robes embrac'd;
Then on the couch her trembling body caſt,
Repreſs'd the ready tears, and ſpoke her laſt:
Dear pledges of my love, while heaven ſo pleas'd,
Receive a ſoul, of mortal anguiſh eas'd:
My fatal courſe is finiſh'd, and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghoſts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion puniſh'd, and my lord appeas'd.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the falſe Trojan never touch'd my ſhore?
Then kiſs'd the couch; and muſt I die, ſhe ſaid,
And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleaſure I receive;
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
These flames from far may the falſe Trojan view,
These boding omens his baſe flight purſue.
She ſaid, and ſtruck. Deep enter'd in her ſide
The piercing ſteel, with reeking purple dy'd:
Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon ſtands;
The ſpouting blood came ſtreaming on her hands.
Her ſad attendants ſaw the deadly ſtroke,
And, with loud cries, the ſounding palace ſhook.
Diſtracted from the fatal ſight they fled,
And through the town the diſmal rumour ſpread.
First from the frighted court the yell began,
Redoubled thence from houſe to houſe it ran:

ns of men, with ſhrieks, laments, and cries
ig women, mount the vaulted ſkies?
the clamour, than if ancient Tyre,
ew Carthage, ſet by foes on fire,
ng ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
the blazing temples of their gods.
r hears, and, furious with deſpair,
; her breaſt, and rends her yellow hair:
ling on Eliza's name aloud,
athleſs to the place, and breaks the crowd.
that pomp of woe for this prepar'd,
es, this funeral pile, theſe altars rear'd?
this train of plots contriv'd, ſaid ſhe,
to deceive unhappy me?
the worſt? Didſt thou in death pretend
thy ſiſter, or delude thy friend?
mon'd ſiſter, and thy friend, had come;
rd had ſerv'd us both, one common tomb.
raiſe the pile, the powers invoke,
preſent at the fatal ſtroke?
thou haſt deſtroy'd thyſelf and me;
n, thy ſenate, and thy colony!
ater, bathe the wound; while I in death
my lips to her's, and catch the flying breath.
, ſhe mounts the pile with eager haſte,
ier arms the gaſping queen embrac'd:
ples chaf'd, and her own garments tore,
ch the ſtreaming blood; and cleanſe the gore.
Dido try'd to raiſe her drooping head,
ting thrice, fell groveling on the bed.
p'd her heavy eyes, and ſaw the light,
ing found it, ſicken'd at the ſight,
'd her lids at laſt in endleſs night.
Juno, grieving that ſhe ſhould ſuſtain
ſo lingering, and ſo full of pain,
down, to free her from the ſtrife
ring nature, and diſſolve her life.
e ſhe dy'd, not doom'd by heaven's decree,
wn crime, but human caſualty,
: of love, that plung'd her in deſpair,
rs had not cut the topmoſt hair,
Proſerpine and they can only know,
le her ſacred to the ſhades below.
ird the various goddeſs took her flight,
w a thouſand colours from the light:
od above the dying lover's head,
, I thus devote thee to the dead.
ring to th' infernal gods I bear:
ile ſhe ſpoke ſhe cut the fatal hair:
ggling ſoul was loos'd, and life diſſolv'd
in air.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF THE

ENEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ting tail from Africk, is driven, by a ſtorm, on ſt of Sicily: where he is hoſpitably received by d Acceſtes, king of part of the iſland, and born ian parentage. He applies himſelf to celebrate ory of his father with divine honours: and ac-cordingly inſtitutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for thoſe who ſhould conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno ſends Iris to perſuade the Trojan women to burn the ſhips; who, upon her inſtigation, ſet fire to them, which burnt four, and would have conſumed the reſt, had not Jupiter, by a miraculous ſhower, extinguiſhed it. Upon this Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a viſion of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and ſails for Italy: Venus procures of Neptune a ſafe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately loſt.

MEANTIME the Trojan cuts his watery way,
Fix'd on his voyage through the curling ſea:
Then, caſting back his eyes, with dire amaze,
Sees, on the Punic ſhore, the mounting blaze.
The cauſe unknown; yet his preſaging mind
The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd:
He knew the ſtormy ſouls of woman kind,
What ſecret ſprings their eager paſſions move,
How capable of death for injur'd love.
Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw,
Till neither fires nor ſhining ſhores they ſaw.
Now ſeas and ſkies their proſpect only bound,
An empty ſpace above, a floating field around.
But ſoon the heavens with ſhadows were o'erſpread;
A ſwelling cloud hung hovering o'er their head:
Livid it look'd, the threatening of a ſtorm;
Then night and horror ocean's face deform.
The pilot, Palinurus, cry'd aloud,
What guſts of weather from that gathering cloud
My thoughts preſage! Ere yet the tempeſt roars
Stand to your tackle, mates, and ſtretch your oars;
Contract your ſwelling ſails, and luff to wind:
The frighted crew perform the taſk aſſign'd.
Then, to his fearleſs chief, Not heaven, ſaid he,
Though Jove himſelf ſhould promiſe Italy,
Can ſtem the torrent of this raging ſea!
Mark how the ſhifting winds from weſt ariſe,
And what collected night involves the ſkies!
Nor can our ſhaken veſſels live at ſea;
Much leſs againſt the tempeſt force their way;
'Tis fate diverts our courſe, and fate we muſt obey.
Not far from hence, if I obſerv'd aright
The ſouthing of the ſtars, and polar light,
Sicilia lies; whoſe hoſpitable ſhores
In ſafety we may reach with ſtruggling oars.
Æneas then reply'd, Too ſure I find,
We ſtrive in vain againſt the ſeas and wind:
Now ſhift your ſails: what place can pleaſe me more
Than what you promiſe, the Sicilian ſhore;
Whoſe hallow'd earth Anchiſes' bones contains,
And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns!
The courſe reſolv'd, before the weſtern wind
They ſcud amain, and make the port aſſign'd.
Mean time Aceſtes, from a lofty ſtand,
Beheld the fleet deſcending on the land;
And, not unmindful of his ancient race,
Down from the cliff he ran with eager pace,
And held the hero in a ſtrict embrace.
Of a rough Libyan bear the ſpoils he wore;
And either hand a pointed javelin bore.
His mother was a dame of Dardan blood;
His ſire Criniſius, a Sicilian flood;

He welcomes his returning friends aſhore
With plenteous country cates, and homely ſtore.
Now, when the following morn had chac'd away
The flying ſtars, and light reſtor'd the day,
Æneas call'd the Trojan troops around,
And thus beſpoke them from a riſing ground:
Offſpring of heaven, divine Dardanian race,
The ſun revolving through th' ethereal ſpace,
The ſhining circle of the year has fill'd,
Since firſt this iſle my father's aſhes held:
And now the riſing day renews the year
(A day for ever ſad, for ever dear).
This would I celebrate with annual games,
With gifts on altars pil'd, and holy flames,
Though baniſh'd to Getulia's barren ſands,
Caught on the Grecian ſeas, or hoſtile lands:
But ſince this happy ſtorm our fleet has driven
(Not, as I deem, without the will of heaven)
Upon theſe friendly ſhores and flowery plains,
Which hide Anchiſes, and his bleſt remains,
Let us with joy perform his honours due,
And pray for proſperous winds, our voyage to renew.
Pray, that in towns and temples of our own,
The name of great Anchiſes may be known,
And yearly games may ſpread the god's renown.
Our ſports, Aceſtes, of the Trojan race,
With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace:
Two ſteers on every ſhip the king beſtows;
His gods and ours ſhall ſhare your equal vows.
Beſides, if nine days hence, the rofy morn
Shall, with unclouded light, the ſkies adorn,
That day with ſolemn ſports I mean to grace:
Light gallies on the ſeas ſhall run a watery race.
Some ſhall in ſwiftneſs for the goal contend,
And others try the twanging bow to bend:
The ſtrong with iron gauntlets arm'd ſhall ſtand,
Oppos'd in combat on the yellow ſand.
Let all be preſent at the games prepar'd,
And joyful victors wait the juſt reward.
But now aſſiſt the rites, with garlands crown'd;
He ſaid, and firſt his brows with myrtle bound.
Then Helymus, by his example led,
And old Aceſtes, each adorn'd his head;
Thus young Aſcanius, with a ſprightly grace,
His temples ty'd, and all the Trojan race.
Æneas then advanc'd amidſt the train,
By thouſands follo v'd through the flowery plain,
To great Anchiſes' tomb: which, when he found,
He pour'd to Bacchus, on the hallow'd ground,
Two bowls of ſparkling wine, of milk two more,
And two from offer'd bulls of purple gore.
With roſes then the ſepulchre he ſtrew'd;
And thus his father's ghoſt beſpoke aloud:
Hail, O ye holy manes! hail again,
Paternal aſhes, now review'd in vain!
The gods permitted not that you, with me,
Should reach the promis'd ſhores of Italy;
Or Tyber's flood, what flood ſoe'er it be.
Scarce had he finiſh'd, when, with ſpeckled pride,
A ſerpent from the tomb began to glide;
His hugy bulk on ſeven high volumes roll'd;
Blue was his breadth of back, but ſtreak'd with ſcaly gold:
Thus, riding on his curls, he ſeem'd to paſs
A rolling fire along, and ſinge the graſs.
More various colours through his body run,
Than Iris, when her bow imbibes the ſun:
Betwixt the riſing altars, and around,
The ſacred monſter ſhot along the ground;
With harmleſs play amidſt the bowls he paſs'd,
And, with his lolling tongue, aſſay'd the taſte:
Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous gueſt
Within the hollow tomb retir'd to reſt.
The pious prince, ſurpriz'd at what he view'd,
The funeral honours with more zeal renew'd:
Doubtful if this the place's genius were,
Or guardian of his father's ſepulchre.
Five ſheep, according to the rites, he ſlew,
As many ſwine, and ſteers of ſable hue;
Now generous wine he from the goblets pour'd,
And call'd his father's ghoſt, from hell reſtor'd.
The glad attendants in long order come,
Offering their gifts at great Anchiſes' tomb;
Some add more oxen; ſome divide the ſpoil;
Some place the chargers on the graſſy ſoil;
Some blow the fires, and offer'd entrails broil.
Now came the day deſir'd: the ſkies were bright
With roſy luſtre of the riſing light:
The bordering people, rouz'd by ſounding fame
Of Trojan feaſts, and great Aceſtes' name,
The crowded ſhore with acclamations fill,
Part to behold, and part to prove their ſkill.
And firſt the gifts in public view they place,
Green laurel wreaths, and palm (the victor's grace):
Within the circle, arms and tripods lie,
Ingots of gold, and ſilver heap'd on high,
And veſts embroider'd, of the Tyrian dye.
The trumpet's clangor then the feaſt proclaims,
And all prepare for their appointed games.
Four gallies firſt, which equal rowers bear,
Advancing, in the watery liſts appear.
The ſpeedy Dolphin, that outſtrips the wind,
Bore Mneſtheus, author of the Memmian kind:
Gyas the vaſt Chimæra's bulk commands,
Which riſing like a towering city ſtands:
Three Trojans tug at every labouring oar;
Three banks in three degrees the ſailors bore;
Beneath their ſturdy ſtrokes the billows roar.
Sergeſthus, who began the Sergian race,
In the great Centaur took the leading place:
Cloanthus on the ſea-green Scylla ſtood,
From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.
Far in the ſea, againſt the foaming ſhore,
There ſtands a rock; the raging billows roar
Above his head in ſtorms; but, when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.
In peace below the gentle waters run;
The cormorants above lie baſking in the ſun.
On this the hero fix'd an oak in ſight,
The mark to guide the mariners aright.
To bear with this, the ſeamen ſtretch their oars;
Then round the rock they ſteer, and ſeek the former ſhores.
The lots decide their place: above the reſt,
Each leader ſhining in his Tyrian veſt:
The common crew, with wreaths of poplar bough,
Their temples crown, and ſhade their ſweaty brows.
Beſmear'd with oil, their naked ſhoulders ſhine:
All take their ſeats, and wait the ſounding ſign.
They gripe their oars, and every panting breaſt
Is rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with fear depreſs'd.
The clangor of the trumpet gives the ſign;
At once they ſtart advancing in a line.

its the ſailors rend the ſtarry ſkies;
th their oars, the ſmoky billows riſe;
he briny main, and the vex'd ocean
fries.
ime, with equal ſtrokes they row:
e bruſhing oars and brazen prow
the ſandy waves, and ope the depths
below.
courſers, in a chariot race,
field with half ſo ſwift a pace.
rce driver with more fury lends
ing laſh; and, ere the ſtroke deſcends,
e wheels his pliant body bends.
l crowd their hopes and fears divide,
with eager ſhouts, the favour'd ſide.
rmurs, clamours, with a mixing ſound,
ds to woods, from hills to hills rebound.
the loud applauſes of the ſhore,
ripp'd the reſt, and ſprung before;
, better mann'd, purſu'd him faſt;
rmaſted galley check'd his haſte.
ur, and the Dolphin bruſh the brine
l oars, advancing in a line:
the mighty Centaur ſeems to lead,
the ſpeedy Dolphin gets a-head:
d to board the rival veſſels row;
vs lave the ſkies, and ocean groans below.
h'd the mark: proud Gyas and his train
h rode the victors of the main:
ng round, he charg'd his pilot ſtand
e to ſhore, and ſkim along the ſand.
bear to ſea. Menætes heard,
ſhelves too cautiouſly he fear'd:
ing, fought the deep; and ſtill aloof he
ſteer'd.
ler cries the captain call'd again;
e rocky ſhore, and ſhun the main.
and, ſpeaking at his ſtern, he ſaw
Cloanthus near the ſhelvings draw:
he mark and him the Scylla ſtood,
cloſer compaſs, plow'd the flood:
the mark, and wheeling got before:
ohem'd the gods, devoutly ſwore,
for anger, and his hair he tore.
of others lives (ſo high was grown
rage) and careleſs of his own,
bling dotard to the deck he drew,
ed up, and over-board he threw:
he ſeiz'd the helm, his fellows cheer'd,
ort upon the ſhelves, and madly ſteer'd.
head the plunging pilot rears,
with his clothes, and cumber'd with his
years:
ping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain;
d, that ſaw him fall, and float again,
n the diſtant ſhore, and loudly laugh'd,
heaving breaſt diſgorge the briny draught.
ving Centaur, and the Dolphin's crew,
iſh'd hopes of victory renew:
as lags, they kindle in the race,
he mark: Sergeſthus takes the place:
purſues; and, while around they wind,
, not half his galley's length behind.
he deck amidſt his mates appear'd,
their drooping courages he chear'd:
, and Hector's followers heretofore,
vigour; tug the labouring oar;
your ſtrokes, my ſtill unconquer'd crew,
m the flaming walls of Troy I drew.

In this our common intereſt, let me find
That ſtrength of hand, that courage of the mind,
As when you ſtemm'd the ſtrong Malæan flood,
And o'er the Syrtes broken billows row'd.
I ſeek not now the foremoſt palm to gain;
Though yet—But ah, that haughty wiſh is vain!
Let thoſe enjoy it whom the gods ordain.
But to be laſt, the lags of all the race,
Redeem yourſelves and me from that diſgrace.
Now one and all, they tug amain; they row
At the full ſtretch, and ſhake the brazen prow.
The ſea beneath them ſinks: their labouring ſides
Are ſwell'd, and ſweat runs guttering down in tides.
Chance aids their daring with unhop'd ſucceſs;
Sergeſthus, eager with his beak, to preſs
Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,
Shuts the unwieldy Centaur in the lock.
The veſſel ſtruck; and, with the dreadful ſhock,
Her oars ſhe ſhiver'd, and her head ſhe broke.
The trembling rowers from their banks ariſe,
And anxious for themſelves, renounce the prize.
With iron poles they heave her off the ſhores;
And gather, from the ſea, their floating oars.
The crew of Mneſtheus, with elated minds,
Urge their ſucceſs, and call the willing winds:
Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way
In larger compaſs on the roomy ſea.
As when the dove her rocky hold forſakes,
Rouz'd in a fright, her ſounding wings ſhe ſhakes,
The cavern rings with clattering; out ſhe flies,
And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the ſkies;
At firſt ſhe flutters; but at length ſhe ſprings
To ſmoother flight, and ſhoots upon her wings;
So Mneſtheus in the Dolphin cuts the ſea,
And, flying with a force, that force aſſiſts his way.
Sergeſthus in the Centaur ſoon he paſs'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky ſhoals, and ſticking faſt.
In vain the victor he with cries implores,
And practiſes to row with ſhatter'd oars.
Then Mneſtheus bears with Gyas, and out flies:
The ſhip without a pilot yields the prize.
Unvanquiſh'd Scylla now alone remains;
Her he purſues, and all his vigour ſtrains.
Shouts from the favouring multitude ariſe,
Applauding echo to the ſhouts replies;
Shouts, wiſhes, and applauſe, run rattling through the ſkies.
Theſe clamours with diſdain the Scylla heard,
Much grudg'd the praiſe, but more the robb'd reward:
Reſolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace;
All obſtinate to die, or gain the race.
Rais'd with ſucceſs, the Dolphin ſwiftly ran
(For they can conquer who believe they can):
Both urge their oars, and fortune both ſupplies,
And both perhaps had ſhar'd an equal prize:
When to the ſeas Cloanthus holds his hands,
And ſuccour from the watery powers demands;
Gods of the liquid realms, on which I row,
If, giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
Aſſiſt to make me guilty of my vow.
A ſnow-white bull ſhall on your ſhore be ſlain,
His offer'd entrails caſt into the main:
And ruddy wine, from golden goblets thrown,
Your graceful gift and my return ſhall own.
The choir of nymphs, and Phorcus from below,
With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;

And old Portunos, with his breadth of hand,
Puſh'd on, and ſped the galley to the land.
Swift as a ſhaft, on winged wind, ſhe flies;
And, darting to the port, obtains the prize.
The herald ſummons all, and then proclaims
Cloanthus conqueror of the naval games.
The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head,
And three fat ſteers are to his veſſel led;
The ſhip's reward: with generous wine beſide,
And ſums of ſilver, which the crew divide.
The leaders are diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
The victor honour'd with a nobler veſt:
Where gold and purple ſtrive in equal rows,
And needle-work its happy coſt beſtows.
There, Ganymede is wrought with living art,
Chacing through Ida's groves the trembling hart;
Breathleſs he ſeems, yet eager to purſue:
When from aloft deſcends, in open view,
The bird of Jove; and, ſouſing on his prey,
With crooked talons bears the boy away.
In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes,
His guards behold him ſoaring through the ſkies,
And dogs purſue his flight, with imitated cries.
Mneſtheus the ſecond victor was declar'd;
And ſummon'd there, the ſecond prize he ſhar'd.
A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,
More brave Æneas from his ſhoulders tore,
In ſingle combat on the Trojan ſhore.
This was ordain'd for Mneſtheus to poſſeſs,
In war for his defence; for ornament in peace:
Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold;
But yet, ſo ponderous with its plates of gold,
That ſcarce two ſervants could the weight ſuſtain,
Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
Purſued, and lightly ſeiz'd the Trojan train.
The third ſucceeding to the laſt reward,
Two goodly bowls of maſſy ſilver ſhar'd;
With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
And two braſs cauldrons from Dodona brought.
Thus, all rewarded by the hero's hands,
Their conquering temples bound with purple bands.
And now Sergeſthus, clearing from the rock,
Brought back his galley, ſhatter'd with the ſhock.
Forlorn ſhe look'd, without an aiding oar,
And, hooted by the vulgar, made to ſhore.
As when a ſnake, ſurpriz'd upon the road,
A cruſh'd athwart her body by the load
Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound
Her belly bruis'd, and trodden to the ground,
In vain, with looſen'd curls, ſhe crawls along,
Yet fierce above, ſhe brandiſhes her tongue:
Glares with her eyes, and briſtles with her ſcales,
But, groveling in the duſt, her parts unſound ſhe trails:
So ſlowly to the port the Centaur tends,
But what ſhe wants in oars with ſails amends:
Yet, for his galley ſav'd, the grateful prince
Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to recompenſe.
Pholoe, the Cretan ſlave, rewards his care,
Beauteous herſelf, with lovely twins, as fair.
From thence his way the Trojan hero bent,
Into the neighbouring plain, with mountains pent,
Whoſe ſides were ſhaded with ſurrounding wood:
Full in the midſt of this fair valley ſtood
A native theatre, which riſing flow,
By juſt degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.
High on a ſylvan throne the leader ſate,
A numerous train attend in ſolemn ſtate;
Here thoſe, that in the rapid courſe delight,
Deſire of honour and the prize invite:
The rival runners without order ſtand,
The Trojans, mix'd with the Sicilian band.
Firſt Niſus with Euryalus appears,
Euryalus a boy of blooming years;
With ſprightly grace, and equal beauty crown'd:
Niſus, for friendſhip to the youth renown'd.
Diores next, of Priam's royal race,
Then Salius, join'd with Patron, took their place:
But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
And Salius his from Acarnanian earth.
Then two Sicilian youths, the names of theſe
Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes,
Both jolly huntſmen, both in foreſt bred,
And owning old Aceſtes for their head.
With ſeveral others of ignobler name,
Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.
To theſe the hero thus his thoughts explain'd:
In words, which general approbation gain'd:
One common largeſs is for all deſign'd;
The vanquiſh'd and the victor ſhall be join'd.
Two darts of poliſh'd ſteel and Gnoſſian wood,
A ſilver-ſtudded ax alike beſtow'd.
The foremoſt three have olive wreaths decreed;
The firſt of theſe obtains a ſtately ſteed
Adorn'd with trappings; and the next in fame,
The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
With feather'd Thracian arrows well ſupply'd;
A golden belt ſhall gird his manly ſide,
Which with a ſparkling diamond ſhall be ty'd:
The third this Grecian helmet ſhall content,
He ſaid: to their appointed baſe they went:
With beating hearts th' expected ſign receive,
And, ſtarting all at once, the barrier leave.
Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew,
And ſeiz'd the diſtant goal with greedy view.
Shot from the crowd, ſwift Niſus all o'er-paſs'd;
Nor ſtorms, nor thunder, equal half his haſte.
The next, but though the next yet far diſjoin'd,
Came Salius, and Euryalus behind;
Then Helymus, whom young Diores ply'd,
Step after ſtep, and almoſt ſide by ſide:
His ſhoulders preſſing, and in longer ſpace
Had won, or left at leaſt a dubious race.
Now ſpent, the goal they almoſt reach at laſt;
When eager Niſus, hapleſs in his haſte,
Slipp'd firſt, and, ſlipping fell upon the plain
Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly ſlain:
The careleſs victor had not mark'd his way;
But, treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
His heels flew up; and on the graſſy floor,
He fell, beſmear'd with filth and holy gore.
Not mindleſs then, Euryalus, of thee,
Nor of the ſacred bonds of amity,
He ſtrove th' immediate rival's hope to croſs
And caught the foot of Salius as he roſe:
So Salius lay extended on the plain;
Euryalus ſprings out, the prize to gain,
And leaves the crowd: applauding peals attend
The victor to the goal, who vanquiſh'd by his friend.
Next Helymus, and then Diores came,
By two misfortunes made the third in fame.
But Salius enters; and, exclaiming loud
For juſtice, deafens and diſturbs the crowd:
Urges his cauſe may in the court be heard;
And pleads, the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.

r Euryalus appears;
beauty, with his tender years,
e judges for the promis'd prize;
es fills the court with cries:
aches at the laſt reward,
m on Salius be conferr'd.
prince: Let no diſputes ariſe:
e plac'd it, I award the prize:
errors give me leave to mend,
y my deſerving friend.
from among the ſpoils he draws
ith ſhaggy mane and golden paws)
to Salius this he gives;
ry ſees the gift, and grieves.
s to vanquiſh'd men are due,
illing is to riſe by you,
ay Niſus from your bounty claim,
he firſt rewards and fame?
an equal fortune try'd;
for my fall ſo well provide!
ointed to his face, and ſhow'd
d all his habit ſmear'd with blood.
father of the people ſmil'd,
be produc'd an ample ſhield
irt, by Didymaon wrought,
n Neptune's bars in triumph brought.
Niſus, he divides the reſt;
ice, in his gifts expreſs'd.
ended, and rewards beſtow'd,
prince beſpeaks the attentive crowd:
:, whoſe dauntleſs courage dare
ht, with limbs and body bare,
ſtain in open view,
champion, and the games renew.
ropoſe, and thus divide;
ded horns, and fillets ty'd,
rtion of the conquering chief;
elm ſhall chear the loſer's grief.
Dares in the liſts appears;
des, his head erected bears:
ms the weighty gauntlet wield,
auſes echo through the field.
combat us'd to ſtand,
mighty Paris hand to hand;
ector's funerals undertook
, of th' Amician ſtock;
roke of his reſiſtleſs hand,
aſt bulk upon the yellow ſand.
s; and ſuch he ſtrode along,
wonder of the gazing throng.
ck, and ample breaſt he ſhows;
around his head he throws;
hiſtling air his empty blows.
ſought; but through the trembling

nſwer to the proud demand.
iis force, with ſparkling eyes,
ours the promis'd prize.
ull with awleſs inſolence;
iz'd his horns, accoſts the prince;
tchleſs valour dare oppoſe,
Dares wait his daſtard foes?
ef, permit without delay,
contended gift away.
nts; and, with redoubled cries,
hallenger demands the prize.
d with juſt diſdain, to ſee
p'd without a victory,

Reproach'd Entellus thus, who ſate beſide,
And heard, and ſaw unmov'd, the Trojan's pride:
Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
So tamely can you bear the raviſh'd crown?
A prize in triumph, borne before your fight,
And ſhun for fear the danger of the fight;
Where is our Eryx now, the boaſted name,
The god who taught your thundering arm the game?
Where now your baffled honour, where the ſpoil
That fill'd your houſe, and fame that fill'd our iſle?
Entellus, thus: My ſoul is ſtill the ſame;
Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial fame:
But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,
And ſcarce the ſhadow of a man remains.
Oh, could I turn to that fair prime again,
That prime, of which this boaſter is ſo vain!
The brave who this decrepit age defies.
Should feel my force, without the promis'd prize.
He ſaid, and, riſing at the word, he threw
Two ponderous gauntlets down, in open view;
Gauntlets, which Eryx wont in fight to wield,
And ſheath his hands with in the liſted field.
With fear and wonder ſeiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death, with ſeven diſtinguiſh'd folds
Of tough bull hides; the ſpace within is ſpread
With iron, or with loads of heavy lead.
Dares himſelf was daunted at the ſight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refuſ'd to fight.
Aſtoniſh'd at their weight the hero ſtands,
And pois'd the ponderous engines in his hands.
What had your wonder, ſaid Entellus, been,
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides ſeen,
Or view'd the ſtern debate on this unhappy green!
Theſe which I bear, your brother Eryx bore,
Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore.
With theſe he long ſuſtain'd th' Herculian arm;
And theſe I wielded while my blood was warm:
This languiſh'd frame while better ſpirits fed,
Ere age unſtrung my nerves, or time o'erſnow'd my head.
But, if the challenger theſe arms refuſe,
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not uſe;
If great Æneas and Aceſtes join
In his requeſt, theſe gauntlets I reſign:
Let us with equal arms perform the fight,
And let him leave to fear, ſince I reſign my right.
This ſaid, Entellus for the ſtrife prepares;
Stript of his quilted coat, his body bares:
Compos'd of mighty bones and brawn he ſtands,
A goodly towering object on the ſands.
Then juſt Æneas equal arms ſupply'd,
Which round their ſhoulders to their wriſts they ty'd;
Both on the tiptoe ſtand, at full extent;
Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;
Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar;
With claſhing gauntlets then provoke the war.
One on his youth and pliant limbs relies;
One on his ſinews and his giant ſize.
The laſt is ſtiff with age, his motion ſlow,
He heaves for breath: he ſtaggers to and fro;
And clouds of iſſuing ſmoke his noſtrils loudly blow.
Yet, equal in ſucceſs, they ward, they ſtrike;
Their ways are different, but their art alike.

Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow ſides the rattling thumps reſound:
A ſtorm of ſtrokes well meant with fury flies,
And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes:
Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet draws
A ſweeping ſtroke, along the crackling jaws.
Heavy with age, Entellus ſtands his ground,
But, with his warping body, wards the wound:
His hand and watchful eye keep even pace;
While Dares traverſes, and ſhifts his place;
And, like a captain, who beleaguers round
Some ſtrong-built caſtle, on a riſing ground,
Views all th' approaches with obſerving eyes,
This, and that other part, in vain he tries;
And more on induſtry than force relies.
With hands on high, Entellus threats the foe;
But Dares watch'd the motion from below,
And ſlipt aſide, and ſhunn'd the long-deſcending blow.
Entellus waſtes his forces on the wind;
And thus deluded of the ſtroke deſign'd,
Headlong and heavy fell: his ample breaſt,
And weighty limbs, his ancient mother preſs'd.
So falls a hollow pine, that long had ſtood
On Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood,
Torn from the roots: the ſhiv'ring nations riſe,
And ſhouts, and mingled murmurs, rend the ſkies.
Aceſtes runs, with eager haſte, to raiſe
The fall'n companion of his youthful days:
Dauntleſs he roſe, and to the fight return'd,
With ſhame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury burn'd:
Diſdain and conſcious virtue fir'd his breaſt,
And, with redoubled force, his foe he preſs'd.
He lays on load with either hand, amain,
And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain,
Nor ſtops, nor ſtays; nor reſt nor breath allows,
But ſtorms of ſtrokes deſcend about his brows;
A rattling tempeſt, and a hail of blows.
But now the prince, who ſaw the wild increaſe
Of wounds, commands the combatants to ceaſe:
And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace.
Firſt to the Trojan, ſpent with toil, he came,
And ſoothed his ſorrow for the ſuffer'd ſhame.
What fury ſeiz'd my friend? the gods, ſaid he,
To him propitious, and averſe to thee,
Have giv'n his arm ſuperior force to thine;
'Tis madneſs to contend with ſtrength divine.
The gauntlet fight thus ended, from the ſhore
His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore:
His mouth and noſtrils pour'd a purple flood;
And pounded teeth came ruſhing with his blood.
Faintly he dragg'd through the hiſſing throng;
And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.
The ſword and caſque are carry'd by his train;
But with his foe the palm and ox remain.
The champion, then, before Æneas came:
Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame:
O goddeſs-born! and you Dardanian hoſt,
Mark with attention, and forgive my boaſt:
Learn what I was, by what remains; and know
From what impending fate, you ſav'd my foe.
Sternly he ſpoke; and then confronts the bull;
And, on his ample forehead, aiming full,
The deadly ſtroke deſcending, pierc'd the ſkull.
Down drops the beaſt; nor needs the ſecond wound;
But ſprawls in pangs of death, and ſpurns the ground.
Then thus. In Dares' ſtead I offer this;
Eryx, accept a nobler ſacrifice:
Take the laſt gift my wither'd arms can yield;
Thy gauntlets I reſign, and here renounce the field.
This done, Æneas orders, for the cloſe,
The ſtrife of archers with contending bows.
The maſt, Sergeſthus' ſhatter'd galley bore,
With his own hands he raiſes on the ſhore:
A fluttering dove upon the top they tie,
The living mark at which their arrows fly.
The rival archers in a line advance;
Their turn of ſhooting to receive from chance.
A helmet holds their names. The lots are drawn
On the firſt ſcroll was read Hippocoon:
The people ſhout; upon the next was found
Young Mneſtheus, late with naval honours crown'd.
The third contain'd Eurytion's noble name,
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame:
Whom Pallas urg'd the treaty to confound,
And ſent among the Greeks a feather'd wound.
Aceſtes in the bottom laſt remain'd;
Whom not his age from youthful ſports reſtrain'd.
Soon all with vigour bend their truſty bows,
And, from the quiver, each his arrow cloſe:
Hippocoon's was the firſt: with forceful ſway
It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.
Fix'd in the maſt the feather'd weapon ſtands;
The fearful pigeon flutters in her hands;
And the tree trembled; and the ſhouting cries
Of the pleas'd people rend the vaulted ſkies.
Then Mneſtheus to the head his arrow drove,
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above;
But miſs'd the dove.
But made a glancing ſhot, and
Yet miſs'd ſo narrow, that he cut the cord
Which faſten'd, by the foot, the flitting bird.
The captive thus releas'd, away ſhe flies,
And beats, with clapping wings, the yielding ſkies.
His bow already bent, Eurytion ſtood,
And, having firſt invok'd his brother god,
His winged ſhaft with eager haſte he ſped;
The fatal meſſage reach'd her as ſhe fled:
She leaves her life aloft: ſhe ſtrikes the ground,
And renders back the weapon in the wound.
Aceſtes, grudging at his lot, remains
Without a prize to gratify his pains.
Yet ſhooting upward, ſends his ſhaft, to ſhow
An archer's art, and boaſt his twanging bow.
The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent:
And latter augurs judge from this event.
Chaf'd by the ſpeed, it fir'd; and, as it flew,
A trail of following flames aſcending drew:
Kindling they mount, and mark the ſhiny way
Acroſs the ſkies, as falling meteors play,
And vaniſh into wind, or in a blaze decay.
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly ſtare;
And, trembling, turn their wonder into prayer.
The Dardan prince put on a ſmiling face,
And ſtrain'd Aceſtes with a cloſe embrace:
Then, honouring him with gifts above the reſt,
Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confeſs'd.
The gods, ſaid he, this miracle have wrought;
And order'd you the prize without the lot.
Accept this goblet rough with figur'd gold,
Which Thracian Ciſſeus gave my ſire of old:
This pledge of ancient amity receive,
Which to my ſecond fire I juſtly give.
He ſaid, and, with the trumpet's chearful ſound,
Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel crown'd.

Eurytion envy'd him the prize;
ie transfix'd the pigeon in the ſkies.
the line, with ſecond gifts was grac'd;
was his, whoſe arrow pierc'd the maſt.
, before the games were wholly done,
iphantes, tutor to his ſon,
ſper'd thus: With ſpeed Aſcanius find,
s childiſh troop be ready join'd,
back let him grace his grandſire's day:
his equals arm'd in juſt array.
and, calling out, the cirque he clears:
'd withdrawn, an open plain appears.
the noble youths, of form divine,
before their fathers in a line:
rs grace the ſteeds; the ſteeds with
glory ſhine.
marching on, in military pride,
applauſe reſound from ſide to ſide.
ques, adorn'd with laurel wreaths, they
wear,
diſhing aloft a cornel ſpear.
heir backs their gilded quivers bore;
ins of burniſh'd gold hung down before:
aceful troops they form'd upon the
green;
ceful leaders at their head were ſeen;
ollow'd every chief, and left a ſpace
between.
young Priam led; a lovely boy,
indfire was th' unhappy king of Troy:
in after-time, was known to fame,
ours adding to the Latian name;
the royal boy his Thracian ſteed
became.
re the fetlocks of his feet before,
is front a ſnowy ſtar he bore:
uteous Atis, with Iülus bred,
age, the ſecond ſquadron led.
order, but the firſt in place,
e lovely features of his face,
Aſcanius on a fiery ſteed,
do's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.
ſers for the reſt the king ordains,
len bits adorn'd, and purple reins.
ra'd ſpectators peals of ſhouts renew,
ie parents in the children view:
ike, their motions, and their ſprightly
grace:
s and fears alternate in their face.
nfledg'd commanders, and their martial
train,
e the circuit of the ſandy plain,
eir fires: and, at th' appointed ſign,
in beauteous order, form a line.
d ſignal ſounds: the troop divides
iſtinguiſh'd parts, with three diſtinguiſh'd
guides.
y cloſe, and once again disjoin,
o troop oppos'd, and line to line.
t, they wheel, they throw their darts afar
nleſs rage, and well-diſſembled war.
round the mingled bodies run;
y follow, and purſuing ſhun.
ey break, and rallying, they renew
orms the military ſhew.
order, undiſcern'd they join;
h together, in a friendly line.

And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wandering ways, and many a winding fold.
Involv'd the weary feet, without redreſs,
In a round error, which deny'd receſs:
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
Turn'd, and return'd, and ſtill a different way.
Thus dolphins, in the deep, each other chace,
In circles, when they ſwim around the watery race,
This game, theſe carouſals, Aſcanius taught;
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought.
Shew'd what he learn'd: the Latin ſires impart,
To their ſucceeding ſons, the graceful art:
From theſe imperial Rome receiv'd the game;
Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they
name.
Thus far the ſacred ſports they celebrate:
But Fortune ſoon reſum'd her ancient hate:
For while they pay the dead his annual dues,
Thoſe envy'd rites Saturnian Juno views;
And ſends the goddeſs of the various bow,
To try new methods of revenge below:
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way;
Where in the port ſecure the navy lay.
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch deſcends;
And, undiſcern'd, her fatal voyage ends.
She ſaw the gathering crowd; and gliding thence,
The deſert ſhore, and fleet without defence,
The Trojan matrons on the ſands alone,
With ſighs and tears, Anchiſes' death bemoan.
Then, turning to the ſea their weeping eyes,
Their pity to themſelves, renews their cries.
Alas! fail one, what oceans yet remain
For us to ſail; what labours to ſuſtain!
All take the word; and, with a general groan,
Implore the gods for peace; and places of their
own.
The goddeſs, great in miſchief, views their pains;
And, in a woman's form, her heavenly limbs reſ-
trains.
In face and ſhape, old Beroë ſhe became,
Doriclus' wife, a venerable dame;
Once bleſs'd with riches, and a mother's name.
Thus chang'd, amidſt the crying crowd ſhe ran,
Mix'd with the matrons, and theſe words began:
O wretched we, whom not the Grecian power,
Nor flames deſtroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour!
O wretched we, reſerv'd by cruel fate,
Beyond the ruins of the ſinking ſtate!
Now ſeven revolving years are wholly run,
Since this improſperous voyage we begun:
Since toſs'd from ſhores to ſhores, from lands to
lands,
Inhoſpitable rocks and barren ſands;
Wandering in exile, through the ſtormy ſea,
We ſearch in vain for flying Italy.
Now caſt by fortune on this kindred land,
What ſhould our reſt, and riſing walls with-
ſtand;
Or hinder here to fix our baniſh'd band?
O, country loſt! and gods redeem'd in vain,
If ſtill in endleſs exile we remain!
Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew,
Or ſtreams of ſome diſſembled Simois view?
Haſte, join with me, th' unhappy fleet conſume:
Caſſandra bids, and I declare her doom.
In ſleep I ſaw her; ſhe ſupply'd my hands
(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming brands

With theſe, ſaid ſhe, theſe wandering ſhips deſtroy;
Theſe are your fatal ſeats, and this your Troy.
Time calls you now, the precious hour employ.
Slack not the good preſage, while heaven inſpires
Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires.
See Neptune's altars miniſter their brands;
The god inſpires; the god ſupplies our hands.
Then, from the pile, a flaming fir ſhe drew,
And, toſs'd in air, amidſt the gallies threw.
Wrapp'd in amaze, the matrons wildly ſtare:
Then Pyrgo, reverenc'd for her hoary hair,
Pyrgo, the nurſe of Priam's numerous race,
No Beroë this, though ſhe belies her face:
What terrors from her frowning front ariſe;
Behold a goddeſs in her ardent eyes!
What rays around her heavenly face are ſeen,
Mark her majeſtic voice, and more than mortal mien!
Beroë but now I left; whom, pin'd with pain,
Her age and anguiſh from theſe rites detain.
She ſaid; the matrons, ſeiz'd with new amaze,
Roll their malevolent eyes, and on the navy gaze:
They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
The goddeſs, having done her taſk below,
Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted bow.
Struck with the ſight, and ſeiz'd with rage divine,
The matrons proſecute their mad deſign:
They ſhriek aloud, they ſnatch, with impious hands,
The food of altars, firs, and flaming brands.
Green boughs, and ſaplings, mingled in their haſte;
And ſmoking torches on the ſhips they caſt.
The flame, unſtopp'd at firſt, more fury gains;
And Vulcan rides at large with looſen'd reins:
Triumphant to the painted ſterns he ſoars,
And ſeizes in his way the banks and crackling oars.
Eumelus was the firſt the news to bear,
While yet they crowd the rural theatre.
Then what they hear, is witneſs'd by their eyes:
A ſtorm of ſparkles and of flames ariſe.
Aſcanius took th' alarm, while yet he led
His early warriors on his prancing ſteed.
And ſpurring on, his equals ſoon o'erpaſs'd,
Nor could his frighted friends reclaim his haſte.
Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
He ſent his voice before him as he flew;
What madneſs moves you, matrons, to deſtroy
The laſt remainders of unhappy Troy?
Not hoſtile fleets, but your own hopes you burn,
And on your friends your fatal fury turn,
Behold your own Aſcanius: while he ſaid
He drew his glittering helmet from his head;
In which the youths to ſportful arms he led.
By this, Æneas and his train appear;
And now the women, ſeiz'd with ſhame and fear,
Diſpers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight;
Abhor their actions, and avoid the light:
Their friends acknowledge, and their error find;
And ſhake the goddeſs from their alter'd mind.
Not ſo the raging fires their fury ceaſe;
But lurking in the ſeams, with ſeeming peace,
Work on their way, amid the ſmouldering tow,
Sure in deſtruction, but in motion ſlow.
The ſilent plague through the green timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.
Down to the keels, and upward to the ſails,
The fire deſcends, or mounts; but ſtill prevails:
Nor buckets pour'd, nor ſtrength of human hand,
Can the victorious element withſtand.
The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
To heaven his hands, and with his hands his vows:
O Jove, he cry'd, if prayers can yet have place;
If thou abhorr'ſt not all the Dardan race;
If any ſpark of pity ſtill remain;
If gods are gods, and not invok'd in vain;
Yet ſpare the relics of the Trojan train.
Yet from the flames our burning veſſels free:
Or let thy fury fall alone on me
At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
And ſend the willing ſacrifice below.
Scarce had he ſaid, when ſouthern ſtorms ariſe;
From pole to pole the forky Lightning flies;
Loud rattling ſhakes the mountains and the plain;
Heaven bellies downward, and deſcends in rain;
Whole ſheets of water from the clouds are ſent,
Which, hiſſing through the planks, the flames prevent:
And ſtop the fiery peſt: four ſhips alone
Burn to the waſte, and for the fleet atone.
But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide;
If he ſhould ſtill in Sicily reſide,
Forgetful of his fates; or tempt the main,
In hope the promiſ'd Italy to gain.
Then Nautes, old and wiſe, to whom alone
The will of heaven by Pallas was fore-ſhown;
Vers'd in portents, experienc'd and inſpir'd
To tell events, and what the Fates requir'd:
Thus while he ſtood, to neither part inclin'd,
With chearful words relievd his labouring mind:
O goddeſs-born, reſign'd in every ſtate,
With patience bear, with prudence puſh your fate.
By ſuffering well, our fortune we ſubdue;
Fly when ſhe frowns, and when ſhe calls purſue.
Your friend Aceſtes is of Trojan kind;
To him diſcloſe the ſecrets of your mind:
Truſt in his hands your old and uſeleſs train,
Too numerous for the ſhips which yet remain:
The feeble, old, indulgent of their eaſe,
The dames who dread the dangers of the ſeas,
With all their daſtard crew, who dare not ſtand
The ſhock of battle with your foes by land;
Here you may build a common town for all;
And, from Aceſtes' name, Aceſta call.
The reaſons, with his friend's experience join'd,
Encourag'd much, but more diſturb'd his mind.
'Twas dead of night; when to his ſlumbering eyes,
His father's ſhade deſcended from the ſkies;
And thus he ſpoke: O more than vital breath,
Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after death;
O ſon, in various toils and troubles toſt,
The king of heaven employs my careful ghoſt
On his commands; the God who ſav'd from fire
Your flaming fleet, and heard your juſt deſire:
The wholſome counſel of your friend receive;
And here the coward train, and women leave:
The choſen youth, and thoſe who nobly dare
Tranſport, to tempt the dangers of the war.
The ſtern Italians with their courage try;
Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.
But firſt to Pluto's palace you ſhould go,
And ſeek my ſhade among the bleſt below.

impious ghoſts my ſoul remains,
with the damn'd, perpetual pains,
the living air of ſoft Elyſian plains.
ihylla ſhall your ſteps convey;
offer'd victims free the way;
ou know what realms the gods aſſign;
e fates and fortunes of your line.
ewell: I vaniſh with the night;
blaſt of heaven's approaching light:
mix'd with ſhades, and took his
y flight.
aſt, the filial duty cry'd,
h why, the wiſh'd embrace deny'd!
roſe: as holy zeal inſpires,
embers, and renews the fires.
gods and Veſta then adores
ind incenſe; and their aid implores.
friends and royal hoſt he ſent,
viſion and the god's intent.
n purpoſe. All, without delay,
ſove and his deſires obey.
th women each degenerate name,
ot hazard life, for future fame.
aſhier: the brave remaining few,
, and cables half conſum'd renew.
leſigns a city with the plough;
ir ſeveral tenements allow.
nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy;
r king aſcends the throne with joy.
ate from the people draws;
e judges, and ordains the laws.
top of Eryx, they begin
ple to the Paphian queen:
ſt, is honour'd as a god;
dded, annual gifts beſtow'd;
are planted round his bleſt abode.
ey paſs in feaſts, their temples crown'd;
of incenſe in the fanes abound.
the ſouth aroſe a gentle breeze,
the ſmoothneſs of the glaſſy ſeas:
vinds a ruffling gale afford,
merry mariners aboard.
laments along the ſhores reſound,
riends in cloſe embraces bound.
ng women, the degenerate train,
'd the frightful dangers of the main,
efire to fail, and take their ſhare
passage, and the promis'd war.
Æneas chears; and recommends
w maſter's care, his fearful friends.
tars three fat calves he lays;
fallen to the ſtormy ſeas;
his hauſers, and his anchors weighs.
deck the godlike hero ſtands;
crown'd; a charger in his hands;
he reeking entrails in the brine,
the ſacrifice of purple wine
ariſe, with equal ſtrokes they vie,
he buxom ſeas, and o'er the billows fly.
e the mother goddeſs, full of fears,
thus addreſs'd, with tender tears:
f Jove's imperious queen, the rage,
which no ſufferings can aſſuage,
to theſe prayers: ſince neither fate,
or pity, can remove her hate.
thwarted by his haughty wife;
h'd, yet ſhe ſtill renews the ſtrife.

As if 'twere little to conſume the town
Which aw'd the world, and wore th' imperia
crown;
She proſecutes the ghoſt of Troy with pains;
And gnaws, ev'n to the bones, the laſt remains.
Let her the cauſes of her hatred tell;
But you can witneſs its effects too well.
You ſaw the ſtorms ſhe rais'd on Libyan floods,
That mix'd the mounting billows with the clouds;
When, bribing Æolus, ſhe broke the main;
And mov'd rebellion in your watery reign.
With fury ſhe poſſeſs'd the Dardan dames
To burn their fleet with execrable flames:
And forc'd Æneas, when his ſhips were loſt,
To leave his followers on a foreign coaſt:
For what remains, your godhead I implore;
And truſt my ſon to your protecting power.
If neither Jove's nor fate's decree withſtand,
Secure his paſſage to the Latian land.
Then thus the mighty ruler of the main:
What may not Venus hope, from Neptune's reign?
My kingdom claims your birth: my late defence
Of your indanger'd fleet, may claim your con-
fidence.
Nor leſs by land than ſea, my deeds declare,
How much your lov'd Æneas is my care.
Thee, Xanthus, and thee, Simois, I atteſt:
Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles preſs'd,
And drove before him headlong on the plain,
And daſh'd againſt their walls the trembling
train,
When floods were fill'd with bodies of the ſlain:
When crimſon Xanthus, doubtful of his way,
Stood-up on ridges to behold the ſea;
New heaps came tumbling in, and chok'd his
way:
When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds,
Of force unequal, and unequal gods;
I ſpread a cloud before the victor's fight,
Suſtain'd the vanquiſh'd, and ſecur'd his flight.
Ev'n then ſecur'd him, when I ſought with joy
The vow'd deſtruction of ungrateful Troy.
My will's the ſame: fair goddeſs, fear no more,
Your fleet ſhall ſafely gain the Latian ſhore:
Their lives are given; one deſtin'd head alone
Shall periſh, and for multitudes atone.
Thus haying arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,
His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd.
Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws,
And to the looſen'd reins permits the laws.
High on the waves his azure car he guides;
Its axles thunder, and the ſea ſubſides;
And the ſmooth ocean rolls her ſilent tides.
The tempeſts fly before their father's face;
Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
And monſter whales before their maſter play,
And choirs of Tritons crowd the watery way.
The martial'd powers in equal troops divide
To right and left: the gods his better ſide
Incloſe, and on the worſe the nymphs and nereids
ride.
Now ſmiling hope, with ſweet viciſſitude,
Within the hero's mind, his joys renew'd.
He calls to raiſe the maſts, the ſheets diſplay;
The chearful crew with diligence obey;
They ſcud before the wind, and ſail in open ſea.
A-head of all the maſter pilot ſteers,
And, as he leads, the following navy veers.

The ſteeds of night had travel'd half the ſky,
The drowſy rowers on their benches lie;
When the ſoft god of ſleep, with eaſy flight,
Deſcends, and draws behind a trail of light.
Thou, Palinurus, art his deſtin'd prey;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
Dire dreams to thee, and iron ſleep he bears;
And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas wears.
Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
The winds, my friend, inſpire a pleaſing gale;
The ſhips, without thy care, ſecurely ſail.
Now ſteal an hour of ſweet repoſe; and I
Will take the rudder, and thy room ſupply.
To whom the yawning pilot, half aſleep;
Me doſt thou bid to truſt the treacherous deep!
The harlot-ſmiles of her diſſembling face,
And to her faith commit the Trojan race?
Shall I believe the ſyren ſouth again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the monſter main?
He ſaid, his faſten'd hands the rudder keep,
And, fix'd on heaven, his eyes repel invading ſleep.
The god was wroth, and at his temples threw
A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with Stygian dew:
The pilot, vanquiſh'd by the power divine,
Soon clos'd his ſwimming eyes, and lay ſupine.
Scarce were his limbs extended at their length,
The god, inſulting with ſuperior ſtrength,
Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the ſea,
And, with the ſtern, the rudder tore away.
Headlong he fell, and, ſtruggling in the main,
Cry'd out for helping hands, but cry'd in vain:
The victor dæmon mounts obſcure in air;
While the ſhip ſails without the pilot's care.
On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies:
But what the man forſook, the god ſupplies;
And o'er the dangerous deep ſecure the navy flies:
Glides by the ſyren's cliffs, a ſhelfy coaſt,
Long infamous for ſhips and ſailors loſt;
And white with bones: th' impetuous ocean roars;
And rocks rebellow from the ſounding ſhores.
The watchful hero felt the knocks; and found
The toſſing veſſel fail'd on ſhoaly ground.
Sure of his pilot's loſs, he takes himſelf
The helm, and ſteers aloof, and ſhuns the ſhelf.
Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the breaſt,
Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain expreſs'd:
For faith repos'd on ſeas, and on the flattering ſky,
Thy naked corpſe is doom'd on ſhores unknown to lie.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretels Æneas the adventures he ſhould meet with in Italy: ſhe attends him to hell: deſcribing to him the various ſcenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchiſes: who inſtructs him in thoſe ſublime myſteries of the ſoul of the world, and the tranſmigration: and ſhews him that glorious race of heroes which was to deſcend from him and his poſterity.

HE ſaid, and wept: then ſpread his ſails before
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cuman ſhore:
Their anchors dropt, his crew the veſſels moor.
They turn their heads to ſea, their ſterns to land;
And greet, with greedy joy, th' Italian ſtrand.
Some ſtrike from claſhing flints their fiery ſeed;
Some gather ſticks the kindled flames to feed;
Or ſearch for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
Or trace through vallies the diſcover'd floods.
Thus, while their ſeveral charges they fulfil,
The pious prince aſcends the ſacred hill
Where Phœbus is ador'd; and ſeeks the ſhade
Which hides from ſight his venerable maid.
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
Through Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
And enter now the temple roof'd with gold.
When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan ſhore,
His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore
(The firſt who ſail'd in air), 'tis ſung by fame,
To the Cumæan coaſt at length he came;
And here alighting, built this coſtly frame.
Inſcrib'd to Phœbus. Here he hung on high
The ſteerage of his wings, that cuts the ſky;
Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboſs'd
Androgeos' death, and offerings to his ghoſt:
Seven youths from Athens yearly ſent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
And next to thoſe the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the deſtin'd names by lots were caſt:
The mournful parents ſtand around in tears;
And riſing Crete againſt their ſhore appears.
There too, in living ſculpture, might be ſeen
The mad affection of the Cretan queen:
Then how ſhe cheats her bellowing lover's eye:
The ruſhing leap, the doubtful progeny,
The lower part a beaſt, a man above,
The monument of their polluted love.
Nor far from thence he grav'd the wondrous maze
A thouſand doors, a thouſand winding ways;
Here dwells the monſter, hid from human view
Not to be found but by the faithful clue:
Till the kind artiſt, mov'd with pious grief,
Lent to the loving maid this laſt relief;
And all thoſe erring paths deſcrib'd ſo well,
That Theſeus conquer'd, and the monſter fell.
Here hapleſs Icarus had found his part;
Had not the father's grief reſtrain'd his art.
He twice eſſay'd to caſt his ſon in gold;
Twice from his hands he drop'd the forming mould.
All this with wondering eyes Æneas view'd:
Each varying object his delight renew'd.
Eager to read the reſt, Achates came,
And by his ſide the mad divining dame;
The prieſteſs of the god, Deiphobe her name.
Time ſuffers not, ſhe ſaid, to feed your eyes
With empty pleaſures: haſte the ſacrifice.
Seven bullocks yet unyok'd, for Phœbus chooſe,
And for Diana ſeven unſpotted ewes.

, the ſervants urge the ſacred rites;
the temple ſhe the prince invites.
us cave, within its farmoſt part,
r'd and faſhion'd by laborious art
the hill's hollow ſides: before the place,
ed doors, a hundred entries grace:
voices iſſue; and the ſound
words as many times rebound.
the mouth they come: Aloud ſhe cries,
he time; enquire your deſtinies.
s, behold the god! Thus while ſhe ſaid
vering at the ſacred entry ſtaid),
ur chang'd, her face was not the ſame,
ow groans from her deep ſpirit came.
ſtood up; convulſive rage poſſeſs'd
nbling limbs, and heav'd her labouring
breaſt.
than human-kind ſhe ſeem'd to look:
ith an accent more than mortal, ſpoke.
ng eyes with ſparkling fury roll;
l the god came ruſhing on her ſoul.
he turn'd, and foaming as ſhe ſpoke,
s delay? ſhe cried; the powers invoke:
yers alone can open this abode,
are my demands, and dumb the god.
no more: the trembling Trojans hear;
ad with a damp ſweat, and holy fear.
ice himſelf, with awful dread poſſeſs'd,
s to great Apollo thus addreſs'd:
t god, propitious power to Troy,
relieve, unwilling to deſtroy;
by whoſe hand, the Dardan dart
he proud Grecian's only mortal part:
, by fate's decrees, and thy commands,
ambient ſeas, and through devouring
ſands,
'd crew has ſought th' Auſonian ground;
v, at length, the flying coaſt is found;
the fate of Troy, from place to place,
ry has purſued her wandering race:
iſe, ye powers, and let your vengeance end;
no more, and can no more offend.
u, O ſacred maid! inſpir'd to ſee
nt of things in dark futurity,
, what heaven has promis'd to my fate,
uer and command the Latian ſtate:
ny wandering gods, and find a place
long exiles of the Trojan race.
ail my grateful hands a temple rear
twin gods, with vows and ſolemn prayer;
ual rites, and feſtivals, and games,
perform'd to their auſpicious names;
lt thou want thy honours in my land,
e thy faithful oracles ſhall ſtand,
d in ſhrines: and every ſacred lay,
by thy mouth, Apollo ſhall convey:
l be treaſur'd, by a choſen train
prieſts, and ever ſhall remain.
h! commit not thy prophetic mind
ing leaves, the ſport of every wind,
y diſperſe in air our empty fate:
ot, but, what the powers ordain, relate.
gling in vain, impatient of her load,
ouring underneath the ponderous god,
re ſhe ſtrove to ſhake him from her breaſt,
ore, and far ſuperior force he preſs'd:
nds his entrance, and, without control,
her organs, and inſpires her ſoul.

Now, with a furious blaſt, the hundred doors
Ope of themſelves; a ruſhing whirlwind roar
Within the cave; and Sibyl's voice reſtores:
Eſcap'd the dangers of the watery reign,
Yet more and greater ills, by land remain;
The coaſt ſo long deſir'd (nor doubt th' event)
Thy troops ſhall reach, but having reach'd, r
Wars, horrid wars I view; a field of blood;
And Tyber roiling with a purple flood.
Simois nor Xanthus ſhall be wanting there;
A new Achilles ſhall in arms appear:
And he, too, goddeſs-born: fierce Juno's hat
Added to hoſtile force, ſhall urge thy fate.
To what ſtrange nations ſhalt thou not reſort
Driven to ſolicit aid at every court!
The cauſe the ſame which Ilium once oppreſ
A foreign miſtreſs and a foreign gueſt:
But thou, ſecure of ſoul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppo
The dawnings of thy ſafety ſhall be ſhown,
From whence thou leaſt ſhalt hope, a Grecian
Thus, from the dark receſs, the Sibyl ſpok
And the reſiſting air the thunder broke:
The cave rebellow'd, and the temple ſhook.
Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her labou
breaſt,
In theſe myſterious words his mind expreſt:
Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the r
At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,
And, ebbing in her ſoul, the god decreas'd.
Then thus the chief: No terror to my view,
No frightful face of danger can be new:
Inur'd to ſuffer, and reſolv'd to dare,
The fates, without my power, ſhall be withc
care.
This let me crave, ſince near your grove the
To hell lies open, and the dark abode,
Which Acheron ſurrounds, th' innavigable fl
Conduct me through the regions void of ligh
And lead me longing to my father's ſight:
For him, a thouſand dangers I have fought;
And, ruſhing where the thickeſt Grecians fo
Safe on my back the ſacred burden brought.
He, for my ſake, the raging ocean try'd,
And wrath of heaven; my ſtill auſpicious gu
And bore beyond the ſtrength decrepit age
ply'd.
Oft ſince he breath'd his laſt, in dead of nigh
His reverend image ſtood before my ſight;
Enjoin'd to ſeek below his holy ſhade;
Conducted there by your unerring aid:
But you, if pious minds by prayers are won,
Oblige the father, and protect the ſon.
Yours is the power; nor Proſerpine in vain
Has made you prieſteſs of her nightly reign.
If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
The ruthleſs king with pity could inſpire,
And from the ſhades below redeem his wife
If Pollux, offering his alternate life,
Could free his brother; and can daily go
By turns aloft, by turns deſcend below;
Why name I Theſeus, or his greater friend,
Who trod the downward path, and upwar
aſcend!
Not leſs than theirs, from Jove my lineage
My mother greater, my deſcent the ſame.
So pray'd the Trojan prince; and, while h
His hand upon the holy altar laid.

Then thus reply'd the propheteſs divine:
O goddeſs born! of great Anchiſes' line,
The gates of hell are open night and day:
Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way:
But, to return, and view the chearful ſkies,
In this the taſk and mighty labour lies.
To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
And thoſe of ſhining worth, and heavenly race.
Betwixt thoſe regions, and our upper light,
Deep foreſts and impenetrable night
Poſſeſs the middle ſpace. Th' infernal bounds
Cocytus, with his ſable waves ſurrounds:
But, if ſo dire a love your ſoul invades,
As twice below to view the trembling ſhades;
If you ſo hard a toil will undertake,
As twice to paſs th' innavigable lake,
Receive my counſel. In the neighbouring grove
There ſtands a tree: the queen of Stygian Jove
Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human ſight.
One bough it bears; but, wondrous to behold,
The ductile rind, and leaves, of radiant gold:
This from the vulgar branches muſt be torn,
And to fair Proſerpine the preſent borne,
Ere leave be given to tempt the nether ſkies:
The firſt thus rent, a ſecond will ariſe,
And the ſame metal the ſame room ſupplies.
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to ſee
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
Then rend it off, as holy rites command;
The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with eaſe, if favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian ſtate:
If not, no labour can the tree conſtrain,
And ſtrength of ſtubborn arms, and ſteel are vain.
Beſides, you know not, while you here attend,
Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
Breathleſs he lies, and his unbury'd ghoſt,
Depriv'd of funeral rites, pollutes your hoſt.
Pay firſt his pious dues: and, for the dead,
Two ſable ſheep around his hearſe be led:
Then, living turfs upon his body lay;
This done, ſecurely take the deſtin'd way,
To find the regions deſtitute of day.
She ſaid: and held her peace. Æneas went
Sad from the cave, and full of diſcontent;
Unknowing whom the ſacred Sibyl meant.
Achates, the companion of his breaſt,
Goes grieving by his ſide with equal cares oppreſs'd.
Walking they talk'd, and fruitleſsly divin'd
What friend the prieſteſs, by thoſe words, deſign'd:
But ſoon they found an object to deplore;
Miſenus lay extended on the ſhore.
Son of the god of winds; none ſo renown'd,
The warrior trumpet in the field to ſound:
With breathing braſs to kindle fierce alarms,
And rouze to dare their fate, in honourable arms.
He ſerv'd great Hector; and was ever near,
Not with his trumpet only, but his ſpear,
But, by Pelides' arm when Hector fell,
He choſe Æneas, and he choſe as well.
Swoln with applauſe, and aiming ſtill at more,
He now provokes the ſea gods from the ſhore;
With envy Triton heard the martial ſound,
And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd.
Then caſt his mangled carcaſe on the ſtrand;
The gazing crowd around the body ſtand.
All weep, but moſt Æneas mourns his fate,
And haſtens to perform the funeral ſtate.
In altar-wiſe a ſtately pile they rear;
The baſis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.
An ancient wood, fit for the work deſign'd
(The ſhady covert of the ſavage kind)
The Trojans found: the ſounding ax is ply'd:
Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the towering pride
Of foreſt aſhes, feel the fatal ſtroke,
And piercing wedges cleave the ſtubborn oak.
Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the ſteepy crown
Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
Arm'd like the reſt the Trojan prince appears,
And, by his pious labour, urges theirs.
Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
The ways to compaſs what his wiſh deſign'd,
He caſt his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
And then, with vows, implor'd the queen of love:
O may thy power, propitious ſtill to me,
Conduct my ſteps to find the fatal tree,
In this deep foreſt; ſince the Sibyl's breath
Foretold, alas! too true, Miſenus' death.
Scarce had he ſaid, when, full before his ſight,
Two doves, deſcending from their airy flight,
Secure upon the graſſy plain alight.
He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
Be you my guides, with your auſpicious aid;
And lead my footſteps, till the branch be found,
Whoſe glittering ſhadow gilds the ſacred ground:
And thou, great parent! with celeſtial care,
In this diſtreſs, be preſent to my prayer.
Thus having ſaid, he ſtopp'd: with watchful sight
Obſerving ſtill the motions of their flight,
What courſe they took, what happy ſigns they ſhow;
They fed, and, fluttering by degrees, withdrew
Still farther from the place, but ſtill in view:
Hopping, and flying, thus they led him on
To the ſlow lake: whoſe baleful ſtench to ſhun,
They wing'd their flight aloft; then ſtooping low,
Perch'd on the double tree, that bears the golden bough.
Through the green leaves the glittering ſhadow glow;
As on the ſacred oak, the wintery miſleto:
Where the proud mother views her precious brood;
And happier branches, which ſhe never ſow'd.
Such was the glittering, ſuch the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.
He ſeiz'd the ſhining bough with griping hold,
And rent away, with eaſe, the lingering gold:
Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.
Mean time, the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes,
To dead Miſenus pay his obſequies.
Firſt from the ground a lofty pile they rear,
Of pitch-trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:
The fabric's front, with cypreſs twigs they ſtrew,
And ſtick the ſides with boughs of baleful yeugh.
The topmoſt part, his glittering arms adorn;
Warm waters, then, in brazen cauldrons borne,
Are pour'd to waſh his body, joint by joint:
And fragrant oils the ſtiffen'd limbs anoint.
With groans and cries Miſenus they deplore:
Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,
The breathleſs body, thus bewail'd, they lay,
And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away
(Such reverend rites their fathers us'd to pay).

incenſe on the fire they throw,
&ims, which his friends beſtow.
he greedy flames to duſt devour;
living coals, red wine they pour:
relicks by themſelves diſpoſe,
raſen urn the prieſts incloſe.
is compaſs'd thrice the crew,
n olive branch in holy dew;
he ſprinkled round, and thrice aloud
lead, and then diſmiſs'd the crowd.
Æneas ordered on the ſhore
ıb; whoſe top a trumpet bore;
uchion, and a ſeaman's oar.
s friend interr'd: and deathleſs fame
ofty cape conſigns his name.
s perform'd, the prince, without delay,
nether world his deſtin'd way.
e cave; and downward as it went
de mouth, a rocky rough deſcent;
aeceſs a gloomy grove defends;
unnavigable lake extends.
ınhappy waters, void of light,
ames to ſteer his airy flight;
ſtenches from the depth ariſe,
g ſulphur, that infects the ſkies.
the Grecian bards their legends make,
name Avernus to the lake.
illocks, in the yoke untaught,
the pious hero brought;
pours the wine betwixt their horns;
the curling hair; that firſt oblation
rns,
cate hither to repair
name in hell, and upper air).
rieſts with ready knives bereave
f life, and in full bowls receive
ıg blood: a lamb to hell and night
ool without a ſtreak of white)
s: and, by fate's decree,
ſer, Proſerpine, to thee.
ıſts he Pluto's altar fills:
y bulls with his own hand he kills:
e broiling entrails, oil he pours;
ed thus, the raging flame devours:
&urnal ſacrifice begun;
till the next returning ſun.
egan to bellow, trees to dance,
; dogs in glimmering light advance,
ame: Far hence be ſouls profane,
y'd, and from the grove abſtain.
ı, take the way thy fates afford,
courage, and unſheath thy ſword.
d paſs'd along the gloomy ſpace,
urſu'd her ſteps with equal pace.
, yet unreveal'd to human ſight,
ıo rule the regions of the night,
hoſts, permit me to relate
wonders of your ſilent ſtate.
ey went through dreary ſhades, that led
aſte dominions of the dead:
r travellers in woods by night,
's doubtful and malignant light:
in duſky clouds involves the ſkies,
nt creſcent ſhoots by fits before their
es.
e gate, and in the jaws of hell,
ares and fullen ſorrows dwell;
And pale diſeaſes, and repining age;
Want, fear, and famine's unreſiſted rage:
Here toils, and death, and death's half-brother, ſleep,
Forms terrible to view, their centry keep:
With anxious pleaſures of a guilty mind,
Deep frauds before, and open force behind:
The furies iron beds, and ſtrife that ſhakes
Her hiſſing treſſes, and unfolds her ſnakes.
Full in the midſt of this infernal road,
An elm diſplays her duſky arms abroad:
The god of ſleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on every leaf are ſpread.
Of various forms unnumber'd ſpectres more;
Centaurs, and double ſhapes, beſiege the door:
Before the paſſage horrid Hydra ſtands,
And Briareus with all his hundred hands:
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame,
And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.
The chief unſheath'd his ſhining ſteel, prepar'd,
Though ſeiz'd with ſudden fear, to force the guard,
Offering his brandiſh'd weapon at their face,
Had not the Sibyl ſtopp'd his eager pace,
And told him what thoſe empty phantoms were;
Forms without bodies, and impaſſive air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whoſe troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus loſt:
There Charon ſtands, who rules the dreary coaſt;
A ſordid god: down from his hoary chin
A length of beard deſcends; uncomb'd, unclean:
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire:
A girdle, foul with greaſe, binds his obſcene attire.
He ſpreads his canvas, with his pole he ſteers;
The freights of flitting ghoſts in his thin bottom bears.
He look'd in years; yet in his years were ſeen
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came ruſhing where he ſtood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood,
Huſbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
And mighty heroes more majeſtic ſhades,
And youths, intomb'd before their fathers' eyes.
With hollow groans, and ſhrieks, and feeble cries,
Thick as the leaves in autumn ſtrow the woods:
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forſake the floods,
And wing their haſty flight to happier lands:
Such, and ſo thick, the ſhivering army ſtands;
And preſs for paſſage with extended hands.
Now theſe, now thoſe, the ſurly boatman bore:
The reſt he drove to diſtance from the ſhore.
The hero, who beheld, with wondering eyes,
The tumult mix'd with ſhrieks, laments, and cries,
Aſk'd of his guide, what the rude concourſe meant?
Why to the ſhore the thronging people bent?
What forms of law among the ghoſts were us'd?
Why ſome were ferry'd o'er, and ſome refuſed?
Son of Anchiſes, offspring of the gods,
The Sibyl ſaid, you ſee the Stygian floods,
The ſacred ſtreams, which heaven's imperial ſtate
Atteſts in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghoſts rejected, are th' unhappy crew
Depriv'd of ſepulchres, and funeral due.
The boatman Charon; thoſe, the bury'd hoſt,
He ferries over to the farther coaſt.
Nor dares his tranſport veſſel croſs the waves,
With ſuch whoſe bones are not compos'd in graves.

A hundred years they wander on the ſhore,
At length, their penance done, are waſted o'er.
The Trojan chief his forward pace repreſs'd;
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breaſt.
He ſaw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
Their funeral honours claim'd, and aſk'd their quiet graves.
The loſt Leucaſpis in the crowd he knew;
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew:
Whom, on the Tyrrhene ſeas the tempeſts met;
The ſailors maſter'd, and the ſhip o'erſet.
Amidſt the ſpirits Palinurus preſs'd;
Yet freſh from life; a new admitted gueſt.
Who, while he ſteering, view'd the ſtars, and bore
His courſe from Africk, to the Latian ſhore,
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,
And ſcarcely through the gloom the ſullen ſhadow knew.
Then thus the prince: What envious power, O friend,
Brought your lov'd life to this diſaſtrous end?
For Phœbus, ever true in all he ſaid,
Has, in your fate alone, my faith betray'd.
The god foretold, you ſhould not die, before
You reach'd, ſecure from ſeas, th' Italian ſhore.
Is this th' unerring power? The ghoſt reply'd,
Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his anſwers ly'd;
Nor envious gods have ſent me to the deep:
But while the ſtars, and courſe of heaven I keep,
My weary'd eyes were ſeiz'd with fatal ſleep.
I fell; and, with my weight, the helm conſtrain'd
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
Now by the winds, and raging waves, I ſwear,
Your ſafety, more than mine, was then my care:
Leſt, of the guide bereft, the rudder loſt,
Your ſhip ſhould run againſt the rocky coaſt.
Three bluſtering nights, borne by the ſouthern blaſt,
I floated, and diſcover'd land at laſt:
High on a mountain wave my head I bore;
Forcing my ſtrength, and gathering to the ſhore:
Panting, but paſt the danger, now I ſeiz'd
The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
While, cumber'd with my dropping cloaths, I lay,
The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
Stain'd with my blood th' inhoſpitable coaſt:
And now, by winds and waves, my lifeleſs limbs are toſt:
Which O avert, by yon ethereal light
Which I have loſt, for this eternal night:
Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
By your dead ſire, and by your living ſon,
Redeem from this reproach my wandering ghoſt,
Or with your navy ſeek the Velin coaſt;
And in a peaceful grave my corpſe compoſe:
Or, if a nearer way your mother ſhows,
Without whoſe aid, you durſt not undertake
This frightful paſſage o'er the Stygian lake;
Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
To the ſweet banks of yon forbidden ſhore.
Scarce had he ſaid, the propheteſs began,
What hopes delude thee, miſerable man?
Think'ſt thou, thus unintomb'd, to croſs the floods,
To view the furies, and infernal gods;
And visit, without leave, the dark abodes?
Attend the term of long, revolving years:
Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears.
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take;
The wrath of heaven, inflicted for thy ſake,
With vengeance ſhall purſue th' inhuman coaſt,
Till they propitiate thy offended ghoſt,
And raiſe a tomb, with vows, and ſolemn prayer;
And Palinurus' name the place ſhall bear.
This calm'd his cares, ſooth'd with his future fame,
And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.
Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw,
Whom, from the ſhore, the ſurly boatman ſaw:
Obſerv'd their paſſage through the ſhady wood,
And mark'd their near approaches to the flood:
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath;
Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
In arms preſum'ſt to tread, I charge thee ſtand,
And tell thy name, and buſineſs in the land.
Know this, the realm of night; the Stygian ſhore:
My boat conveys no living bodies o'er:
Nor was I pleas'd great Theſeus once to bear,
Who forc'd a paſſage with his pointed ſpear;
Nor ſtrong Alcides, men of mighty fame;
And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.
In fetters one the barking porter ty'd,
And took him trembling from his ſovereign's ſide:
Two fought by force to ſeize his beauteous bride.
To whom the Sibyl thus: Compoſe thy mind:
Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force deſign'd.
Still may the dog the wandering troops conſtrain
Of airy ghoſts; and vex the guilty train:
And with her griſly lord his lovely queen remain.
The Trojan chief, whoſe lineage is from Jove,
Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
Is ſent to ſeek his ſire, in your Elyſian grove.
If neither piety, nor heaven's command,
Can gain his paſſage to the Stygian ſtrand,
This fatal preſent ſhall prevail at leaſt;
Then ſhew'd the ſhining bough, conceal'd within her veſt.
No more was needful, for the gloomy god
Stood mute with awe, to ſee the golden rod:
Admir'd the deſtin'd offering to the queen
(A venerable gift ſo rarely ſeen).
His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land;
The ghoſts forſake their ſeats at his command:
He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight,
The leaky veſſel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly ſhe ſails, and ſcarcely ſtems the tides:
The preſſing water pours within her ſides.
His paſſengers, at length are waſted o'er;
Expos'd in muddy weeds upon the miry ſhore.
No ſooner landed, in his den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian ſound,
Grim Cerberus; who ſoon began to rear
His creſted ſnakes, and arm'd his briſtling hair.
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A ſop in honey ſteep'd to charm the guard.
Which, mix'd with powerful drugs, ſhe caſt before
His greedy, grinding jaws, juſt op'd to roar:
With three enormous mouths he gapes, and ſtraight,
With hunger preſs'd, devours the pleaſing bait.
Long draughts of ſleep his monſtrous limbs enſlave;
He reels, and, falling, fills the ſpacious cave.
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
Paſs'd on, and took th' irremeable way.
Before the gates, the cries of babes new born,
Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,

is ears: then thoſe whom form of laws
'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cauſe.
they lots, nor judges to review
igful ſentence, and award a new.
e ſtrict inquiſitor, appears,
and crimes, with his aſſeſſors, hears.
n his urn, the blended balls he rolls,
the juſt, and dooms the guilty ſouls.
in place, and puniſhment, are they
ſigally throw their ſouls away;
o repining at their wretched ſtate,
ling anxious life, ſuborn'd their fate.
repentance now they would retrieve
s they forſook, and wiſh to live.
ns and poverty deſire to bear,
the light of heaven, and breathe the vital
air.
orbids; the Stygian floods oppoſe,
h nine circling ſtreams, the captive ſoul
incloſe.
from thence, the mournful fields appear;
from lovers that inhabit there.
, whom that unhappy flame invades,
olitude, and myrtle ſhades,
leſs moans, and, pining with deſire,
o late their unextinguiſh'd fire.
ris, Eriphyle here, he found
r breaſt, yet bleeding with the wound
er ſon. He ſaw Pariphaë there,
dra's ghoſt, a foul inceſtuous pair.
odamia, with Evadne moves:
both, but loyal in their loves.
a woman once, and once a man;
g in the ſex ſhe firſt began.
om theſe Phœnician Dido ſtood,
n her wound, her boſom bath'd in blood.
hen the Trojan hero hardly knew,
ſhades, and with a doubtful view
as he who runs through duſky night,
he ſees the moon's uncertain light);
s he firſt approach'd the ſullen ſhade,
is love inſpir'd him, thus he ſaid:
queen! then is the common breath
r true, in your reported death,
as, the cauſe! by heaven, I vow,
e powers that rule the realms below,
I forſook your friendly ſtate:
ed by the gods, and forc'd by fate.
's, that fate, whoſe unreſiſted might
me to theſe regions, void of light:
he vaſt empire of eternal night.
I to preſume, that, preſs'd with grief,
ſhould urge you to this dire relief.
your ſteps, and liſten to my vows,
ſt interview that fate allows!
thus attempts her mind to move,
and prayers, and late repenting love:
ly ſhe look'd; then turning round,
er eyes unmov'd upon the ground:
he ſays, and ſwears, regards no more,
deaf rocks, when the loud billows rear.
d away, to ſhun his hateful ſight,
foreſt, and the ſhades of night.
ht Sichæus, through the ſhady grove,
er'd all her cares, and equall'd all her love.
s tears the pitying hero paid,
r'd with his eyes the flitting ſhade.

Then took the forward way, by fate ordain'd,
And, with his guide, the farther fields attain'd,
Where, ſever'd from the reſt, the warrior ſouls remain'd.
Tideus he met, with Meleager's race,
The pride of armies, and the ſoldiers grace;
And pale Adraſtus with his ghaſtly face.
Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a numerous train:
All much lamented, all in battle ſlain.
Glaucus and Medon, high above the reſt,
Antenor's ſons, and Ceres' ſacred prieſt:
And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer,
Who ſhakes his empty reins, and aims his airy ſpear.
The gladſome ghoſts, in circling troops, attend,
And, with unweary'd eyes, behold their friend.
Delight to hover near, and long to know
What buſineſs brought him to the realms below.
But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
When his refulgent arms flaſh'd through the ſhady plain,
Fled from his well known face, with wonted fear,
As when his thundering ſword and pointed ſpear
Drove headlong to their ſhips, and gleam'd the routed rear.
They raiſ'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes;
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gaſping throats.
Here Priam's ſon, Deiphobus he found,
Whoſe face and limbs were one continued wound.
Diſhoneſt, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
Spoil'd of his noſe, and ſhorten'd of his ears.
He ſcarcely knew him, ſtriving to diſown
His blotted form, and bluſhing to be known.
And therefore firſt began: O Teucer's race,
Who durſt thy faultleſs figure thus deface?
What heart could wiſh, what hand inflict, this dire diſgrace?
'Twas fam'd, that in our laſt and fatal night,
Your ſingle proweſs long ſuſtain'd the fight:
Till, tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you choſe,
And fell upon a heap of ſlaughter'd foes.
But, in remembrance of ſo brave a deed,
A tomb and funeral honours I decreed:
Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
The place your armour and your name retains.
Your body too I ſought; and, had I found,
Deſign'd for burial in your native ground.
The ghoſt reply'd: Your piety has paid
All needful rites to reſt my wand'ring ſhade:
But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,
To Grecian ſwords betray'd my ſleeping life.
Theſe are the monuments of Helen's love:
The ſhame I bear below, the marks I bore above.
You know in what deluding joys we paſt
The night, that was by heaven decreed our laſt,
For, when the fatal horſe deſcending down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy town,
She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed,
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led;
Then, waving high her torch, the ſignal made,
Which rouz'd the Grecians from their ambuſcade.
With watching overworn, with cares oppreſs'd,
Unhappy I had laid me down to reſt;
And heavy ſleep my weary limbs poſſeſs'd.
Meantime my worthy wife our arms miſlay'd;
And, from beneath my head, my ſword convey'd

The door unlatch'd; and, with repeated calls,
Invites her former lord within my walls.
Theſe in her crime her confidence ſhe plac'd,
And with new treaſons would redeem the paſt.
What need I more? Into the room they ran,
And meanly murder'd a defenceleſs man.
Uly ſſes, baſely born, firſt led the way:
Avenging power! with juſtice if I pray,
That fortune be their own another day!
But anſwer you; and in your turn relate,
What brought you, living, to the Stygian ſtate?
Driven by the winds and errors of the ſea,
Or did you heaven's ſuperior doom obey?
Or tell what other chance conducts your way?
To view with mortal eyes our dark retreats,
Tumults and torments of th' infernal ſeats?
While thus, in talk, the flying hours they paſs,
The ſun had finiſh'd more than half his race:
And they, perhaps, in words and tears had ſpent
The little time of ſtay, which heaven had lent.
But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay;
Night ruſhes down, and headlong drives the day:
'Tis here, in different paths, the way divides;
The right, to Pluto's golden palace guides;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus deſcends;
The ſeat of night profound, and puniſh'd fiends.
Then thus Deiphobus: O ſacred maid!
Forbear to chide; and be your will obey'd:
Lo to the ſecret ſhadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years expire.
Proceed, auſpicious prince, with glory crown'd,
And born to better fates than I have found.
He ſaid; and while he ſaid, his ſteps he turn'd
To ſecret ſhadows, and in ſilence mourn'd.
The hero, looking on the left, eſpy'd
A lofty tower, and ſtrong on every ſide
With treble walls, which Phlegethon ſurrounds,
Whoſe fiery flood the burning empire bounds:
And, preſs'd between the rocks, the bellowing noiſe reſounds.
Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd on high
With adamantine columns, threats the ſky.
Vain is the force of man, and heaven's as vain,
To cruſh the pillars which the pile ſuſtain.
Sol lime on theſe a tower of ſteel is rear'd,
And dire Tiſiphone there keeps the ward.
Girt in her ſanguine gown, by night and day,
Obſervant of the ſouls that paſs the downward way:
From hence are heard the groans of ghoſts, the pains
Of ſounding laſhes, and of dragging chains.
The Trojan ſtood aſtoniſh'd at their cries,
And aſk'd his guide, from whence thoſe yells ariſe?
And what the crimes and what the tortures were,
And loud laments that rent the liquid air?
She thus reply'd: The chaſte and holy race
Are all forbidden this polluted place.
But Hecate, when ſhe gave to rule the woods,
Then led me trembling through thoſe dire abodes,
And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.
Theſe are the realms of unrelenting fate:
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the ſtate:
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Inquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conſcious wretch muſt all his acts reveal:
Joy to confeſs, unable to conceal:
From the firſt moment of his vital breath,
To this laſt hour of unrepenting death.
Straight, o'er the guilty ghoſt, the fury ſhakes
The ſounding whip, and brandiſhes her ſnakes:
And the pale ſinner, with her ſiſters, takes.
Then, of itſelf, unfolds th' eternal door:
With dreadful ſounds the brazen hinges roar.
You ſee, before the gate, what ſtalking ghoſt
Commands the guard, what centries keep the poſt.
More formidable Hydra ſtands within;
Whoſe jaws with iron teeth ſeverely grin.
The gaping gulph, low to the centre lies;
And twice as deep as earth is diſtant from the ſkies.
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here fing'd with lightning, roll within th' unbottom'd ſpace.
Here lie th' Aloan twins (I ſaw them both),
Enorm out bodies, of gigantic growth;
Who dar'd in fight the thunderer defy;
Affect his heaven, and force him from the ſky.
Salmoneus, ſuffering cruel pains I found,
For emulating Jove; the rattling ſound
Of mimic thunder, and the glittering blaze
Of pointed lightnings, and their forky rays.
Through Elis and the Grecian towns he flew:
Th' audacious wretch four fiery courſers drew;
He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought godlike worſhip from a ſervile train.
Ambitious fool, with horny hoofs to paſs
O'er hollow arches, of reſounding braſs;
To rival thunder, in its rapid courſe,
And imitate inimitable force.
But he, the king of heaven, obſcure on high,
Bar'd his red arm, and launching from the ſky
His writhen bolt, not ſhaking empty ſmoke,
Down to the deep abyſs the flaming felon ſtrook.
There Tityus was to ſee, who took his birth
From heaven; his nurſing from the fooſtful earth.
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal ſpace.
A ravenous vulture in his open'd ſide,
Her crook'd beak and cruel talons try'd:
Still for the growing liver dig'd his breaſt;
The growing liver ſtill ſupply'd the feaſt.
Still are his entrails fruitful to the pains:
Th' immortal hunger laſts, th' immortal food remains.
Ixion and Pirithous I could name;
And more Theſſalian chiefs of mighty fame
High o'er their heads a mouldering rock is plac'd,
That promiſes a fall, and ſhakes at every blaſt.
They lie below, on golden beds diſplay'd,
And genial feaſts, with regal pomp, are made.
The queen of furies by their ſides is ſet,
And ſnatches from their mouths th' untaſted meat.
Which if they touch, her hiſſing ſnakes ſhe rears
Toſſing her torch, and thundering in their ears.
Then they, who brothers better claim diſown,
Expel their parents, and uſurp the throne;
Defraud their clients, and to lucre ſold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold:
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuſe to lend
To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend;
Vaſt is the throng of theſe; nor leſs the train
Of luſtful youths, for foul adultery ſlain.
Hoſts of deſerters, who their honour ſold,
And baſely broke their faith for bribes of gold:

ithin the dungeon's depth remain,
pardon, and expecting pain.
iat pains; nor farther ſeek to know
eſs, or the forms of law below.
mighty ſtone; ſome laid along,
id with burning wires, on ſpokes of
wheels are hung.
Theſeus, doom'd for ever there,
fate on his eternal chair:
ie' Phlegias warns the world with cries
rning make the world more juſt or
viſe),
teouſneſs, and dread th' avenging
leities.
others have their country ſold,
oreign lords, for foreign gold:
old laws repeal'd, new ſtatutes made;
people pleas'd, but as they paid.
t ſome their daughters bed profan'd.
the worſt of ills, and what they dar'd,
iin'd.
ndred mouths, a hundred tongues,
s of braſs, inſpir'd with iron lungs,
t half thoſe horrid crimes repeat,
ie puniſhments thoſe crimes have met.
haſte our voyage to purſue;
of Pluto's palace are in view:
and iron arch above it, ſtands
labour'd by the Cyclops hands.
farther way the fates allow,
we fix on high the golden bough.
and through the gloomy ſhades they paſt,
the middle path: arriv'd at laſt,
, with living water, ſprinkled o'er
and body, then approach'd the door.
ie porch, and on the front above
ie fatal bough, requir'd by Pluto's love.
rites perform'd, they took their way,
g-extended plains of pleaſure lay.
nt fields with thoſe of heaven may vie;
r veſted, and a purple ſky:
il feats of happy ſouls below:
eir own, and their own ſuns they know.
limbs in ſports they exerciſe,
ie green, contend the wreſtler's prize.
heroic verſe, divinely ſing,
irtful meaſures lead the ring.
ian bard, ſurrounded by the reſt,
ds conſpicuous in his flowing veſt.
fingers, and harmonious quill,
n diſtinguiſh'd notes, and ſeven at once
they fill.
d they Teucer's old heroic race;
r times, and happier years to grace.
and Ilus here enjoy
fame, with him who founded Troy.
beheld their chariots from afar,
ing arms, and courſers trained to war:
es fix'd in earth, their ſteeds around,
their harneſs, graze the flowery ground.
of horſes which they had, alive,
of chariots, after death ſurvive.
rful ſouls, were feaſting on the plain;
he ſong, and ſome the choir maintain:
laurel ſhade, where mighty Po
p to woods above, and hides his head
elow.

Here patriots live, who for their country's good,
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood;
Prieſts of unblemiſh'd lives here made abode,
And poets worthy their aſpiring god:
And ſearching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age with new invented arts.
Thoſe who, to worth, their bounty did extend;
And thoſe who knew that bounty to commend.
The heads of theſe with holy fillets bound,
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.
To theſe, the Sibyl thus her ſpeech addreſs'd;
And firſt to him ſurrounded by the reſt;
Towering his height, and ample was his breaſt:
Say, happy ſouls, divine Muſæus, ſay,
Where lives Anchiſes, and where lies our way
To find the hero, for whoſe only ſake
We ſought the dark abodes, and croſs'd the bitter lake?
To this the ſacred poet thus reply'd,
In no fixed place the happy ſouls reſide;
In groves we live, and lie on moſſy beds,
By cryſtal ſtreams, that murmur through the meads:
But paſs yon eaſy hill, and thence deſcend,
The path conducts you to your journey's end.
This ſaid, he led them up the mountain's brow,
And ſhews them all the ſhining fields below,
They wind the hill, and through the bliſsful meadows go.
But old Anchiſes, in a flowery vale,
Review'd his muſtered race, and took the tale.
Thoſe happy ſpirits, which ordain'd by fate,
For future being, and new bodies wait,
With ſtudious thought obſerv'd th' illuſtrious throng,
In nature's order as they paſs'd along,
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,
In peaceful ſenates, and ſucceſsful war.
He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
Welcome, he ſaid, the gods undoubted race,
O long expected to my dear embrace;
Once more 'tis given me to behold your face!
The love and pious duty which you pay,
Have paſs'd the perils of ſo hard a way.
'Tis true, computing times I now believ'd
The happy day approach'd, nor are my hopes deceiv'd.
What length of lands, what oceans have you paſs'd,
What ſtorms ſuſtain'd, and on what ſhores been caſt?
How have I fear'd your fate! But fear'd it moſt
When love aſſail'd you on the Libyan coaſt.
To this, the filial duty thus replies:
Your ſacred ghoſt before my ſleeping eyes
Appear'd; and often urg'd this painful enterprize
After long toſſing on the Tyrrhene ſea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
But reach your hand, oh parent ſhade, nor ſhun
The dear embraces of your longing ſon!
He ſaid, and falling tears his face bedew:
Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw:
And thrice the flitting ſhadow ſlip'd away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.
Now, in a ſecret vale, the Trojan ſees
A ſeparate grove, through which a gentle breeze
Plays with a paſſing breath, and whiſpers through the trees,

And juſt before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her ſilent flood.
About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew;
In ſummer's heat, on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells, to ſuck the balmy ſeed.
The winged army roams the field around;
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the ſound.
Æneas wondering ſtood: then aſk'd the cauſe,
Which to the ſtream the crowding people draws.
Then thus the ſire: The ſouls that throng the flood
Are thoſe, to whom, by fate, are other bodies owe'd:
In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taſte;
Of future life ſecure, forgetful of the paſt.
Long has my ſoul deſir'd this time and place,
To ſet before your ſight your glorious race.
That this preſaging joy may fire your mind,
To ſeek the ſhores by deſtiny deſign'd.
O Father, can it be, that ſouls ſublime,
Return to viſit our terreſtrial clime?
And that the generous mind, releas'd by death,
Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?
Anchiſes, then, in order thus begun
To clear thoſe wonders to his godlike ſon:
Know firſt, that heaven and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the ſtarry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common ſoul
Inſpires and feeds, and animates the whole.
This active mind infus'd through all the ſpace,
Unites and mingles with the mighty maſs.
Hence men and beaſts the breath of life obtain;
And birds of air, and monſters of the main.
Th' ethereal vigour is in all the ſame,
And every ſoul is fill'd with equal flame:
As much as earthly limbs, and groſs allay
Of mortal members, ſubject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of heaven and edge of day.
From this coarſe mixture of terreſtrial parts,
Deſire and fear by turns poſſeſs their hearts:
And grief and joy; nor can the groveling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
Aſſert the native ſkies, or own its heavenly kind.
Nor death itſelf can wholly waſh their ſtains:
But long-contracted filth, e'en in the ſoul, remains.
The relicks of inveterate vice they wear:
And ſpots of ſin obſcure in every face appear.
For this are various penances injoin'd;
And ſome are hung to bleach upon the wind;
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the ruſt expires!
All have their Manes, and thoſe Manes bear:
The few, ſo clean'd, to theſe abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the ſoft Elyſian air.
Then are they happy, when, by length of time,
The ſcurf is worn away of each committed crime.
No ſpeck is left of their habitual ſtains;
But the pure æther of the ſoul remains.
But when a thouſand rolling years are paſt
(So long their puniſhments and penance laſt);
Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethæan flood:
In large forgetful draughts to ſteep the cares
Of their paſt labours, and their irkſome years.
That, unremembering of its former pain,
The ſoul may ſuffer mortal fields again.

Thus having ſaid; the father ſpirit leads
The prieſteſs and his ſon through ſwarms of ſhades,
And takes a riſing ground, from thence to ſee
The long proceſſion of his proceny.
Survey (purſu'd the ſire) this airy throng;
As, offer'd to the view, they paſs along.
Theſe are th' Italian names, which fate will join
With ours, and graft upon the Trojan line.
Obſerve the youth who firſt appears in ſight,
And holds the neareſt ſtation to the light,
Already ſeems to ſnuff the vital air,
And leans juſt forward on a ſhining ſpear;
Silvius is he: thy laſt-begotten race,
But firſt in order ſent, to fill thy place.
An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood:
Born in the covert of a ſhady wood:
Him fair Lavinia, thy ſurviving wife,
Shall breed in groves, to lead a ſolitary life.
In Alba he ſhall fix his royal ſeat:
And, born a king, a race of kings beget.
Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
Capys, and Numitor, of endleſs fame.
And ſecond Silvius after theſe appears;
Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears,
For arms and juſtice equally renown'd:
Who, late reſtor'd, in Alba ſhall be crown'd.
How great they look, how vigorouſly they wield
Their weighty lances, and ſuſtain the ſhield!
But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and ſtrong Fidenæ rear:
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia found;
And raiſe Colatian towers on rocky ground.
All theſe ſhall then be towns of mighty fame,
Though now they lie obſcure, and lands without a name.
See Romulus the great, born to reſtore
The crown that once his injur'd grandſire wore.
This prince, a prieſteſs of your blood ſhall bear;
And, like his ſire, in arms he ſhall appear.
Two riſing creſts his royal head adorn;
Born from a god, himſelf to godhead born.
His ſire, already, ſigns him for the ſkies,
And marks the ſeat amidſt the deities.
Auſpicious chief! thy race in times to come
Shall ſpread the conqueſt of imperial Rome.
Rome, whoſe aſcending towers ſhall heaven invade;
Involving earth and ocean in her ſhade.
High as the mother of the gods in place;
And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
Then when in pomp ſhe makes the Phrygian round,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd,
A hundred gods her ſweeping train ſupply;
Her offspring all, and all command the ſky.
Now fix your ſight, and ſtand intent, to ſee
Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.
The mighty Cæſar waits his vital hour,
Impatient for the world, and graſps his promis'd power.
But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæſar himſelf, exalted in his line;
Auguſtus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to reſtore a better age of gold.
Afric and India ſhall his power obey,
He ſhall extend his propagated ſway
Beyond the ſolar year, without the ſtarry way.
Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around:
And his broad ſhoulders with their lights are crown'd.

-ſeen approach, already quake
in kingdoms, and Mæotian lake.
behold the tempeſts from afar,
ening oracles denounce the war.
him knocking at his ſevenfold gates,
his hidden ſpring, and fears his nephew
ates.
les more lands or labours knew,
the brazen-footed hind he ſlew;
nanthus from the foamiug boar,
d his arrows in Lernæan gore.
us, turning from his Indian war,
rawn triumphant in his car,
s' top deſcending on the plains,
ng vines around his purple reins.
: we yet through dangers to purſue
of honour, and a crown in view?
s the man, who from afar appears,
with olive crown'd, his hand a cenſer
ears?
head and holy veſtments bring
a back: I know the Roman king.
peaceful Rome new laws ordain:
his mean abode, a ſceptre to ſuſtain.
is next in dignity ſucceeds;
prince, and prone to martial deeds.
s troops for fighting fields prepare,
toils, and triumphs of the war.
ſword, his crown he ſhall increaſe,
his armour from the ruſt of peace.
cus follows, with a fawning air,
within, and proudly popular.
the Tarquin kings: th' avenging ſword
juſtly drawn, and Rome reſtor'd.
iews the rods, and ax ſevere;
the conſuls royal robes to wear.
who ſeek the tyrant to ſuſtain,
or arbitrary lords again,
niny ſcourg'd, in open fight,
to death deſerv'd: aſſerting public right.
nan, to break the pious laws
pleading in his children's cauſe!
e doubtful fact is underſtood,
f honour, and his country's good:
, not the father, ſheds the blood.
quatus the ſame track purſue;
the two devoted Decii view.
n line, Camillus loaded home
ards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'er-
ome.
ou ſee in equal armour ſhine;
nds below, in cloſe embraces join:
they leave the ſhady realms of night,
h'd in bodies, breathe your upper light),
al heat each other ſhall purſue:
s, what wounds, what ſlaughter, ſhall
nſue!
ne heights the father firſt deſcends;
er's huſband in the plain attends:
er's huſband arms his eaſtern friends.
gain, my ſons; be foes no more:
our country with her children's gore.
the firſt, lay down thy lawleſs claim;
ny blood, who bear'ſt the Julian name.
mes, who ſhall in triumph ride,
capitol his chariot guide;
uer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian ſpoils.
ther, fam'd for warlike toils,
On Argos ſhall impoſe the Roman laws:
And, on the Greeks, revenge the Trojan cauſe:
Shall drag in chains their Achillæan race;
Shall vindicate his anceſtors diſgrace:
And Pallas, for her violated place.
Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
And conquering Coſſus goes with laurel crown'd.
Who can omit the Gracchi, who declare
The Scipios' worth, thoſe thunderbolts of war,
The double bane of Carthage? Who can ſee,
Without eſteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can ceaſe t' admire
The Ploughman conſul in his coarſe attire!
Tir'd as I am, my praiſe the Fabii claim;
And thou, great hero, greateſt of thy name,
Ordain'd in war to ſave the ſinking ſtate,
And, by delays, to put a ſtop to fate!
Let others better mould the running maſs
Of metals, and inform the breathing braſs;
And, ſoften into fleſh a marble face:
Plead better at the bar; deſcribe the ſkies,
And when the ſtars deſcend, and when they riſe.
But, Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful ſway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey;
Diſpoſing peace, and war, thy own majeſtic way.
To tame the proud, the fetter'd ſlave to free;
Theſe are imperial arts, and worthy thee.
He paus'd: and while with wondering eyes they view'd
The paſſing ſpirits, thus his ſpeech renew'd:
See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal ſpoils!
He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)
Requires his courage, and his conquering arms,
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright:
Shall kill the Gauliſh king in ſingle fight:
Then, to the capitol in triumph move,
And the third ſpoils ſhall grace Feretrian Jove.
Æneas, here, beheld of form divine
A godlike youth, in glittering armour ſhine;
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face:
He ſaw, and, wondering, aſk'd his airy guide,
What, and of whence was he, who preſs'd the hero's ſide?
His ſon, or one of his illuſtrious name,
How like the former, and almoſt the ſame!
Obſerve the crowds that compaſs him around:
All gaze, and all admire, and raiſe a ſhouting ſound:
But hovering miſts around his brows are ſpread,
And night, with ſable ſhades, involves his head.
Seek not to know (the ghoſt reply'd with tears)
The ſorrows of thy ſons in future years,
This youth (the bliſsful viſion of a day)
Shall juſt be ſhown on earth, and ſnatch'd away.
The gods too high had rais'd the Roman ſtate;
Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of men ſhall fill the Martian field!
How fierce a blaze his flaming pile ſhall yield!
What funeral pomp ſhall floating Tiber ſee,
When, riſing from his bed, he views the ſad ſolemnity!
No youth ſhall equal hopes of glory give:
No youth afford ſo great a cauſe to grieve.
The Trojan honour, and the Roman boaſt;
Admir'd when living, and ador'd when loſt!

Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
No foe unpuniſh'd in the fighting field,
Shall dare thee foot to foot, with ſword and ſhield:
Much leſs, in arms oppoſe thy matchleſs force,
When thy ſharp ſpurs ſhall urge thy foaming horſe.
Ah, couldſt thou break through fate's ſevere decree,
A new Marcellus ſhall ariſe in thee!
Full caniſters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roſes of the ſpring:
Let me with funeral flowers his body ſtrow,
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift, at leaſt I may beſtow!
Thus having ſaid, he led the hero round
The confines of the bleſt Elyſian ground,
Which, when Anchiſes to his ſon had ſhown,
And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,
He tells the future wars ordain'd by fate;
The ſtrength and cuſtoms of the Latian ſtate:
The prince, and people: and fore-arms his care
With rules, to puſh his fortune, or to bear.
Two gates the ſilent houſe of ſleep adorn;
Of poliſh'd ivory this, that of tranſparent horn;
True viſions through tranſparent horn ariſe;
Through poliſh'd ivory paſs deluding lies.
Of various things diſcourſing as he paſs'd,
Anchiſes hither bends his ſteps at laſt.
Then, through the gate of ivory, he diſmiſs'd
His valiant offspring, and divining gueſt.
Straight to the ſhips Æneas took his way;
Embark'd his men, and ſkimm'd along the ſea:
Still coaſting, till he gained Cajeta's bay.
At length on oozy ground his gallies moor:
Their heads are turn'd to ſea, their ſterns to ſhore.

THE

SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promiſes him his only daughter, Lavinia, the heireſs of his crown. Turnus, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and ſtirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Meſſapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whoſe forces and the names of their commanders are particularly related.

AND thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the ſhore haſt left thy name;
Cajeta ſtill the place is call'd from thee,
The nurſe of great Æneas' infancy.
Here reſt thy bones in rich Heſperia's plains,
Thy name ('tis all a ghoſt can have) remains.
Now, when the prince her funeral rites had paid,
He plough'd the Tyrrhene ſeas with ſails diſplay'd.
From land a gentle breeze aroſe by night,
Serenely ſhone the ſtars, the moon was bright,
And the ſea trembled with her ſilver light.
Now near the ſhelves of Circe's ſhores they run
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the ſun),
A dangerous coaſt: the goddeſs waſtes her days
In joyous ſongs, the rocks reſound her lays:
In ſpinning, or the loom, ſhe ſpends the night,
And cedar brands ſupply her father's light.
From hence we heard (rebellowing to the main)
The roars of lions that refuſe the chain,
The grunts of briſtled boars; and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that ſtun the failors ears.
Theſe from their caverns, at the cloſe of night,
Fill the ſad iſle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's power
(That watch'd the moon, and planetary hour)
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in wicked ſhapes confin'd.
Which monſters, leſt the Trojan's pious hoſt
Should bear or touch upon th' inchanted coaſt;
Propitious Neptune ſteer'd their courſe by night,
With riſing gales, that ſped their happy flight.
Supply'd with theſe, they ſkim the ſounding ſhore,
And hear the ſwelling ſurges vainly roar.
Now when the roſy morn began to riſe,
And wav'd her ſaffron ſtreamer through the ſkies;
When Thetis bluſh'd in purple, not her own,
And from her face the breathing winds are blown,
A ſudden ſilence ſate upon the ſea,
And ſweeping oars, with ſtruggling, urge their way.
The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood,
Which thick with ſhades and a brown horror ſtood:
Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his courſe,
With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward force
That drove the ſand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the ſea.
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood;
That bath'd within, or baſk'd upon his ſide,
To tuneful ſongs their narrow throats apply'd;
The captain gives command: the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy ſhade, and leave the main.
Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inſpire,
And fill his ſoul with thy celeſtial fire.
Relate what Latium was: her ancient kings:
Declare the paſt, and preſent ſtate of things:
When firſt the Trojan fleet Autonia fought;
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought,
Theſe are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man.
For I ſhall ſing of battles, blood, and rage,
Which princes and their people did engage:
And haughty ſouls, that, mov'd with mutual hate,
In fighting fields purſu'd and found their fate:
That rouz'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms.
A larger ſcene of action is diſplay'd,
And, riſing hence, a greater work is weigh'd.
Latinus, old and mild, had long poſſeſs'd
The Latium ſceptre, and his people bleſs'd:

r Faunus; a Laurentian dame
ıer, fair Marica was her name.
ıus came from Picus, Picus drew
from Saturn, if records be true.
ıg Latinus, in the third degree,
ırn author of his family.
old peaceful prince, as heaven decreed,
'd with no male iſſue to ſucceed:
in blooming youth were ſnatched by fate:
daughter heir'd the royal ſtate.
h her love, and with ambition led,
hbouring princes court her nuptial bed.
he crowd, but far above the reſt,
'urnus too the beauteous maid addreſs'd.
for high deſcent and graceful mien,
, and favour'd by the Latian queen:
n ſhe ſtrove to join Lavinia's hand;
portents the purpos'd match withſtand.
n the palace, of long growth, there ſtood
s trunk, a venerable wood;
tes divine were paid; whoſe holy hair
t, and cut with ſuperſtitious care.
ıt Latinus, when his town he wall'd
ınd, and from the tree Laurentum call'd:
in honour of his new abode,
d the laurel to the laurel's god.
y'd once (a boding prodigy)
of bees that cut the liquid ſky,
n from whence they took their airy flight,
: topmoſt branch in clouds alight:
vith their claſping feet together clung,
ıg cluſter from the laurel hung.
nt Augur propheſy'd from hence:
n Latian ſhores a foreign prince!
: ſame parts of heaven his navy ſtands,
ıme parts on earth: his army lands;
n he conquers, and the tower com-
mands.
e, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
ıe gods, and ſtood beſide her fire;
o relate, the flames involv'd the ſmoke
ſe, from the ſacred altar broke;
ıer diſhevel'd hair and rich attire;
vns and jewels crackled in the fire:
ınce the ſuming trail began to ſpread,
bent glories danc'd about her head.
v portent the ſeer with wonder views;
uſing, thus his prophecy renews:
ıph who ſcatters flaming fires around,
ne with honour, ſhall herſelf be crown'd;
ıs'd by her irrevocable fate,
l the country waſte, and change the ſtate.
frighted with this dire oſtent,
ıſel to his father Faunus went:
ght the ſhades renown'd for prophecy,
ear Albunea's ſulphurous fountain lie.
the Latian and the Sabine land
en diſtreſs'd, and thence relief demand.
ſt on ſkins of offerings takes his eaſe;
hdy viſions in his ſlumber ſees:
ı of thin aërial ſhapes appears,
ttering round his temples, deafs his ears:
: conſults, the future fates to know,
wers above, and from the fiends below.
r the god's advice, Latinus flies,
a hundred ſheep for ſacrifice:
oolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd,
eneath him, and to reſt retir'd.

No ſooner were his eyes in ſlumber bound
When, from above, a more than mortal ſound
Invades his ears: and thus the viſion ſpoke:
Seek not, my ſeed, in Latian bands to yoke
Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
A foreign ſon upon the ſhore deſcends,
Whoſe martial fame from pole to pole extends.
His race in arms, and arts of peace renown'd,
Not Latium ſhall contain, nor Europe bound:
'Tis theirs whate'er the ſun ſurveys around.
Theſe anſwers in the ſilent night receiv'd,
The king himſelf divulg'd, the land believ'd:
The fame through all the neighbouring nations flew,
When now the Trojan navy was in view.
Beneath a ſhady tree the hero ſpread
His table on the turf, with cakes of bread;
And, with his chiefs, on foreſt fruits he fed.
They ſate, and (not without the gods' command)
Their homely fare diſpatch'd: the hungry band
Invade their trenchers next, and ſoon devour,
To mend the ſcanty meal, their cakes of flower.
Aſcanius this obſerv'd, and, ſmiling ſaid,
See, we devour the plates on which we fed.
The ſpeech had omen, that the Trojan race
Should find repoſe, and this the time and place.
Æneas took the word, and thus replies:
(Confeſſing fate with wonder in his eyes)
All hail, O earth! all hail my houſhold gods,
Behold the deſtin'd place of your abodes!
For thus Anchiſes propheſy'd of old,
And this our fatal place of reſt foretold.
"When on a foreign ſhore, inſtead of meat,
"By famine forc'd, your trenchers you ſhall eat,
"Then eaſe your weary Trojans will attend:
"And the long labours of your voyage end.
"Remember on that happy coaſt to build:
"And with a trench incloſe the fruitful field."
This was that famine, this the fatal place,
Which ends the wandering of our exil'd race.
Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your care employ
To ſearch the land, and where the cities lie,
And what the men: but give this day to joy.
Now pour to Jove, and after Jove is bleſt,
Call great Anchiſes to the genial feaſt:
Crown high the goblets with a chearful draught;
Enjoy the preſent hour; adjourn the future thought.
Thus having ſaid, the hero bound his brows
With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows:
Adoring firſt the genius of the place,
Then earth, the mother of the heavenly race;
The nymphs, and native gods eads yet unknown,
And night, and all the ſtars that gild her ſable throne:
And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove;
And laſt his ſire below, and mother queen above.
Then heaven's high monarch thunder'd thrice aloud;
And thrice he ſhook aloft a golden cloud.
Soon through the joyful camp a rumour flew:
The time was come their city to renew:
Then every brow with chearful green is crown'd,
The feaſts are doubled, and the bowls go round.
When next the roſy morn diſcloſ'd the day,
The ſcouts to ſeveral parts divide their way,
To learn the natives names, their towns, explore
The coaſt, and trendings of the crooked ſhore:

Here Tiber flows, and here Numicus stands,
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.
The pious chief, who fought by peaceful ways
To found his empire, and his town to raise,
A hundred youths from all his train selects,
And to the Latian court their course directs
(The spacious palace where the prince resides):
And all their heads with wreaths of olives hides.
They go commission'd to require a peace;
And carry presents to procure access.
Thus while they speed their pace, the prince designs
The new-elected seat, and draws the lines:
The Trojans round the place a rampart cast,
And palisades about the trenches plac'd.
Mean time the train, proceeding on their way,
From far the town, and lofty towers survey:
At length approach the walls: without the gate
They see the boys and Latian youth debate
The martial prizes on the dusty plain:
Some drive the cars, and some the coursers rein;
Some bend the stubborn bough for victory:
And some with darts their active sinews try.
A posting messenger dispatch'd from hence,
Of this fair troop, advis'd their aged prince;
That foreign men, of mighty stature, came;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.
The king ordains their entrance, and ascends
His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.
The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars stood;
And round encompass'd with a rising wood.
The pale o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight,
Surpriz'd at once with reverence and delight.
There kings receiv'd the marks of sovereign power:
In state the monarch march'd, the lictors bore
Their awful axes, and the rods before.
Here the tribunal stood, the house of prayer;
And here the sacred senators repair;
All at large tables, in long order set,
A ram their offering, and a ram their meat
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandsires stood.
Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe, on high;
And Italus, that led the colony:
And ancient Janus, with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There stood Sabinus, planter of the vines;
On a short pruning-hook his head reclines:
And studiously surveys his generous wines.
Then warlike kings, who for their country fought,
And honourable wounds from battle brought.
Around the posts hung helmets, darts, and spears,
And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,
And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their wars.
Above the rest, as chief of all the band,
Was Picus plac'd, a buckler in his hand;
His other wav'd a long-divining wand.
Girt in his gabin gown the hero sate:
Yet could not with his art avoid his fate.
For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain,
Till love, refus'd, converted to disdain:
Then mixing powerful herbs, with magic art,
She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart.
Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly
With party-colour'd plumes, a chattering-pye.
In this high temple, on a chair of state,
The seat of audience, old Latinus sate;
Then gave admission to the Trojan train,
And thus, with pleasing accents, he began:
Tell me, ye Trojans, for that name you own;
Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown;
Say what you seek, and whither were you bound?
Were you by stress of weather cast a ground?
Such dangers of the sea are often seen,
And oft befal to miserable men.
Or come, your shipping in our ports to lay,
Spent and disabled in so long a way?
Say what you want; the Latians you shall find
Not forc'd to goodness, but by will inclin'd;
For since the time of Saturn's holy reign,
His hospitable customs we retain.
I call to mind (but time the tale has worn)
Th' Arunci told; that Dardanus, though born
On Latian plains, yet sought the Phrygian shore,
And Samothracia, Samos call'd before:
From Tuscan Coritum he claim'd his birth.
But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
From thence ascended to his kindred skies,
A god, and as a god augments their sacrifice.
He said. Ilioneus made this reply:
O king, of Faunus' royal family!
Nor wintery winds to Latium forc'd our way,
Nor did the stars our wandring course betray.
Willing we sought your shores, and hither bound,
The port so long desir'd, at length we found.
From our sweet homes and ancient realms expell'd;
Great as the greatest that the sun beheld.
The god began our line, who rules above,
And as our race, our king descends from Jove:
And hither are we come, by his command,
To crave admission in your happy land.
How dire a tempest, from Mycenæ pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our town devour'd;
What was the waste of war, what dire alarms
Shook Asia's crown with European arms;
Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,
Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea:
And such as born beneath the burning sky,
And sultry sun betwixt the tropics lie.
From that dire deluge, through the watery waste,
Such length of years, such various perils past:
At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,
To beg what you without your want may spare;
The common water, and the common air.
Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abodes,
Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods.
Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,
Nor length of time our gratitude efface.
Besides what endless honour you shall gain
To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train.
Now, by my sovereign, and his fate, I swear,
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war;
Oft our alliance other lands desir'd,
And what we seek of you, of us requir'd.
Despise not then, that in our hands we bear
These holy boughs, and sue with words of prayer
Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,
Have doom'd our ships to seek the Latian land.
To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends;
Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends.
Where Thuscan Tiber rolls with rapid force,
And where Numicus opes his holy source.

ur prince preſents, with his requeſt,
ll remains of what his ſire poſſeſs'd.
en charger, ſnatch'd from burning Troy,
lid in ſacrifice employ;
robe, and this Tiara wore
, and this golden ſceptre bore
mblies, and in ſolemn games;
ple veſts were wear'd by Dardan dames.
hile he ſpoke, Latinus roll'd around
and fix'd awhile upon the ground.
ſeem'd, and anxious in his breaſt;
: ſceptre mov'd, or kingly veſt:
ring future things of wondrous weight:
, empire, and his daughter's fate:
e mus'd within his thoughtful mind;
reſolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.
the foreign prince, by fate decreed
iis ſceptre, and Lavinia's bed.
the race that ſure portents foreſhew
he world, and land and ſea ſubdue.
he rais'd his chearful head and ſpoke:
rs, ſaid he, the powers we both invoke,
nd yours, and mine, propitious be,
our purpoſe with their augury.
t you aſk: your preſents I receive;
re, and when you pleaſe, with ample
leave;
d uſe my kingdom as your own;
yours, while I command the crown.
wiſh'd alliance pleaſe your king,
e ſhould not ſend the peace, but bring:
im not a friend's embraces fear;
is made when I behold him here.
s anſwer, tell my royal gueſt,
s commands my own requeſt:
laughter heirs my crown and ſtate,
ot our oracles, nor heaven, nor fate,
nt prodigies, permit to join
native of th' Auſonian line.
ſon-in-law ſhall come from far
ir doom), a chief renown'd in war:
e ſhall bear aloft the Latian name,
gh the conquer'd world diffuſe our fame.
be the man the fates require,
dge, and what I judge, deſire.
id then on each beſtow'd a ſteed;
dred horſes, in high ſtables fed,
y, ſhining all, and ſmoothly dreſs'd,
: choſe the faireſt and the beſt,
the Trojan troop; at his command,
capariſon'd with purple ſtand:
n trappings, glorious to behold,
p, betwixt their teeth, the foaming gold.
s abſent gueſt the king decreed
ourſers born of heavenly breed:
their noſtrils breath'd ethereal fire;
ce ſtole from her celeſtial ſire;
ting mares, produc'd on earth,
mbs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth.
r the chariot which Latinus ſends;
:h preſent to the prince commends.
ſtately ſteeds the Trojans borne
pecting lord with peace return.
ius Juno, from Pachynus' height,
n Argos took her airy flight,
th envious eyes, this hateful ſight.
: Trojan and his joyful train
on the ſhore, deſert the main!

Deſign a town, and, with unhop'd ſucceſs,
Th' embaſſadors return with promis'd peace.
Then, pierc'd with pain, ſhe ſhook her haughty head,
Sigh'd from her inward ſoul, and thus ſhe ſaid:
O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!
O fate of Troy, which Juno's fates oppoſe!
Could they not fall unpity'd, on the plain,
But ſlain revive, and taken, 'ſcape again?
When execrable Troy in aſhes lay,
Through fires, and ſwords, and ſeas, they forc'd their way.
Then vanquiſh'd Juno muſt in vain contend,
Her rage diſarm'd, her empire at an end.
Breathleſs and tir'd, is all my fury ſpent,
Or does my glutted ſpleen at length relent?
As if 'twere little from their town to chace,
I through the ſeas purſued their exil'd race:
Engaged the heavens, oppos'd the ſtormy main
But billows roar'd, and tempeſts rag'd in vain.
What have my Scylla's and my Syrtes done,
When theſe they overpaſs, and thoſe they ſhun?
On Tiber's ſhores they land, ſecure of fate,
Triumphant o'er the ſtorm's and Juno's hate.
Mars could in mutual blood the centaurs bathe,
And Jove himſelf gave way to Cynthia's wrath:
Who ſent the tuſky boar to Calydon:
What great offence had either people done?
But I, the conſort of the thunderer,
Have wag'd a long and unſucceſsful war:
With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd
And by a mortal man at length am foil'd.
If native power prevail not, ſhall I doubt
To ſeek for needful ſuccour from without?
If Jove and heaven my juſt deſires deny,
Hell ſhall the power of heaven and Jove ſupply.
Grant that the fates have firm'd by their decree,
The Trojan race to reign in Italy:
At leaſt I can defer the nuptial day,
And, with protracted wars, the peace delay:
With blood the dear alliance ſhall be bought;
And both the people near deſtruction brought.
So ſhall the ſon-in-law and father join,
With ruin, war, and waſte of either line.
O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutulian blood!
Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand,
Another queen brings forth another brand;
To burn with foreign fires her native land!
A ſecond Paris, differing but in name,
Shall fire his country with a ſecond flame.
Thus having ſaid, ſhe ſinks beneath the ground
With furious haſte, and ſhoots the Stygian ſound;
To rouze Alecto from th' infernal ſeat
Of her dire ſiſters, and their dark retreat.
This fury fit for her intent ſhe choſe,
One who delights in wars, and human woes.
Ev'n Pluto hates his own miſ-ſhapen race
Her ſiſter-furies fly her hideous face:
So frightful are the forms the monſter takes,
So fierce the hiſſings of her ſpeckled ſnakes.
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her ſpite:
O virgin daughter of eternal night,
Give me this once thy labour, to ſuſtain
My right, and execute my juſt diſdain.
Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince

Expel from Italy that odious name,
And let not Juno suffer in her fame.
'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,
And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
Thy hand o'er towns the funeral torch displays,
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
Now shake from out thy fruitful breast the seeds
Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:
Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war.
Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,
The fury sprang above the Stygian flood:
And on her wicker wings, sublime through night,
She to the Latian palace took her flight.
There sought the queen's apartments, stood before
The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast
Fir'd with disdain for Turnus dispossest,
And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.
From her black, bloody locks the fury shakes
Her darling plague, the favourite of her snakes:
With her full force she threw the poisonous dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart:
That thus envenom'd she might kindle rage,
And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.
Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims
Betwixt her linen, and her naked limbs.
His baleful breath inspiring as he glides,
Now like a chain around her neck he rides;
Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
And, with his circling volumes, folds her hairs.
At first the silent venom slid with ease,
And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees;
Then, ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,
In plaintive accents she began the war:
And thus b spoke her husband: Shall, she said,
A wandering prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
Pity my tears, and pity her desert:
I know, my dearest lord, the time will come,
You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doom:
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
And bear the royal virgin far away!
A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,
In shew of friendship, sought the Spartan shore;
And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.
Think on a king's inviolable word:
And think on Turnus, her once-plighted lord:
To this false foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.
Resume your ancient care; and if the god,
Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,
Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
Then if the line of Turnus you retrace;
He springs from Inachus of Argive race.
But when she saw her reason illy spent,
And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd
Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast;
She raves, she runs, with a distracted pace,
And fills with horrid howls the public place.
And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty court,
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardless rout.
They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at every stroke:
Thus fares the queen, and thus her fury blows
Amidst the crowds, and kindles as she goes.
Not yet content, she strains her malice more,
And adds new ills to those contriv'd before:
She flies the town, and, mixing with the throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along:
Wandering through woods and wilds, and devious ways,
And with these arts the Trojan match delays.
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus! cry'd aloud,
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
Evoe, O Bacchus! thus began the song,
And Evoe! answer'd all the female throng:
O virgin! worthy thee alone, she cry'd;
O worthy thee alone, the crew reply'd;
For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,
And with the winding ivy wreaths her lance.
Like fury seiz'd the rest; the progress known,
All seek the mountains and forsake the town:
All clad in skins of beasts the javelin bare,
Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair:
And shrieks and shoutings rend the suffering air.
The queen, herself, inspir'd with rage divine,
Shook high above her head a flaming pine:
Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,
And sung, in Turnus' name, the nuptial song!
O ye Latian dames, if any here
Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear;
If there be here, she said, who dare maintain
My right, nor think the name of mother vain,
Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,
And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare.
Amata's breast the fury thus invades,
And fires with rage, amid the sylvan shades.
Then when she found her venom spread so far,
The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
Rais'd on her dusky wings she cleaves the skies,
And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies.
His town, as fame reports, was built of old
By Danaë, pregnant with almighty gold:
Who fled her father's rage, and with a train
Of following Argives, through the stormy main,
Driv'n by the southern blasts, was fated here to reign.
'Twas Ardua once, now Ardea's name it bears,
Once a fair city, now consum'd with years.
Here in his lofty palace Turnus lay,
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
Secure in sleep: the fury laid aside
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods try'd
The foulness of the infernal form to hide.
Propp'd on a staff, she takes the trembling mien,
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene:
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws,
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws:
Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
Old Calibe, who kept the sacred fane
Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus began:
Appearing in a dream, to rouze the careless man.
Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain,
In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain?
Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize?
Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?

d ſceptre which thy blood has bought,
nsfers, and foreign heirs are ſought:
luded man, and ſeek again
iew dangers, on the duſty plain.
uſcan foes, their city ſeize;
Latians in luxurious eaſe.
all-powerful Juno ſends; I bear
mandates, and her words you hear.
your Ardeans, iſſue to the plain,
o friend, aſſault the Trojan train:
ghtleſs chiefs, their painted ſhips that

iouth, with fire and ſword deſtroy.
king, unleſs he ſhall ſubmit,
promiſe, and his new forget;
arms, the power of Turnus prove,
o fear whom he diſdains to love.
heaven's command. The youthful
ince
eply'd; and made this bold defence:
, mother, what I knew before;
in fleet is landed on the ſhore:
r, nor will provoke, the war:
uno's moſt peculiar care,
s made you dote, and vainly tell
gin'd, in your lonely cell:
emple and the gods your care;
ien the thought of peace and war.
ighty words Alecto's rage provoke,
d Turnus trembled as ſhe ſpoke.
w ſtiffen'd and with ſulphur burn,
looks, and helliſh form return:
ſnakes with hiſſings fill the place,
ll the furies of her face!
ng fire from her malignant eyes,
backward as he ſtrove to riſe,
ing, ſought to frame ſome new re-
ies.
head ſhe rears two twiſted ſnakes;
ie rattles, and her whip ſhe ſhakes;
ing bloody foam, thus loudly ſpeaks:
m time has made to dote, and tell
agin'd in her lonely cell:
ates' infernal miniſter;
, deſtruction, in my hand I bear.
ving ſaid, her ſmouldering torch im-
eſs'd
ll force, ſhe plung'd into his breaſt.
vak'd, and, ſtarting from his bed,
in clammy drops, his limbs o'erſpread:
s, he cries, my ſword and ſhield pre-
are;
defiance, blood, and mortal war.
ith crackling flames a cauldron ſries,
g waters from the bottom riſe:
brims they force their fiery way;
ars climb aloft, and cloud the day.
e polluted thus, a choſen band
nmiſſions to the Latian land,
ing embaſſy: then rais'd the reſt,
arms th' intruding Trojan gueſt:
e foes from the Lavinian ſhore,
endanger'd peace reſtore;
me, an equal match he boaſts,
e Phrygian and Auſonian hoſts.
ivok'd, the Rutuli prepare
, and warm each other to the war.
theſe, and thoſe his blooming age,
s houſe, and his own fame engage.

While Turnus urges thus his enterprize,
The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies:
New frauds invents, and takes a ſteepy ſtand,
Which overlooks the vale with wide command;
Where fair Aſcanius and his youthful train,
With horns and hounds, a hunting match ordain,
And pitch their toils around the ſhady plain.
The fury fires the pack; they ſnuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry noſtrils with the ſcent.
'Twas of a well-grown ſtag, whoſe antlers riſe
High o'er his front, his beams invade the ſkies:
From this light cauſe, th' infernal maid prepares
The country churls to miſchief, hate, and wars.
The ſtately beaſt, the two Tyrrhedæ bred,
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.
Their father Tyrrheus did their fodder bring;
Tyrrheus chief ranger to the Latian king:
Their ſiſter Sylvia cheriſh'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
To hang his budding horns: with ribbons ty'd
His tender neck, and comb'd his ſilken hide;
And bath'd his body. Patient of command,
In time he grew, and growing us'd to hand.
He waited at his maſter's board for food;
Then fought his ſavage kindred in the wood:
Where, grazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.
This houſhold beaſt, that us'd the woodland grounds,
Was view'd at firſt by the young hero's hounds;
As down the ſtream he ſwam, to ſeek retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat,
Aſcanius, young, and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim:
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels through his panting ſides.
The bleeding creature iſſues from the floods,
Poſſeſs'd with fear, and ſeeks his known abodes;
His old familiar hearth, and houſhold gods.
He falls, he fills the houſe with heavy groans;
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
Young Sylvia beats her breaſt, and cries aloud
For ſuccour from the clownish neighbourhood.
The churls aſſemble: for the fiend who lay
In the cloſe woody covert urg'd their way.
One with a brand, yet burning from the flame;
Arm'd with a knotty club, another came:
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
Their fury makes an inſtrument of war.
Tyrrheus, the foſter father of the beaſt,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fiſt:
But held his hand from the deſcending ſtroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.
And now the goddeſs, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
Aſcends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian ſhepherds borne,
Adds all her breath; the rocks and woods around,
And mountains, tremble at th' infernal ſound.
The ſacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and ſulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blaſt, the ſignal of the war.
Young mothers wildly ſtare, with fear poſſeſs'd,
And ſtrain their helpleſs infants to their breaſt.
The clowns, a boiſterous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
With furious haſte to the loud ſummons flew.

The powers of Troy, then iſſuing on the plain,
With freſh recruits their youthful chief ſuſtain:
Nor theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,
But a firm body of embattled men.
At firſt, while fortune favour'd neither ſide,
The fight with clubs and burning brands was try'd:
But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields
Are bright with flaming ſwords and brazen ſhields.
A ſhining harveſt either hoſt diſplays,
And ſhoots again the ſun with equal rays.
Thus when a black-brow'd guſt begins to riſe,
White foam at firſt on the curl'd ocean fries;
Then roars the main, the billows mount the ſkies:
Till, by the fury of the ſtorm full blown,
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown.
First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldeſt care,
Pierc'd with an arrow from the diſtant war:
Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon ſtood,
And ſtop'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.
Huge heaps of ſlain around the body riſe;
Among the reſt, the rich Galeſus lies:
A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,
Amidſt the madneſs of th' unruly train:
Five herds, five bleating flocks, his paſtures fill'd;
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.
Thus, while in equal ſcales their fortune ſtood,
The fury bath'd them in each other's blood.
Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
And bears fulfill'd her promiſe to the ſkies.
To Juno thus ſhe ſpeaks: Behold, 'tis done;
The blood already drawn, the war begun;
The diſcord is complete, nor can they ceaſe
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
Now ſince the Latian and the Trojan brood
Have taſted vengeance, and the ſweets of blood,
Speak, and my power ſhall add this office more;
The neighbouring nations of th' Auſonian ſhore
Shall hear the dreadful rumour from afar,
Of arm'd invaſion, and embrace the war.
Then Juno thus: The grateful work is done;
The ſeeds of diſcord ſow'd, the war begun;
Fraud, fears, and fury, have poſſeſs'd the ſtate,
And fix'd the cauſes of a laſting hate:
A bloody Hymen ſhall th' alliance join
Betwixt the Trojan and Auſonian line:
But thou with ſpeed to night and hell repair,
For not the gods nor angry Jove will bear
Thy lawleſs wandering walks in upper air.
Leave what remains to me, Saturnia ſaid:
The ſullen fiend her ſounding wings diſplay'd,
Unwilling left the light, and ſought the nether ſhade.
In midſt of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a lake, Amſanctus is the name,
Below the lofty mounts, on either ſide
Thick foreſts the forbidden entrance hide:
Full in the centre of the ſacred wood
An arm ariſes of the Stygian flood;
Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing ſound,
Whirls the black waves and rattling ſtones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
To this infernal lake the fury flies;
Here hides her hated head, and flees the labouring ſkies.

Saturnian Juno, now, with double care,
Attends the fatal proceſs of the war.
The clowns return'd from battle bear the ſlain,
Implore the gods, and to their king complain.
The corpſe of Almon and the reſt are ſhown,
Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frighted town.
Ambitious Turnus in the preſs appears,
And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears:
Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
A ſolemn promiſe made, and diſavow'd;
A foreign ſon is ſought, and a mix'd mongrel brood.
Then they, whoſe mothers, frantic with their fear,
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,
And lead his dances with diſhevel'd hair;
Increaſe the clamour, and the war demand
(Such was Amata's intereſt in the land).
Againſt the public ſanctions of the peace;
Againſt all omens of their ill ſucceſs;
With fates averſe, the rout in arms reſort,
To force their monarch, and inſult the court.
But, like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves
The raging tempeſt and the riſing waves,
Prop'd on himſelf he ſtands his ſolid ſides
Waſh off the ſea-weeds, and the ſounding tides:
So ſtood the pious prince unmov'd: and long
Suſtain'd the madneſs of the roiſy throng.
But when he found that Juno's power prevail'd,
And all the methods of cool counſel fail'd,
He calls the gods to witneſs their offence,
Diſclaims the war, aſſerts his innocence.
Hurry'd by fate, he cries, and borne before
A furious wind, we leave the faithful ſhore:
O more than madmen! you yourſelves ſhall bear
The guilt of blood and ſacrilegious war:
Thou, Turnus, ſhalt atone it by thy fate,
And pray to heaven for peace; but pray too late.
For me, my ſtormy voyage at an end,
I to the port of death ſecurely tend.
The funeral pomp which to your kings you pay,
Is all I want, and all you take away.
He ſaid no more, but, in his walls confin'd,
Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd:
Nor with the riſing ſtorm would vainly ſtrive,
But left the helm, and let the veſſel drive.
A ſolemn cuſtom was obſerv'd of old,
Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold:
Their ſtandard when, in fighting fields, they rear
Againſt the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war:
Or from the boaſting Parthians would regain
Their eagles loſt in Carrhæ's bloody plain:
Two gates of ſteel (the name of Mars they bear)
And ſtill are worſhipp'd with religious fear,
Before his temple ſtand: the dire abode,
And the fear'd iſſues of the furious god,
Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without the gates,
The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.
Then, when the ſacred ſenate votes the wars,
The Roman conſul their decree declares,
And in his robes the ſounding gates unbars.
The youth in military ſhouts ariſe,
And the loud trumpets break the yielding ſkies.
Theſe rites, of old by ſovereign princes us'd,
Were the king's office, but the king refus'd:
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
Of ſacred peace, or looſe th' impriſon'd war:

i head, and, safe from loud alarms,
he wicked ministry of arms.
ven's imperious queen shot down from
ugh;
roach the brazen hinges fly;
are forc'd, and every falling bar,
a tempest, issues out the war.
ful cities of th' Ausonian shore,
heir ease, and undisturb'd before,
fire; and some, with studious care,
ve steeds in sandy plains prepare:
soft limbs in painful marches try,
s all their wish, and arms the general cry.
the rusty shields with seam, and part
l the blunted ax, and point the dart:
hey view the waving ensigns fly,
he trumpet's clangor pierce the sky.
forge their arms: th' Atinian powers,
Tibur with her lofty towers,
proud, the Crustumerian town:
f old were places of renown.
mer helmets for the fighting field;
ie young sallows to support the shield;
t some, and some the cuishes mould,
r plated, and with ductile gold.
honours of the scythe and share,
to swords and plumes, the pride of war.
ions are new temper'd in the fires:
ing trumpet every soul inspires.
is given, with eager speed they lace
ig head-piece, and the shield embrace.
ing steeds are to the chariots ty'd;
weapon fits on every side.
w the mighty labour is begun,
, open all your Helicon.
he chiefs that sway th' Ausonian land,
s, and armies under their command:
riors in our ancient clime were bred;
iers follow'd, and what heroes led.
ou know, and can record alone,
ie to future times conveys but darkly
down.
ius first appear'd upon the plain;
upon his brows, and sour disdain:
rth and heaven: Etruria lost,
to Turnus' aid his baffled host.
ning Lausus, full of youthful fire,
ie rank, and next his sullen sire:
is only second in the grace
mien, and features of the face;
orseman, and a huntsman bred,
s averse a thousand men he led:
nworthy of so brave a son;
ell worthy of a happier throne.
ventinus drives his chariot round
n plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
iis steeds, he smokes along the field,
's hydra fills the ample shield.
l serpents hiss about the brims;
f Hercules he justly seems,
ad shoulders and gigantic limbs.
ly part, and part of earthly blood,
woman mixing with a god.
Alcides, after he had slain
Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
e herds, and thence in triumph led;
n Tiber's flowery banks they fed.

Then on mount Aventine, the son of Jove
The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to love.
For arms his men long piles and javelins bore,
And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore.
Like Hercules himself, his son appears,
In savage pomp: a lion's hide he wears;
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin,
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus like the god his father, homely dress't,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.
Then two twin-brothers from fair Tibur came
(Which from their brother Tiburs took the name);
Fierce Coras, and Catillus, void of fear,
Arm'd Argive horse they led, and in the fron appear.
Like cloud-born centaurs, from the mountain's height,
With rapid course descending to the fight,
They rush along; the rattling woods give way;
The branches bend before their sweepy sway.
Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,
Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber:
Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains,
A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.
His own Præneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plough Saturnia's Gabine land:
Besides the succour which old Anian yields,
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,
Anagnia sat, and father Amasene,
A numerous rout, but all of naked men:
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,
Nor drive the chariot through the dusty field;
But whirl from leathern strings huge balls of lead:
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head:
The left foot naked, when they march to fight;
But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.
Mesapus next (great Neptune was his sire),
Secure from steel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears; and with his ardour warms
A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms:
The just Faliscians he to battle brings.
And those who live where lake Ciminia springs;
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands:
All these in order march, and marching sing
The warlike actions of their sea-born king.
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,
Which homeward from their watery pastures borne,
They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.
Not one who heard their music from afar,
Would think these troops an army train'd to war:
But flocks of fowl, that when the tempests roar,
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.
Then Clausus came, who led a numerous band
Of troops embody'd, from the Sabine land:
And in himself alone an army brought.
'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot:
The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,
To share the greatness of imperial Rome.
He led the Cures forth of high renown,
Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town;
And all th' Eretian powers: besides a band
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land:

And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,
And mountaineers, that from Severus came.
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
And thoſe where yellow Tiber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play.
Caſperia ſends her arms, with thoſe that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:
The warlike aids of Horta next appear,
And the cold Nurſians come to cloſe the rear:
Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,
Whom Allia waſhes with her fatal flood.
Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,
When pale Orion ſets in wintery rain;
Nor thicker harveſt on rich Hermes riſe,
Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the ſkies;
Than ſtand theſe troops: their bucklers ring around;
Their trampling turns the turf, and ſhakes the ſolid ground.
High in his chariot then Haleſus came,
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:
From Agamemnon born: to Turnus' aid,
A thouſand men the youthful hero led;
Who till the Maſſick ſoil, for wine renown'd,
And fierce Aruncans from their hilly ground:
And thoſe who live by Sidicinian ſhores,
And where, with ſhoaly fords, Vulturnus roars;
Cales and Oſca's old inhabitants,
And rough Saticulans inur'd to wants:
Light demi-lances from afar they throw,
Faſten'd with leathern thongs, to gall the foe.
Short crooked ſwords in cloſer fight they wear,
And, on their warding arms, like bucklers bear.
Nor, Œbalus, ſhalt thou be left unſung,
From nymph Semethis and old Telon ſprung:
Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd,
But that ſhort iſle th' ambitious youth diſdain'd;
And o'er Campania ſtretch'd his ample ſway;
Where ſwelling Sarnus ſeeks the Tyrrhene ſea:
O'er Batulum, and where Abella ſees,
From her high towers, the harveſt of her trees.
And theſe (as was the Teuton uſe of old)
Wield brazen ſwords, and brazen bucklers hold;
Sling weighty ſtones when from afar they fight:
Their caſques are cork, a covering thick and light.
Next theſe in rank, the warlike Uſens went,
And led the mountain-troops that Nurſia ſent.
The rude Equicolæ his rule obey'd;
Hunting their ſport, and plundering was their trade.
In arms they plough'd, to battle ſtill prepar'd:
Their ſoil was barren, and their hearts were hard.
Umbro the prieſt, the proud Marrubians led,
By king Archippus ſent to Turnus' aid;
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
His wand and holy words, the viper's rage,
And venom'd wound of ſerpents, could aſſuage.
He, when he pleas'd with powerful juice to ſteep
Their temples, ſhut their eyes in pleaſing ſleep.
But vain were Marſian herbs, and magic art,
To cure the wound given by the Dardan dart.
Yet his untimely fate, th' Angitian woods
In ſighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.
The ſon of fam'd Hippolytus was there;
Fam'd as his ſire, and as his mother fair.
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,
And nurs'd his youth along the marſhy ſhore:
Where great Diana's peaceful altars flame
In fruitful fields, and Virbius was his name.

Hippolytus, as old records have ſaid,
Was by his ſtepdam ſought to ſhare her bed:
But when no female arts his mind could move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
Torn by wild horſes on the ſandy ſhore,
Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore;
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltleſs gore.
But chaſte Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With Æſculapian herbs his life reſtor'd.
When Jove, who ſaw from high, with juſt diſdain,
The dead inſpir'd with vital breath again,
Struck to the centre with his flaming dart,
Th' unhappy founder of the god-like art.
But Trivia kept in ſecret ſhades alone,
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown
And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove:
Where then he liv'd obſcure, but ſafe from Jove.
For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood,
Are courſers driven, who ſhed their maſter's blood;
Affrighted by the monſters of the flood.
His ſon, the ſecond Virbius, yet retain'd
His father's art, and warrior ſteeds he rein'd.
Amid the troops, and like the leading god,
High o'er the reſt in arms the graceful Turnus rode:
A triple pile of plumes his creſt adorn'd,
On which, with belching flames, Chimæra burn'd:
The more the kindled combat riſes higher,
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.
Fair Iö grac'd his ſhield, but Iö now
With horns exalted ſtands, and ſeems to lowe:
(A noble charge) her keeper by her ſide,
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes apply'd.
And on the brims her ſire, the watery god,
Roll'd from a ſilver urn his cryſtal flood:
A cloud of foot ſucceeds, and fills the fields
With ſwords and pointed ſpears, and clattering ſhields:
Of Argives, and of old Sicanian bands,
And thoſe who plough the rich Satulian lands;
Auruncan youth, and thoſe Sacrana yields,
And the proud Labicans, with painted ſhields.
And thoſe who near Numician ſtreams reſide,
And thoſe whom Tiber's holy foreſts hide;
Or Circe's hills from the main land divide:
Where Uſens glides along the lowly lands,
Or the black water of Pomptina ſtands.
Laſt, from the Volſcians, fair Camilla came;
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame:
Unbred to ſpinning, in the loom unſkill'd,
She choſe the nobler Pallas of the field.
Mix'd with the firſt, the fierce virago fought,
Suſtain'd the toils of arms, the danger ſhought:
Outſtripp'd the winds in ſpeed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She ſwept the ſeas, and as ſhe ſkim'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, ſtupid with ſurpriſe,
Where'er ſhe paſſes, fix their wandering eyes:
Longing they look, and gaping at her ſight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vaſt delight.
Her purple habit ſits with ſuch a grace
On her ſmooth ſhoulders, and ſo ſuits her face:
Her head with ſinglets of her hair is crown'd;
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She ſhakes her myrtle javelin; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

THE

GHTH BOOK

OF THE

NEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ering now begun, both the generals make all preparations. Turnus ſends to Diomedes. goes in perſon to beg ſuccours from Evander, Tuſcans. Evander receives him kindly, furn with men, and ſends his own ſon Pallas n. Vulcan, at the requeſt of Venus, makes her ſon Æneas, and draws on his ſhield the rorable actions of his poſterity.

N Turnus had aſſembled all his powers;
is ſtandard planted on Laurentum's
owers;
v the ſprightly trumpet, from afar,
the ſignal of approaching war,
l the neighing ſteed to ſcour the fields,
fierce riders clatter'd on their ſhields,
with rage, the Latian youth prepare
allies, and headlong ruſh to war.
ns, and Meſſapus, led the crowd;
Mezentius, who blaſphem'd cloud.
ough the country took their waſteful
ourſe;
to forage, and to gather force.
alus to Diomede they ſend,
aid Auſonia to defend:
common danger, and inform
m leader of the growing ſtorm:
ded on the Latian coaſt,
h'd gods, and with a baffled hoſt:
ſpir'd to conqueſt of the ſtate:
'd a title from the gods and fate.
erons nations in his quarrel came,
hey ſpread his formidable name:
ſign'd, what miſchiefs might ariſe,
avour'd his firſt enterprize,
r him to weigh, whoſe equal fears,
on intereſt was involv'd in theirs.
nus and th' allies thus urge the war,
, floating in a flood of care,
: tempeſt which his foes prepare,
nd that he turns his anxious mind;
d rejects the counſels he deſign'd;
imſelf, in vain, in every part,
o reſt to his diſtracted heart.
the ſun by day, or moon by night,
he poliſh'd braſs their trembling light,
ing ſpecies here and there divide,
eir dubious beams from ſide to ſide:
walls, now on the pavement play,
cieling flaſh the glaring day.

'Twas night: and weary nature lull'd aſleep
The birds of air, and fiſhes of the deep;
And beaſt, and mortal men: the Trojan chief
Was laid on Tiber's banks, oppreſs'd with grief,
And found in ſilent ſlumber late relief.
Then through the ſhadows of the poplar wood
Aroſe the father of the Roman flood:
An azure robe was o'er his body ſpread,
A wreath of ſhady reeds adorn'd his head:
Thus, manifeſt to ſight, the god appear'd,
And with theſe pleaſing words his ſorrow chear'd;
Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
O long expected in this promis'd place,
Who, through the foes, haſt borne thy baniſh'd gods,
Reſtor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes;
This is thy happy home! The clime where fate
Ordains thee to reſtore the Trojan ſtate.
Fear not, the war ſhall end in laſting peace;
And all the rage of haughty Juno ceaſe.
And that this nightly viſion may not ſeem
Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
A ſow beneath an oak ſhall lie along,
All white herſelf, and white her thirty young.
When thirty rolling years have run their race,
Thy ſon, Aſcanius, on this empty ſpace
Shall build a royal town, of laſting fame;
Which from this omen ſhall receive the name.
Time ſhall approve the truth. For what remains,
And how with ſure ſucceſs to crown thy pains,
With patience next attend. A baniſh'd band,
Driven with Evander from th' Arcadian land,
Have planted here; and plac'd on high their walls;
Their town the founder Palanteum calls:
Deriv'd from Pallas, his great grandſire's name:
But the fierce Latians old poſſeſſion claim,
With war infeſting the new colony;
Theſe make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
To thy free paſſage I ſubmit my ſtreams:
Wake, ſon of Venus, from thy pleaſing dreams;
And, when the ſetting ſtars are loſt in day,
To Juno's power thy juſt devotion pay.
With ſacrifice the wrathful queen appeaſe:
Her pride at length ſhall fall, her fury ceaſe:
When thou return'ſt victorious from the war,
Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
The god am I, whoſe yellow water flows
Around theſe fields, and fattens as it goes:
Tiber my name: among the rolling floods
Renown'd on earth, eſteem'd among the gods.
This is my certain ſeat: in times to come,
My waves ſhall waſh the walls of mighty Rome.
He ſaid; and plung'd below, while yet he ſpoke,
His dream Æneas and his ſleep forſook.
He roſe, and looking up, beheld the ſkies
With purple bluſhing and the day ariſe.
Then, water in his hollow palm he took
From Tiber's flood; and thus the powers beſpoke:
Laurentian nymphs, by whom the ſtreams are fed,
And father Tiber, in thy ſacred bed
Receive Æneas; and from danger keep.
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy watery ſtores; where'er they riſe,
And, bubbling from below, ſalute the ſkies,
Thou king of horn'd floods, whoſe plenteous urn
Suffices fatneſs to the fruitful corn,

For this thy kind compaſſion of our woes,
Shall ſhare my morning ſong, and evening vows.
But, oh! be preſent to thy people's aid;
And firm the gracious promiſe thou haſt made.
Thus having ſaid, two gallies, from his ſtores,
With care he chooſes; mans, and fits with oars.
Now on the ſhore the fatal ſwine is found:
Wondrous to tell; ſhe lay along the ground:
Her well fed offſpring at her udders hung;
She white herſelf, and white her thirty young;
Æneas takes the mother, and her brood,
And all on Juno's altar are beſtow'd.
The following night, and the ſucceeding day,
Propitious Tiber ſmooth'd his watery way:
He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he ſtood:
A gentle ſwelling, and a peaceful flood.
The Trojans mount their ſhips; they put from ſhore:
Borne on the waves, and ſcarcely dip an oar.
Shouts from the land give omen to their courſe,
And the pitch'd veſſels glide with eaſy force.
The woods and waters wonder at the gleam
Of ſhields, and painted ſhips, that ſtem the ſtream.
One ſummer's night, and one whole day they paſs
Betwixt the green-wood ſhades, and cut the liquid glaſs.
The fiery ſun had finiſh'd half his race,
Look'd back, and doubted in the middle ſpace,
When they from far beheld the riſing towers,
The tops of ſheds, and ſhepherds lowly bowers:
Thin as they ſtood, which then of homely clay,
Now riſe in marble, from the Roman ſway.
Theſe cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
The Trojan ſaw, and turn'd his ſhips to ſhore.
'Twas on a ſolemn day: th' Arcadian ſtates,
The king and prince without the city gates,
Then paid their offerings in a ſacred grove
To Hercules, the warrior ſon of Jove.
Thick clouds of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies;
And fat of entrails on his altar fries.
But when they ſaw the ſhips that ſtemm'd the flood,
And glitter'd through the covert of the wood,
They roſe with fear, and left th' unfiniſh'd feaſt:
Till dauntleſs Pallas re-aſſur'd the reſt
To pay the rites. Himſelf, without delay,
A javelin ſeiz'd, and ſingly took his way.
Then gain'd a riſing ground; and call'd from far:
Reſolve me, ſtrangers, whence, and what you are;
Your buſineſs here, and bring you peace or war?
High on the ſtern, Æneas took his ſtand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,
While thus he ſpoke: The Phrygians arms you ſee,
Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy.
By Latian foes, with war unjuſtly made:
At firſt affianc'd, and at laſt betray'd,
This meſſage bear: the Trojans and their chief,
Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief.
Struck with ſo great a name, and all on fire,
The youth replies, Whatever you require,
Your fame exacts: upon our ſhores deſcend,
A welcome gueſt, and, what you wiſh, a friend.
He ſaid; and downward haſting to the ſtrand,
Embrac'd the ſtranger prince, and join'd his hand.
Conducted to the grove, Æneas broke
The ſilence firſt, and thus the king beſpoke:
Beſt of the Greeks, to whom, by fate's command,
I bear theſe peaceful branches in my hand,
Undaunted I approach you; though I know
Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe:
From Atreus though your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother-kings your kindred claim,
Yet, my ſelf-conſcious worth, your high renown,
Your virtue, through the neighbouring nations blown.
Our father's mingled blood, Apollo's voice,
Have led me hither, leſs by need than choice.
Our founder Dardanus, as fame has ſung,
And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra ſprung:
Electra from the loins of Atlas came;
Atlas whoſe head ſuſtains the ſtarry frame.
Your ſire is Mercury; whom long before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maja bore.
Maja the fair, on fame if we rely,
Was Atlas' daughter, who ſuſtains the ſky:
Thus from one common ſource our ſtreams divide:
Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian ſide.
Rais'd by theſe hopes, I ſent no news before,
Nor aſk'd your leave, nor did your faith implore;
But come, without a pledge, my own ambaſſador.
The fame Rutulians, who with arms purſue
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
Our hoſt expell'd, what farther force can fly
The victor troops from univerſal ſway?
Then will they ſtretch their power athwart the land;
And either ſea from ſide to ſide command.
Receive our offer'd faith; and give us thine:
Ours is a generous and experienc'd line:
We want not hearts nor bodies for the war;
In council cautious, and in fields we dare.
He ſaid; and while he ſpoke, with piercing eyes
Evander view'd the man with vaſt ſurpriſe,
Pleas'd with his action, raviſh'd with his face,
Then anſwer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
In whom the features of thy father ſhine,
How I recall Anchiſes, how I ſee
His motions, mien, and all my friend in thee!
Long though it be, 'tis freſh within my mind,
When Priam to his ſiſter's court deſign'd
A welcome viſit, with a friendly ſtay,
And through th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.
Then, paſt a boy, the callow down began
To ſhade my chin, and call me firſt a man.
I ſaw the ſhining train, with vaſt delight,
And Priam's goodly perſon pleas'd my ſight:
But great Anchiſes, far above the reſt,
With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breaſt.
I long'd to join, in friendſhip's holy bands,
Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands.
I firſt accoſted him: I ſued, I ſought,
And, with a loving force, to Phereus brought.
He gave me, when at length conſtrain'd to go,
A Lycian quiver, and a Gnoſſian bow;
A veſt embroider'd, glorious to behold,
And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
Which my ſon's courſers in obedience hold.
The league you aſk I offer, as your right:
And when to-morrow's ſun reveals the light,
With ſwift ſupplies you ſhall be ſent away:
Now celebrate, with us, this ſolemn day;
Whoſe holy rites admit no long delay.
Honour our annual feaſt; and take your ſeat
With friendly welcome, at a homely treat.
Thus having ſaid, the bowls (remov'd for fear)
The youths replac'd; and ſoon reſtor'd the cheer.

: turf he ſet the ſoldiers round;
hrone, rais'd higher from the ground,
he Trojan chief: and o'er the bed,
aggy hide for ornament they ſpread.
s were ſerv'd in canifters, the wine
the prieſt renew'd the rites divine:
trails are their food; and beefs con-
tinued chine.
n the rage of hunger was repreſs'd,
:e Evander to his royal gueſt:
s, theſe altars, and this feaſt, O king,
ain fears, or ſuperſtition, ſpring;
evotion, or from blinder chance;
eal, or brutal ignorance:
from danger, with a grateful ſenſe,
irs of a god we recompenſe.
afar, yon rock that mates the ſky,
oſe feet ſuch heaps of rubbiſh lie:
geſted ruin; bleak and bare,
rt now it ſtands, expos'd in air!
oe a robber's den, inclos'd around
ig ſtone, and deep beneath the ground.
ter Cacus, more than half a beaſt,
, impervious to the ſun, poſſeſs'd.
ment ever foul with human gore;
d their mangled members, hung the door.
is plague begot: and, like his ſire,
ids he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
ig expected, eas'd us of our load:
ght the needful preſence of a god.
ing force of Hercules, from Spain,
triumph, from Geryon ſlain;
'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
r's bank, to graze the ſhady grove.
ith hope of plunder, and intent
o rob, by fraud to circumvent.
il Cacus, as by chance they ſtray'd,
thence, and four fair kine convey'd:
the printed footſteps might be ſeen
'd them backwards to his rocky den:
s averſe, a lying notice gave,
he ſearcher backward from the cave:
e the herdſman hero ſhifts his place,
reſh paſture, and untrodden graſs:
ts, who miſs'd their mates, fill'd all
around
owings, and the rocks reſtor'd the ſound.
r, who had heard her love complain,
om the cave, and made the project vain.
ound the fraud: with rage he ſhook,
d about his head his knotted oak.
he winds, or Scythians arrows flight,
, with eager haſte, th' aërial height.
t we ſaw the monſter mend his pace:
is eyes, and paleneſs in his face,
the god's approach: trembling he ſprings,
had increas'd his feet with wings:
d for ſtairs; but down the depth he threw
; on his back the door he drew.
, a rib of living rock; with pains
r hew'd it out, and bound with iron
chains.
the heavy links: the mountain clos'd,
and levers to his foe oppos'd.
ch had hardly made his dungeon faſt;
e avenger came with bounding haſte;
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold;
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.
He gnaſh'd his teeth; and thrice he compaſs'd round
With winged ſpeed, the circuit of the ground.
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
And, panting, thrice deſiſted from his pain.
A pointed flinty rock, all bare, and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:
Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
Here built their neſts, and hither winged their flight.
The leaning head hung threatening o'er the flood,
And nodded to the left: the hero ſtood
Averſe, with planted feet, and, from the right,
Tugg'd at the ſolid ſtone with all his might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock
Gave way: heaven echo'd at the rattling ſhock.
Tumbling it chok'd the flood: on either ſide
The banks leap backward, and the ſtreams divide:
The ſky ſhrunk upward with unuſual dread;
And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his bed.
The court of Cacus ſtands reveal'd to ſight;
The cavern glares with new admitted light.
So pent the vapours with a rumbling ſound
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground:
A ſounding flaw ſucceeds: and, from on high,
The gods with hate beheld the nether ſky:
The ghoſts repine at violated night,
And curſe th' invading ſun, and ſicken at the ſight.
The graceleſs monſter, caught in open day,
Inclos'd, and in deſpair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
The hero ſtands above; and from afar
Plies him with darts, and ſtones, and diſtant war.
He, from his noſtrils and huge mouth, expires
Black clouds of ſmoke, amidſt his father's fires.
Gathering, with each repeated blaſt, the night:
To make uncertain aim, and erring flight.
The wrathful god then plunges from above,
And where in thickeſt waves the ſparkles drove,
There lights; and wades through fumes, and gropes his way:
Half ſing'd, half ſtifled, till he graſp'd his prey.
The monſter, ſpewing fruitleſs flames, he found;
He ſqueez'd his throat, he writh'd his neck around,
And in a knot his crippled members bound.
Then, from their ſockets, tore his burning eyes;
Roll'd on a heap the breathleſs robber lies.
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the ruſhing day,
And thorough lights diſcloſe the raviſh'd prey.
The Bulls redeem'd, breathe open air again:
Next, by the feet, they drag him from his den.
The wondering neighbourhood, with glad ſurprize,
Beheld his ſhagged breaſt, his giant ſize,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguiſh'd eyes.
From that auſpicious day, with rites divine,
We worſhip at the hero's holy ſhrine.
Potitius firſt ordain'd theſe annual vows,
As prieſts, were added the Pinarian houſe
Who rais'd this altar in the ſacred ſhade,
Where honours, ever due, for ever ſhall be paid.

For theſe deſerts, and this high virtue ſhown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown.
Fill high the goblets with a ſparkling flood:
And, with deep draughts, invoke our common god.
This ſaid, a double wreath Evander twin'd:
And poplars, black and white, his temples bind.
Then fills his ample bowl: with like deſign
The reſt invoke the god, with ſprinkled wine.
Mean time the ſun deſcended from the ſkies;
And the bright evening-ſtar began to riſe.
And now the prieſts, Potitius at their head,
In ſkins of beaſts involv'd, the long proceſſion led:
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
As cuſtom has preſcribed their holy bands:
Then with a ſecond courſe the tables load;
And with full chargers offer to the god.
The Salii ſing, and cenſe his altars round
With Saban ſmoke; their heads with poplar bound.
One choir of old, another of the young;
To dance, and bear the burden of the ſong.
The lay records the labour, and the praiſe,
And all th' immortal acts of Hercules.
Firſt, how the mighty babe, when ſwath'd in bands,
The ſerpents ſtrangled with his infant hands.
Then, as in years and matchleſs force he grew,
Th' Oechalian walls, and Trojan overthrew.
Beſides a thouſand hazards they relate,
Procur'd by Juno's, and Euriſtheus' hate.
Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could ſubdue
The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monſter crew.
Nor thy [illegible] from the bull withſtood:
[illegible] terror of the wood.
[illegible] the Stygian ſeat,
Vi[illegible] lay fawning at thy feet:
And [illegible] fear, [illegible] mangled meat.
Th[illegible] ſtrife;
Th[illegible] affright;
Nor [illegible] number'd ſnake,
Increa[illegible] ſing heads, in Lerna's lake.
Ha[illegible] abted ſon! an added grace
To h[illegible] he great author of thy race,
Receive [illegible] ful offerings, which we pay,
And [illegible] tious on thy ſolemn day.
[illegible] s, they ſung: above the reſt,
The [illegible] eath of Cacus crown the feaſt.
The [illegible] ollow vales convey the ſound;
The [illegible] ills, and fills the woods around.
The [illegible] m'd, the chearful train return.
Eet [illegible] dias, and his aged ſire
Th [illegible], the city to ſurvey;
An [illegible] ſelf beguil'd the tedious way.
Th [illegible] al around his curious eyes:
N [illegible] ewing ſtill, with new ſurprize.
W [illegible] joy enquires of various things:
A [illegible] monuments of ancient kings.
T [illegible] the founder of the Roman towers:
[illegible] firſt the feaſt of Salian powers.
Of nymphs and fawns, and ſavage men, who took
Their birth from trunks of trees and ſtubborn oak.
Nor how they knew, nor manners, nor the care
Of ſeaſons ſeven, nor the ſtorms that ſhare
Nor [illegible] rain, nor what they ſhould to fear.
Their exerciſe the chaſe: the running flood
Supply'd their thirſt; the trees ſupply'd their food.
Then Saturn came, who fled the power of Jove,
Robb'd of his realms, and baniſh'd from above.
The men, diſpers'd on hills, to towns he brought;
And laws ordain'd, and civil cuſtoms taught:
And Latium call'd the land where ſafe he lay
From his unjuſt ſon, and his uſurping ſway.
With his mild empire peace and plenty came:
And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.
A more degenerate and diſcolour'd age
Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
Th' Ausonians, then, and hold Sicanians came;
And Saturn's empire often chang'd the name.
Then kings, gigantic Tibris, and the reſt,
With arbitrary ſway, the land oppreſs'd.
For Tiber's flood was Albula before;
Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.
I laſt arriv'd, driv'n from my native home,
By fortune's power, and fate's reſiſtleſs doom.
Long toſs'd on ſeas, I fought this happy land:
Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by heaven's command.
Thus, walking on, he ſpoke: and ſhew'd the ground
Since call'd Carmental by the Roman ſtate;
Where ſtood an altar, ſacred to the name
Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame:
Who to her ſon foretold th' Æthenean race,
Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place.
Then ſhews the foreſt, which in after-times,
Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,
A ſacred refuge made: with this, the ſhrine
Where Pan below the rocks had rites divine.
Then tells of Arcus' death, his murder'd gueſt,
Whoſe grave and tomb his innocence atteſt.
Thence, to the ſteep Tarpeian rock he leads;
Now roof'd with gold; then thatch'd with homely reeds.
A reverend fear (ſuch ſuperſtition reigns
Among the rude) ev'n then poſſeſs'd the ſwains.
Some god they knew, what god they could not tell,
Did there amidſt the ſacred horror dwell.
Th' Arcadians thought him Jove; and ſaid they ſaw
The mighty thunderer with majeſtic awe;
Who ſhook his ſhield, and dealt his bolts around;
And ſcatter'd tempeſts on the teeming ground.
Then ſaw two heaps of ruins: once they ſtood
Two ſtately towns, on either ſide the flood.
Saturnia's and Janiculi's remains:
And either place the founder's name retains.
Diſcourſing thus together, they reſort
Where good Evander kept his country court.
There ſaw the grazing of Rome's ſtately hall,
Once ox-ton'd, where now the lawyers bawl.
Then, prompter, through the narrow gates they paſs'd,
Where then the king and ſtern Trojan gueſt:
Viewed all his palace, and the door,
Poſſeſs'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
Dare to be poor: accept our homely food
Worthy a ſacrificed him, and emulate a god
Thus ſpoke he: each a lowly roof inclined
The weary prince; and laid him on a bed:
Of ſtuffed ſkins, with hides of beaſts o'erſpread.
Now night had ſhed her ſilver dews around,
And with her ſable wings embrac'd the ground,
When love's fair goddeſs, anxious for her ſon,
Whom tumult rifling, and new wars begun;
Couch'd with her husband, in his golden bed,
With theſe alluring words involves his aid;
And, that her pleating ſpeech all mind may move,
Inſpires each accent with the charms of love:

iel fate conſpir'd with Grecian powers,
with the ground the Trojan towers;
t aid th' unhappy to reſtore;
he ſuccour of thy ſkill implore;
l the labours of my lord in vain,
empire longer to ſuſtain.
much ow'd to Priam's houſe; and more
er of Æneas did deplore.
by Jove's command, and fate's decree,
is doom'd to reign in Italy;
noble ſuit I beg thy needful art,
pitious power that rules my heart!
r kneels a ſuppliant for her ſon:
s and Aurora thou wert won
impenetrable ſhields; and grace,
ed arms, a leſs illuſtrious race.
what naughty nations are combin'd
he relicks of the Phrygian kind:
and ſword my people to deſtroy;
quer Venus twice, in conquering Troy.
and ſtraight her arms, of ſnowy hue,
r unreſolving huſband threw.
embraces ſoon infuſe deſire:
s and marrow ſudden warmth inſpire;
he goodhead feels the wonted fire.
ſo ſwift the rattling thunder flies,
lightnings flaſh along the ſkies.
leſs, proud of her ſucceſsful wiles,
ſcious of her form, in ſecret ſmiles.
is, the power obnoxious to her charms,
and half diſſolving in her arms:
« you reaſons for a cauſe ſo juſt:
own beauties, or my love diſtruſt?
e, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
icer and art you might command,
r arms for Troy; nor Jove, nor Fate,
their empire to ſo ſhort a date:
ou now deſire new wars to wage,
I promiſe, and my pains engage.
r melting metals can conſpire,
ing bellows, or the forming fire,
your's: your anxious fears remove:
k no taſk is difficult to love.
g he ſpoke: and, eager of her charms,
h'd the willing goddeſs to his arms;
er lap infus'd, he lay poſſeſs'd
eſire, and ſunk to pleaſing reſt.
en the night her middle race had rode,
firſt ſlumber had refreſh'd the god;
e when early houſewives leave the bed;
ving embers on the hearth they ſpread;
he lamp, and call the maids to riſe,
wning mouths, and with half-open'd eyes;
the diſtaff by the twinkling light;
heir daily labour add the night.
gally they earn their children's bread:
orrupted keep their nuptial bed.
concern'd, nor at a later hour,
n his downy couch the forging power.
l to Vulcan's name an iſle there lay,
Sicilia's coaſts and Lipara,
igh on ſmoking rocks; and deep below,
caves, the fires of Ætna glow.
lops here their heavy hammers deal;
okes and hiſſings of tormented ſteel
d around: the boiling waters roar;
ky flames through fuming tunnels ſoar.

Hither, the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight.
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round:
A load of pointleſs thunder now there lies:
Before their hands, to ripen for the ſkies:
Theſe darts for angry Jove they daily caſt;
Conſum'd on mortals with prodigious waſte.
Three wrays of writhin rain, of fire three more,
Of winged ſouthern winds, and cloudy ſtore
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame:
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Inferior miniſters for Mars repair
His broken axle-trees and blunted war:
And ſend him forth again with furniſh'd arms,
To wake the lazy war, with trumpets loud alarms.
The reſt refreſh the ſcaly ſnakes that fold
The ſhield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
Full on the creſt the Gorgon's head they place,
With eyes that roll in death, and with diſtorted face.
My ſons, ſaid Vulcan, ſet your taſks aſide;
Your ſtrength, and maſter-ſkill, muſt now be try'd.
Arms for a hero forge: arms that require
Your force, your ſpeed, and all your forming fire.
He ſaid: they ſet their former work aſide,
And their new toils with eager haſte divide.
A flood of molten ſilver, braſs, and gold,
And deadly ſteel in the large furnace roll'd;
Of this their artful hands a ſhield prepare;
Alone ſufficient to ſuſtain the war.
Seven orbs within a ſpacious round they cloſe!
One ſtirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
The hiſſing ſteel is in the ſmithy drown'd;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns their arms advance, in equal time:
By turns their hands deſcend, and hammers chime.
They turn the glowing maſs with crooked tongs:
The fiery work proceeds with ruſtic ſongs.
While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labours thus, and ply th' Æolian forge,
The chearful morn ſalutes Evander's eyes;
And ſongs of chirping birds invite to riſe.
He leaves his lowly bed; his buſkins meet
Above his ancles; ſandals ſheath his feet:
He ſets his truſty ſword upon his ſide;
And o'er his ſhoulder throws a panther's hide,
Two menial dogs before their maſter preſs'd:
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he ſeeks his kingly gueſt.
Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace;
But meets Æneas in the middle ſpace.
Young Pallas did his father's ſteps attend;
And true Achates waited on his friend.
They join their hands: a ſecret ſeat they chooſe;
Th' Arcadian firſt their former talk renews.
Undaunted prince, I never can believe
The Trojan empire loſt, while you ſurvive.
Command th' aſſiſtance of a faithful friend:
But feeble are the ſuccours I can ſend.
Our narrow kingdom, here the Tiber bounds;
That other ſide the Latian ſtate ſurrounds;
Inſults our walls, and waſtes our fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare to join
Their arms with yours, and aid your juſt deſign.
You come, as by your better genius ſent;
And fortune ſeems to favour your intent.
Not far from hence there ſtands a hilly town,
Of ancient building and of high renown;

Torn from the Tuſcans by the Lydian race;
Who gave the name of Cære to the place
Once Agyllina call'd: it flouriſh'd long
In pride of wealth, and warlike people ſtrong:
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour,
Aſſum'd the crown, with arbitrary power.
What words can paint thoſe execrable times;
The ſubjects ſufferings, and the tyrant's crimes!
That blood, thoſe murders, O ye gods! replace
On his own head, and on his impious race:
The living and the dead, at his command
Were coupled, face to face, and hand to hand:
Till, chok'd with ſtench, in loath'd embraces ty'd,
The lingering wretches pin'd away and dy'd.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more:
The people's patience try'd, no longer bore
The raging monſter: but with arms beſet
His houſe, and vengeance and deſtruction threat.
They fire his palace; while the flame aſcends,
They force his guards, and execute his friends.
He cleaves the crowd; and, favour'd by the night,
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.
By juſt revenge the Tuſcans ſet on fire,
With arms their king to puniſhment require:
Their numerous troops, now muſter'd on the ſtrand,
My counſel ſhall ſubmit to your command.
Their navy ſwarms upon the coaſt: they cry
To hoiſt their anchors; but the gods deny.
An ancient augur ſkill'd in future fate,
With thoſe foreboding words reſtrains their hate:
Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flower
Of Tuſcan youth, and choice of all their power,
Whom juſt revenge againſt Mezentius arms,
To ſeek your tyrant's death by lawful arms;
Know this; no native of our land may lead
This powerful people: ſeek a foreign head.
Aw'd with theſe words, in camps they ſtill abide;
And wait, with longing look', their promis'd guide.
Torchan, the Tuſcan chief, to me has ſent
Their crown, and every regal ornament:
The people join their own with his deſire;
And all their conduct, as their king, require.
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
And age, and liſtleſs limbs unfit for pains,
And a ſoul conſcious of its own decay,
Have forc'd me to refuſe imperial ſway.
My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne;
And ſhould, but he's a Sabine mother's ſon;
And half a native: but in you combine
A manly vigour, and a foreign line.
Where fate and ſmiling fortune ſhew the way,
Purſue the ready path to ſovereign ſway.
The ſtaff of my declining age, my ſon,
Shall make your good or ill ſucceſs his own.
In fighting fields from you ſhall learn to dare:
And ſerve the hard apprenticeſhip of war.
Your matchleſs courage and your conduct view;
And early ſhall begin t'admire and copy you.
Beſides, two hundred horſe he ſhall command:
Though few, a warlike and well-choſen band.
Theſe in my name are liſted: and my ſon
As many more has added in his own.
Scarce had he ſaid: Achates and his gueſt,
With down-caſt eyes, their ſilent grief expreſt:
Who, ſhort of ſuccours, and in deep deſpair,
Shook at the diſmal proſpect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To clear her iſſue, thunder'd thrice aloud.
Thrice forky lightning flaſh'd along the ſky,
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear:
And, in a heaven ſerene, refulgent arms appear;
Reddening the ſkies, and glittering all around,
The temper'd metals claſh, and yield a ſilver ſound.
The reſt ſtood trembling, ſtruck with awe divine.
Æneas only conſcious to the ſign,
Preſag'd th' event; and joyful view'd, above,
Th' accompliſh'd promiſe of the queen of love.
Then, to th' Arcadian king: This prodigy
(Diſmiſs your fear) belongs alone to me.
Heaven calls me to the war: th' expected ſign
Is given of promis'd aids, and arms divine.
My goddeſs mother, whoſe indulgent care
Foreſaw the dangers of the growing war,
This Omen gave; when bright Vulcanian arms,
Fated from force of ſteel by Stygian charms,
Suſpended, ſhone on high: ſhe then foreſhow'd
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
Turnus ſhall dearly pay for faith forſworn:
And corpſe and ſwords, and ſhields on Tiber borne,
Shall choke his flood: now ſound the loud alarms,
And Latian troops prepare your perjur'd arms.
He ſaid, and, riſing from his homely throne,
The ſolemn rites of Hercules begun:
And on his altars wak'd the ſleeping fires:
Then chearful to his houſhould gods retires.
There offers choſen ſleep: th' Arcadian king
And Trojan youth the ſame oblations bring.
Next of his men, and ſhips, he makes review,
Draws out the beſt and ableſt of the crew.
Down with the falling ſtream the refuſe run,
To raiſe with joyful news his drooping ſon.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
A ſprightly courſer, fairer than the reſt,
The king himſelf preſents his royal gueſt.
A lion's hide his back and limbs inſold,
Precious with ſtudded works, and paws of gold.
Fame through the little city ſpreads aloud
Th' intended march, amid the fearful crowd:
The matrons beat their breaſts; diſſolve in tears;
And double their devotion in their fears.
The war at hand appears with more affright:
And riſes every moment to the ſight.
Then, old Evander, with a cloſe embrace,
Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow his face.
Would heaven, ſaid he, my ſtrength and youth recall,
Such as I was beneath Preneſte's wall,
Then when I made the foremoſt foes retire,
And ſet whole heaps of conquer'd ſhields on fire;
When Herilus in ſingle fight I ſlew,
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue:
And thrice I ſent him to the Stygian ſhore;
Till the laſt ebbing ſoul return'd no more:
Such if I ſtood renew'd, not theſe alarms,
Nor death, ſhould rend me from my Pallas' arms:
Nor proud Mezentius thus unpuniſh'd boaſt,
His rapes and murders on the Tuſcan coaſt.
Ye gods! and mighty Jove, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father, and a king.
If fate and you reſerve thoſe eyes to ſee
My ſon return with peace and victory;
If the lov'd boy ſhall bleſs his father's ſight;
If we ſhall meet again with more delight;

my life in length, let me ſuſtain,
his embrace, the worſt of pain.
hard decrees, which, O I dread,
'd to death his undeſerving head,
is very moment let me die;
s and fears in equal balance lie.
poſſeſt of all his youthful charms,
ı cloſe within theſe aged arms:
fatal news my ſoul ſhall wound!
d ſwooning, ſunk upon the ground:
s bore him off; and ſoftly laid
h'd limbs upon his homely bed.
nen march; the gates are open'd wide;
heir head, Achates by his ſide.
the Trojan leaders rode along,
vs in the rear, th'Arcadian throng.
las ſhone conſpicuous o'er the reſt;
arms, embroider'd was his veſt.
ıe ſeas, exerts his radiant head
ɔy whom the lights of heaven are led:
m his roſy locks the pearly dews;
darkneſs, and the day renews.
ling wives, the walls and turrets crowd;
v, with their eyes, the duſty cloud:
ds diſperſe by fits; and ſhew from far
of arms, and ſhields, and ſhining war.
ı, drawn up in beautiful array,
ıy plains purſue the ready way.
ɔeals of ſhouts are heard around:
ing courſers anſwer to the ſound;
with horny hoofs the ſolid ground.
ɔod ſhade, for long religion known,
the ſtreams that waſh the Tuſcan town;
'd round with gloomy hills above,
ı a holy horror to the grove.
nhabitants, of Grecian blood,
d foreſt to Sylvanus vow'd:
ian of their flocks and fields; they pay
devotions on his annual day.
ɔm hence, along the river's ſide,
ure, the Tuſcan troops abide!
ɔn led. Now, from a riſing ground,
ſt his wondering eyes around;
e Tyrrhene army had in ſight,
ɔn the ſpacious plains from left to right.
s warlike train the Trojan led:
his men, and weary horſes fed.
ime the mother-goddeſs, crown'd with
charms,
rough the clouds, and brings the fated
arms.
winding vale ſhe finds her ſon,
ɔl river's banks, retir'd alone.
her heavenly form without diſguiſe,
herſelf to his deſiring eyes.
ıe ſaid, perform'd in every part,
ſe made; and Vulcan's labour'd art.
ſecure, the Latian enemy;
ıty Turnus to the field defy.
and having firſt her ſon embrac'd,
ıt arms beneath an oak ſhe plac'd.
he gift, he roll'd his greedy ſight
e work, and gaz'd with vaſt delight.
ıe turns, he poiſes, and admires
d helm, that vomits radiant fires:
the fatal ſword and corſlet hold:
with temper'd ſteel, one ſtiff with gold.
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright:
So ſhines a cloud, when edg'd with adverſe light.
He ſhakes the pointed ſpear: and longs to try
The plaited cuiſhes on his manly thigh:
But moſt admires the ſhield's myſterious mould,
And Roman triumphs riſing on the gold.
For theſe, emboſs'd, the heavenly ſmith had wrought
(Not in the rolls of future time untaught)
The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors, iſſuing from the Julian line.
The cave of Mars was dreſs'd with moſſy greens;
There, by the wolf, were laid the martial twins:
Intrepid on her ſwelling dugs they hung;
The foſter-dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
They ſuck'd ſecure, while bending back her head,
She lick'd their tender limbs; and form'd them as
they fed.
Not far from hence new Rome appears, with games
Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
The pit reſounds with ſhrieks: a war ſucceeds,
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend:
The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
Weary'd with tedious war, at length they ceaſe;
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
The friendly chiefs, before Jove's altar ſtand;
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand:
A fatted ſow for ſacrifice is led;
With imprecations on the perjur'd head.
Near this the traitor Metius, ſtretch'd between
Four fiery ſteeds, is drag'd along the green;
By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood;
And his torn limbs are left, the vultures' food.
There Porſenna to Rome proud Tarquin brings;
And would by force reſtore the baniſh'd kings.
One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights:
The Roman youth aſſert their native rights.
Before the town the Tuſcan army lies:
To win by famine, or by fraud ſurprize.
Their king, half-threatening, half diſdaining ſtood:
While Cocles broke the bridge; and ſtemm'd the
flood.
The captive maids there tempt the raging tide:
Spac'd from their chains, with Clelia for their guide.
High on a rock heroic Manlius ſtood;
To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
Then Room was poor; and there you might behold
The palace thatch'd with ſtraw, now roof'd with
gold.
The ſilver gooſe before the ſhining gate
There flew; and, by her cackle, ſav'd the ſtate.
She told the Gauls approach: th' approaching Gauls,
Obſcure in night, aſcend, and ſeize the walls.
The gold, diſſembled well their golden hair:
And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
Gold are their veſts: long Alpine ſpears they wield:
And their left arm ſuſtains a length of ſhield.
Hard by, the leaping Salian prieſts advance:
And naked through the ſtreets the mad Luperci dance
In caps of wool. The targets dropt from heaven:
Here modeſt matrons in ſoft litters driven,
To pay their vows in ſolemn pomp appear:
And odorous gums in their chaſte hands they bear.
Far hence remov'd, the Stygian ſeats are ſeen:
Pains of the damn'd, and puniſh'd Catiline:
Hung on a rock the traitor: and around
The furies hiſſing from the nether ground.

Apart from theſe the happy ſouls he draws,
And Cato's holy ghoſt diſpenſing laws.
Betwixt the quarters flows a goiden ſea:
But foaming ſurges, there, in ſilver play.
The dancing dolphins, with their tails, divide
The glittering waves, and cut the precious tide.
Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage
Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.
Actium ſurveys the well-diſputed prize:
Leucate's watery plain with foamy billows fries.
Young Cæſar on the ſtern, in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight:
His beamy tempiss ſhoot their flames afar;
And o'er his head is hung the Julian ſtar.
Agrippa ſeconds him, with proſperous gales;
And, with propitious gods, his foes aſſails.
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
The happy fortune of the fight foreſhows.
Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of eaſtern kings.
Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
Of tongues diſcordant, and a mingled war.
And, rich in gaudy robes, amidſt the ſtrife,
His ill fate follows him; th' Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight: with oars, and forky prows,
The froth is gather'd; and the water glows.
It ſeems as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and juſtled in the main;
Or floating mountains, floating mountains meet:
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fire-balls are thrown; and pointed javelins fly:
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
The queen herſelf, amidſt the loud alarms,
With cymbals toſs'd her fainting ſoldiers warms.
Fool as ſhe was; who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel fate; nor ſaw the ſnakes behind.
Her country gods, the monſters of the ſky,
Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen, defy.
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain;
Nor longer dares oppoſe th' æthereal train.
Mars, in the middle of the ſhining ſhield
Is grav'd, and ſtrides along the liquid field.
The diræ ſouſe from heaven, with ſwift deſcent:
And diſcord, dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
Divides the peace: her ſteps Bellona treads,
And ſhakes her iron rod above their heads.
This ſeen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
Pours down his Arrows: at whoſe winged flight
The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield:
And ſoft Sabæans quit the watery field.
The fatal miſtreſs hoiſts, her ſilken ſails:
And, ſhrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
Aghaſt ſhe looks; and heaves her breaſt for breath:
Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
The god had figur'd her, as driven along
By winds and waves, and ſcudding through the throng.
Juſt oppoſite, ſad Nilus opens wide
His arms, and ample boſom, to the tide,
And ſpreads his mantle o'er the winding coaſt;
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying hoſt.
The victor, to the god his thanks expreſs'd:
And Rome triumphant, with his preſence bleſs'd.
Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
With ſpoils and altars every temple grac'd.
Three ſhining nights, and three ſucceeding days,
The fields reſound with ſhouts, the ſtreets with praiſe,
The domes with ſongs, the theatres with plays.
All altars flames: before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the deſtin'd ſacrifice.
Great Cæſar ſits ſublime upon his throne;
Before Apollo's porch, of Parian ſtone:
Accepts the preſents vow'd for victory;
And hangs the monumental crown on high.
Vaſt crowds of vanquiſh'd nations march along,
Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
Here Mulciber aſſigns the proper place
For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race;
Then ranks the Thracians in the ſecond row;
And Scythians, expert in the dart and bow.
And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides:
And there the Rhine ſubmits her ſwelling tides.
Aud proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind,
The Danes' unconquer'd offſpring march behind;
And Morini, the laſt of human kind.
Theſe figures, on the ſhield divinely wrought,
By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace;
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's abſence, fires ſome of his ſhips (which are tranſformed into ſea-nymphs) and aſſaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the laſt extremities, ſend Niſus and Euryalus to recal Æneas; which furniſhes the poet with that admirable epiſode of their friendſhip, generoſity, and the concluſion of their adventures.

WHILE theſe affairs in diſtant places paſs'd,
The various Iris Juno ſends with haſte,
To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,
The ſecret ſhade of his great grandſire ſought.
Retir'd alone ſhe found the daring man:
And op'd her roſy lips, and thus began:
What none of all the gods could grant thy vows;
That, Turnus, this auſpicious day beſtows!
Æneas, gone to ſeek th' Arcadian prince,
Has left the Trojan camp without defence;
And, ſhort of ſuccours there, employs his pains
In parts remote to raiſe the Tuſcan ſwains:

an hour that favours thy deſigns,
rces, and attack their lines.
1 equal wings ſhe pois'd her weight,
a radiant rainbow in her flight.
ian hero lifts his hands and eyes,
'okes the goddeſs as ſhe flies:
e of heaven, what power divine
: down, through duſky clouds to ſhine?
de! immortal day appears;
g planets dancing in their ſpheres!
ɔſe happy omens I obey;
ɔ the war, the god that leads the way.
ıg ſaid, as by the brook he ſtood,
ıe water from the cryſtal flood;
his hands, the drops to heaven he
ows,
: powers above with offer'd vows.
:h the bold confederates through the
in;
well clad, a rich and ſhining train:
ls the van; and in the rear,
'yrrheus in bright arms appear.
attle, with his flaming creſt,
Turnus towers above the reſt:
ove; majeſtically ſlow,
Nile, or Ganges in his flow.
view the duſty cloud from far;
menace of the diſtant war.
he rampire ſaw it riſe,
ıe fields, and thickening through the
:s.
fellows, thus aloud he calls:
:louds, my friends, approach the walls?
ıd man the works: prepare your ſpears
darts; the Latian hoſt appears!
, they ſhut their gates; with ſhouts
:nd
ı, and, ſecure, their foes attend.
general, with foreſeeing care,
hem, not to tempt the doubtful war:
provok'd, in open fields advance;
ıin their lines attend their chance:
:t they keep the ſtrict command;
ait in arms the hoſtile band.
nus flew before the reſt,
leed of Thracian ſtrain he preſs'd;
maſſy gold; and crimſon was his
t.
horſe to ſecond his deſigns,
d foe, he fac'd the lines.
ſaid, in arms who bravely dare
ɔnour, and his danger, ſhare;
ıg on, his brandiſh'd dart he threw,
; applauding ſhouts enſue.
find a daſtard race that run
npires, and the battle ſhun,
nd the camp, with rolling eyes,
very poſt; and every paſſage tries.
ıightly wolf about the fold,
ending ſhowers, and ſtiff with cold;
ıunger, and he grins for pain;
eeth are exercis'd in vain:
t of anger, finds no way
d paws to graſp the prey.
iſten; but the bleating lambs
the dug beneath the dams.
ager Turnus o'er the plain,
ire, and furious with diſdain:

Surveys each paſſage with a piercing ſight;
To force his foes in equal field to fight.
Thus, while he gazes round, at length he ſpies
Where, fenc'd with ſtrong redoubts, their navy lies;
Cloſe underneath the walls: the waſhing tide
Secures from all approach this weaker ſide
He takes the wiſh'd occaſion; fills his hand
With ready fires, and ſhakes a flaming brand:
Urg'd by his preſence, every ſoul is warm'd,
And every hand with kindled fire is arm'd.
From the fir'd pines the ſcattering ſparkles fly;
Fat vapours mix'd with flames involve the ſky.
What power, O Muſes, could avert the flame
Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name!
Tell: for the fact, through length of time obſcure,
Is hard to faith; yet ſhall the fame endure.
'Tis ſaid that, when the chief prepar'd his flight,
And fell'd his timber from Mount Ida's height,
The grandam goddeſs then approach'd her ſon,
And with a mother's majeſty begun:
Grant me, ſhe ſaid, the ſole requeſt I bring,
Since conquer'd heaven has own'd you for its king:
On Ida's brows, for ages paſt, there ſtood,
With firs and maples fill'd, a ſhady wood:
And on the ſummit roſe a ſacred grove,
Where I was worſhip'd with religious love;
Theſe woods, that holy grove, my long delight,
I gave the Trojan prince to ſpeed his flight.
Now fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;
Let neither winds o'erſet, nor waves intomb,
The floating foreſts of the ſacred pine;
But let it be their ſafety to be mine.
Then thus reply'd her awful ſon; who rolls
The radiant ſtars, and heaven and earth controls:
How dare you, mother, endleſs date demand,
For veſſels moulded by a mortal hand?
What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride,
Of ſafety certain, on th' uncertain tide?
Yet what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,
The chief is landed on the Latian ſhore,
Whatever ſhips eſcape the raging ſtorms,
At my command ſhall change their fading forms
To nymphs divine; and plow the watery way,
Like Doris and the daughters of the ſea.
To ſeal his ſacred vow, by Styx he ſwore,
The lake with liquid pitch, the dreary ſhore;
And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god:
He ſaid; and ſhook the ſkies with his imperial nod.
And now, at length, the number'd hours were come,
Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,
When the great mother of the gods was free
To ſave her ſhips, and finiſh Jove's decree.
Firſt, from the quarter of the morn, there ſprung,
A light that ſing'd the heavens, and ſhot along:
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs:
And laſt a voice, with more than mortal ſounds,
Both hoſts, in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds.
O Trojan race, your needleſs aid forbear;
And know my ſhips are my peculiar care.
With greater eaſe the bold Rutulian may,
With hiſſing brands, attempt to burn the ſea,
Than ſinge my ſacred pines. But you, my charge,
Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large,

Exalted each a nymph: forſake the ſand,
And ſwim the ſeas, at Cybele's command.
No ſooner had the goddeſs ceas'd to ſpeak,
When lo, th' obedient ſhips their hauſers break;
And, ſtrange to tell, like dolphins in the main,
They plunge their prows, and dive, and ſpring again:
As many beauteous maids the billows ſweep,
As rode before tall veſſels on the deep.
The foes, ſurpriz'd with wonder, ſtood aghaſt,
Meſſapus curb'd his fiery courſers haſte;
Old Tiber roar'd; and raiſing up his head,
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the ſhock;
And with theſe words his trembling troops beſpoke:
Theſe monſters for the Trojan's fate are meant,
And are by Jove for black preſages ſent.
He takes the cowards laſt relief away;
For fly they cannot; and, conſtrain'd to ſtay,
Muſt yield, unfought, a baſe inglorious prey.
The liquid half of all the globe is loſt;
Heaven ſhuts the ſeas, and we ſecure the coaſt.
Theirs is no more than that ſmall ſpot of ground,
Which myriads of our martial men ſurround.
Their fates I fear not; or vain oracles;
'Twas given to Venus, they ſhould croſs the ſeas;
And land ſecure upon the Latian plains:
Their promis'd hour is paſs'd, and mine remains.
'Tis in the fate of Turnus to deſtroy,
With ſword and fire, the faithleſs race of Troy.
Shall ſuch affronts as theſe alone inflame
The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?
My cauſe and theirs is one; a fatal ſtriſe,
And final ruin, for a raviſh'd wife.
Was't not enough, that, puniſh'd for the crime,
They fell; but will they fall a ſecond time?
One would have thought they paid enough before,
To curſe the coſtly ſex; and durſt offend no more.
Can they ſecurely truſt their feeble wall,
A ſlight partition, a thin interval,
Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, though built
By hands divine, yet, periſh'd by their guilt?
Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,
To force from out their lines theſe daſtard bands.
Leſs than a thouſand ſhips will end this war;
Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare.
Let all the Tuſcans all th' Arcadians join,
Nor theſe, nor thoſe, ſhall fruſtrate my deſign.
Let them not fear the treaſons of the night;
The robb'd palladium, the pretended flight:
Our onſet ſhall be made in open light.
No wooden engine ſhall their town betray,
Fires they ſhall have around, but fires by day.
No Grecian babes before their camp appear,
Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy year.
Now, ſince the ſun is rolling to the weſt,
Give me the ſilent night to needful reſt:
Refreſh your bodies, and your arms prepare:
The morn ſhall end the ſmall remains of war.
The poſt of honour to Meſſapus falls,
To keep the nightly guard; to watch the walls;
To pitch the fires at diſtances around,
And cloſe the Trojans in their ſcanty ground.
Twice ſeven Rutulian captains ready ſtand:
And twice ſeven hundred horſe their chiefs command;
All clad in ſhining arms the works inveſt;
Each with a radiant helm, and waving creſt.
Stretch'd at their length, they preſs the graſſy ground;
They laugh, they ſing, the jolly bowls go round:
With lights and chearful fires renew the day;
And paſs the wakeful night in feaſts and play.
The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld;
And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd:
Seiz'd with affright, their gates they firſt explore;
Join works to works with bridges; tower to tower:
Thus all things needful for defence abound;
Mneſtheus and brave Sereſthus walk the round:
Commiſſion'd by their abſent prince to ſhare
The common danger, and divide the care,
The ſoldiers draw their lots; and, as they fall,
By turns relieve each other on the wall.
Nigh were the foes, their utmoſt guards advance,
To watch the gate, was warlike Niſus' chance.
His father Hyrtacus of noble blood;
His mother was a huntreſs of the wood;
And ſent him to the wars; well could he bear
His lance in fight, and dart the flying ſpear:
But, better ſkill'd unerring ſhafts to ſend,
Beſide him ſtood Euryalus his friend.
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan hoſt
No fairer face, or ſweeter air could boaſt.
Scarce had the down to ſhade his cheeks begun;
One was their care, and their delight was one.
One common hazard in the war they ſhar'd;
And now were both, by choice, upon the guard.
Then Niſus, thus: Or do the gods inſpire
This warmth, or make we gods of our deſire?
A generous ardour boils within my breaſt,
Eager of action, enemy to reſt;
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,
To leave a memorable name behind.
Thou ſeeſt the foe ſecure: how faintly ſhine
Their ſcatter'd fires! the moſt in ſleep ſupine
Along the ground, an eaſy conqueſt lie;
The wakeful few the flaming flaggon ply:
All huſh around. Now hear what I revolve;
A thought unripe, and ſcarcely yet reſolve.
Our abſent prince both camp and council mourn;
By meſſage both would haſten his return:
If they confer what I demand on thee
(For fame is recompenſe enough for me),
Methinks beneath yon hill, I have eſpy'd
A way that ſafely will my paſſage guide.
Euryalus ſtood liſtening while he ſpoke;
With love of praiſe, and noble envy ſtruck;
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind:
All this alone, and leaving me behind,
Am I unworthy, Niſus, to be join'd?
Think'ſt thou I can my ſhare of glory yield,
Or ſend thee unaſſiſted to the field?
Not ſo my father taught my childhood arms;
Born in a ſiege, and bred among alarms;
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
Nor of the heaven-born hero I attend.
The thing call'd life, with eaſe I can diſclaim;
And think it over-fold to purchaſe fame.
Then Niſus, thus: Alas! thy tender years
Would miniſter new matter to my fears:
So may the gods, who view this friendly ſtrife,
Reſtore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,

to pay my vows (as ſure I truſt)
ueſt is cruel and unjuſt.
chance, as many chances are,
ıl hazards in the deeds of war;
d reach my head, there let it fall,
ıy life; I would not periſh all.
' youth deſerves a longer date;
› mourn thy love's unhappy fate:
mangled body from the foe;
ıck, and funeral rites beſtow.
ſortune ſhall thoſe dues deny,
at leaſt an empty tomb ſupply.
t the widow's tears renew;
other's curſe my name purſue;
ıarent, who, for love of thee,
coaſts of friendly Sicily,
ınmitting to the ſeas and wind,
' weary matron ſtaid behind.
yalus: You plead in vain,
›tract the cauſe you cannot gain:
lays, but haſte. With that he wakes
g watch; each to his office takes.
eliev'd, the generous couple went
council at the royal tent.
s elſe forgot their daily care;
the common gift of nature, ſhare:
Trojan peers, who wakeful ſate
ouncil for th' endanger'd ſtate.
meſſage to their abſent chief;
diſtreſs, and beg a ſwift relief.
amp a ſilent feat they choſe,
ir clamour, and ſecure from foes,
: arms their ample ſhields they bear,
reclin'd upon the bending ſpear.
and his friend approach the guard,
miſſion, eager to be heard;
nportant, not to be deferr'd.
ds them be conducted in;
e more experienc'd to begin.
thus: Ye fathers, lend your ears,
ur bold attempt beyond our years.
:urely drench'd in ſleep and wine,
r watch; the fires but thinly ſhine:
the ſmoke in cloudy vapours flies,
e plain, and curling to the ſkies,
› paths, which at the gate divide,
ſea, a paſſage we have ſpy'd,
our way to great Æneas guide.
ı hour to ſee him ſafe again,
ı ſpoils of foes in battle ſlain.
he lucky minute while we may:
be miſtaken in the way;
g in the vales, we both have ſeen
urrets, and the ſtream between:
the winding courſe, with every ford.
and old Alethes took the word.
/ gods, in whom our truſt we place
m ruin ſave the Trojan race:
chold ſuch dauntleſs worth appear
youth, and ſouls ſo void of fear.
ears of joy the father broke;
longing arms by turns he took:
ı paus'd; and thus again he ſpoke:
›ung men, what equal gifts can we,
nſe of ſuch deſert, decree?
t ſure, and beſt you can receive,
nd your own conſcious worth, will give.

The reſt our grateful general will beſtow;
And young Aſcanius till his manhood owe.
And I, whoſe welfare in my father lies,
Aſcanius adds, by the great deities,
By my dear country, by my houſhold-gods,
By hoary Veſta's rites, and dark abodes,
Adjure you both (on you my fortune ſtands,
That and my faith I plight into your hands):
Make me but happy in his ſafe return,
Whoſe wonted preſence I can only mourn,
Your common gift ſhall two large goblets be,
Of ſilver, wrought with curious imagery;
And high emboſs'd, which, when old Priam reign'd
My conquering ſire at ſack'd Ariſba gain'd.
And more, two tripods caſt in antique mould,
With two great talents of the fineſt gold:
Beſide a coſtly bowl, ingrav'd with art,
Which Dido gave when firſt ſhe gave her heart.
But if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
When ſpoils by lot the victor ſhall obtain,
Thou ſaw'ſt the courſer by proud Turnus preſs'd,
That, Niſus, and his arms, and nodding creſt,
And ſhield, from chance exempt, ſhall be thy ſhare;
Twelve labouring ſlaves, twelve handmaids young and fair,
And clad in rich attire, and train'd with care.
And laſt, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
And a large portion of the king's domains.
But thou, whoſe years are more to mine ally'd,
No fate my vow'd affection ſhall divide
From thee, heroic youth; be wholly mine:
Take full poſſeſſion; all my ſoul is thine.
One faith, one fame, one fate, ſhall both attend
My life's companion, and my boſom friend;
My peace ſhall be committed to thy care,
And to thy conduct my concerns in war.
Then thus the young Euryalus reply'd:
Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
The fame ſhall be my age, as now my youth;
No time ſhall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your goodneſs let me gain
(And this ungranted, all rewards are vain):
Of Priam's royal race my mother came,
And ſure the beſt that ever bore the name:
Whom neither Troy, nor Sicily could hold
From me departing, but, o'erſpent, and old,
My fate ſhe follow'd; ignorant of this,
Whatever danger, neither parting kiſs,
Nor pious bleſſing taken, her I leave;
And, in this only act of all my life deceive.
By this right hand, and conſcious night, I ſwear,
My ſoul ſo ſad a farewell could not bear.
Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place
(Permit me to preſume ſo great a grace).
Support her age, forſaken and diſtreſs'd;
That hope alone will fortify my breaſt
Againſt the worſt of fortunes, and of fears.
He ſaid: the mov'd aſſiſtants melt in tears.
Then thus Aſcanius (wonder-ſtruck to ſee
That image of his filial piety)
So great beginnings, in ſo green an age,
Exact the faith, which I again engage
Thy mother all the dues ſhall juſtly claim
Creüſa had; and only want the name.
Whate'er event thy bold attempt ſhall have,
'Tis merit to have borne a ſon ſo brave.

Now by my head, a ſacred oath, I ſwear,
(My father us'd it) what returning here
Crown'd with ſucceſs, I for thyſelf prepare,
That, if thou fail, ſhall thy lov'd mother ſhare.
He ſaid: and, weeping while he ſpoke the word,
From his broad belt he drew a ſhining ſword,
Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,
And in an ivory ſcabbard ſheath'd the blade:
This was his gift: great Mneſtheus gave his friend
A lion's hide, his body to defend:
And good Alethes furniſh'd him beſide,
With his own truſty helm, of temper try'd.
Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait
Their iſſuing forth, and follow to the gate.
With prayers and vows, above the reſt appears
Aſcanius, manly far beyond his years.
And meſſages committed to their care,
Which all in winds were loſt, and flitting air.
The trenches firſt they paſs'd; then took their way
Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;
To many fatal, ere themſelves were ſlain:
They found the careleſs hoſt diſpers'd upon the plain.
Wine, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, ſupinely ſnore:
Unharneſs'd chariots ſtand along the ſhore:
Amidſt the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
A medley of debauch and war they lie.
Obſerving Niſus ſhew'd his friend the fight;
Behold a conqueſt gain'd without a fight.
Occaſion offers, and I ſtand prepar'd;
There lies our way; be thou upon the guard,
And look around, while I ſecurely go,
And hew a paſſage through the ſleeping foe.
Softly he ſpoke; then, ſtriding, took his way,
With his drawn ſword, where haughty Rhamnes lay
His head rais'd high, on tapeſtry beneath,
And heaving from his breaſt, he drew his breath:
A king and prophet by king Turnus lov'd;
But fate by preſcience cannot be remov'd;
Him, and his ſleeping ſlaves, he ſlew. Then ſpies
Where Rhemus, with his rich retinue, lies:
His armour-bearer firſt, and next he kills
His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels:
And his lov'd horſes: laſt invades their lord;
Full on his neck he drives the fatal ſword:
The gaſping head flies off; a purple flood
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood:
Which, by the ſpurning heels, diſpers'd around,
The bed beſprinkles, and bedews the ground.
Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the ſtrong,
He ſlew: and then Serranus fair and young.
From dice and wine the youth retir'd to reſt,
And puff'd the ſumy god from out his breaſt:
Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play;
More lucky had it laſted till the day.
The famiſh'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold;
And tears the peaceful flocks; with ſilent awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.
Nor with leſs rage Euryalus employs
The wrathful ſword, or fewer foes deſtroys:
But on th' ignoble crowd his fury ſtew:
Herbaſus, Hebeſus, and Rhaetus ſlew.
Oppreſs'd with heavy ſleep the former fall,
But Rhaetus, wakeful, and obſerving all,
Behind a ſpacious jar he ſhrink'd for fear:
The fatal iron found, and reach'd him there.
For, as he roſe, it pierc'd his naked ſide,
And, reeking, thence return'd in crimſon
The wound pours out a ſtream of wine a
The purple ſoul comes floating in the
Now where Meſſapus quarter'd they a
The fires were fainting there, and juſt a
The warrior-horſes tied in order fed;
Niſus obſerv'd the diſcipline, and ſaid,
Our eager thirſt of blood may both betray
And ſee the ſcatter'd ſtreaks of dawning
Foe to nocturnal thefts: no more, my fri
Here let our glutted execution end:
A lane through ſlaughter'd bodies we ha
The bold Euryalus, though loth, obey'd.
Of arms, and arras, and of plate they fin
A precious load; but theſe they leave be
Yet, fond of gaudy ſpoils, the boy woul
To make the rich capariſon his prey,
Which on the ſteed of conquer'd Rham
Nor did his eyes leſs longingly behold
The girdle belt, with nails of burniſh'd
This preſent Cedicus the rich beſtow'd
On Remulus, when friendſhip firſt they
And abſent, join'd in hoſpitable ties;
He dying, to his heir bequeath'd the pri
Till by the conquering Ardean troops op
He fell; and they the glorious gift poſſe
Theſe glittering ſpoils (now made the vi
He to his body ſuits; but ſuits in vain.
Meſſapus' helm he finds among the reſt,
And laces on, and wears the waving cre
Proud of their conqueſt, prouder of their
They leave the camp, and take the read
But far they had not paſs'd, before they
Three hundred horſe with Volſcens for
The queen a legion to king Turnus ſent
But the ſwift horſe the flower foot prev
And now, advancing, fought the leader'
They ſaw the pair; for through the
ſhade
His ſhining helm Euryalus betray'd,
On which the moon with full reflection
'Tis not for nought, cry'd Volſcens,
crowd,
Theſe men go there; then rais'd his voi
Stand, ſtand: why thus in arms, and wh
From whence, to whom, and on what
Silent they ſcud away, and haſte their fl
To neighbouring woods, and truſt th
night.
The ſpeedy horſe all paſſages belay.
And ſpur their ſmoking ſteeds to croſs th
And watch each entrance of the winding
Black was the foreſt, thick with beech i
Horrid with fern, and intricate with tho
Few paths of human feet or tracks of
worn.
The darkneſs of the ſhades, his heavy pr
And fear miſled the younger from his wa
But Niſus hit the turns with happier hal
And, thoughtleſs of his friend, the foreſ
And Alban plains, from Alba's name ſo
Where king Latinus then his oxen ſtall'
Till, turning at the length, he ſtood his
And miſs'd his friend, and caſt his eyes a
Ah wretch, he cry'd, where have I left b
Th' unhappy youth: where ſhall I hope

e! Again he ventures back:
azes of his former track.
od, and liſtening hears the noiſe
ſers, and the rider's voice.
ich'd, and ſuddenly he view'd
, and his friend purſu'd:
en, while he ſtrove in vain,
friendly ſhades to gain.
ext attempt? What arms employ?
ce to free the captive boy:
ld he ruſh and loſe his life,
t, in ſuch unequal ſtrife?
, his pointed ſpear he took;
e moon a mournful look,
s, and goddeſs of the night,
d, direct my dart aright:
'ather for my ſake,
ngs on thy altars make;
m with my ſylvan toils,
ly roofs with ſavage ſpoils,
r theſe. Then from his ear
m'd, and launch'd the trembling

on, hiſſing from the grove,
back of Sulmo drove;
mour, drank his vital blood,
eſt the broken wood.
; his eye-balls roll in death,
bs he gaſps away his breath.
; a ſecond javelin flies
ngth, and quivers through the

temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
pan warmly buried lay.
oams with rage, and gazing round,
who gave the fatal wound:
evenge: But thou, he cries,
, and at the priſoner flies
ſword. Then ſtruck with deep

he lover could not bear:
rt ruſh'd in open view,
e before him as he flew:
, turn all your ſwords alone
confeſs'd, the fault my own.
nor durſt, the guiltleſs youth;
, bear witneſs to the truth!
f friendſhip can offend)
to his unhappy friend.
s; the ſword, which fury guides,
orce, had pierc'd his tender ſides.
uteous youth; the yawning wound
ple ſtream, and ſtain'd the ground.
eclines upon his breaſt,
by the keen ſhare oppreſs'd:
py ſinking on the plain,
d is overcharg'd with rain.
, and vengeance juſtly vow'd,
long on the hoſtile crowd:
: on him alone he bends;
bor'd, by his ſurrounding friends,
d; and kept him ſtill in ſight;
t his ſword with all his might:
deſcended while he ſpoke,
mouth, and through his weazen

nd, ſtaggering on the plain,
yes he ſought his lover ſlain:
Then quiet on his bleeding boſom fell;
Content in death to be reveng'd ſo well.
O happy friends! for, if my verſe can give
Immortal life, your fame ſhall ever live:
Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies;
And ſpread where'er the Roman eagle flies!
The conquering party firſt divide the prey,
Then their ſlain leader to the camp convey.
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
To ſee ſuch numbers whom ſo few had kill'd.
Serranus, Rhamnes, and the reſt they found:
Vaſt crowds the dying and the dead ſurround:
And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.
All knew the helmet which Meſſapus loſt;
But mourn'd a purchaſe that ſo dear had coſt.
Now roſe the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed;
And, with the dawn of day, the ſkies o'erſpread.
Nor long the ſun his daily courſe withheld,
But added colours to the world reveal'd.
When early Turnus, wakening with the light,
All clad in armour, calls his troops to fight.
His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd;
And his own ardour in their ſouls inſpir'd.
This done, to give new terror to his foes,
The heads of Niſus, and his friend he ſhows,
Rais'd high on pointed ſpears: a ghaſtly ſight;
Loud peals of ſhouts enſue, and barbarous delight.
Mean time the Trojans run, where danger calls:
They line their trenches, and they man their walls:
In front extended to the left they ſtood:
Safe was the right ſurrounded by the flood.
But caſting from their towers a frightful view,
They ſaw the faces which too well they knew;
Though then diſguis'd in death, and ſmear'd all o'er
With filth obſcene, and dropping putrid gore.
Soon haſty fame, through the ſad city bears
The mournful meſſage to the mother's ears:
An icy cold benumbs her limbs: ſhe ſhakes:
Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forſakes.
She runs the rampires round amidſt the war,
Nor fears the flying darts: ſhe rends her hair,
And fills with loud laments the liquid air.
Thus then, my lov'd Euryalus appears!
Thus looks the prop of my declining years!
Was't on this face my famiſh'd eyes I fed!
Ah how unlike the living is the dead!
And could'ſt thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,
Not one kind kiſs from a departing ſon!
No look, no laſt adieu before he went,
In an ill boding hour to ſlaughter ſent!
Cold on the ground, and preſſing foreign clay,
To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
Nor was I near to cloſe his dying eyes,
To waſh his wounds, to weep his obſequies:
To call about his corpſe his crying friends,
Or ſpread the mantle (made for other ends)
On his dear body, which I wove with care,
Nor did my daily pains, or nightly labour ſpare.
Where ſhall I find his corpſe? What earth ſuſtains
His trunk diſmember'd, and his cold remains?
For this, alas! I left my needful eaſe,
Expos'd my life to winds, and winter-ſeas!
If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
Here empty all your quivers, all your darts:
Or if they fail, thou, Jove, conclude my woe,
And ſend me thunder-ſtruck to ſhades below!
Her ſhrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans ears,
Unman their courage, and augment their fears:

Nor young Aſcanius could the fight ſuſtain,
Nor old Ilioneus his tears reſtrain:
But Actor and Idæus, jointly ſent,
To bear the madding mother to her tent.
And now the trumpets, terribly from far,
With rattling clangor, rouſe the ſleepy war.
The ſoldiers ſhouts ſucceed the brazen ſounds,
And heaven, from pole to pole, their noiſe rebounds.
The Volſcians bear their ſhields upon their head,
And, ruſhing forward, form a moving ſhed;
Theſe fill the ditch; thoſe pull the bulwarks down:
Some raiſe the ladders; others ſcale the town.
But where void ſpaces on the walls appear,
Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.
With poles and miſſive weapons, from afar
The Trojans keep aloof the riſing war.
Taught by their ten years ſiege defenſive fight,
They roll down ribs of rocks, and unreſiſted weight:
To break the penthouſe with the ponderous blow;
Which yet the patient Volſcians undergo.
But could not bear th' unequal combat long;
For where the Trojans find the thickeſt throng,
The ruin falls: their ſhatter'd ſhields give way,
And their cruſh'd heads became an eaſy prey.
They ſhrink for fear, abated of their rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage;
Contented now to gall them from below
With darts and ſlings, and with the diſtant bow.
Elſewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.
But brave Meſſapus, Neptune's warlike ſon,
Broke down the paliſades, the trenches won,
And loud for ladders calls to ſcale the town.
Calliope begin: ye ſacred nine,
Inſpire your poet in his high deſign;
To ſing what ſlaughter manly Turnus made:
What ſouls he ſent below the Stygian ſhade:
What fame the ſoldiers with their captain ſhare,
And the vaſt circuit of the fatal war.
For you in ſinging martial facts excel;
You beſt remember; and alone can tell.
There ſtood a tower, amazing to the ſight,
Built up of beams; and of ſtupendous height;
Art, and the nature of the place, conſpir'd
To furniſh all the ſtrength that war requir'd.
To level this, the bold Italians join;
The wary Trojans obviate their deſign:
With weighty ſtones o'erwhelm'd their troops below,
Shoot through the loop-holes, and ſharp javelins throw.
Turnus, the chief, toſs'd from his thundering hand,
Againſt the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
It ſtuck, the fiery plague: the winds were high;
The planks were ſeaſon'd, and the timber dry.
Contagion caught the poſts; it ſpread along,
Scorch'd, and to diſtance drove the ſcatter'd throng
The Trojans fled; the fire purſu'd amain,
Still gathering faſt upon the trembling train;
Till, crowding to the corners of the wall,
Down the defence, and the defenders fall.
The mighty flaw makes heaven itſelf reſound,
The dead and dying Trojans ſtrew the ground.
The tower that follow'd on the fallen crew,
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and bury'd whom it ſlew:
Some ſtuck upon the darts themſelves had ſent;
All the ſame equal ruin underwent.
Young Lycus and Helenor only 'ſcape;
Sav'd how they know not, from the ſteepy leap.
Helenor, elder of the two; by birth,
On one ſide royal, one a ſon of earth,
Whom, to the Lydian king, Lycimnia bare,
And ſent her boaſted baſtard to the war.
A privilege which none but freemen ſhare).
Slight were his arms, a ſword and ſilver ſhield,
No marks of honour charg'd its empty field.
Light as he fell, ſo light the youth aroſe,
And, riſing, found himſelf amidſt his foes.
Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way;
Embolden'd by deſpair, he ſtood at bay:
And like a ſtag, whom all the troop ſurrounds,
Of eager huntſmen, and invading hounds,
Reſolv'd on death, he diſſipates his fears,
And bounds aloft againſt the pointed ſpears:
So dares the youth, ſecure of death, and throws
His dying body on his thickeſt foes.
But Lycus, ſwifter of his feet by far,
Runs, doubles, winds, and turns, amidſt the war:
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,
And ſnatches at the beam he firſt can find.
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the ſtretch,
In hopes the helping hand of ſome kind friend to reach.
But Turnus followed hard his hunted prey
(His ſpear had almoſt reach'd him in the way,
Short of his reins, and ſcarce a ſpan behind):
Fool, ſaid the chief, though fleeter than the wind,
Couldſt thou preſume to 'ſcape when I purſue?
He ſaid, and downward by the feet he drew
The trembling daſtard: at the tug he falls,
Vaſt ruins come along, rent from the ſmoking walls.
Thus on ſome ſilver ſwan, or timorous hare,
Jove's bird comes ſouſing down from upper air;
Her crooked talons truſs the fearful fray,
Then out of ſight ſhe ſoars, and wings her way.
So ſeizes the grim wolf the tender lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.
Then ruſhing onward, with a barbarous cry,
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.
The ditch with faggots fill'd, the daring foe
Toſs'd firebrands to the ſteepy turrets throw.
Hilioneus, as bold Lucetius came
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock ſo right,
It cruſh'd him double underneath the weight.
Two more young Liger and Aſylas ſlew;
To bend the bow young Liger better knew:
Aſylas beſt the pointed javelin threw.
Brave Cæneas laid Ortygius on the plain;
The victor Cæneas was by Turnus ſlain.
By the ſame hand, Clonius and Itys fall,
Sagar and Ida, ſtanding on the wall.
From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found;
Hurt by Themilla firſt; but ſlight the wound;
His ſhield thrown by, to mitigate the ſmart,
He clapp'd his hand upon the wounded part:
The ſecond ſhaft came ſwift and uneſpy'd,
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his ſide:
Tranſfix'd his breathing lungs, and beating heart;
The ſoul came iſſuing out, and hiſſ'd againſt the dart.
The ſon of Arcens ſhone amid the reſt,
In glittering armour and a purple veſt.
Fair was his face, his eyes inſpiring love,
Bred by his father in the Martian grove:
Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,
And ſent in arms to purchaſe early fame.

)y'd from far, the Thuſcan king
e, and took him to the ſling:
the thong around his head, and
:
half melted as it flew:
llow temples and his brain;
e tumbling down, and ſpurn'd the

Aſcanius, who before this day
oods to ſhoot the ſavage prey,
irtial ſtrife the twanging bow;
gainſt a human foe.
: Numanus of his life,
'ounger ſiſter took to wife.
im, and of his royal bride,
: his troops, and lengthened with
le,
g terms the Trojans he defy'd:
'd cowards, now your ſhame is
n,
:ond time within your town!
ſſue forth in open field,
walls before you for a ſhield.
u war, thus our alliance force!
at madneſs hither ſteer'd your courſe!
nd the ſons of Atreus here,
auds of ſly Ulyſſes fear.
: cradle, of a ſturdy brood,
w born infants to the flood;
nid the ſtream, our boys we hold,
rden'd, and inur'd to cold.
ore the day to range the wood,
it, nor taſte unconquer'd food.
vhat belong to war they know,
tubborn colt, to bend the bow.
labour patient, earn their bread;
ork, with frugal diet fed.
and harrows ſent to ſeek renown,
ields, and ſtorm the ſhaken town.
from toils of war is free;
ge, or difference in degree.
d till in arms; our oxen feel,
ls, the ſpur, and pointed ſteel:
nce makes furrows in the plain;
t changes all, yet changes us in vain:
the mind: nor can controul
vigour, or abate the ſoul.
nd the young, diſguiſe the grey:
nder, and delight in prey
broider'd with rich purple ſhine;
ory, and in dances join.
e ſweeping ſleeves: with female pride
nderneath your chins are ty'd.
to your Dindymus agen;
women, in the ſhapes of men;
th eunuchs, in the mother's rites,
equal ſound the flute invites.
nd howl, by turns, in Ida's ſhade;
r to men, who know the martial
:.
proach Aſcanius could not hear
, or a vow'd revenge forbear.
:tch of both his hands, he drew,
in'd the horns of the tough eugh.
re the throne of Jove he ſtood:
lifted hands invok'd the god:
pt, great Iupiter, ſucceed;
ring in thy grove ſhall bleed:

A ſnow-white ſteer before thy altar led,
Who like his mother bears aloft his head,
But with his threatening brows, and bellowing
ſtands,
And dares the fight, and ſpurns the yellow ſands.
Jove bow'd the heavens, and lent a gracious ear,
And thunder'd on the left amidſt the clear.
Sounded at once the bow; and ſwiftly flies
The feather'd death, and hiſſes through the ſkies.
The ſteel through both his temples forc'd the way:
Extended on the ground Numanus lay.
Go now, vain boaſter, and true valour ſcorn;
The Phrygians, twice ſubdued, yet make this third
return.
Aſcanius ſaid no more: the Trojans ſhake
The heavens with ſhouting, and new vigour take.
Apollo then beſtrode a golden cloud,
To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;
And thus the beardleſs victor, he beſpoke aloud:
Advance, illuſtrious youth; increaſe in fame,
And wide from eaſt to weſt extend thy name.
Offspring of gods thyſelf; and Rome ſhall owe
To thee a race of demigods below.
This is the way to heaven: the powers divine,
From this beginning date the Julian line.
To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,
The conquer'd war is due: and the vaſt world is
theirs.
Troy is too narrow for thy name. He ſaid,
And, plunging downward, ſhot his radiant head;
Diſpell'd the breathing air that broke his flight,
Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal ſight.
Old Butes' form he took, Anchiſes' ſquire,
Now left to rule Aſcanius, by his ſire;
His wrinkled viſage, and his hoary hairs,
His mien, his habit, and his arms he wears;
And thus ſalutes the boy, too forward for his
years:
Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy ſon,
The warlike prize thou haſt already won:
The god of archers gives thy youth a part
Of his own praiſe: nor envies equal art.
Now tempt the war no more. He ſaid, and flew
Obſcure in air, and vaniſh'd from their view.
The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know;
And hear the twanging of his heavenly bow.
Then duteous force they uſe, and Phœbus' name,
To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.
Undaunted they themſelves no danger ſhun:
From wall to wall the ſhouts and clamours run:
They bend their bows; they whirl their ſlings
around:
Heaps of ſpent arrows fall, and ſtrew the ground;
And helms, and ſhields, and rattling arms reſound.
The combat thickens like the ſtorm that flies
From weſtward, when the ſhowery kids ariſe:
Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter deſcends in hardened rain:
Or bellowing clouds burſt with a ſtormy ſound,
And with an arm'd winter ſtrew the ground.
Pand'rus and Bitias, thunder-bolts of war,
Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare
On Ida's top, two youths of height and ſize,
Like firs that on their mother-mountain riſe;
Preſuming on their force, the gates unbar,
And of their own accord invite the war.
With fates averſe, againſt their king's command,
Arm'd on the right and on the left they ſtand,

And flank the paſſage: ſhining ſteel they wear,
And waving creſts above their heads appear.
Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
Liſt up to heaven their leafy heads unſhorn;
And overpreſs'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whiſtling winds, and at each other nod.
In flows a tide of Latians, when they ſee
The gate ſet open, and the paſſage free.
Bold Quercens, with raſh Tmarus ruſhing on,
Equicolas, who in bright armour ſhone,
And Hæmon firſt, but ſoon repuls'd they fly,
Or in the well-defended paſs they die.
Theſe with ſucceſs are fir'd, and thoſe with rage;
And each, on equal terms at length, engage.
Drawn from their lines, and iſſuing on the plain,
The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.
Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,
When ſuddenly th' unhop'd-for news was brought;
The foes had left the faſtneſs of their place,
Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chace.
He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,
Runs, where the giant brothers guard the gate.
The firſt he met, Antiphates the brave,
But baſe begotten on a Theban ſlave;
Sarpedon's ſon he ſlew: the deadly dart
Found paſſage through his breaſt, and pierc'd his heart.
Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel ſtood;
Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.
Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies,
And Meropes, and the gigantic ſize
Of Bitias, threatening with his ardent eyes.
Not by the feeble dart he fell oppreſs'd,
A dart were loſt within that roomy breaſt,
But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, ſtrong;
Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along:
Not two bull-hides th' impetuous force withhold;
Nor coat of double mail, with ſcales of gold.
Down ſunk the monſter-bulk, and preſs'd the ground:
His arms and clattering ſhield on the vaſt body ſound.
Not with leſs ruin, than the Bajan mole
(Rais'd on the ſeas the ſurges to control),
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
Prone to the deep the ſtones disjointed fall
Off the vaſt pile; the ſcatter'd ocean flies;
Black ſands, diſcolour'd froth, and mingled mud ariſe.
The frighted billows roll, and ſeek the ſhores:
Then trembles Prochyta, then Iſchia roars:
Typhœus thrown beneath, by Jove's command,
Aſtoniſh'd at the flaw that ſhakes the land,
Soon ſhifts his weary ſide, and, ſcarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight preſs lighter on his back.
The warrior-god the Latian troops inſpir'd;
New ſtrung their ſinews, and their courage fir'd,
But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright:
Then black deſpair precipitates their flight.
When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,
The town with fear, and wild confuſion fill'd,
He turns the hinges of the heavy gate
With both his hands; and adds his ſhoulders to the weight.
Some happier friends within the walls incloſ'd;
The reſt ſhut out, to certain death expoſ'd.
Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,
T' admit young Turnus, and include the war.
He thruſt amid the crowd, ſecurely bold;
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.
Too late his blazing buckler they deſcry;
And ſparkling fires that ſhot from either eye:
His mighty members, and his ample breaſt,
His rattling armour, and his crimſon creſt.
Far from that hated face the Trojans fly;
All but the fool who fought his deſtiny.
Mad Pandarus ſteps forth, with vengeance vow'd
For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud:
Theſe are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town
Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:
'Tis hoſtile earth you tread; of hope bereft,
No means of ſafe return by flight are left.
To whom, with countenance calm, and ſoul ſedate
Thus Turnus: Then begin; and try thy fate:
My meſſage to the ghoſt of Priam bear,
Tell him a new Achilles ſent thee here.
A lance of tough ground-aſh the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew;
With his full force he whirl'd it firſt around;
But the ſoft yielding air receiv'd the wound:
Imperial Juno turn'd the courſe before,
And fix'd the wandering weapon in the door.
But hope not thou, ſaid Turnus, when I ſtrik
To ſhun thy fate; our force is not alike:
Nor thy ſteel temper'd by the Lemnian god:
Then, riſing, on his utmoſt ſtretch he ſtood;
And aim'd from high; the full deſcending blow
Cleaves the broad front, and beardleſs cheeks in tw
Down ſinks the giant, with a thundering ſound,
His ponderous limbs oppreſs the trembling ground;
Blood, brains, and ſoam, guſh from the gaping wound.
Scalp, face, and ſhoulders, the keen ſteel divide
And the ſhar'd viſage hangs on equal ſides.
The Trojans fly from their approaching fate:
And had the victor then ſecur'd the gate,
And to his troops without unclos'd the bars,
One lucky day had ended all his wars.
But boiling youth, and blind deſire of blood,
Puſh on his fury to purſue the crowd;
Hamſtring'd behind, unhappy Gyges dy'd;
Then Phalaris is added to his ſide:
The pointed javelins from the dead he drew,
And their friends arms againſt their fellows threw.
Strong Halys ſtands in vain; weak Phlegys flies;
Saturnia, ſtill at hand, new force and fire ſupplie
Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall
(Engag'd againſt the foes, who ſcal'd the wall):
But whom they fear'd without, they found within
At laſt, though late, by Linceus he was ſeen:
He calls new ſuccours, and aſſaults the prince;
But weak his force, and vain is their defence.
Turn'd to the right, his ſword the hero drew,
And at one blow the bold aggreſſor ſlew.
He joints the neck; and with a ſtroke ſo ſtrong,
The helm flies off; and bears the head along.
Next him, the huntſman Amycus he kill'd,
In darts envenom'd, and in poiſon ſkill'd.
Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal ſpear,
And Cretus, whom the Muſes held ſo dear:
He fought with courage, and he ſung the fight:
Arms were his buſineſs, verſe his delight.

Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,
ſlaughter'd friends, and haſten their relief.
Mneſtheus rallies firſt the broken train,
brave Sereſthus and his troop ſuſtain.
e the living, and revenge the dead,
t one warrior's arm all Troy they led.
d of ſenſe and courage, Mneſtheus cry'd,
can you hope your coward heads to hide?
here beyond theſe rampires can you run!
an, and in your camp incloſ'd, you ſhun!
hen a ſingle ſword ſuch ſlaughter boaſt,
ſs unpuniſh'd from a numerous hoſt?
ing honour, and renouncing fame,
gods, your country, and your king, you
ſhame.
juſt reproach their virtue does excite,
tand, they join, they thicken to the fight.
Turnus doubts, and yet diſdains to yield;
th ſlow paces meaſures back the field;
ches to the walls, where Tiber's tide,
g the camp, defends the weaker ſide.
ore he loſes, they advance the more;
ead in every ſtep he trod before:
ſhout, they bear him back, and whom by
might
annot conquer, they oppreſs with weight.
compaſs'd with a wood of ſpears around,
rdly lion ſtill maintains his ground;
orrible, retires, and turns again;
s his diſtended paws, and ſhakes his mane:
s while in vain he preſſes on,
ill his courage let him dare to run;
nus fares, and, unreſolv'd of flight,
tardy back, and juſt recedes from fight.
ice, enrag'd, the combat he renews,
breaks, and twice his broken foes purſues:
ow they ſwarm; and, with freſh troops
ſupply'd,
olling on, and ruſh from every ſide.
no, who ſuſtain'd his arms before,
with new ſtrength ſuffice th' exhauſted ſtore.
re, with four commands, ſent Iris down,
e th' invader from th' affrighted town.
labour ſpent, no longer can he wield
avy faulchion, or ſuſtain the ſhield:
elm'd with darts, which from afar they
fling,
apons round his hollow temples ring:
den helm gives way. with ſtony blows
d, and flat, and beaten to his brows,
ſt is raſh'd away; his ample ſhield
y'd, and round with javelins fill'd.
foe now faint; the Trojans overwhelm:
neſtheus lays hard load upon his helm.
reat ſucceeds, he drops at every pore,
riving duſt his cheeks are paſted o'er.
and ſhorter every gaſp he takes,
in efforts and hurtleſs blows he makes.
as he was, at length, he leap'd from high;
in the flood, and made the waters fly.
llow god the welcome burden bore,
ip'd the ſweat, and waſh'd away the gore:
ently waſts him to the farther coaſt;
nds him ſafe to chear his anxious hoſt.

THE

TENTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Æneas's return, there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lauſus, and Mezentius. Mezentius is deſcribed as an atheiſt; Lauſus as a pious and virtuous youth: the different actions and death of theſe two are the ſubject of a noble epiſode.

THE gates of heaven unfold; Jove ſummons all
The gods to council in the common hall.
Sublimely ſeated, he ſurveys from far
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war;
And all th' inferior world: from firſt to laſt
The ſovereign ſenate in degrees are plac'd.
Then thus th' almighty fire began: Ye gods,
Natives, or denizens, of bleſt abodes;
From whence theſe murmurs, and this change of
mind,
This backward fate from what was firſt deſign'd?
Why this protracted war? When my commands
Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian lands.
What fear or hopes on either part divides
Our heavens, and arms our powers on different
ſides?
A lawful time of war at length will come
(Nor need your haſte anticipate the doom)
When Carthage ſhall contend the world with
Rome:
Shall force the rigid rocks, and Alpine chains;
And like a flood come pouring on the plains:
Then is your time for faction and debate,
For partial favour, and permitted hate.
Let now your immature diſſenſion ceaſe:
Sit quiet, and compoſe your ſouls to peace.
Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge:
But lovely Venus thus replies at large:
O power immenſe, eternal energy!
(For to what elſe protection can we fly?)
Seeſt thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare
In fields, unpuniſh'd, and inſult my care?
How lofty Turnus vaunts amidſt his train,
In ſhining arms triumphant on the plain?
Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend;
And ſcarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:
The town is fill'd with ſlaughter, and o'erfloats,
With a red deluge, their encreaſing moats.

Æneas, ignorant, and far from thence,
Has left a camp expos'd, without defence.
This endless outrage shall they still sustain?
Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd, and fir'd again?
A second siege my banish'd issue fears,
And a new Diomede in arms appears.
One more audacious mortal will be found;
And I thy daughter wait another wound.
Yet if, with fates averse, without thy leave,
The Latian lands my progeny receive,
Bear they the pains of violated law,
And thy protection from their aid withdraw?
But if the gods their sure success foretell,
If those of heaven consent with those of hell,
To promise Italy; who dare debate
The power of Jove, or fix another fate?
What should I tell of tempests on the main,
Of Œolus usurping Neptune's reign?
Of Iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat,
T' inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet.
Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,
Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
That new example wanted yet above:
An act that well became the wife of Jove.
Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames
The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.
Imperial sway no more exalts my mind
(Such hopes I had indeed, while heaven was kind;)
Now let my happier foes possess my place,
Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race;
And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace.
Since you can spare, from all your wide command,
No spot of earth, no hospitable land,
Which may my wandering fugitives receive
(Since haughty Juno will not give you leave);
Then, father (if I still may use that name)
By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,
I beg you, let Ascanius, by my care,
Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the war:
Inglorious let him live, without a crown;
The father may be cast on coasts unknown,
Struggling with fate; but let me save the son.
Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian towers;
In those recesses, and those sacred bowers,
Obscurely let him rest; his right resign
To promis'd empire, and his Julian line.
Then Carthage may th' Ausonian towns destroy,
Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.
What profits it my son, to 'scape the fire,
Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his sire
To pass the perils of the seas and wind;
Evade the Grecks, and leave the war behind;
To reach th' Italian shores: if, after all,
Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall?
Much better had he curb'd his high desires,
And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires.
To Simois' banks the fugitives restore,
And give them back to war, and all the woes before.
Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart:
And must I own, she said, my secret smart?
What with more decence were in silence kept,
And but for this unjust reproach had slept.
Did god, or man, your favourite son advise,
With war unhop'd the Latians to surprise?
By fate you boast, and by the gods decree,
He left his native land for Italy:
Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra, more
Than Heaven, inspir'd, he sought a foreign shore!
Did I persuade to trust his second Troy
To the raw conduct of a beardless boy?
With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,
And through the waves a wandering voyage takes?
When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land?
Did I or Iris give this mad advice?
Or made the fool himself the fatal choice?
You think it hard, the Latians should destroy
With swords your Trojans, and with fires your Troy:
Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw
Their native air, nor take a foreign law:
That Turnus is permitted still to live,
To whom his birth a god and goddess give:
But yet 'tis just and lawful for your line,
To drive their fields, and force with fraud to join.
Realms not your own, among your clans divide,
And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride:
Petition, while you public arms prepare;
Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war.
'Twas given to you, your darling son to shroud,
To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd;
And for a man obtend an empty cloud.
From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,
And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.
But 'tis my crime, the Queen of Heaven offends,
If she presume to save her suffering friends.
Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
You say is absent: absent let him be.
Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian towers,
The soft recesses, and the sacred bowers.
Why do you then these needless arms prepare,
And thus provoke a people prone to war?
Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
Or hinder from return your exil'd race?
Was I the cause of mischief, or the man,
Whose lawless lust the fatal war began?
Think on whose faith th' adulterous youth rely'd:
Who promis'd, who procur'd, the Spartan bride?
When all th' united states of Greece combin'd,
To purge the world of the perfidious kind;
Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate:
Your quarrels and complaints are now too late.
Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd applause;
Just as they favour, or dislike, the cause:
So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,
In whispers first their tender voices try:
Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,
And storms to trembling mariners presage.
Then thus to both reply'd th' imperial god,
Who shakes Heaven's axles with his awful nod.
(When he begins, the silent senate stand
With reverence, listening to the dread command:
The clouds dispel; the winds their breath restrain;
And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main.)
Cœlestials! your attentive ears incline;
Since, said the god, the Trojans must not join
In wish'd alliance with the Latian line;
Since endless jarrings, and immortal hate,
Tend but to discompose our happy state:
The war henceforward be resigned to Fate:
Each to his proper fortune stand or fall,
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.
Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;
And both shall draw the love their fates decree.

ult, if Fortune be their friend;
avours thoſe, let thoſe defend:
ll find their way. The Thunderer ſaid;
e ſacred honours of his head:
x, th' inviolable flood,
k regions of his brother god:
e poles of Heav'n; and earth con-
the nod:
ſeſſions had: the ſenate riſe,
alace wait their ſovereign through the

, intent upon their ſiege, the foes
walls the Trojan hoſt incloſe:
, they kill, they watch at every gate:
res, and urge their happy fate.
ins with in vain their wonted chief,
flight, more hopeleſs of relief;
towers they ſtand; and ev'n thoſe few,
iting, and dejected crew:
ce of danger ſome there ſtood:
l brothers of Sarpedon's blood,
:mon: both th' Aſſaraci;
on, and, though young, reſolv'd to die.
ere Clarus and Thymetes join'd;
aſtor, both of Lycian kind.
's hands a rolling ſtone there came,
alf deſerv'd a mountain's name!
'd was the youth, and big of bone,
Aneſtheus could not more have done;
father of th' intrepid ſon.
nds throw, ſome flights of arrows ſend;
th darts, and ſome with ſtones defend.
:ſs appears the beauteous boy,
Venus, and the hope of Troy.
ce unarm'd, his head was bare,
'er his ſhoulders hung his hair;
circled with a diadem;
from the crowd he ſhines a gem,
gold, or poliſh'd ivory ſet,
neaner foil of ſable jet.
us was wanting to the war,
inted arrows from afar,
ith poiſon arm'd: in Lydia born
:ous harveſts the fat fields adorn:
l Pactolus floats the fruitful lands,
rich manure of golden ſands,
, author of the Capuan name:
as Mneſtheus too increas'd in fame,
s from the camp he caſt with ſhame.
tal war was wag'd on either ſide.
he hero cuts the nightly tide:
, from Evander when he went,
e Tyrrhenc camp, and Tarchon's tent;
cauſe of coming to the chief;
d country told, and aſk'd relief:
terms; his own ſmall ſtrength declar'd,
nce proud Mezentius had prepar'd:
s, bold and violent, deſign'd;
l the ſlippery ſtate of human kind,
'ortune; warn'd him to beware:
wholeſome counſel added prayer.
thout delay, the treaty ſigns:
Trojan troops the Tuſcan joins.
ı ſet ſail; nor now the Fates withſtand;
truſted with a foreign hand
s; upon his ſtern appear
arv'd, which riſing Ida bear;
dering Trojans ever dear.

Under their grateful ſhade Æneas ſate,
Revolving war's events, and various fate.
His left young Pallas kept, fixed to his ſide,
And oft' of winds inquir'd, and of the tide:
Oft' of the ſtars, and of their watery way;
And what he ſuffer'd both by land and ſea.
Now, ſacred ſiſters, open all your ſpring:
The Tuſcan leaders, and their army ſing;
Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:
Their arms, their numbers, and their names, declare.
A thouſand youths brave Maſſicus obey,
Born in the Tiger, through the foaming ſea;
From Aſium brought, and Coſa, by his care;
For arms, light quivers, bows and ſhafts they bear.
Fierce Abas next, his men bright armour wore;
His ſtern, Apollo's golden ſtatue bore,
Six hundred Populonea ſent along,
All ſkill'd in martial exerciſe, and ſtrong.
Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,
An iſle renown'd for ſteel, and unexhauſted mines.
Aſylis on his prow the third appears,
Who heaven interprets, and the wandering ſtars;
From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,
And peals of thunder, with preſaging ſounds.
A thouſand ſpears in warlike order ſtand,
Sent by the Piſans under his command.
Fair Auſtur follows in the watery field,
Proud of his manag'd horſe, and painted ſhield,
Graviſca, noiſom from the neighbouring fen,
And his own Cœre, ſent three hundred men:
With thoſe which Minio's fields, and Pyrgi gave;
All bred in arms, unanimous and brave.
Thou, Muſe, the name of Cinyras renew;
And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few:
Whoſe helm confeſs'd the lineage of the man,
And bore, with wings diſplay'd, a ſilver ſwan.
Love was the fault of his fam'd anceſtry,
Whoſe forms and fortunes in his enſigns fly.
For Cycnus lov'd unhappy Phaeton,
And ſung his loſs in poplar groves alone;
Beneath the ſiſter ſhades to ſooth his grief:
Heaven heard his ſong, and haſten'd his relief;
And chang'd to ſnowy plumes his hoary hair,
And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.
His ſon Cupavo bruſh'd the briny flood:
Upon his ſtern a brawny Centaur ſtood,
Who heav'd a rock, and threatening ſtill to throw,
With lifted hands, alarm'd the ſeas below:
They ſeem to fear the formidable fight,
And roll'd their billows on, to ſpeed his flight.
Ocnus was next, who led his native train
Of hardy warriors through the watery plain,
The ſon of Manto, by the Tuſcan ſtream,
From whence the Mantuan town derives the name,
An ancient city, but of mix'd deſcent,
Three ſeveral tribes compoſe the government:
Four towns are under each; but all obey
The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuſcan ſway.
Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,
Whom Mincius from his ſire Benacus bore;
Mincius with wreaths of reeds his forehead cover'd o'er.
Theſe grave Auletes leads. A hundred ſweep,
With ſtretching oars, at once the glaſſy deep:
Him, and his martial train, the Triton bears,
High on his poop the ſea-green god appears:
Frowning he ſeems his crooked ſhell to ſound,
And at the blaſt the billows dance around.

A hairy man above the waſte he ſhows,
A porpoiſe tail beneath his belly grows;
And ends a fiſh: his breaſt the waves divides,
And froth and foam augment the murmuring tides.
Full thirty ſhips tranſport the choſen train,
For Troy's relief, and ſcour the briny main.
Now was the world forſaken by the ſun,
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run.
The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes,
Himſelf the rudder holds, the ſail ſupplies.
A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,
Once his own gallies, hewn from Ida's wood:
But now as many nymphs the ſea they ſweep.
As rode before tall veſſels on the deep.
They know him from afar; and in a ring
Incloſe the ſhip that bore the Trojan king.
Cymodoce, whoſe voice excell'd the reſt,
Above the waves advanc'd her ſnowy breaſt.
Her right hand ſtops the ſtern, her left divides
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides:
She ſpoke for all the choir: and thus began
With pleaſing words to warn th' unknowing man:
Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddeſs-born! awake,
Spread every ſail, purſue your watery track;
And haſte your courſe. Your navy once were we,
From Ida's height deſcending to the ſea:
Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we ſtood,
Preſum'd to violate our holy wood.
Then loos'd from ſhore we fled his fires profane
(Unwillingly we broke our maſter's chain);
And ſince have ſought you through the Tuſcan main.
The mighty mother chang'd our forms to theſe,
And gave us life immortal in the ſeas.
But young Aſcanius, in his camp diſtreſs'd,
By your inſulting foes is hardly preſs'd;
Th' Arcadian horſemen, and Etrurian hoſt,
Advance in order on the Latian coaſt:
To cut their way the Daunian chief deſigns,
Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines.
Thou, when the roſy morn reſtores the light,
Firſt arm thy ſoldiers for th' enſuing fight;
Thyſelf the fated ſword of Vulcan wield,
And bear aloft th' impenetrable ſhield.
To-morrow's ſun, unleſs my ſkill be vain,
Shall ſee huge heaps of foes in battle ſlain.
Parting, ſhe ſpoke; and, with immortal force,
Puſh'd on the veſſel in her watery courſe,
(For well ſhe knew the way) impell'd behind,
The ſhip flew forward, and outſtript the wind.
The reſt make up: unknowing of the cauſe,
The chief admires their ſpeed, and happy omens draws.
Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heaven his eyes:
Hear thou, great mother of the deities,
With turrets crown'd, (on Ida's holy hills,
Fierce Tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.)
Firm thy own omens, lead us on to fight,
And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right.
He ſaid no more. And now renewing day
Had chac'd the ſhadows of the night away
He charg'd the ſoldiers with preventing care,
Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;
Warn'd of th' enſuing fight, and bade them hope the war.
Now, from his lofty poop, he view'd below,
His camp encompaſs'd, and th' incloſing foe.
His blazing ſhield embrac'd, he held on high;
The camp receive the ſign, and with loud ſhouts reply.
Hope arms their courage: from their towers they throw
Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
Thus, at the ſignal given, the cranes ariſe
Before the ſtormy ſouth, and blacken all the ſkies.
King Turnus wondered at the fight renew'd;
Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd;
The ſeas with ſwelling canvaſs cover'd o'er;
And the ſwift ſhips deſcending on the ſhore.
The Latians ſaw from far, with dazzled eyes,
The radiant creſt that ſeem'd in flames to riſe,
And dart diffuſive fires around the field;
And the keen glittering of the golden ſhield.
Thus threatening comets, when by night they riſe,
Shoot ſanguine ſtreams, and ſadden all the ſkies:
So Sirius, flaſhing forth ſiniſter lights,
Pale human-kind with plagues and with dry famine frights.
Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind, is bent
To man the ſhores, and hinder their deſcent:
And thus awakes the courage of his friends,
What you ſo long have wiſh'd, kind fortune ſends:
In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe:
You find, and find him at advantage now.
Yours is the day, you need but only dare:
Your ſwords will make you maſters of the war.
Your ſires, your ſons, your houſes, and your lands,
And deareſt wives, are all within your hands.
Be mindful of the race from whence you came;
And emulate in arms your father's fame.
Now take the time, while ſtaggering yet they ſtand
With feet unfirm; and prepoſſeſs the ſtrand:
Fortune befriends the bold. No more he ſaid,
But balanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead:
Then theſe elects, the landing to prevent;
And thoſe he leaves to keep the city pent.
Mean time the Trojan ſends his troops aſhore:
Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.
With labouring oars they bear along the ſtrand,
Where the tide languiſhes, and leap a-land.
Tarchon obſerves the coaſt with careful eyes,
And where no ford he finds, no water fries,
Nor billows with unequal murmur roar,
But ſmoothly ſlide along, and ſwell the ſhore:
That courſe he ſteer'd, and thus he gave command,
Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land:
Force on the veſſel, that her keel may wound
This hated ſoil, and furrow hoſtile ground.
Let me ſecurely land, I aſk no more,
Then ſink my ſhips, or ſhatter on the ſhore.
This fiery ſpeech inflames his fearful friends,
They tug at every oar; and every ſtretcher bends:
They run their ſhips aground, the veſſels knock,
(Thus forc'd aſhore) and tremble with the ſhock.
Tarchon's alone was loſt, and ſtranded ſtood,
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood.
She breaks her back, the looſen'd ſides give way,
And plunge the Tuſcan ſoldiers in the ſea.
Their broken oars and floating planks withſtand
Their paſſage, while they labour to the land;
And ebbing tides bear back upon th' uncertain ſand.
Now Turnus leads his troops, without delay,
Advancing to the margin of the ſea.
The trumpets ſound: Æneas firſt aſſail'd
The clowns new-rais'd and raw; and ſoon prevail'd

'heron fell, an omen of the fight:
'heron large of limbs, of giant height.
in open fields defy'd the prince,
iour ſcal'd with gold was no defence
the fated ſword, which open'd wide
ted ſhield, and pierc'd his naked ſide.
, Lycas fell; who, not like others born,
om his wretched mother ripp'd and torn:
O Phœbus! from his birth to thee,
beginning life from biting ſteel was free.
from him was Gyas laid along,
ıſtrous bulk; with Ciſſeus fierce and ſtrong;
ulk and ſtrength; for when the chief aſſail'd
lour, nor Herculean arms, avail'd;
eir fam'd father, wont in war to go
reat Alcides, while he toil'd below.
ity Pharos next receiv'd his death,
i writh'd his dart, and ſtopp'd his bawling
breath.
vretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,
ourted Clytius in his beardleſs bloom,
ught with love obſcene polluted joys:
rojan ſword had cur'd his love of boys,
ot his ſeven bold brethren ſtopp'd the courſe
fierce champion, with united force.
darts are thrown at once, and ſome rebound
his bright ſhield, ſome on his helmet ſound:
ſt had reach'd him, but his mother's care
ted thoſe, and turn'd aſide in air.
prince then call'd Achates, to ſupply
ears that knew the way to victory.
fatal weapons, which, inur'd to blood,
cian bodies under Ilium ſtood:
ne of thoſe my hand ſhall toſs in vain
ſt our foes, on this contended plain,
d: then ſeiz'd a mighty ſpear, and threw;
, wing'd with fate, through Mæon's buckler
flew;
l all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart:
gger'd with intolerable ſmart.
or ſaw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
lping hand, his brother to ſuſtain.
nd ſpear, which kept the former courſe,
the ſame hand, and ſent with equal force,
ght arm pierc'd, and, holding on, bereft
e of both, and pinion'd down his left.
Numitor, from his dead brother, drew
-omen'd ſpear, and at the Trojan threw:
ıting Fate directs the lance awry,
, glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.
oride of youth the Sabine Clauſus came,
om afar at Dryops took his aim.
ear flew hiſſing through the middle ſpace,
ierc'd his throat, directed at his face:
p'd at once the paſſage of his wind,
he free ſoul to flitting air reſign'd:
rehead was the firſt that ſtruck the ground;
lood and life ruſh'd mingled through the
wound.
w three brothers of the Borean race,
hree, whom Iſmarus, their native place,
nt to war, but all the ſons of Thrace.
is next, the bold Arunci leads;
n of Neptune to his aid ſucceeds,
icuous on his horſe: on either hand
fight to keep, and thoſe to win the land.
mutual blood th' Auſonian ſoil is dy'd,
on its borders each their claim decide.

As wintery winds, contending in the ſky,
With equal force of lungs their titles try,
They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of heaven
Stands without motion, and the tide undriven:
Each bent to conquer, neither ſide to yield;
They long ſuſpend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can:
Foot ſet to foot, and mingled man to man.
But in another part, th' Arcadian horſe,
With ill-ſucceſs engage the Latian force,
For where th' impetuous torrent, ruſhing down,
Huge craggy ſtones, and rooted trees had thrown,
They left their courſers, and, unus'd to fight
On foot, were ſcatter'd in a ſhameful flight.
Pallas, who with diſdain and grief had view'd
His foes purſuing, and his friends purſu'd,
Us'd threatnings mix'd with prayers, his laſt re-
ſource;
With theſe to move their minds, with thoſe to fire
their force.
Which way, companions! whither would you run?
By you yourſelves, and mighty battles won;
By my great ſire, by his eſtabliſh'd name,
And early promiſe of my future fame;
By my youth emulous of equal right,
To ſhare his honours, ſhun ignoble flight.
Truſt not your feet; your hands muſt hew your
way
Through yon black body, and that thick array:
'Tis through that forward path that we muſt
come:
There lies our way, and that our paſſage home.
Nor powers above, nor deſtinies below,
Oppreſs our arms; with equal ſtrength we go;
With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.
See on what foot we ſtand: a ſcanty ſhore;
The ſea behind, our enemies before:
No paſſage left, unleſs we ſwim the main;
Or, forcing theſe, the Trojan trenches gain.
This ſaid, he ſtrode with eager haſte along,
And bore amidſt the thickeſt of the throng,
Lagus, the firſt he met, with fate to foe,
Had heav'd a ſtone of mighty weight to throw:
Stooping, the ſpear deſcended on his chine,
Juſt where the bone diſtinguiſh'd either loin:
It ſtuck ſo faſt, ſo deeply buried lay,
That ſcarce the victor forc'd the ſteel away.
Hiſbon came on, but while he mov'd too ſlow
To wiſh'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow;
For, warding his at once, at once he preſs'd;
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breaſt.
Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in duſt;
Who ſtain'd his ſtepdam's bed with impious luſt.
And after him the Daunian twins were ſlain,
Laris and Thimbrus, on the Latian plain:
So wondrous like in feature, ſhape, and ſize,
As caus'd an error in their parents' eyes.
Grateful miſtake! but ſoon the ſword decides
The nice diſtinction, and their fate divides.
For Thimbrus' head was lopp'd: and Laris' hand,
Diſmember'd, fought its owner on the ſtrand:
The trembling fingers yet the ſauchion ſtrain,
And threaten ſtill th' intended ſtroke in vain.
Now, to renew the charge, th' Arcadians
came:
Sight of ſuch acts, and ſenſe of honeſt ſhame,
And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds in-
flame.

Then with a caſual blow was Rhæteus ſlain,
Who chanc'd, as Pallas threw, to croſs the plain!
The flying ſpear was after Ilus ſent,
But Rhæteus happen'd on a death unmeant:
From Teuthras and from Tyrus while he fled,
The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead.
Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
And intercepted fate, he ſpurn'd the ground.
As, when in ſummer welcome winds ariſe,
The watchful ſhepherd to the foreſt flies,
And fires the midmoſt plants; contagion ſpreads,
And catching flames infect the neighbouring heads;
Around the foreſt flies the furious blaſt,
And all the leafy nation ſinks at laſt;
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waſte;
The paſtor, pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the ſatiate flames in ſheets aſcend the ſky:
So Pallas' troops their ſcatter'd ſtrength unite;
And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.
Haleſus came, fierce with deſire of blood
(But firſt collected in his arms he ſtood;)
Advancing then he ply'd the ſpear ſo well,
Ladon, Demodochus, and Pheres, fell:
Around his head he toſs'd his glittering brand,
And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,
Held up to guard his throat: then hurl'd a ſtone
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:
It ſtruck beneath the ſpace of either eye,
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.
Deep ſkill'd in future fates, Haleſus' ſire
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:
But, when the father's mortal race was run,
Dire Deſtiny laid hold upon the ſon,
And haul'd him to the war: to find beneath
Th' Evandrian ſpear a memorable death.
Pallas th' encounter ſeeks; but, ere he throws,
To Tuſcan Tiber thus addreſs'd his vows:
O ſacred ſtream, direct my flying dart,
And give to paſs the proud Haleſus' heart:
His arms and ſpoils thy holy oak ſhall bear.
Pleas'd with the bribe, the god received his prayer;
For, while his ſhield protects a friend diſtreſs'd,
The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breaſt.
But Lauſus, no ſmall portion of the war,
Permits not panick fear to reign too far,
Caus'd by the death of ſo renown'd a knight;
But by his own example clears the fight.
Fierce Abas firſt he ſlew; Abas, the ſtay
Of Trojan hopes, and hindrance of the day.
The Phrygian troops eſcap'd the Greeks in vain,
They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain.
To the rude ſhock of war both armies came,
The leaders equal, and their ſtrength the ſame.
The rear ſo preſs'd the front, they could not wield
Their angry weapons, to diſpute the field.
Here Pallas urges on, and Lauſus there,
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
But both by fate forbid to breathe their native air.
Their congreſs in the field great Jove withſtands,
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.
Mean time Juturna warns the Daunian chief
Of Lauſus' danger, urging ſwift relief.
With his driven chariot he divides the crowd,
And, making to his friends, thus calls aloud:
Let none preſume his needleſs aid to join;
Retire, and clear the field, the fight is mine:
To this right hand is Pallas only due:
Oh were his father here my juſt revenge to view!
From the forbidden ſpace his men retir'd,
Pallas their awe and his ſtern words admir'd,
Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wondering ſight,
Struck with his haughty mien, and towering height.
Then to the king; your empty vaunts forbear;
Succeſs I hope, and Fate I cannot fear.
Alive or dead, I ſhall deſerve a name:
Jove is impartial, and to both the ſame.
He ſaid, and to the void advanc'd his pace;
Pale horror ſate on each Arcadian face.
Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,
Addreſs'd himſelf on foot to ſingle fight.
And, as a lion, when he ſpies from far
A bull that ſeems to meditate the war,
Bending his neck, and ſpurning back the ſand,
Runs roaring downward from his hilly ſtand:
Imagine eager Turnus not more ſlow,
To ruſh from high on his unequal foe.
Young Pallas, when he ſaw the chief advance
Within due diſtance of his flying lance,
Prepares to charge him firſt, reſolv'd to try
If Fortune would his want of force ſupply;
And thus to Heaven and Hercules addreſs'd:
Alcides, once on earth Evander's gueſt,
His ſon adjures you by thoſe holy rites,
That hoſpitable board, thoſe genial nights;
Aſſiſt my great attempt to gain this prize,
And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
His raviſh'd ſpoils. 'Twas heard, the vain requeſt;
Alcides mourn'd; and ſtifled ſighs within his breaſt.
Then Jove, to ſooth his ſorrow, thus began:
Short bounds of life are ſet to mortal man;
'Tis virtue's work alone to ſtretch the narrow ſpan.
So many ſons of gods in bloody fight,
Around the walls of Troy, have loſt the light:
My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe,
Nor I, his mighty ſire, could ward the blow.
Ev'n Turnus ſhortly ſhall reſign his breath;
And ſtands already on the verge of death.
This ſaid, the god permits the fatal fight,
But from the Latian fields averts his ſight.
Now with full force his ſpear young Pallas threw;
And, having thrown, his ſhining fauchion drew:
The ſteel juſt graz'd along the ſhoulder joint,
And marked it ſlightly with the glancing point.
Fierce Turnus firſt to nearer diſtance drew,
And poiſ'd his pointed ſpear before he threw:
Then, as the winged weapon whizz'd along,
See now, ſaid he, whoſe arm is better ſtrung.
The ſpear kept on the fatal courſe, unſtay'd
By plates of iron, which o'er the ſhield were laid
Through folded braſs and tough bull-hides it paſs'd,
His corſlet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at laſt.
In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood,
The ſoul comes iſſuing with the vital blood:
He falls; his arms upon his body ſound;
And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.
Turnus beſtrode the corpſe: Arcadians hear,
Said he; my meſſage to your maſter bear:
Such as the fire deſerved, the ſon I ſend:
It coſts him dear to be the Phrygians' friend.
The lifeleſs body, ſell him, I beſtow,
Unaſk'd, to reſt his wandering ghoſt below.
He ſaid, and trampled down with all the force
Of his left foot, and ſpurn'd the wretched corſe:

tch'd the ſhining belt, with gold inlaid;
Eurytion's artful hands had made:
ſty fatal brides, expreſs'd to fight,
ie compaſs of one mournful night,
their bridegrooms of returning light.
ll hour inſulting Turnus tore
lden ſpoils, and in a worſe he wore.
s! blind in fate, who never know
iigh fortune, or endure the low!
ſhall come, when Turnus, but in vain,
h untouch'd the trophies of the ſlain:
h the fatal belt were far away;
e the dire remembrance of the day.
d Arcadians from th' unhappy field,
t the breathleſs body on a ſhield.
ınd grief of war! at once reſtor'd
iiſes to thy ſire, at once deplor'd.
firſt ſent thee to the fighting field,
hole heaps of foes in battle killed;
beheld thee dead, and borne upon thy
ſhield.
nal news, not from uncertain fame,
pectators, to the hero came:
ds upon the brink of ruin ſtand,
liev'd by his victorious hand.
s his ſword around, without delay,
's through adverſe foes an ample way;
fierce Turnus, of his conqueſt proud:
Pallas, all that friendſhip ow'd
deſerts, are preſent to his eyes;
ıted hand, and hoſpitable ties.
ons of Sulmo, four whom Uſens bred,
in fight, and living victims led,
: the ghoſt of Pallas; and expire
ce before his funeral fire.
ıus next he threw: he ſtoop'd below
ıg ſpear, and ſhun'd the promis'd blow.
eeping, claſp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd:
g Iulus, by thy father's ſhade,
my life, and ſend me back to ſee
ing fire and tender progeny.
ıouſe I have, and wealth untold,
ingots, and in bars of gold:
, and ſums beſides, which ſee no day,
om of this one poor life ſhall pay.
ive, ſhall Troy the leſs prevail?
ſoul's too light to turn the ſcale.
The hero ſternly thus reply'd:
, and ingots, and the ſums beſide,
r thy children's lot. Thy Turnus broke
of war, by one relentleſs ſtroke,
allas fell: ſo deems, nor deems alone,
r's ſhadow, but my living ſon.
ring ſaid, of kind remorſe bereft,
l his helm, and dragg'd him with his left:
ith his right-hand, whilſt his neck he
wreath'd,
e hilts his ſhining fauchion ſheath'd.
's prieſt, Hæmonides, was near,
fillets on his front appear;
g in arms he ſhone amidſt the crowd;
his god, more of his purple proud:
fierce Trojan follow'd through the field,
coward fell: and, forc'd to yield,
ce ſtood o'er the prieſt; and at one blow
ı an offering to the ſhades below.
; Sereſthus on his ſhoulders bears,
a trophy to the god of wars.

Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight;
And Umbro born upon the mountain's height.
The champion chears his troops t' encounter thoſe;
And ſeeks revenge himſelf on other foes.
At Anxur's ſhield he drove, and at the blow
Both ſhield and arm to ground together go.
Anxur had boaſted much of magic charms,
And thought he wore impenetrable arms;
So made by mutter'd ſpells: and from the ſpheres
Had life ſecur'd in vain, for length of years.
Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;
A nymph his mother, and his ſire a god.
Exulting in bright arms, he braves the prince:
With his protended lance he makes defence:
Bears back his feeble foe; then, preſſing on,
Arreſts his better hand, and drags him down.
Stands o'er the proſtrate wretch, and as he lay,
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
Mows off his head; the trunk a moment ſtood,
Then ſunk, and roll'd along the ſand in blood.
The vengeful victor thus upbraids the ſlain;
Lie there, proud man, unpity'd on the plain:
Lie there, inglorious, aad without a tomb,
Far from thy mother, and thy native home:
Expos'd to ſavage beaſts, and birds of prey;
Or thrown for food to monſters of the ſea.
On Lycas and Antæus next he ran,
Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van,
They fled for fear; with theſe he chac'd along,
Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa ſtrong,
Both great in arms, and both were fair and
young:
Camers was ſon to Volſcens lately ſlain,
In wealth ſurpaſſing all the Latian train,
And in Amycla fix'd his ſilent eaſy reign.
And as Ægeon, when with heaven he ſtrove,
Stood oppoſite in arms to mighty Jove;
Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
Defy'd the forky lightning from afar:
At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,
And flaſh for flaſh returns, and fires for fires:
In his right hand as many ſwords he wields,
And takes the thunder on as many ſhields:
With ſtrength like his the Trojan hero ſtood,
And ſoon the fields with falling crops were ſtrowd,
When once his fauchion found the taſte of blood
With fury ſcarce to be conceiv'd he flew
Againſt Niphæus, whom four courſers drew.
They, when they ſee the fiery chief advance,
And puſhing at their cheſts his pointed lance,
Wheel'd with ſo ſwift a motion, mad with fear,
They drew their maſter headlong from the chair:
They ſtare, they ſtart, nor ſtop their courſe, before
They bear the bounding chariot to the ſhore.
Now Lucagus and Liger ſcour the plains,
With two white ſteeds, but Liger holds the reins,
And Lucagus the lofty ſeat maintains.
Bold brethren both, the former wav'd in air
His flaming ſword; Æneas couch'd his ſpear,
Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear.
Then Liger [illegible]. Thy confidence is vain
To 'ſcape [illegible] hence, as from the Trojan plain:
Nor theſe [illegible] ſteeds which Diomede beſtrode,
Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode:
Nor Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's ſhield
Thy fatal hour is come; and this the field.
Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer
Return'd his anſer with his flying ſpear.

As Lucagus to laſh his horſes bends,
Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends,
Prepar'd for flight, the fatal dart arrives,
And through the border of his buckler drives;
Paſs'd through, and pierc'd his groin; the deadly wound,
Caſt from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground.
Whom thus the chief upbraids with ſcornful ſpight;
Blame not the ſlowneſs of your ſteeds in flight;
Vain ſhadows did not force their ſwift retreat:
But you yourſelf forſake your empty ſeat.
He ſaid, and ſeiz'd at once the looſen'd rein
(For Liger lay already on the plain
By the ſame ſhock); then, ſtretching out his hands,
The recreant thus his wretched life demands:
Now by thyſelf, O more than mortal man!
By her and him from whom thy breath began,
Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee ſpare
This forfeit life, and hear thy ſuppliant's prayer.
Thus much he ſpoke; and more he would have ſaid,
But the ſtern hero turn'd aſide his head,
And cut him ſhort: I hear another man,
You talk'd not thus before the fight began;
Now take your turn: and, as a brother ſhould,
Attend your brother to the Stygian flood:
Then through his breaſt his fatal ſword he ſent,
And the ſoul iſſued at the gaping vent.
As ſtorms the ſkies, and torrents tear the ground,
Thus rag'd the prince, and ſcatter'd deaths around:
At length Aſcanius, and the Trojan train,
Broke from the camp, ſo long beſieg'd in vain.
Meantime the king of gods and mortal man
Held conference with his queen, and thus began:
My ſiſter-goddeſs, and well-pleaſing wife,
Still think you Venus' aid ſupports the ſtriſe;
Suſtains her Trojans, or themſelves alone
With inborn valour force their fortune on?
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd!
Judge if ſuch warriors want immortal aid.
To whom the goddeſs with the charming eyes,
Soft in her tone, ſubmiſſively replies.
Why, O my ſovereign lord, whoſe frown I fear,
And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear;
Why urge you thus my grief? when if I ſtill
(As once I was) were miſtreſs of your will,
From your almighty will, your pleaſing wife
Might gain the grace of lengthening Turnus' life;
Securely ſnatch him from the fatal fight;
And give him to his aged father's fight.
Now let him periſh, ſince you hold it good,
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.
Yet from our lineage he derives his name,
And in the fourth degree from god Pilumnus came!
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
And offers daily incenſe at your ſhrine.
Then ſhortly thus the ſovereign god reply'd;
Since in my power and goodneſs you confide;
If for a little ſpace, a lengthen'd ſpan,
You beg reprieve for this expiring man:
I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence,
From inſtant fate, and can ſo far diſpenſe.
But if ſome ſecret meaning lies beneath,
To ſave the ſhort-liv'd youth from deſtin'd death:
Or if a farther thought you entertain,
To change the fates; you feed your hopes in vain.
To whom the goddeſs thus, with weeping eyes:
And what if that requeſt your tongue denies,
Your heart ſhould grant; and not a ſhort reprieve,
But length of certain life to Turnus give?
Now ſpeedy death attends the guiltleſs youth,
If my preſaging ſoul divines with truth,
Which, O! I wiſh might err through cauſeleſs fear,
And you (for you have power) prolong his years.
Thus having ſaid, involv'd in clouds ſhe flies,
And drives a ſtorm before her through the ſkies.
Swift ſhe deſcends, alighting on the plain,
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.
Of air condens'd, a ſpectre ſoon ſhe made,
And what Æneas was, ſuch ſeem'd the ſhade,
Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore
His head aloft, a plumy creſt he wore:
This hand appear'd a ſhining ſword to wield,
And that ſuſtain'd an imitated ſhield:
With manly mien he ſtalk'd along the ground;
Nor wanted voice bely'd, nor vaunting ſound.
(Thus haunting ghoſts appear to waking ſight,
Or dreadful viſions in our dreams by night.)
The ſpectre ſeems the Daunian chief to dare,
And flouriſhes his empty ſword in air:
At this advancing Turnus hurl'd his ſpear;
The phantom wheel'd, and ſeem'd to fly for fear.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.
Whither, O coward, (thus he calls aloud,
Nor found he ſpoke to wind, and chac'd a cloud;)
Why thus forſake your bride! Receive from me
The fated land you fought ſo long by ſea.
He ſaid, and, brandiſhing at once his blade,
With eager pace purſu'd the flying ſhade.
By chance a ſhip was faſten'd to the ſhore,
Which from old Clufium king Oſinius bore:
The plank was ready laid for ſafe aſcent;
For ſhelter there the trembling ſhadow bent,
And ſkipp'd, and ſculk'd, and under hatches went.
Exulting Turnus, with regardleſs haſte,
Aſcends the plank, and to the galley paſs'd.
Scarce had he reach'd the prow, Saturnia's hand
The haulſers cuts, and ſhoots the ſhip from land.
With wind in poop, the veſſel plows the ſea,
And meaſures back with ſpeed her former way.
Meantime Æneas ſeeks his abſent foe,
And ſends his ſlaughter'd troops to ſhades below.
The guileful phantom now forſook the ſhroud,
And flew ſublime, and vaniſh'd in a cloud.
Too late young Turnus the deluſion found,
Far on the ſea, ſtill making from the ground.
Then, thankleſs for a life redeem'd by ſhame,
With ſenſe of honour ſtung, and forfeit fame,
Fearful beſides of what in fight had paſs'd,
His hands and haggard eyes to heaven he caſt.
O Jove! he cry'd for what offence have I
Deſerv'd to bear this endleſs infamy?
Whence am I forc'd, and whither am I borne,
How, and with what reproach ſhall I return!
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
Or ſee Laurentum's lofty towers again?
What will they ſay of their deſerting chief?
The war was mine, I fly from their relief:
I led to ſlaughter, and in ſlaughter leave;
And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.
Here, over-match'd in fight, in heaps they lie,
There ſcatter'd o'er the fields ignobly fly.
Gape wide, O earth! and draw me down alive,
Or, oh, ye pitying winds! a wretch relieve;
On ſands or ſhelves the ſplitting veſſel drive:

ſhipwreck'd on ſome deſert ſhore,
Rutulian eyes may ſee me more;
to friends, or foes, or conſcious Fame,
hould follow, and my flight proclaim!
Turnus rav'd, and various fates revolv'd,
e was doubtful, but the death reſolved.
the ſword, and now the ſea took place:
evenge, and this to purge diſgrace.
he thought to ſwim the ſtormy main,
of arms the diſtant ſhore to gain:
the ſword aſſay'd, and thrice the flood;
, mov'd with pity, both withſtood:
e repreſs'd his rage: ſtrong gales ſupply'd,
'd the veſſel o'er the ſwelling tide.
ſhe lands him on his native ſhores,
s father's longing arms reſtores.
me, by Jove's impulſe, Mezentius arm'd,
g Turnus, with his ardor warm'd
ing friends, reproach'd their ſhameful flight,
he victors, and renew'd the fight.
eir king the Tuſcan troops conſpire,
eir hate, and ſuch their fierce deſire
revenge: on him, and him alone,
employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.
ſolid rock by ſeas inclos'd,
winds and roaring waves oppos'd;
proud ſummit looking down, diſdains
ty menace, and unmov'd remains.
his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,
agus; and Palmus as he fled:
s a weighty ſtone he flung,
vas flatted, and his helmet rung.
us from behind receives his wound,
'd he falls, and grovels on the ground:
and armour, from his body torn,
lders, Lauſus, and thy head adorn.
Mymas, both of Troy, he ſlew,
s birth from fair Theano drew:
at fatal night, when, big with fire,
produc'd young Paris to his ſire.
in the Phrygian fields was ſlain;
g Mymas, on the Latian plain.
a ſavage boar on mountains bred,
ſt maſt and fattening marſhes fed;
e he ſees himſelf in toils inclos'd,
en and their eager hounds oppos'd,
his tuſks, and turns, and dares the war;
ers dart their javelins from afar;
loof, and ſafely ſhout around,
preſumes to give a nearer wound.
d froths, erects his briſtled hide,
s a grove of lances from his ſide:
wiſe the troops, with hate inſpir'd
evenge, againſt the tyrant fir'd;
s with clamour at a diſtance drive,
keep the languiſh'd war alive.
oritus came Acron to the fight,
his ſpouſe betroth'd, and unconſummate night.
ſees him through the ſquadrons ride,
he purple favours of his bride.
a hungry lion, who beholds
ne goat who friſks about the folds,
ſtag that grazes on the plain;
he roars, he ſhakes his riſing mane;
and opens wide his greedy jaws,
lies panting underneath his paws;
He fills his famiſh'd maw, his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morſels, while he churns the gore:
So proud Mezentius ruſhes on his foes,
And firſt unhappy Acron overthrows:
Stretch'd at his length, he ſpurns the ſwarthy ground,
The lance, beſmear'd with blood, lies broken in the wound.
Then with diſdain the haughty victor view'd
Orodes flying, nor the wretch purſu'd:
Nor thought the daſtard's back deſerv'd a wound,
But running gain'd th' advantage of the ground.
Then, turning ſhort, he met him face to face,
To give his victory the better grace.
Orodes falls, in equal fight oppreſs'd:
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breaſt,
And reſted lance: and thus aloud he cries,
Lo here the champion of my rebels lies.
The fields around with Iö Pæan ring,
And peals of ſhouts applaud the conquering king.
At this the vanquiſh'd, with his dying breath,
Thus faintly ſpoke, and propheſy'd in death:
Nor thou, proud man, unpuniſh'd ſhalt remain;
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain.
Then, ſourly ſmiling, thus the king reply'd:
For what belongs to me, let Jove provide;
But die thou firſt, whatever chance enſue.
He ſaid, and from the wound the weapon drew:
A hovering miſt came ſwimming o'er his ſight,
And ſeal'd his eyes in everlaſting night.
By Cadicus, Alcathous was ſlain;
Sacrator laid Hydaſpes on the plain:
Orſes the ſtrong to greater ſtrength muſt yield:
He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd.
Then brave Meſſapus Ericetes ſlew,
Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew.
But from his headſtrong horſe his fate he found,
Who threw his maſter as he made a bound;
The chief, alighting, ſtuck him to the ground.
Then Clonius hand to hand, on foot aſſails,
The Trojan ſinks, and Neptune's ſon prevails.
Agis the Lycian, ſtepping forth with pride,
To ſingle fight the boldeſt foe defy'd;
Whom Tuſcan Valerus by force o'ercame,
And not bely'd his mighty father's fame.
Salius to death the great Antronius ſent,
But the ſame fate the victor underwent;
Slain by Nealces' hand, well ſkill'd to throw
The flying dart, and draw the far deceiving bow.
Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance:
Victors, and vanquiſh'd, in the various field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
The gods from heaven ſurvey the fatal ſtriſe,
And mourn the miſeries of human life.
Above the reſt two goddeſſes appear
Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno there:
Amidſt the crowd infernal Até ſhakes
Her ſcourge aloft, and creſt of hiſſing ſnakes.
Once more the proud Mezentius with diſdain
Brandiſh'd his ſpear, and ruſh'd into the plain:
Where towering in the midmoſt ranks he ſtood,
Like tall Orion ſtalking o'er the flood:
When with his brawny breaſt he cuts the waves,
His ſhoulders ſcarce the topmoſt billow laves.
Or like a mountain-aſh, whoſe roots are ſpread,
Deep fix'd in earth, in clouds he hides his head.

The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
And dauntleſs undertook the doubtful war.
Collected in his ſtrength, and like a rock,
Poſs'd on his baſe, Mezentius ſtood the ſhock.
He ſtood, and, meaſuring firſt with careful eyes
The ſpace his ſpear could reach, aloud he cries;
My ſtrong right hand, and ſword, aſſiſt my ſtroke;
(Thoſe only gods Mezentius will invoke)
His armour, from the Trojan pirate torn,
By my triumphant Lauſus ſhall be worn.
He ſaid, and with his utmoſt force he threw
The maſſy ſpear, which, hiſſing as it flew,
Reach'd the celeſtial ſhield that ſtopp'd the courſe;
But glancing thence, the yet-unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
The ſides and bowels ſam'd Anthores fix'd.
Anthores had from Argos travell'd far,
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war:
Till, tir'd with toils, fair Italy he choſe,
And in Evander's palace ſought repoſe:
Now falling by another wound, his eyes
He caſt to heaven, on Argos thinks, and dies.
The pious Trojan then his javelin ſent.
The ſhield gave way: through treble plates it went
Of ſolid braſs, of linen trebly rolled,
And three bull-hides which round the buckler roll'd.
All theſe it paſs'd, reſiſtleſs in the courſe,
Tranſpierc'd his thigh, and ſpent its dying force.
The gaping wound guſh'd out a crimſon flood;
The Trojan, glad with ſight of hoſtile blood,
His fauchion drew, to cloſer fight addreſs'd,
And with new force his fainting foe oppreſs'd.
His father's peril Lauſus view'd with grief,
He ſighed, he wept, he ran to his relief:
And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I muſt
To thy immortal memory be juſt;
And ſing an act ſo noble and ſo new,
Poſterity will ſcarce believe 'tis true.
Pained with his wound, and uſeleſs for the fight,
The father fought to ſave himſelf by flight:
Incumber'd, ſlow he dragg'd the ſpear along,
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
The pious youth, reſolv'd on death, below
The lifted ſword ſprings forth, to face the foe;
Proteſts his parent, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applauſe ran ringing through the field,
To ſee the ſon the vanquiſh'd father ſhield:
All fir'd with generous indignation ſtrive;
And, with a ſtorm of darts, at diſtance drive
The Trojan chief: who, held at bay from far,
On his Vulcanian orb ſuſtain'd the war.
As when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,
The ploughman, paſſenger, and labouring hind,
For ſhelter to the neighbouring covert fly;
Or hous'd, or ſafe in hollow caverns lie;
But, that o'erblown, when heaven above them ſmiles,
Return to travel, and renew their toils;
Æneas, thus o'erwhelm'd on every ſide,
The ſtorm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
And thus to Lauſus loud with friendly threatening cry'd:
Why wilt thou ruſh to certain death, and rage
In raſh attempts, beyond thy tender age,
Betray'd by pious love? Nor thus forborn
The youth deſiſts, but with inſulting ſcorn
Provokes the lingering prince, whoſe patience, tir'd,
Gave place, and all his breaſt with fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their ſharpen'd fates;
And lifted high the flaming ſword appears,
Which full deſcending, with a frightful ſway,
Through ſhield and corſlet forc'd th' impetuous way,
And buried deep in his fair boſom lay.
The purple ſtreams through the thin armour ſtrove,
And drench'd th' embroider'd coat his mother wove;
And life at length forſook his heaving heart.
Loth from ſo ſweet a manſion to depart,
But, when with blood and paleneſs all o'erſpread,
The pious prince beheld young Lauſus dead;
He griev'd, he wept, the ſight an image brought
Of his own filial love; a ſadly pleaſing thought!
Then ſtretch'd his hand to hold him up, and ſaid,
Poor hapleſs youth! what praiſes can be paid
To love ſo great, to ſuch tranſcendent ſtore
Of early worth, and ſure preſage of more!
Accept whate'er Æneas can afford:
Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy ſword!
And all that pleas'd thee living, ſtill remain
Inviolate, and ſacred to the ſlain!
Thy body on thy parents I beſtow,
To reſt thy ſoul, at leaſt if ſhadows know,
Or have a ſenſe of human things below.
There to thy fellow-ghoſts with glory tell,
'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell.
With this his diſtant friends he beckons near,
Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
Himſelf aſſiſts to lift him from the ground,
With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from the wound.
Mean time his father, now no father, ſtood,
And waſh'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood:
Oppreſs'd with anguiſh, panting, and o'erſpent,
His fainting limbs againſt an oak he leant.
A bough his brazen helmet did ſuſtain,
His heavier arms lay ſcatter'd on the plain:
A choſen train of youth around him ſtand,
His drooping head was reſted on his hand:
His griſly beard his penſive boſom ſought,
And all on Lauſus ran his reſtleſs thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
He much enquir'd, and many a meſſage ſent
To warn him from the field: alas! in vain;
Behold his mournful followers bear him ſlain:
O'er his broad ſhield ſtill guſh'd the yawning wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground.
Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd
The dire event with a foreboding mind.
With duſt he ſprinkled firſt his hoary head,
Then both his lifted hands to heaven he ſpread;
Laſt the dear corpſe embracing, thus he ſaid:
What joys, alas! could this frail being give,
That I have been ſo covetous to live?
To ſee my ſon, and ſuch a ſon, reſign
His life a ranſom for preſerving mine?
And am I then preſerv'd, and art thou loſt?
How much too dear has that redemption coſt!
'Tis now my bitter baniſhment I feel;
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
My guilt thy growing virtues did defame,
My blackneſs blotted thy unblemiſh'd name.
Chac'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd,
For ſoul miſdeeds, were puniſhments too mild;

people theſe, and from their hate
reſentment could have born my fate.
ive, and yet ſuſtain the fight
en, and of more hated light:
ot long. With that he rais'd from
round
; limbs, that ſtagger'd with his wound.
mind reſolv'd, and unappal'd
or perils, for his courſer call'd:
h'd, well-manag'd, whom himſelf
id dreſs
care, and mounted with ſucceſs;
rms, his ornament in peace.
his courage with a gentle ſtroke,
eemed ſenſible, while thus he ſpoke:
we have liv'd too long for me
long were terms that could agree;)
ou either ſhalt bring back the head
trophies of the Trojan dead;
ou either ſhalt revenge my woe
'd Lauſus, on his cruel foe;
orable Fate deny
ſt, with thy conquer'd maſter die:
uch a lord, I reſt ſecure,
no foreign reins, or Trojan load, endure.
nd ſtraight th' officious courſer kneels
wonted weight. His hand he fills
ed javelins: on his head he lac'd
ng helm, which terribly was grac'd
ng horſe-hair, nodding from afar:
'd his thundering ſteed amidſt the war.
ſh, wrath, and grief, to madneſs wrought,
d ſecret ſhame, and conſcious thought
worth, his labouring ſoul oppreſs'd,
s eyes, and rag'd within his breaſt.
he call'd Æneas thrice by name,
peated voice to glad Æneas came.
, he ſaid, and the far-ſhooting god,
mind to make thy challenge good.
o more, but haſten'd void of fear,
n'd with his long protended ſpear.
n Mezentius thus: Thy vaunts are vain,
lies extended on the plain:
thy conqueſt is already won,
'd fire is murder'd in the ſon.
ear, but all the gods defy,
threats, my buſineſs is to die;
eive this parting legacy.
nd ſtraight a whirling dart he ſent:
er, and another went.
ſpacious ring he rides the field,
plies th' impenetrable ſhield:
he round, and thrice Æneas wheel'd
e turn'd; the golden orb withſtood
; and bore about an iron wood.
f delay, and weary grown,
nd, and to defend alone:
the darts which in his buckler light,
'erlabour'd in unequal fight:
ſolv'd, he throws with all his force
emples of the warrior-horſe.
the ſtroke was aim'd, th' unerring ſpear
and ſtood transfix'd through either ear.
unwonted pain, ſurpriz'd with fright,
ed ſteed curvets; and, rais'd upright,
s feet before; his hoofs behind
air aloft, and laſh the wind.

Down comes the rider headlong from his height,
His horſe came after with unwieldy weight;
And, floundering forward, pitching on his head,
His lord's incumber'd ſhoulder overlaid,
From either hoſt the mingled ſhouts and cries
Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the ſkies.
Æneas, haſtening, wav'd his fatal ſword
High o'er his head, with this reproachful word:
Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce diſdain
Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty ſtrain?
Struggling, and wildly ſtaring on the ſkies,
With ſcarce recover'd ſight, he thus replies;
Why theſe inſulting words, this waſte of breath,
To ſouls undaunted, and ſecure of death?
'Tis no diſhonour for the brave to die,
Nor came I here with hope of victory.
Nor aſk I life, nor fought with that deſign:
As I had us'd my fortune, uſe thou thine.
My dying ſon contracted no ſuch band;
The gift is hateful from his murderer's hand.
For this, this only favour let me ſue:
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due,
Refuſe it not: but let my body have
The laſt retreat of human-kind, a grave.
Too well I know th' inſulting people's hate;
Protect me from their vengeance after fate:
This refuge for my poor remains provide,
And lay my much-lov'd Lauſus by my ſide.
He ſaid, and to the throat his ſword apply'd.
The crimſon ſtream diſtain'd his arms around,
And the diſdainful ſoul came ruſhing through the wound.

THE

ELEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects a trophy of the ſpoils of Mezentius; grants a truce for burying the dead; and ſends home the body of Pallas with great ſolemnity. Latinus calls a council to propoſe offers of peace to Æneas, which occaſions great animoſity betwixt Turnus and Drances: in the mean time there is a ſharp engagement of the horſe; wherein Camilla ſignalizes herſelf; is killed: and the Latine troops are intirely defeated.

SCARCE had the roſy morning rais'd her head
Above the waves, and left her watery bed;
The pious chief whom double cares attend
For his unbury'd ſoldiers, and his friend:
Yet firſt to heaven perform'd a victor's vows,
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs,

Then on a riſing ground the trunk he plac'd;
Which with the ſpoils of his dead foe he grac'd.
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked ſhag in triumph borne,
Was hung on high; and glittering from afar:
A trophy ſacred to the god of war.
Above his arms, fixed on the leafleſs wood,
Appear'd his plumy creſt, beſmear'd with blood;
His brazen buckler on the left was ſeen;
Truncheons of ſhiver'd lances hung between:
And on the right was plac'd his corſlet, bor'd;
And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing ſword.
A crowd of chiefs incloſe the godlike man:
Who thus, conſpicuous in the midſt, began:
Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with ſure ſucceſs:
The greater part perform'd, atchieve the leſs.
Now follow chearful to the trembling town;
Preſs but an entrance, and preſume it won.
Fear is no more: for fierce Mezentius lies,
As the firſt fruits of war, a ſacrifice.
Turnus ſhall ſtand extended on the plain;
And in this omen is already ſlain.
Prepar'd in arms, purſue your happy chance:
That none unwarn'd, may plead his ignorance:
And I, at heaven's appointed hour, may find
Your warlike enſigns waving in the wind.
Meantime the rites and funeral pomps prepare,
Due to your dead companions of the war:
The laſt reſpect the living can beſtow,
To ſhield their ſhadows from contempt below.
That conquer'd earth be theirs for which they fought;
And which for us with their own blood they bought
But firſt the corpſe of our unhappy friend,
To the ſad city of Evander ſend:
Who not inglorious in his age's bloom
Was hurry'd hence by too ſevere a doom.
Thus weeping while he ſpoke, he took his way,
Where, now in death, lamented Pallas lay:
Acœtes watch'd the corpſe; whoſe youth deſerv'd
The father's truſt, and now the ſon he ſerv'd
With equal faith, but leſs auſpicious care:
Th' attendants of the ſlain his ſorrow ſhare.
A troop of Trojans mix'd with theſe appear,
And mourning matrons with diſhevel'd hair.
Soon as the prince appears they raiſe a cry;
All beat their breaſts, and echoes rend the ſky.
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;
But when Æneas view'd the grieſly wound
Which Pallas in his manly boſom bore,
And the fair fleſh diſtain'd with purple gore:
Firſt, melting into tears, the pious man
Deplor'd ſo ſad a ſight, then thus began:
Unhappy youth! when fortune gave the reſt
Of my full wiſhes, ſhe refus'd the beſt!
She came; but brought not thee along, to bleſs
My longing eyes, and ſhare in my ſucceſs;
She grudg'd thy ſafe return, the triumphs due
To proſperous valour, in the public view.
Not thus I promis'd, when thy father lent
Thy needleſs ſuccour with a ſad conſent;
Embrac'd me parting for th' Etrurian land,
And ſent me to poſſeſs a large command.
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,
Our foes were warlike diſciplin'd and bold:
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
Kind vows on ill-loaded altars burn;
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
To ſend him back his portion of the war;
A bloody breathleſs body; which can owe
No farther debt, but to the powers below.
The wretched father, ere his race is run,
Shall view the funeral honours of his ſon.
Theſe are my triumphs of the Latian war;
Fruits of my plighted faith, and boaſted care.
And yet, unhappy Sire, thou ſhalt not ſee
A ſon, whoſe death diſgrac'd his anceſtry;
Thou ſhalt not bluſh, old man, however griev'd;
Thy Pallas no diſhoneſt wound receiv'd.
He dy'd no death to make thee wiſh, too late,
Thou had'ſt not liv'd to ſee his ſhameful fate.
But what a champion has th' Auſonian coaſt,
And what a friend haſt thou, Aſcanius, loſt!
Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
To raiſe the breathleſs body from the ground;
And choſe a thouſand horſe, the flower of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral:
To bear him back and ſhare Evander's grief
(A well-becoming, but a weak relief.)
Of oaken twigs they twiſt an eaſy bier;
Then on their ſhoulders the ſad burden rear,
The body on this rural herſe is born,
Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flower,
New cropt by virgin hands, to dreſs the bower:
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below.
No more to mother earth or the green ſtem ſhall owe.
Then two fair veſts, of wondrous work and coſt,
Of purple woven, and with gold emboſs'd,
For ornament the Trojan hero brought,
Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.
One veſt array'd the corpſe, and one they ſpread
O'er his cloſ'd eyes, and wrap'd around his head
That when the yellow hair in flame ſhould fall,
The catching fire might burn the golden caul.
Beſides the ſpoils of foes in battle ſlain,
When he deſcended on the Latian plain:
Arms, trappings, horſes, by the herſe he led
In long array (th' atchievements of the dead.)
Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear:
Appointed offerings in the victor's name,
To ſprinkle with their blood, the funeral flame.
Inferior trophies by the chiefs are born;
Gauntlets and helms, their loaded hands adorn;
And fair inſcriptions fix'd, and titles read
Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.
Acœtes on his pupil's corpſe attends,
With feeble ſteps; ſupported by his friends:
Pauſing at every pace, in ſorrow drown'd,
Betwixt their arms he ſinks upon the ground.
Where groveling, while he lies in deep deſpair,
He beats his breaſt, and rends his hoary hair.
The champion's chariot next is ſeen to roll,
Beſmear'd with hoſtile blood, and honourably foul.
To cloſe the pomp, Æthon, the ſteed of ſtate,
Is led, the funerals of his lord to wait.
Stripp'd of his trappings, with a ſullen pace
He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his face.
The lance of Pallas, and the crimſon creſt,
Are borne behind; the victor ſeiz'd the reſt.
The march begins: the trumpets hoarſely ſound
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.

'hile the Trojan and Arcadian horſe,
antean towers direct their courſe,
proceſſion rank'd; the pious chief
l in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.
blic care, he ſaid, which war attends,
our preſent woes, at leaſt ſuſpends;
vith the manes of great Pallas dwell;
ly relicks, and a laſt farewell!
no more, but inly though he mourn'd,
ı'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.
ſuppliants, from Laurentum ſent, demand
', with olive branches in their hand.
iis clemency, and from the plain
ve to draw the bodies of their ſlain.
lead, that none thoſe common rites deny
quer'd foes, that in fair battle die.
ſe of hate was ended in their death;
ıld he war with bodies void of breath.
, they hop'd, would hear a king's requeſt:
ſon he once was call'd, and once his gueſt.
r ſuit, which was too juſt to be deny'd,
'o grants, and farther thus reply'd:
n princes, how ſevere a fate
:leſs quarrels has involv'd your ſtate!
n'd againſt an unoffending man,
ught your friendſhip ere the war began!
g a truce, which I would gladly give,
y for the ſlain, but thoſe who live.
not hither but by heaven's command,
ıt by Fate to ſhare the Latian land.
ge I wars unjuſt; your king deny'd
ffer'd friendſhip, and my promis'd bride.
for Turnus! Turnus then ſhould try
ſe in arms, to conquer or to die.
ıt and his are in diſpute: the ſlain
hout fault, our quarrel to maintain.
l arms let us alone contend;
him vanquiſh, whom his Fates befriend.
the way, ſo tell him, to poſſeſs
'al virgin, and reſtore the peace.
s my meſſage back; with ample leave
ıur ſlain friends may funeral rites receive.
having ſaid, th' ambaſſadors amaz'd,
ıute a while, and on each other gaz'd:
ı, their chief, who harbour'd in his breaſt
ıte to Turnus, as his foe profeſs'd,
ılence firſt, and to the godlike man,
'aceful action bowing, thus began:
icious prince, in arms a mighty name,
whoſe actions far tranſcend your fame:
I your juſtice or your force expreſs,
t can but equal; and all words are leſs:
ıſwer we ſhall thankfully relate,
ours granted to the Latian ſtate:
d ſucceſs your labour ſhall attend,
ıeace concluded, and the king your friend:
nus leave the realm to your command:
k alliance in ſome other land:
ıu the city which your fates aſſign:
l be proud in the great work to join.
rances; and his words ſo well perſuade
impower'd, that ſoon a truce is made.
days the term allow'd: and during thoſe,
ınd Trojans, now no longer foes,
ı the woods, for funeral piles prepare,
he timber, and forget the war.
:s through the groaning groves reſound:
ıuntain-aſh, and poplar, ſpread the ground.
Firs fall from high: and ſome the trunks receive,
In loaden wains, with wedges ſome they cleave.
And now the fatal news by Fame is blown
Through the ſhort circuit of th' Arcadian town,
Of Pallas ſlain: by Fame, which juſt before
His triumphs on diſtended pinions bore.
Ruſhing from out the gate, the people ſtand,
Each with a funeral flambeau in his hand:
Wildly they ſtare, diſtracted with amaze:
The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,
That caſt a ſullen ſplendor on their friends
(The marching troop which their dead prince attends.)
Both parties meet: they raiſe a doleful cry:
The matrons from the walls with ſhrieks reply:
And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted ſky.
The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears,
Till the loud clamours reach Evander's ears:
Forgetful of his ſtate, he runs along,
With a diſorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng:
Falls on the corpſe, and groaning there he lies,
With ſilent grief, that ſpeaks but at his eyes:
Short ſighs and ſobs ſucceed: till ſorrow breaks
A paſſage, and at once he weeps and ſpeaks.
O Pallas! thou haſt fail'd thy plighted word!
To fight with caution, not to tempt the ſword,
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would purſue:
That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war!
O curſt eſſay of arms, diſaſtrous doom,
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!
Hard elements of inauſpicious war,
Vain vows to heaven, and unavailing care!
Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed,
Whoſe holy ſoul the ſtroke of fortune fled:
Præſcious of ills, and leaving me behind,
To drink the dregs of life by fate aſſign'd.
Beyond the goal of nature I have gone;
My Pallas late ſet out, but reach'd too ſoon.
If, from my league againſt th' Auſonian ſtate,
Amid their weapons I had found my fate,
(Deſerv'd from them) then I had been return'd
A breathleſs victor, and my ſon had mourn'd.
Yet will not I my Trojan friend upbraid,
Nor grudge th' alliance I ſo gladly made.
'Twas not his fault my Pallas fell ſo young,
But my own crime for having liv'd too long.
Yet, ſince the gods had deſtin'd him to die,
At leaſt he led the way to victory.
Firſt for his friends he won the fatal ſhore,
And ſent whole herds of ſlaughter'd foes before:
A death too great, too glorious to deplore.
Nor will I add new honours to thy grave;
Content with thoſe the Trojan hero gave.
That funeral pomp thy Phrygian friends deſign'd;
In which the Tuſcan chiefs and army join'd:
Great ſpoils, and trophies gain'd by thee, they bear:
Then let thy own atchievements be thy ſhare.
Ev'n thou, O Turnus, hadſt a trophy ſtood,
Whoſe mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood,
If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length
Of years, to match thy bulk with equal ſtrength.
But why, unhappy man, doſt thou detain
Theſe troops to view the tears thou ſhed'ſt in vain!
Go, friends, this meſſage to your lord relate;
Tell him, that firſt bear my bitter fate,

And after Pallas' death, live lingering on,
'Tis to behold his vengeance for my ſon.
I ſtay for Turnus; whoſe devoted head
Is owing to the living and the dead:
My ſon and I expect it from his hand;
'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
Joy is no more: but I would gladly go,
To greet my Pallas with ſuch news below.'
The morn had now diſpell'd the ſhades of night;
Reſtoring toils, when ſhe reſtor'd the light:
The Trojan king and Tuſcan chief, command
To raiſe the piles along the winding ſtrand:
Their friends convey the dead to funeral fires;
Black ſmouldering ſmoke from the green wood expires;
The light of heaven is chok'd, and the new day retires.
Then thrice around the kindled piles they go
(For ancient cuſtom had ordain'd it ſo.)
Thrice horſe and foot about the fires are led,
And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.
Tears trickling down their breaſts bedew the ground;
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful ſound.
Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
The ſpoils, in battle taken from the foe;
Helms, bitts emboſs'd, and ſwords of ſhining ſteel,
One caſts a target, one a chariot-wheel:
Some to their fellows their own arms reſtore:
The fauchions which in luckleſs fight they bore:
Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts beſtow'd in vain,
And ſhiver'd lances gather'd from the plain,
Whole herds of offer'd bulls about the fire,
And briſtled boars, and woolly ſheep expire.
Around the piles a careful troop attends,
To watch the waſting flames, and weep their burning friends.
Lingering along the ſhore, till dewy night
New decks the face of heaven with ſtarry light.
The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,
Piles without number for their dead prepare;
Part, in the places where they fell, are laid;
And part are to the neighbouring fields convey'd.
The corpſe of kings, and captains of renown,
Borne off in ſtate, are bury'd in the town:
The reſt unhonour'd, and without a name,
Are caſt a common heap to feed the flame.
Trojans and Latians vie with like deſires
To make the field of battle ſhine with fires;
And the promiſcuous blaze to heaven aſpires.
Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,
And thrice diſpell'd the ſhadows of the night;
When thoſe who round the waſted fires remain,
Perform the laſt ſad office to the ſlain:
They rake the yet warm aſhes, from below;
Theſe, and the bones unburn'd, in earth beſtow:
Theſe relicks with their country rites they grace;
And raiſe a mount of turf to mark the place.
But in the palace of the king, appears
A ſcene more ſolemn, and a pomp of tears.
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans:
Orphans their fires, and fires lament their ſons.
All in that univerſal ſorrow ſhare,
And curſe the cauſe of this unhappy war.
A broken league, a bride unjuſtly ſought,
A crown uſurp'd, which with their blood is bought!
Theſe are the crimes, with which they load the name
Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim.
Let him, who lords it o'er the Auſonian land,
Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand:
His is the gain, our lot is but to ſerve:
'Tis juſt, the ſway he ſeeks, he ſhould deſerve.'
This Drances aggravates; and adds, with ſpight,
His foe expects, and dares him to the fight.
Nor Turnus wants a party, to ſupport
His cauſe and credit, in the Latian court.
His former acts ſecure his preſent fame;
And the queen ſhades him with her mighty name.
While thus their factious minds with fury burn;
The legates from th' Ætolian prince return:
Sad news they bring, that, after all the coſt,
And care employ'd, their embaſſy is loſt:
That Diomede refus'd his aid in war;
Unmov'd with preſents, and as deaf to prayer.
Some new alliance muſt elſewhere be ſought;
Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.
Latinus, ſunk in ſorrow, finds too late
A foreign ſon is pointed out by fate:
And till Æneas ſhall Lavinia wed,
The wrath of heaven is hovering o'er his head.
The gods, he ſaw, eſpous'd the juſter ſide,
When late their titles in the field were try'd:
Witneſs the freſh laments, and funeral tears undry'd.
Thus, full of anxious thought, he ſummons all
The Latian ſenate to the council-hall:
The princes come, commanded by their head,
And crowd the paths that to the palace lead.
Supreme in power, and reverenc'd for his years,
He takes the throne, and in the midſt appears:
Majeſtically ſad, he fits in ſtate,
And bids his envoys their ſucceſs relate.
When Venulus began, the murmuring ſound
Was huſh'd, and ſacred ſilence reign'd around.
We have, ſaid he, perform'd your high command:
And paſs'd with peril a long tract of land:
We reach'd the place deſir'd, with wonder fill'd
The Grecian tents and riſing towers beheld
Great Diomede has compaſs'd round with walls
The city, which Argyripa he calls;
From his own Argos nam'd: we touch'd, with joy,
The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.
When introduc'd, our preſents firſt we bring,
Then crave an inſtant audience from the king:
His leave obtain'd, our native ſoil we name;
And tell th' important cauſe for which we came.
Attentively he heard us, while we ſpoke;
Then, with ſoft accents, and a pleaſing look,
Made this return: Auſonian race, of old
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
What madneſs has your alter'd minds poſſeſs'd,
To change for war hereditary reſt?
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the ſword
(A needleſs ill your anceſtors abhorr'd.)
We (for myſelf I ſpeak, and all the name
Of Grecians, who to Troy's deſtruction came)
Omitting thoſe who were in battle ſlain,
Or borne by rolling Simois to the main:
Not one but ſuffer'd, and too dearly bought
The prize of honour which in arms he fought,
Some doom'd to death, and ſome in exile drives,
Out-caſts, abandon'd by the care of heaven:

ſo wretched, ſo deſpis'd a crew,
ld Priam might with pity view.
he veſſels by Minerva toſs'd
, the vengeful Capharæan coaſt;
ean rocks; the prince, whoſe brother led
es to revenge his injur'd bed,
loſt; Ulyſſes, with his men,
n Charybdis, and the Cyclops den:
uld I name Idomeneus, in vain,
to ſceptres, and expell'd again?
; Achilles, by his rival ſlain?
the king of men, the foremoſt name
e Greeks, and moſt renown'd by fame,
id revenger of another's wife,
is own adulteress loſt his life:
s threſhold, and the ſpoils of Troy
polluters of his bed enjoy.
ls have envy'd me the ſweets of life,
h-lov'd country, and my more lov'd wife:
from both, I mourn; while in the ſky,
m'd to birds, my loſt companions fly:
g about the coaſts they make their moan;
f the cliffs with pinions not their own.
ualid ſpectres, in the dead of night,
y ſhort ſleep, and ſkim before my ſight!
have promis'd to myſelf thoſe harms,
was, when I with mortal arms
d againſt immortal powers to move,
late with wounds the queen of love.
ns this hand ſhall never more employ;
remains with me to ruin'd Troy.
it with its duſt; nor am I glad
c of paſt events, or good or bad.
eſents I return: whate'er you bring
my friendſhip, ſend the Trojan king.
in fight, I know him to my coſt;
hat a whirling force his lance he toſs'd:
! what a ſpring was in his arm, to throw!
gh he held his ſhield, and roſe at every blow!
oy produc'd two more, his match in might,
ould have chang'd the fortune of the fight:
ation of the Greeks had been return'd:
pire waſted, and our cities burn'd.
g defence the Trojan people made,
r protracted, and the ſiege delay'd,
ie to Hector's and this hero's hand;
ive alike, and equal in command:
not inferior in the field,
; reverence to the gods excell'd.
eace, ye Latians, and avoid with care
ending dangers of a fatal war.
no more; but, with this cold excuſe,
th' alliance, and adviſ'd a truce.
Venulus concluded his report.
g murmur fill'd the factious court:
n a torrent rolls with rapid force,
hes o'er the ſtones that ſtop the courſe;
d, conſtrain'd within a ſcanty ſpace,
orrible along th' uneaſy race:
oam in gathering eddies floats around:
ky ſhores rebellow to the ſound.
murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne
g invok'd the gods, and thus begun:
ye Latins, what we now debate
n reſolv'd before it was too late:
etter had it been for you and me,
d by this our laſt neceſſity,

To have been earlier wiſe; than now to call
A council, when the foe ſurrounds the wall.
O citizens! we wage unequal war,
With men, not only heaven's peculiar care,
But heaven's own race: unconquer'd in the field,
Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down:
Our hopes muſt center on ourſelves alone.
Yet thoſe how feeble, and indeed, how vain,
You ſee too well; nor need my words explain.
Vanquiſh'd without reſource; laid flat by fate,
Factions within, a foe without the gate;
Not but I grant, that all perform'd their parts,
With manly force, and with undaunted hearts:
With our united ſtrength the war we wag'd;
With equal numbers, equal arms, engag'd:
You ſee th' event—Now hear what I propoſe;
To ſave our friends, and ſatisfy our foes:
A tract of land the Latins have poſſeſs'd
Along the Tiber, ſtretching to the Weſt,
Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till:
And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill;
Thoſe mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,
If you conſent, the Trojan ſhall command;
Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,
On terms agreed, the common country ſhare.
There let them build, and ſettle, if they pleaſe;
Unleſs they chooſe once more to croſs the ſeas,
In ſearch of ſeats remote of Italy;
And from unwelcome inmates ſet us free.
Then twice ten gallies let us build with ſpeed,
Or twice as many more, if more they need;
Materials are at hand: a well grown wood
Runs equal with the margin of the flood:
Let them the number, and the form aſſign;
The care and coſt of all the ſtores be mine.
To treat the peace, a hundred ſenators
Shall be commiſſion'd hence with ample powers:
With olive crown'd: the preſents they ſhall bear,
A purple robe, a royal ivory chair;
And all the marks of ſway that Latian monarchs wear;
And ſums of gold. Among yourſelves debate
This great affair, and ſave the ſinking ſtate.
Then Drances took the word; who grudg'd, long ſince,
The riſing glories of the Daunian prince.
Factious and rich, bold at the council-board,
But cautious in the field, he ſhun'd the ſword;
A cloſe caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.
Noble his mother was, and near the throne,
But what his father's parentage, unknown.
He roſe, and took th' advantage of the times,
To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.
Such truths, O king! ſaid he, your words contain,
As ſtrike the ſenſe, and all replies are vain:
Nor are your loyal ſubjects now to ſeek
What common needs require; but fear to ſpeak.
Let him give leave of ſpeech, that haughty man,
Whoſe pride that inauſpicious war began:
For whoſe ambition (let me dare to ſay,
Fear ſet apart, though death is in my way)
The plains of Latium run with blood around;
So many valiant heroes bite the ground:
Dejected grief in every face appears;
A town in mourning, and a land in tears.

While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,
The man who menaces the gods with arms,
Yet, after all his boaſts, forſook the fight,
And fought his ſafety in ignoble flight.
Now, beſt of kings, ſince you propoſe to ſend
Such bounteous preſents to your Trojan friend;
Add yet a greater at our joint requeſt,
One which he values more than all the reſt;
Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride:
With that alliance let the league be ty'd;
And for the bleeding land a laſting peace provide.
Let inſolence no longer awe the throne,
But with a father's right beſtow your own.
For this maligner of the general good,
If ſtill we fear his force, he muſt be woo'd:
His haughty godhead we with prayers implore,
Your ſceptre to releaſe, and our juſt rights reſtore.
O curſed cauſe of all our ills, muſt we
Wage wars unjuſt, and fall in fight for thee!
What right haſt thou to rule the Latian ſtate,
And ſend us out to meet our certain fate?
'Tis a deſtructive war: from Turnus' hand
Our peace and public ſafety we demand.
Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;
If not, the peace without the pledge is vain.
Turnus, I know, you think me not your friend,
Nor will I much with your belief contend:
I beg your greatneſs not to give the law
In other realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.
Pity your own, or pity our eſtate;
Nor twiſt our fortunes with your ſinking fate.
Your intereſt is, the war ſhould never ceaſe;
But we have felt enough to wiſh the peace:
A land exhauſted to the laſt remains,
Depopulated towns, and driven plains.
Yes, if deſire of fame, and thirſt of power,
A beauteous princeſs, with a crown in dower,
So fire your mind, in arms aſſert your right;
And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.
Mankind, it ſeems, is made for you alone;
We, but the ſlaves who mount you to the throne:
A baſe ignoble crowd, without a name:
Unwept, unworthy of the funeral flame:
By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
That Turnus may poſſeſs a royal wife.
Permit not, mighty man, ſo mean a crew
Should ſhare ſuch triumphs; and detain from you
The poſt of honour, your undoubted due:
Rather alone your matchleſs force employ;
To merit, what alone you muſt enjoy.
These words, ſo full of malice, mix'd with art,
Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.
Then, groaning from the bottom of his breaſt,
He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath expreſs'd.
You, Drances, never want a ſtream of words,
Then, when the public need requires our ſwords.
First in the council-hall to ſteer the ſtate;
And ever foremoſt in a tongue-debate.
While our ſtrong walls ſecure us from the foe,
Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow:
But let the potent orator declaim,
And with the brand of coward blot my name;
Free leave is given him, when his fatal hand
Has cover'd with more corpſe the ſanguine ſtrand;
And high as mine his towering trophies ſtand.
If any doubt remains who dares the moſt,
And who decide it at the Trojans' coſt:
And iſſue both a-breaſt, where honour calls;
Foes are not far to ſeek without the walls.
Unleſs his noiſy tongue can only fight:
And feet were given him but to ſpeed his flight.
I beaten from the field! I forc'd away!
Who, but ſo known a daſtard, dares to ſay?
Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
Had witneſs'd for me what his tongue denies:
What heaps of Trojans by this hand were ſlain,
And how the bloody Tiber ſwell'd the main.
All ſaw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire,
In ſcatter'd ſquadrons, and their prince expire.
The giant brothers, in their camp, have found,
I was not forc'd with eaſe to quit my ground.
Not ſuch the Trojan try'd me, when, incloſ'd,
I ſingly their united arms oppos'd:
Firſt forc'd an entrance through their thick array;
Then, glutted with their ſlaughter, freed my way.
'Tis a deſtructive war! So let it be,
But to the Phrygian pirate and to thee.
Mean time proceed to fill the people's ears
With falſe reports, their minds with panick fears:
Extol the ſtrength of a twice conquer'd race,
Our foes encourage, and our friends debaſe.
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town
Triumphant ſtands, the Grecians are o'erthrown:
Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies;
And Diomede from fierce Æneas flies.
Say rapid Aufidus with awful dread,
Runs backward from the ſea, and hides his head.
When the great Trojan on his bank appears:
For that's as true as thy diſſembled fears
Of my revenge: diſmiſs that vanity,
Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.
Let that vile ſoul in that vile body reſt:
The lodging is well worthy of the gueſt.
Now, royal father, to the preſent ſtate
Of our affairs, and of this high debate;
If in your arms thus early you decide,
And think your fortune is already try'd;
If one defeat has brought us down ſo low;
As never more in fields to meet the foe;
Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to treat,
And lie like vaſſals at the victor's feet.
But oh, if any ancient blood remains,
One drop of all our fathers in our veins:
That man would I prefer before the reſt,
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breaſt:
Who comely fell by no diſhoneſt wound,
To ſhun that fight; and dying gnaw'd the ground.
But, if we ſtill have freſh recruits in ſtore,
If our confederates can afford us more;
If the contended field we bravely fought:
And not a bloodleſs victory was bought:
Their loſſes equal'd ours; and for their ſlain,
With equal fires they fill'd the ſhining plain;
Why thus unforc'd ſhould we ſo tamely yield;
And, ere the trumpet ſounds, reſign the field?
Good unexpected, evils unforeſeen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune ſhifts the ſcene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain;
Then fall ſo hard, they bound and riſe again.
If Diomede refuſe his aid to lend,
The great Meſſapus yet remains our friend:
Tolumnius, who foretels events, is ours:
Th' Italian chiefs, and princes, join their powers:
Nor leaſt in number, nor in name the laſt,
Your own brave ſubjects have our cauſe eſpous'd

l, the Volſcian Amazon
rmy in herſelf alone:
quadron, terrible to fight,
g ſhields, in brazon armour bright.
a ſingle fight demand,
he public peace withſtand;
t, he ſhall not be refus'd,
nd to victory unus'd.
illes let him take the field,
mour, and Vulcanian ſhield;
oyal father, and my fame,
ot the leaſt of all my name,
ul. He calls me hand to hand,
vill anſwer his demand.
reſt ſecure, and neither ſhare
nor divide the prize of war.
debate; nor theſe nor thoſe will yield;
his forces to the field;
s camp. The ſcouts with flying ſpeed
hrough the frighted city ſpread
g news, the Trojans are deſcry'd
:hing by the river's ſide;
to the town. They take th' alarm,
, ſome are bold, all in confuſion arm.
is youth preſs forward to the field;
e ſword, and clatter on the ſhield;
atrons raiſe a ſcreaming cry;
n with fainter groans reply;
id reſults, and mingles in the ſky,
wans remurmuring to the floods,
ffering kinds in hollow woods.
:caſion takes, and cries aloud,
uaint haranguers of the crowd;
aiſe of peace, when danger calls;
: foes in arms approach the walls.
turning ſhort, with ſpeedy pace,
cornful glance, and quits the place.
uſus, the Volſcian troops command
nd lead thyſelf our Ardean band.
l Catillus, poſt your force
lds, and charge the Trojan horſe.
e paſſes, others man the wall.
arms, the reſt attend my call.
n from ev'ry quarter of the town;
rder'd haſte the rampires crown.
inus, when he ſaw, too late
; ſtorm, juſt breaking on the ſtate,
council, till a fitter time,
is eaſy temper as his crime;
gainſt his reaſon, had comply'd
treaty for the promis'd bride.
to ſink new trenches, others aid
ones, or raiſe the paliſade.
ets ſound th' alarm: around the walls
ſted crew, whom their laſt labour calls.
on in the ſtreets is ſeen,
hat attend the mother-queen:
hair ſhe ſits, and at her ſide,
aſt eyes, appears the fatal bride.
the cliff, where Pallas' temple ſtands;
ir mouths, and preſents in their hands;
firſt they fume the ſacred ſhrine;
:ommon ſupplication join:
f arms, unſpotted maid,
ur, and lend thy Latins aid:
e pirate's lance: pronounce his fate,
'hrygian low before the gate.
us arms for fight his back and breaſt:
d ſteel and ſcaly braſs inveſt:
which his brawny thighs infold,
netal damaſk'd o'er with gold.

His faithful ſauchion ſits upon his ſide;
Nor caſque, nor creſt, his manly features hide:
But bare to view amid ſurrounding friends,
With godlike grace, he from the tower deſcends.
Exulting in his ſtrength, he ſeems to dare
His abſent rival, and to promiſe war.
Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,
The wanton courſer prances o'er the plains:
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds:
And ſnuffs the females in forbidden grounds
Or ſeeks his watering in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirſt, and cool his fiery blood:
He ſwims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o'er his ſhoulder flows his waving mane:
He neighs, he ſnorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample cheſt the frothy waters fly.
Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
The Volſcians, and their virgin-leader, wait
His laſt commands. Then, with a graceful mien,
Lights from her lofty ſteed the warrior queen:
Her ſquadron imitates, and each deſcends;
Whoſe common ſuit Camilla thus commends:
If ſenſe of honour, if a ſoul ſecure
Of inborn worth, that can all teſts endure,
Can promiſe aught; or on itſelf rely,
Greatly to dare, to conquer, or to die:
Then, I alone, ſuſtain'd by theſe, will meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promiſe their defeat.
Ours be the danger, ours the ſole renown;
You, general, ſtay behind, and guard the town.
Turnus a while ſtood mute, with glad ſurprize,
And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes:
Then thus return'd: O grace of Italy,
With what becoming thanks can I reply!
Not only words lie labouring in my breaſt;
But thought itſelf is by thy praiſe oppreſt;
Yet rob me not of all, but let me join
My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.
Ths Trojan (not in ſtratagem unſkill'd)
Sends his light horſe before, to ſcour the field:
Himſelf, through ſteep aſcents and thorny brakes,
A larger compaſs to the city takes.
This news my ſcouts confirm: and I prepare
To foil his cunning, and his force to dare:
With choſen foot his paſſage to forelay:
And place an ambuſh in the winding way.
Thou, with thy Volſcians, face the Tuſcan horſe:
The brave Meſſapus ſhall thy troops inforce;
With thoſe of Tibur; and the Latian band:
Subjected all to thy ſupreme command.
This ſaid, he warns Meſſapus to the war:
Then every chief exhorts, with equal care.
All thus encourag'd his own troops he joins,
And haſtes to proſecute his deep deſigns.
Enclos'd with hills, the winding valley lies,
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for ſurprize;
A narrow track by human ſteps untrode,
Leads, through perplexing thorns, to this obſcure abode.
High oe'r the vale a ſteepy mountain ſtands:
Whence the ſurveying ſight the nether ground commands.
The top is level: an offenſive ſeat
Of war: and from the war a ſafe retreat.
For, on the right and left, a room to preſs
The foes at hand, or from afar diſtreſs:
To drive them headlong downward; and to pour,
On their deſcending backs, a ſtony ſhower.
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way
Poſſeſs'd the paſs, and in blind ambuſh lay.

Mean time, Latonian Phœbe, from the ſkies,
Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,
And called the light-foot Opis to her aid,
Her moſt belov'd, and ever-truſty maid.
Then with a ſigh began: Camilla goes
To meet her death, amidſt her fatal foes.
The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train;
Inveſted with Diana's arms, in vain.
Nor is my kindneſs for the virgin, new,
'Twas born with her, and with her years it grew:
Her father Metabus, when forc'd away
From old Privernum, for tyrannic ſway,
Snatch'd up, and ſav'd from his prevailing foes,
This tender babe, companion of his woes.
Caſmilla was her mother; but he drown'd
One hiſſing letter in a ſofter ſound,
And call'd Camilla. Through the woods he flies;
Wrapt in his robe the royal infant lies.
His foes in fight, he mends his weary pace;
With ſhouts and clamours they purſue the chace.
The bank of Amaſcene at length he gains;
The raging flood his farther flight reſtrains:
Rais'd o'er the borders with unuſual rains.
Prepar'd to plunge into the ſtream he fears:
Not for himſelf, but for the charge he bears.
Anxious he ſtops a while; and thinks in haſte;
Then, deſperate in diſtreſs, reſolves at laſt.
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore;
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:
He clos'd the child within the hollow ſpace:
With twigs of bending otter bound the caſe.
Then pois'd the ſpear, heavy with human weight:
And thus invok'd my favour for the freight:
Accept, great goddeſs of the woods, he ſaid,
Sent by her fire, this dedicated maid:
Through air ſhe flies a ſuppliant to thy ſhrine;
And the firſt weapons that ſhe knows, are thine.
He ſaid; and with full force the ſpear he threw;
Above the ſounding waves Camilla flew.
Then, preſs'd by foes, he ſtemm'd the ſtormy tide;
And gain'd by ſtreſs of arms, the farther ſide.
His faſten'd ſpear he pull'd from out the ground;
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound.
Nor after that, in towns which walls incloſe,
Would truſt his hunted life amidſt his foes.
But rough, in open air he choſe to lie:
Earth was his couch, his covering was the ſky.
On hills unſhorn, or in a deſert den,
He ſhunn'd the dire ſociety of men.
A ſhepherd's ſolitary life he led:
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed;
The dugs of bears, and every ſavage beaſt,
He drew; and through her lip the liquor preſs'd.
The little Amazon could ſcarcely go,
He loads her with a quiver and a bow:
And, that ſhe might her ſtaggering ſteps command,
He with a ſlender javelin fills her hand:
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;
Nor ſwept her trailing robe the duſty ground.
Inſtead of theſe, a tiger's hide o'erſpread
Her back and ſhoulders, faſten'd to her head.
The flying dart ſhe firſt attempts to fling;
And round her tender temples toſs'd the ſling:
Then, as her ſtrength with years increas'd, began
To pierce aloft in air the ſoaring ſwan;
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the crane.
The Tuſcan matrons with each other vy'd,
To bleſs their rival ſons with ſuch a bride:
Part fond of hers their love; to ſhare with me
The ſylvan ſhades, and vow'd virginity.
And oh! I wiſh, contented with my cares
Of ſavage ſpoils, ſhe had not fought the wars:
Then had ſhe been of my celeſtial train;
And ſhunn'd the fate that dooms her to be ſlain
But ſince, oppoſing heaven's decree, ſhe goes
To find her death among forbidden foes;
Haſte with theſe arms, and take thy ſteepy flight,
Where, with the gods adverſe, the Latins fight:
This bow to thee, this quiver, I bequeath,
This choſen arrow to revenge her death:
By whate'er hand Camilla ſhall be ſlain,
Or of the Trojan, or Italian train,
Let him not paſs unpuniſh'd from the plain.
Then, in a hollow cloud, myſelf will aid,
To bear the breathleſs body of my maid:
Unſpoil'd ſhall be her arms, and unprophan'd
Her holy limbs with any human hand:
And in a marble tomb laid in her native land.
She ſaid: the faithful nymph deſcends from high
With rapid flight, and cuts the ſounding ſky:
Black clouds and ſtormy winds around her body fly.
By this, the Trojan and the Tuſcan horſe,
Drawn up in ſquadrons, with united force,
Approach the walls; the ſprightly courſers bound;
Preſs forward on their bits, and ſhift their ground:
Shields, arms, and ſpears, flaſh horribly from far;
And the fields glitter with a waving war.
Oppos'd to theſe, come on with furious force
Meſſapus, Coras, and the Latian horſe;
Theſe in a body plac'd; on either hand
Suſtain'd, and clos'd by fair Camilla's band.
Advancing in a line, they couch their ſpears;
And leſs and leſs the middle ſpace appears.
Thick ſmoke obſcures the field: and ſcarce are ſeen
The neighing courſers, and the ſhouting men.
In diſtance of their darts they ſtop their courſe;
Then man to man they ruſh, and horſe to horſe.
The face of heaven their flying javelins hide:
And deaths unſeen are dealt on either ſide.
Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,
By mettled courſers borne in full career,
Meet firſt oppos'd: and, with a mighty ſhock,
Their horſes heads againſt each other knock.
Far from his ſteed is fierce Aconteus caſt;
As with an engine's force, or lightning's blaſt:
He rolls along in blood, and breathes his laſt.
The Latin ſquadrons take a ſudden fright;
And fling their ſhields behind, to ſave their backs in flight.
Spurring at ſpeed to their own walls they drew;
Cloſe in the rear the Tuſcan troops purſue,
And urge their flight; Aſylas leads the chace:
Till ſeiz'd with ſhame they wheel about, and face:
Receive their foes, and raiſe a threatening cry.
The Tuſcans take their turn to fear and fly.
So ſwelling ſurges, with a thundering roar,
Driven on each other's backs, inſult the ſhore;
Bound o'er the rocks, incroach upon the land;
And far upon the beach eject the ſand.
Then backward, with a ſwing, they take their way;
Repuls'd from upper ground, and ſeek their mother-ſea:
With equal hurry quit th' invaded ſhore;
And ſwallow back the ſand and ſtones they ſpew'd before.
Twice were the Tuſcans maſters of the field,
Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.
Aſham'd at length, to the third charge they run,
Both hoſts reſolv'd, and mingled man to man:

ng groans are heard, the fields are ſtrow'd
ing bodies, and are drunk with blood:
orſes, men, on heaps together lie:
the fight, and more confus'd the cry.
is, who durſt not preſs too near
emulus, at diſtance drove his ſpear;
ck the ſteel beneath his horſe's ear.
ſteed, impatient of the wound,
and, ſpringing upward with a bound,
leſs lord caſt backward on the ground.
ierc'd Iolas firſt; then drew
ng lance, and at Herminius threw:
ity champion of the Tuſcan crew.
and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,
d with a length of yellow hair:
e fought, expos'd on every part,
s mark for ſwords, and for the flying dart:
e ſhoulders came the feather'd wound;
d, he fell, and doubled to the ground.
ds with ſtreaming blood are ſanguine dy'd;
h with honour fought on either ſide.
rs, through the war, Camilla rode;
unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.
was bare for her exerted breaſt;
lder with her painted quiver preſs'd.
afar, her fatal javelins play;
her axe's edge ſhe hews her way;
ms upon her ſhoulder ſound;
n, too cloſely preſs'd, ſhe quits the
ground,
bent bow ſhe ſends a backward wound.
, in martial pomp, on either ſide,
ulla, fierce Tarpeia ride;
: in peace, their queen's delight:
e bold companions of the fight
h'd the Thracian Amazons of old,
ermodon with bloody billows roll'd;
s as theſe in ſhining arms were ſeen,
ſeus met in fight their maiden queen.
e field Pentheſilea led,
fierce virgin when the Grecians fled:
, return'd triumphant from the war;
with cries attend the lofty car:
with manly force their moony ſhields:
le-ſhouts reſound the Phrygian fields.
remoſt, and who laſt, heroic maid,
d earth were by thy courage laid?
of mountain aſh, Eumenius firſt,
driven, from ſide to ſide tranſpierc'd;
ream came ſpouting from the wound;
is blood he lies, and bites the ground.
'egaſus at once ſhe flew;
r, as the ſlackened reins he drew,
t ſteed: the latter, as he ſtretched
prop his friend, the javelin reach'd.
e weapon, ſent from the ſame hand,
gether, and both ſpurn the ſand.
ext is added to the ſlain:
rout ſhe follows o'er the plain:
arpalicus, Demophoon,
ys, at full ſpeed her fury ſhun.
deadly darts, not one ſhe loſt;
ttended with a Trojan ghoſt.
ithus beſtrode a hunter ſteed,
e chace, and of Apulian breed:
afar, ſhe ſpy'd in arms unknown;
ad back an ox's hide was thrown:
wolf, whoſe gaping jaws were ſpread
or his cheeks, and grinn'd around his head.
within his hand an iron prong;
above the reſt, conſpicuous in the throng.

Him ſoon ſhe fingled from the flying train,
And ſlew with eaſe: then thus inſults the ſlain.
Vain hunter, didſt thou think through woods to chace
The ſavage herd, a vile and trembling race?
Here ceaſe thy vaunts, and own my victory:
A woman-warrior was too ſtrong for thee.
Yet if the ghoſts demand the conqueror's name,
Confeſſing great Camilla, ſave thy ſhame.
Then Butes and Orſilochus ſhe ſlew,
The bulkieſt bodies of the Trojan crew.
But Butes breaſt to breaſt: the ſpear deſcends
Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
And o'er the ſhield which his left ſide defends.
Orſilochus, and ſhe, their courſers ply,
He ſeems to follow, and ſhe ſeems to fly.
But in a narrower ring ſhe makes the race;
And then he flies, and ſhe purſues the chace.
Gathering at length on her deluded foe,
She ſwings her axe, and riſes at the blow:
Full on the helm behind, with ſuch a ſway
The weapon falls, the riven ſteel gives way:
He groans, he roars, he ſues in vain for grace;
Brains, mingled with his blood, beſmear his face.
Aſtoniſh'd Aunus juſt arrives by chance,
To ſee his fall, nor farther dares advance:
But fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
He ſtares, and ſhakes, and finds it vain to fly.
Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At leaſt while fortune favour'd his deceit)
Cries out aloud, what courage have you ſhown,
Who truſt your courſer's ſtrength, and not your own?
Forego the 'vantage of your horſe, alight,
And then on equal terms begin the fight:
It ſhall be ſeen, weak woman, what you can,
When, foot to foot, you combat with a man.
He ſaid: ſhe glows with anger and diſdain,
Diſmounts with ſpeed to dare him on the plain:
And leaves her horſe at large amnong her train.
With her drawn ſword defies him to the field:
And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden ſhield:
The youth, who thought his cunning did ſucceed,
Reins round his horſe, and urges all his ſpeed,
Adds the remembrance of the ſpur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding ſides.
Vain fool, and coward, ſaid the lofty maid,
Caught in the train, which thou thyſelf haſt
On others practice thy Ligurian arts;
Thin ſtratagems, and tricks of little hearts,
Are loſt on me. Nor ſhalt thou ſafe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious ſire.
At this, ſo faſt her flying feet ſhe ſped,
That ſoon ſhe ſtrain'd beyond his horſe's head:
Then turning ſhort, at once ſhe ſeiz'd the rein,
And laid the boaſter groveling on the plain.
Not with more eaſe the falcon from above
Truſſes, in middle air, the trembling dove:
Then plumes the prey, in her ſtrong pounces bound;
The feathers foul with blood come tumbling to the ground.
Now mighty Jove, from his ſuperior height,
With his broad eye ſurveys th' unequal fight.
He fires the breaſt of Tarchon with diſdain;
And ſends him to redeem th' abandoned plain.
Between the broken ranks the Tuſcan rides,
And theſe encourages, and thoſe he chides:
Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight;
Renews their ardour, and reſtores the fight.
What panic fear has ſeiz'd your ſouls? O ſhame,
O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name!

Cowards, incurable! a woman's hand
Drives, breaks, and ſcatters, your ignoble band!
Now caſt away the ſword, and quit the ſhield:
What uſe of weapons which you dare not wield?
Not thus you fly your female foes by night,
Nor ſhun the feaſt, when the full bowls invite:
When to fat offerings the glad augur calls,
And the ſhrill horn-pipe ſounds to bacchanals.
Theſe are your ſtudy'd cares; your lewd delight:
Swift in debauch; but ſlow to manly fight.
Thus having ſaid, he ſpurs amid the foes,
Not managing the life he meant to loſe.
The firſt he found he ſeiz'd, with headlong haſte,
In his ſtrong gripe: and claſp'd around the waſte:
'Twas Venulus; whom from his horſe he tore,
And (laid athwart his own) in triumph bore.
Loud ſhouts enſue: the Latins turn their eyes,
And view th' unuſual ſight with vaſt ſurprize.
The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,
Preſs'd in his arms the ponderous prey ſuſtains:
Then, with his ſhorten'd ſpear, explores around
His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound.
Nor leſs the captive ſtruggles for his life:
He writhes his body to prolong the ſtrife:
And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts
His utmoſt vigour, and the point averts.
So ſtoops the yellow eagle from on high,
And bears a ſpeckled ſerpent through the ſky;
Faſtening his crooked talons on the prey,
The pritoner hiſſes through the liquid way:
Reſiſts the royal hawk, and though oppreſt,
She fights in volumes, and erects her creſt;
Turn'd to her foe, ſhe ſtiffens every ſcale,
And ſhoots her forky tongue, and whiſks her threatening tail.
Againſt the victor all defence is weak;
Th' imperial bird ſtill plies her with his beak:
He tears her bowels, and her breaſt he gores;
Then claps his pinions, and ſecurely ſoars.
Thus, through the midſt of circling enemies,
Strong Tarchon ſnatch'd, and bore away his prize:
The Tyrrhene troops, that ſhrunk before, now preſs
The Latins, and preſume the like ſucceſs.
Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts eſſay'd
To murder, uneſpy'd, the Volſcian maid:
This way and that his winding courſe he bends,
And, whereſoever ſhe turns, her ſteps attends.
When ſhe retires victorious from the chace,
He wheels about with care, and ſhifts his place:
When, ruſhing on, ſhe keeps her foes in ſight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her ſtill in ſight:
He threats, and trembles, trying every way
Unſeen to kill, and ſafely to betray.
Chloreus, the prieſt of Cybelè, from far,
Glittering in Phrygian arms amidſt the war,
Was by the virgin view'd: the ſteed he preſs'd
Was proud with trappings, and his brawny cheſt
With ſcales of gilded braſs was cover'd o'er,
A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.
With deadly wounds he gall'd the diſtant foe;
Gnoſſian his ſhafts, and Lycian was his bow:
A golden helm his front and head ſurrounds
A gilded quiver from his ſhoulder ſounds.
Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore,
With flowers of needle-work diſtinguiſh'd o'er,
With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before.
Him, the fierce maid beheld, with ardent eyes;
Fond and ambitious of ſo rich a prize;
Or that the temple might his trophies hold,
Or elſe to ſhine herſelf in Trojan gold
Blind in her haſte, ſhe chaces him alone,
And ſeeks his life, regardleſs of her own.
This lucky moment the ſly traitor choſe:
Then, ſtarting from his ambuſh, up he roſe,
And threw, but firſt to heaven addreſs'd his vows.
O patron of Soracte's high abodes,
Phœbus, the ruling power among the gods;
Whom firſt we ſerve, whole woods of unctuous pine
Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory ſhine;
By thee protected, with our naked ſoals,
Through flames unſing'd we march, and tread the kindled coals:
Give me, propitious power, to waſh away
The ſtains of this diſhonourable day:
Nor ſpoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim;
But with my future actions truſt my fame.
Let me, by ſtealth, this female plague o'ercome,
And from the field return inglorious home
Apollo heard, and, granting half his prayer,
Shuffled in winds the reſt, and toſs'd in empty air.
He gives the death deſir'd; his ſafe return,
By ſouthern tempeſts, to the ſeas is borne.
Now, when the javelin whizz'd along the ſkies,
Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes,
Directed by the ſound of either hoſt,
Th' unhappy virgin, though concern'd the moſt,
Was only deaf; ſo greedy was ſhe bent
On golden ſpoils, and on her prey intent:
Till in her pap the winged weapon ſtood
Infix'd; and deeply drunk the purple blood.
Her faſt attendants haſten to ſuſtain
Their dying lady drooping on the plain.
Far from their ſight the trembling Aruns flies,
With beating heart, and fear confuſe'd with joys;
Nor dares he farther to purſue his blow,
Or ev'n to bear the ſight of his expiring foe.
As when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide,
Or ranch'd a ſhepherd's ſide:
At unawares,
Conſcious of his audacious deed, he flies,
And claps his quivering tail between his thighs;
So, ſpeeding once, the wretch no more attends;
But, ſpurring forward, herds among his friends.
She wrench'd the javelin with her dying hands;
But, wedg'd within her breaſt, the weapon ſtands;
The wood ſhe draws, the ſteely point remains;
She ſtaggers in her ſeat with agonizing pains:
A gathering miſt o'erclouds her chearful eyes,
And from her cheeks the roſy colour flies.
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She truſted moſt, and thus ſhe ſpeaks with pain:
Acca, 'tis paſt! he ſwims before my ſight,
Inexorable Death! and claims his right.
Bear my laſt words to Turnus, fly with ſpeed,
And bid him timely to my charge ſucceed:
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewell; and in this kiſs my parting breath receive.
She ſaid; and ſliding ſunk upon the plain;
Dying, her open'd hand forſakes the rein;
Short, and more ſhort, ſhe pants: by ſlow degrees,
Her mind the paſſage from her body frees.
She drops her ſword, ſhe nods her plumy creſt;
Her drooping head declining on her breaſt:
In the laſt ſigh her ſtruggling ſoul expires;
And murmuring with diſdain, to Stygian ſounds retires.
A ſhout, that ſtruck the golden ſtars, enſu'd:
Deſpair and rage, and languiſh'd fight renew'd.
The Trojan troops, and Tuſcans in a line,
Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians join.

thia's maid, high ſeated, from afar
the field, and fortune of the war:
d a while, 'till proſtrate on the plain,
g in blood, ſhe ſees Camilla ſlain;
and her corpſe of friends and foes a fighting train.
rom the bottom of her breaſt, ſhe drew
nful ſigh, and theſe ſad words enſue:
r a fine, ah! much lamented maid,
ring with the Trojans thou haſt paid:
ht avail'd of this unhappy ſtrife,
ſacred arms to ſave thy life.
eveng'd thy goddeſs will not leave
ary's death, nor with vain ſorrow grieve.
l the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;
r-ages ſhall thy praiſe record.
o'er the field there ſtood a hilly mound,
he place, and ſpread with oaks around;
in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay,
that once in Latium bore the ſway.
uteous Opis thither bent her flight,
k the traitor Aruns from the height,
refulgent arms, ſhe ſoon eſpy'd,
with ſucceſs, and loudly thus ſhe cry'd:
ckward ſteps, vain boaſter, are too late;
ike a man, at length, and meet thy fate.
I with my meſſage to Camilla go;
y I ſent thee to the ſhades below;
nour undeſerv'd from Cinthia's bow.
ſaid: and from her quiver choſe with ſpeed
inged ſhaft, predeſtin'd for the deed:
to the ſtubborn eugh her ſtrength apply'd;
e far diſtant horns approach'd on either ſide.
ow-ſtring touch'd her breaſt, ſo ſtrong ſhe drew;
ing in air the fatal arrow flew.
e the twanging bow and ſounding dart
raitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.
beating with his heels, in pangs of death,
ring friends to foreign fields bequeath.
onquering damſel, with expanded wings,
elcome meſſage to her miſtreſs brings.
ir leader loſt, the Volſcians quit the field;
nſuſtain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.
ighted ſoldiers, when their captains fly,
on their ſpeed than on their ſtrength rely.
s'd in flight, they bear each other down,
our their horſes headlong to the town.
by their foes, and to their fears reſign'd,
nce they turn; but take their wounds behind.
drop the ſhield, and thoſe the lance forego;
their ſhoulders bear the ſlackened bow.
oofs of horſes, with a rattling ſound,
hort and thick, and ſhake the rotten ground.
clouds of duſt come rolling in the ſky,
o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly.
rembling matrons, from their lofty ſtands,
heaven with female ſhrieks, and wring their hands.
reſſing on, purſuers and purſued,
ruſh'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.
happy few eſcape: the throng too late
on for entrance, till they choke the gate:
in the ſight of home, the wretched ſire
on, and ſees his helpleſs ſon expire.
, in a fright, the folding gates they cloſe:
ave their friends excluded with their foes.
ranquiſh'd cry; the victors loudly ſhout;
error all within; and ſlaughter all without.
Blind in their fear, they bounce againſt the wall,
Or, to the moats purſu'd, precipitate their fall.
The Latian virgins, valiant with deſpair,
Arm'd on the tow'rs, the common danger ſhare:
So much of zeal their country's cauſe inſpir'd;
So much Camilla's great example fir'd.
t'oles, ſharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw,
With imitated darts, to gaul the foe;
Their lives, for god-like freedom they bequeath,
And crowd each other to be firſt in death.
Meantime to Turnus, ambuſh'd in the ſhade,
With heavy tidings, came th' unhappy maid.
The Volſcians overthrown, Camilla kill'd,
The foes entirely maſters of the field,
Like a reſiſtleſs flood, come rolling on:
The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town.
Inflam'd with rage, (for ſo the furies fire
The Dauniaa's breaſt, and ſo the fates require,)
He leaves the hilly paſs, the woods in vain
Poſſeſs'd, and downward iſſues on the plain:
Scarce was he gone, when to the ſtraights, now freed
From ſecret foes, the Trojan troops ſucceed.
Through the black foreſt, and the ferny brake,
Unknowingly ſecure, their way they take.
From the rough mountains to the plain deſcend,
And there in order drawn, their line extend.
Both armies, now, in open fields are ſeen:
Nor far the diſtance of the ſpace between.
Both to the city bend: Æneas ſees,
Through ſmoaking fields, his haſtening enemies.
And Turnus views the Trojans in array,
And hears th' approaching horſes proudly neigh.
Soon had their hoſts in bloody battle join'd;
But weſtward to the ſea the ſun declin'd.
Intrench'd before the town, both armies lie:
While night, with ſable wings, involves the ſky.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a ſingle combat: articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Æneas: he is miraculouſly cured by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and concludes the poem with his death.

WHEN Turnus ſaw the Latins leave the field,
Their armies broken, and their courage quell'd;
Himſelf become the mark of public ſpight,
His honour queſtion'd for the promis'd fight:
The more he was with vulgar hate oppreſs'd,
The more his fury boil'd within his breaſt:
He rouz'd his vigour for the late debate;
And rais'd his haughty ſoul, to meet his fate.
As when the ſwains the Libyan lion chace,
He makes a ſour retreat, nor mends his paces
But if the pointed javelin pierce his ſide,
The lordly beaſt returns with double pride:
He wrenches out the ſteel, he roars for pain
His ſides he laſhes, and erects his mane:
So Turnus fares; his eyeballs flaſh with fire,
Through his wide noſtrils clouds of ſmoke expire.

Trembling with rage, around the court he ran;
At length approach'd the king, and thus began:
No more excuſes or delays: I ſtand
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand,
This baſe deſerter of his native land.
The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take
The ſame conditions which himſelf did make.
Renew the truce, the ſolemn rites prepare,
And to my ſingle virtue truſt the war.
The Latians, unconcern'd, ſhall ſee the fight;
This arm, unaided, ſhall aſſert your right:
Then, if my proſtrate body preſs the plain,
To him the crown and beauteous bride remain.
To whom the king ſedately thus reply'd:
Brave youth, the more your valour has been try'd,
The more becomes it us, with due reſpect,
To weigh the chance of war which you neglect.
You want not wealth, or a ſucceſſive throne,
Or cities, which your arms have made your own;
My town and treaſures are at your command;
And ſtor'd with blooming beauties is my hand:
Laurentum more than one Lavinia ſees,
Unmarry'd, fair, of noble families.
Now let me ſpeak, and you with patience hear,
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear;
But ſound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudful art.
The gods, by ſigns, have manifeſtly ſhown,
No prince, Italian born, ſhould heir my throne:
Oft have our augurs, in prediction ſkill'd,
And oft our prieſts, a foreign ſon reveal'd.
Yet, won by worth, that cannot be withſtood,
Brib'd by my kindneſs to my kindred blood,
Urg'd by my wife, who would not be deny'd,
I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:
Her from her plighted lord by force I took;
All ties of treaties and of honour broke:
On your account I wag'd an impious war,
With what ſucceſs 'tis needleſs to declare;
I and my ſubjects feel; and you have had your ſhare.
Twice vanquiſh'd, while in bloody fields we ſtrive,
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive:
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore;
The bones of Latians glance the neighbouring ſhore:
Why put I not an end to this debate,
Still unreſolv'd, and ſtill a ſlave to fate?
If Turnus' death a laſting peace can give,
Why ſhould not I procure it whilſt you live?
Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray,
What would my kinſmen the Rutulians ſay?
And ſhould you fall in fight, (which heaven defend)
How curſe the cauſe, which haſten'd to his end,
The daughter's lover, and the father's friend?
Weigh in your mind the various chance of war,
Pity your parent's age, and eaſe his care.
Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain;
The proffer'd medicine, but provok'd the pain.
The wrathful youth, diſdaining the relief,
With intermitting ſobs, thus vents his griefs:
Thy care, O beſt of fathers, which you take
For my concerns, at my deſire forſake.
Permit me not to languiſh out my days;
But make the beſt exchange of life for praiſe.
This arm, this lance, can well diſpute the prize;
And the blood follows where the weapon flies:
His goddeſs mother is not near, to ſhrowd
The flying coward with an empty cloud.
But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
And loath'd the hard conditions of the ſtrife,
Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
In theſe ſad accents gave her ſorrow breath:
O Turnus, I adjure thee by theſe tears;
And whate'er price Amata's honour bears
Within thy breaſt, ſince thou art all my hope,
My fickly mind's repoſe, my ſinking age's prop;
Since on the ſafety of thy life alone
Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne:
Refuſe me not this one, this only prayer,
To waive the combat, and purſue the war.
Whatever chance attends this fatal ſtrife,
Think it includes in thine Amata's life.
I cannot live a ſlave; or ſee my throne
Uſurp'd by ſtrangers, or a Trojan ſon.
At this a flood of tears Lavinia ſhed;
A crimſon bluſh her beauteous face o'erſpread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.
The driving colours, never at a ſtay,
Run here and there; and fluſh and fade away.
Delightful change! thus Indian ivory ſhows,
Which, with the bordering paint of purple glows;
Or lilies damaſk'd by the neighbouring roſe.
The lover gaz'd, and, burning with deſire,
The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:
Revenge, and jealous rage, and ſecret ſpite,
Roll in his breaſt, and rouze him to the fight.
Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
Firm to his firſt intent, he thus replies:
O, mother, do not, by your tears, prepare
Such boding omens, and prejudge the war.
Reſolv'd on fight, I am no longer free
To ſhun my death, if heaven my death decree.
Then, turning to the herald, thus purſues;
Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news.
Denounce from me, that when to-morrow's light
Shall gild the heavens, he need not urge the fight:
The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more
Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian ſhore:
Our ſingle ſwords the quarrel ſhall decide,
And to the victor be the beauteous bride.
He ſaid, and ſtriding on, with ſpeedy pace
He ſought his courſers of the Thracian race.
At his approach, they toſs their heads on high;
And, proudly neighing, promiſe victory.
The ſires of theſe Orithia ſent from far,
To grace Piſumnus, when he went to war.
The drifts of Thracian ſnows were ſcarce ſo white,
Nor northern winds in fleetneſs match'd their flight.
Officious grooms ſtand ready by his ſide;
And ſome with combs their flowing manes divide;
And others ſtroke their cheſts, and gently ſooth their pride.
He ſheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd mail
Of golden metal thoſe, and mountain braſs,
Then to his head his glittering helm he ty'd;
And girt his faithful fauchion by his ſide.
In his Ætnean forge the god of fire
That fauchion labour'd for the hero's ſire:
Immortal keenneſs on the blade beſtow'd,
And plung'd it hiſſing in the Stygian flood.
Propp'd on a pillar, which the ceiling bore,
Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor wore;
Which with ſuch force he brandiſh'd in his hand,
The tough aſh trembled like an oſier wand.
Then cry'd, O ponderous ſpoil of Actor ſlain,
And never yet by Turnus toſs'd in vain,
Fail not, this day, thy wonted force: but go,
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe:
Give me to tear his corſlet from his breaſt,
And from that eunuch head, to rend the creſt

e duſt, his frizzled hair to ſoil,
vexing in'n, and ſmear'd with fragrant

: he raves, from his wide noſtrils flies
, and ſparkles from his eyes:
ull in his lov'd female's ſight;
illows, and preludes the fight:
oring horns againſt a tree;
s his abſent enemy:
the winds, he digs the ſtrand
k hooſe, and ſpurns the yellow ſand.
e Trojan, in his Lemnian arms,
ht his manly courage warms:
fury, and with joy prepares
at once the lingering wars.
chiefs, and tender ſon, relates
had promis'd, and expounds the fates.
Latian king he ſends, to ceaſe
arms, and ratify the peace.
enſuing from the mountain's height,
ſpread the ſkies with roſy light;
courſers, bounding from the ſea,
ir flaming noſtrils breath'd the day:
he Trojan and Rutulian guard,
bour join'd, the liſt prepar'd.
valls, they meaſure out the ſpace;
altars rear, on ſods of graſs;
religious rites, their common gods
y place.
ite the prieſts their heads attire,
aters bear, and holy fire:
ir linen hoods, and ſhaded hair,
wreaths of ſacred vervain wear.
ſuing from the town appears
gion, arm'd with pointed ſpears;
e fields, advancing on a line,
and the Tuſcan forces join:
s arms afford a pleaſing ſight:
rain they ſeem, in peace prepar'd for
ht.
ie ranks the proud commanders ride,
ith gold, and veſts in purple dy'd.
ieus, author of the Memmian line,
ſſapus born of ſeed divine.
iven, and round the liſted ſpace
order fills his proper place.
their ample ſhields, they ſtand;
r pointed lances in the ſand.
us of the fight, a numerous throng
promiſcuous, old and young,
the town: by thoſe who reſt behind,
d walls, and houſes tops are lin'd:
e the queen of heaven beheld the fight,
npleas'd, from Mount Albano's height:
Albano, by ſucceeding fame,
empty hill, without a name.)
urvey'd the field, the Trojan powers,
ſquadrons, and Laurentine towers.
he goddeſs of the ſkies beſpake,
nd tears, the goddeſs of the lake;
is' ſiſter, once a lovely maid,
ſt of lawleſs Jove betray'd,
by force, but by the grateful god,
he Nais of the neighbouring flood.
, the pride of living lakes, ſaid ſhe,
wn'd, and moſt belov'd by me,
ou known, nor need I to record
fallies of my wandering lord:
tian fair, whom Jove miſled,
y ſtealth my violated bed,
e I grudg'd not his embrace;
part of heaven, and an unenvy'd place.

Now learn from me, thy near approaching grief,
Nor think my wiſhes want to thy relief.
While fortune favour'd, nor heaven's king deny'd,
To lend my ſuccour to the Latian ſide,
I ſav'd thy brother, and the ſinking ſtate;
But now he ſtruggles with unequal fate:
And goes with gods averſe, o'ermatch'd in might,
To meet inevitable death in fight:
Nor muſt I break the truce, nor can ſuſtain the fight
Thou, if thou dar'ſt, thy preſent aid ſupply;
It well becomes a ſiſter's care to try.
At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppreſs'd,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breaſt.
To whom Saturnia thus; Thy tears are late:
Haſte, ſnatch him, if he can be ſnatch'd, from fate.
Now tumults kindle, violate the truce;
Who knows what changeful fortune may produce?
'Tis not a crime t' attempt what I decree,
Or if it were, diſcharge the crime on me.
She ſaid, and, ſailing on the winged wind,
Left the ſad nymph ſuſpended in her mind.
And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear:
Four ſteeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day.
Two ſnowy courſers Turnus' chariot yoke,
And in his hand two maſſy ſpears he ſhook:
Then iſſued from the camp, in arms divine,
Æneas, author of the Roman line:
And by his ſide Aſcanius took his place,
The ſecond hope of Rome's immortal race.
Adorn'd in white, a reverend prieſt appears;
And offerings to the flaming altars bears;
A porket, and a lamb, that never ſuffer'd ſhears.
Then to the riſing ſun he turns his eyes,
And ſhews the beaſts deſign'd for ſacrifice,
With ſalt and meal: with like officious care
He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.
Betwixt their horns the purple wine he ſheds,
With the ſame generous juice the flame he feeds.
Æneas then unſheath'd his ſhining ſword,
And thus with pious prayers the gods ador'd:
All-ſeeing ſun, and thou Auſonian ſoil,
For which I have ſuſtain'd ſo long a toil,
Thou king of heaven, and thou the queen of air,
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by prayer)
Thou god of war, whoſe unreſiſted ſway
The labours and events of arms obey;
Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,
All powers of ocean, all ethereal gods,
Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,
Or recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield,
My Trojans ſhall increaſe Evander's town;
Aſcanius ſhall renounce th' Auſonian crown:
All claims, all queſtions of debate ſhall ceaſe;
Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.
But if my juſter arms prevail in fight,
As ſure they ſhall, if I divine aright,
My Trojans ſhall not o'er th' Italians reign:
Both equal, both unconquer'd, ſhall remain:
Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;
I aſk but altars for my weary gods.
The care of thoſe religious rites be mine:
The crown to king Latinus I reſign;
His be the ſovereign ſway. Nor will I ſhare
His power in peace, or his command in war.
For me, my friends another town ſhall frame,
And bleſs the riſing towers, with fair Lavinia's name.
Thus he. Then, with erected eyes and hands,
The Latian king before his altar ſtands.
By the ſame heaven, ſaid he, and earth, and main,
And all the powers, that all the three contain;

By hell below, and by that upper god,
Whoſe thunder ſigns the peace, who ſeals it with his nod;
So let Latona's double offspring hear,
And double-fronted Janus what I ſwear:
I touch the ſacred altars, touch the flames,
And all thoſe powers atteſt, and all their names:
Whatever chance befal on either ſide,
No term of time this union ſhall divide:
No force, no fortune, ſhall my vows unbind,
Or ſhake the ſtedfaſt tenour of my mind:
Not though the circling ſeas ſhould break their bound,
O'erflow the ſhores, or ſap the ſolid ground;
Not though the lamps of heaven their ſpheres forſake,
Hurl'd down, and hiſſing in the nether lake:
Ev'n as this royal ſceptre (for he bore
A ſceptre in his hand) ſhall never more
Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth;
(An orphan now, cut from the mother earth
By the keen axe, diſhonour'd of its hair,
And cas'd in braſs, for Latian kings to bear).
When thus in public view the peace was ty'd
With ſolemn vows, and ſworn on either ſide,
All dues perform'd which holy rites require;
The victim beaſts are ſlain before the fire:
The trembling entrails from their bodies torn,
And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.
Already the Rutulians deem their man
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.
Firſt riſing fears are whiſper'd through the crowd;
Then, gathering ſound, they murmur more aloud.
Now ſide to ſide they meaſure with their eyes
The champions' bulk, their ſinews, and their ſize:
The nearer they approach, the more is known
Th' apparent diſadvantage of their own.
Turnus himſelf appears in public ſight
Conſcious of fate, deſponding of the fight.
Slowly he moves; and at his altar ſtands
With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands:
And, while he mutters undiſtinguiſh'd prayers,
A livid deadneſs in his cheeks appears.
With anxious pleaſure when Juturna view'd
Th' increaſing fright of the mad multitude;
When their ſhort ſighs and thickening ſobs ſhe heard,
And found their ready minds for change prepar'd;
Diſſembling her immortal form, ſhe took
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look,
A chief of ancient blood: in arms well known
Was his great ſire, and he, his greater ſon.
His ſhape aſſum'd, amid the ranks ſhe ran,
And, favouring their firſt motions, thus began:
For ſhame, Rutulians, can you bear the ſight
Of one expos'd for all, in ſingle fight?
Can we, before the face of heaven, confeſs
Our courage colder, or our numbers leſs?
View all the Trojan hoſt, th' Arcadian band,
And Tuſcan army; count them as they ſtand:
Undaunted to the battle if we go,
Scarce every ſecond man will ſhare a foe.
Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal ſtrife
Shall leſe, with honour his devoted life:
Or change it rather for immortal fame,
Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:
But you, a ſervile, and inglorious band,
For foreign lords ſhall ſow your native land:
Theſe fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gain'd,
Which have ſo long their lazy ſons ſuſtain'd.
With words like theſe, ſhe carry'd her deſign;
A riſing murmur runs along the line.
Then ev'n the city troops, and Latins, tir'd
With tedious war, ſeem with new ſouls inſpir'd:
Their champion's fate with pity they lament;
And of the league, ſo lately ſworn, repent.
Nor fails the goddeſs to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a falſe preſage:
But adds a ſign, which, preſent to their eyes,
Inſpires new courage, and a glad ſurprize.
For, ſudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove:
A plump of fowl he ſpies, that ſwim the lakes;
And o'er their heads his ſounding pinions ſhakes.
Then ſtooping on the faireſt of the train,
In his ſtrong talons truſs'd a ſilver ſwan.
Th' Italians wonder at th' unuſual ſight;
But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
Behold the daftard fowl return anew;
And with united force the foe purſue:
Clamorous around the royal hawk they fly;
And thickening in a cloud, o'erſhade the ſky.
They cuff, they ſcratch, they croſs their airy courſe;
Nor can th' incumber'd bird ſuſtain their force:
But vex'd, not vanquiſh'd, drops the ponderous prey;
And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.
Th' Ausonian bands with ſhouts ſalute the ſight:
Eager of action, and demand the fight.
Then king Tolumnius, vers'd in auguns' arts,
Cries out, and thus his boaſted ſkill imparts:
At length 'tis granted, what I long deſir'd:
This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
Ye gods, I take your omen, and obey.
Advance, my friends, and charge; I lead the way.
Theſe are the foreign foes, whoſe impious band,
Like that rapacious bird, infeſt our land:
But ſoon, like him, they ſhall be forc'd to flee
By ſtrength united, and forego the prey;
Your timely ſuccour to your country bring;
Haſte to the reſcue, and redeem your king.
He ſaid: and preſſing onward, through the crew,
Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
The winged weapon, whiſtling in the wind,
Came driving on, nor miſs'd the mark deſign'd.
At once the cornel rattled in the ſkies;
At once tumultuous ſhouts and clamours riſe.
Nine brothers in a goodly band there ſtood,
Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuſcan blood:
Gylippus' ſons: the fatal javelin flew,
Aim'd at the midmoſt of the friendly crew.
A paſſage through the jointed arms is found,
Juſt where the belt was to the body bound,
And ſtruck the gentle youth extended on the ground.
Then, fir'd with pious rage, the generous train
Run madly forward to revenge the ſlain.
And ſome with eager haſte their javelins throw;
And ſome with ſword in hand aſſault the foe.
The wiſh'd inſult the Latins troops embrace;
And meet their ardour in the middle ſpace.
The Trojans, Tuſcans, and Arcadian line,
With equal courage obviate their deſign.
Peace leaves the violated fields; and hate
Both armies urges to their mutual fate.
With impious haſte their altars are o'erturn'd,
The ſacrifice half broil'd, and half-unborn'd.
Thick ſtorms of ſteel from either army fly,
And clouds of claſhing darts obſcure the ſky:
Brands from the fire are miſſive weapons made;
With chargers, bowls, and all the prieſtly trade.
Latinus, frighted, haſtens from the fray,
And bears his unregarded gods away.
Theſe on their horſes vault, thoſe yoke the car;
The reſt, with ſwords on high, run headlong to the war.

ager to confound the peace,
hot courſer through the fighting

ſtes; by his purple known
nce, and by his regal crown;
ock encountering, bore him down.
fell; and, as his fate deſign'd,
an altar were behind:
g on his ſhoulders, and his head,
ttering fires he lay ſupinely ſpread.
ear deſcending from above,
erc'd, and through his body drove.
. ſcornful ſmile, the victor cries;
re found a fitter ſacrifice.
oils, th' Italians ſtrip the dead
mour; and uncrown his head.
inæus arm'd his better hand,
a altar, with a blazing brand:
us with a thundering pace,
battle, daſh'd it on his face:
ard ſhines out with ſudden fires,
; crop a noiſome ſcent expires.
: blow, he ſeiz'd his curling crown
hand; his other caſt him down.
body with his knees he preſs'd,
his holy poinard in his breaſt.
alirius, with his ſword, purſued
Alſus through the flying crowd,
ns, and aims a deadly blow,
ont of his unwary foe.
e enters with a cruſhing ſound,
ie chin with one continued wound:
and mingled brains, beſmear his
iround.
his ſtupid eyes oppreſs'd,
eir heavy lids in endleſs reſt.
eas ruſh'd amid the bands,
head, and naked were his hands,
:e: then thus he cries aloud,
rage, what new deſire of blood
alter'd minds? O Trojans, ceaſe
s arms, nor violate the peace.
ictions, and by laws divine,
: all agreed, the war is mine.
fears, and let the fight enſue;
ne ſhall right the gods and you:
ltars, and their broken vow,
ging ſword the faithleſs Turnus owe.
: he ſpoke, unmindful of defence,
ow ſtruck the pious prince,
from ſome human hand it came,
l, is left unknown by fame:
nd, or hoſtile god was found,
triumph of ſo baſe a wound.
nus ſaw the Trojan quit the plain,
may'd, his troops a fainting train:
event his heighten'd ſoul inſpires,
ms and courſers he requires.
leap, his lofty chariot gains,
eady hand aſſumes the reins.
petuous, and where-e'er he goes,
ind a lane of ſlaughter'd foes.
:e reaches, over thoſe he rolls
, and cruſhes out their ſouls:
inquiſh'd fly; the victor ſends
n's weapons at their living friends.
e banks of Hebrus' freezing flood
attles, in his angry mood,

Claſhing his ſword againſt his brazen ſhield,
Let looſe the reins, and ſcours along the field:
Before the wind his fiery courſers fly,
Groans the ſad earth, reſounds the rattling ſky.
Wrath, terror, treaſon, tumult, and deſpair,
Dire faces, and deform'd, ſurround the car;
Friends of the god, and fellowers of the war.
With fury not unlike, nor leſs diſdain,
Exulting Turnus flies along the plain:
His ſmoking horſes, at their utmoſt ſpeed,
He laſhes on; and urges o'er the dead.
Their fetlocks run with blood; and when they bound,
The gore, and gathering duſt, are daſh'd around.
Thamyris and Pholus, maſters of the war,
He kill'd at hand, but Sthelenus afar:
From far the ſons of Imbracus he ſlew,
Glaucus, and Lades, of the Lycian crew:
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd;
Or mount the courſer that out-ſtrips the wind.
Mean time Eumedes, vaunting in the field,
New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.
This ſon of Dolon bore his grandſire's name;
But emulated more his father's fame.
His guileful father, ſent a nightly ſpy,
The Grecian camp and order to deſcry:
Hard enterprize, and well he might require
Achilles' car, and horſes for his hire;
But, met upon the ſcout, th' Etolian prince
In death beſtow'd a juſter recompence.
Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar;
And launch'd his javelin from his lofty car:
Then lightly leaping down, purſued the blow,
And, preſſing with his foot, his proſtrate foe,
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the ſhining ſword;
And plung'd it in the boſom of its lord.
Poſſeſs, ſaid he, the fruit of all thy pains,
And meaſure, at thy length, our Latian plains.
Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand,
Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the land.
Then Daris, Butis, Sybaris, he ſlew,
Whom o'er his neck the ſloundering courſer threw.
As when loud Boreas, with his bluſtering train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the main;
Where-e'er he flies, he drives the rack before,
And rolls the billows on th' Ægean ſhore:
So where reſiſtleſs Turnus takes his courſe:
The ſcatter'd ſquadrons bend before his force:
His creſt of horſes hair is blown behind,
By adverſe air, and ruſtles in the wind.
This haughty Phegeus ſaw with high diſdain,
And as the chariot roll'd along the plain,
Light from the ground he leapt, and ſeiz'd the rein.
Thus hung in air, he ſtill retain'd his hold;
The courſers frighted, and their courſe controul'd.
The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung,
And pierc'd his plated arms; but paſs'd along,
And only raz'd the ſkin: he turn'd, and held
Againſt his threatening foe his ample ſhield;
Then call'd for aid: but, while he cry'd in vain,
The chariot bore him backward on the plain.
He lies revers'd; the victor-king deſcends,
And ſtrikes ſo juſtly where his helmet ends,
He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk,
With ſtreams that iſſue from the bleeding trunk.
While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield,
The wounded prince is forc'd to have the field:

Strong Mneſtheus and Achates often try'd,
And young Aſcanius weeping by his ſide,
Conduct him to his tent: ſcarce can he rear
His limbs from earth, ſupported on his ſpear.
Reſolv'd in mind, regardleſs of the ſmart,
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
The ſteel remains. No readier way he found
To draw the weapon, than t' inlarge the wound.
Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.
Iäpis was at hand to prove his art,
Whoſe blooming youth ſo fir'd Apollo's heart,
That for his love he proffer'd to beſtow
His tuneful harp, and his unerring bow:
The pious youth, more ſtudious how to ſave
His aged ſire, now ſinking to the grave,
Preferr'd the power of plants, and ſilent praiſe
Of healing arts, before Phœbeian bays.
Prep'd on his lance the penſive hero ſtood,
And heard, and ſaw unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
The tuck'd phyſician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and haſtens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, ſoliciting the dart,
And exerciſes all his heavenly art.
All ſovereign herbs, known of ſovereign uſe,
He preſſes out, and pours their noble juice;
Theſe firſt infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd;
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.
Meantime the war approaches to the tents:
Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noiſe augments:
The driving duſt proclaims the danger near,
And firſt their friends, and then their foes appear;
Their friends retreat, their foes purſue the rear.
The camp is filled with terror and affright;
The hiſſing ſhafts within the trench alight;
An undiſtinguiſh'd noiſe aſcends the ſky;
The ſhouts of thoſe who kill, and groans of thoſe who die.
But now the goddeſs mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, haſtens her relief.
A branch of healing Dictany ſhe brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care ſhe ſought:
Rough is the ſtem, which woolly leaves ſurround;
The leaves with flowers, the flowers with purple crown'd:
Well known to wounded goats; a ſure relief
To draw the pointed ſteel, and eaſe the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews
Th' extracted liquor with ambroſial dews,
And odorous Panacee: unſeen ſhe ſtands,
Tempering the mixture with her heavenly hands:
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of med'cinal herbs prepar'd to bathe the wound.
The leech, unknowing of ſuperior art,
Which aids the cure, with this foments the part,
And in a moment ceas'd the raging ſmart
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom ſtands:
The ſteel, but ſcarcely touch'd with tender hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once reſtor'd.
Iäpis firſt perceiv'd the cloſing wound;
And firſt the footſteps of a god he found.
Arms, arms, he cries, the ſword and ſhield prepare,
And ſend the wounding chief, renew'd to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine:
Some god our general to the battle ſends;
Some god preſerves his life for greater ends.
The hero arms in haſte: his hands infold
His thighs with cuiſhes of refulgent gold:
Inflam'd to fight, and ruſhing to the field,
That hand ſuſtaining the cœleſtial ſhield,
This gripes the lance; and with ſuch vigour ſhakes,
That to the reſt the beamy weapon quakes.
Then, with a cloſe embrace, he ſtrain'd his ſon;
And, kiſſing through his helmet, thus began:
My ſon, from my example learn the war,
In camps to ſuffer, and in fields to dare:
But happier chance than mine attend thy care!
This day my hand thy tender age ſhall ſhield,
And crown with honours of the conquer'd field:
Thou, when thy riper years ſhall ſend thee forth,
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth,
Aſſert thy birthright; and in arms be known,
For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' ſon.
He ſaid; and, ſtriding, iſſued on the plain;
Anteus, and Mneſtheus, and a numerous train,
Attend his ſteps: the reſt their weapons take,
And, crowding to the field, the camp forſake.
A cloud of blinding duſt is raiſ'd around;
Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.
Now Turnus, poſted on a hill, from far
Beheld the progreſs of the moving war:
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains;
And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
Juturna ſaw th' advancing troops appear;
And heard the hoſtile ſound, and fled for fear.
Æneas leads; and draws a ſweeping train,
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
As when a whirlwind, ruſhing to the ſhore,
From the mid ocean drives the waves before:
The painful hind, with heavy heart, foreſees
The flatted fields, and ſlaughter of the trees;
With ſuch impetuous rage the prince appears,
Before his doubled front; nor leſs deſtruction bears.
And now both armies ſhock in open field;
Oſyris is by ſtrong Thymbræus kill'd.
Archetius, Uſens, Epulon, are ſlain
(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train),
By Gyas, Mneſtheus, and Achates' hand:
The fatal augur falls, by whoſe command
The truce was broken, and whoſe lance, embru'd
With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd.
Loud ſhouts and clamours rend the liquid ſky;
And o'er the field the frighted Latins fly.
The prince diſdains the daſtards to purſue,
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few:
Turnus alone, amid the duſky plain,
He ſeeks, and to the combat calls in vain.
Juturna heard, and, ſeiz'd with mortal fear,
Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer;
Aſſumes his ſhape, his armour, and his mien;
And like Metiſcus in his ſeat is ſeen.
As the black ſwallow near the palace plies;
O'er empty courts, and under arches flies:
Now hawks aloft, now ſkims along the flood,
To furniſh her loquacious neſt with food:
So drives the rapid goddeſs o'er the plains;
The ſmoking horſes run with looſen'd reins.
She fleets a various courſe among the foes;
Now here, now there, her conquering brother ſhows:

ſtraight, now with a wheeling flight,
id bends, but ſhuns the ſingle fight.
l with fury, breaks the crowd,
is foe, and calls by name aloud:
hin a narrower ring, and tries
chariot; but the chariot flies.
n a glimpſe, Juturna fears,
ıy the Daunian hero bears.
uld he do? Nor arts nor arms avail;
cares in vain his mind aſſail;
ſſapus thundering through the field,
ınd two pointed javelins held:
g on the prince, one dart he drew,
nerring aim and utmoſt vigour threw.
t come, and ſtooping low
uckler, ſhunn'd the threatening blow.
hiſs'd above his head, and tore
plume, which on his helm he wore.
is hoſtile act, and fir'd with ſpite,
Turnus ſtill declin'd the fight;
whoſe piety had long repell'd
rdour, now invades the field:
powers of violated peace,
nd injur'd altars to redreſs:
s rage abandoning the rein,
and ſlaughter'd bodies fills the plain.
l can tell, what numbers can diſplay.
labours of that fatal day?
and champions fell on either ſide,
ain, or by what deaths they dy'd?
ius, whom the Trojan hero kill'd:
he fame and fortune of the field?
l thou view, and not avert thy ſight,
nations join'd in cruel fight,
ues of laſting love ſo ſhortly ſhall
!
ſt Rutulian Sucro found,
r made the Trojans quit their ground.
ribs the javelin drove ſo juſt,
s heart, nor needs a ſecond thruſt.
s, at two blows, two brethren flew;
is horſe fierce Amicus he threw;
g on the ground, on foot aſſail'd
in equal fight prevail'd.
s trunks he leaves upon the place;
, diſtilling gore, his chariot grace.
d on earth the Trojan hero threw;
out reſpite at one charge he ſlew:
'anais, Tagus, fell oppreſs'd
ythus, added to the reſt;
blood, whom Peridia bore.
brothers from the Lycian ſhore,
pollo's fane to battle ſent,
nor Phœbus could their fate prevent.
mætes after theſe he kill'd,
ad ſhunn'd the dangers of the field:
lake a ſilent life he led,
is nets and angle earn'd his bread.
is cares, nor palaces he knew,
rom th' infectious world withdrew.
s houſe; his father's painful hand
his rent, and plough'd another's land.
among the lofty woods are thrown,
ſides, and both by winds are blown,
crackle in the ſputtering fire;
l ſylvans from their ſhades retire:
ighbouring torrents fall from high,
run; the foamy waters fry:

They roll to ſea, with unreſiſting force,
And down the rocks precipitate their courſe:
Not with leſs rage the rival heroes take
Their different ways; nor leſs deſtruction make.
With ſpears afar, with ſwords at hand they ſtrike,
And zeal of ſlaughter fires their ſouls alike.
Like them, their dauntleſs men maintain the field,
And hearts are pierc'd unknowing how to yield:
They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
And heaps of bodies raiſe the level ground.

Murranus, boaſting of his blood, that ſprings
From a long royal race of Latin kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Cruſh'd with the weight of an unwielding ſtone:
Betwixt the wheels he fell; the wheels that bore
His living load, his dying body tore.
His ſtartling ſteeds, to ſhun the glittering ſword,
Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.

Fierce Hiilus threaten'd high; and face to face
Affronted Turnus in the middle ſpace:
The prince encounter'd him in full career,
And at his temples aim'd the deadly ſpear:
So fatally the flying weapon ſped,
That through his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.
Nor, Ciſſeus, could'ſt thou 'ſcape from Turnus' hand,
In vain the ſtrongeſt of the Arcadian band:
Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford
Availing aid againſt th' Æneian ſword:
Which to his naked heart purſued the courſe:
Nor could his plated ſhield ſuſtain the force.

Iölus fell, whom not the Grecian powers,
Nor great ſubverter of the Trojan towers,
Were doom'd to kill, while heaven prolong'd his date:
But who can paſs the bounds prefix'd by fate?
In high Lyrneſſus, and, in Troy, he held
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:
Of all the mighty man, the laſt remains
A little ſpot of foreign earth contains.

And now both hoſts their broken troops unite,
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight.
Sereſthus and undaunted Mneſtheus join
The Trojan, Tuſcan, and Arcadian line:
Sea-born Meſſapus, with Arinas, heads
The Latin ſquadrons, and to battle leads.
They ſtrike, they puſh, they throng the ſcanty ſpace;
Reſolv'd on death, impatient of diſgrace;
And where one falls, another fills his place.

The Cyprian goddeſs now inſpires her ſon
To leave th' unfiniſh'd fight, and ſtorm the town.
For, while he rolls his eyes around the plain,
In queſt of Turnus, whom he ſeeks in vain,
He views th' unguarded city from afar,
In careleſs quiet, and ſecure of war:
Occaſion offers, and excites his mind,
To dare beyond the taſk he firſt deſign'd.
Reſolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they leave the fight;
Attended thus, he takes a neighbouring height:
The crowding troops about their general ſtand,
All under arms, and wait his high command.
Then thus the lofty prince: Hear and obey,
Ye Trojan bands, without the leaſt delay.
Jove is with us, and what I have decreed
Requires our utmoſt vigour, and our ſpeed.
Your inſtant arms againſt the town prepare;
The ſource of miſchief, and the ſeat of war.
This day the Latian towers, that mate the ſky,
Shall level with the plain in aſhes lie:

The people ſhall be ſlaves, unleſs in time
They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
Twice have our foes been vanquiſh'd on the plain;
Then ſhall I wait till Turnus will be ſlain?
Your force againſt the perjur'd city bend:
There it began, and there the war ſhall end.
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires,
Cleanſe the polluted place with purging fires.
He finiſh'd; and, one ſoul inſpiring all,
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.
Without the town, an unprovided train
Of gaping, gazing citizens are ſlain.
Some firebrands, others ſcaling ladders bear;
And thoſe they toſs aloft, and theſe they rear:
The flames now launch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,
The clouds of miſſive arms obſcure the ſky.
Advancing to the front the hero ſtands,
And, ſtretching out to heaven his pious hands,
Attells the gods, aſſerts his innocence,
Upbraids with breach of faith th' Auſonian prince:
Declares the royal honour doubly ſtain'd,
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.
Diſſenting clamours in the town ariſe;
Each will be heard, and all at once adviſe.
One part for peace, and one for war contends:
Some would exclude their foes, and ſome admit their friends.
The helpleſs king is hurry'd in the throng;
And whate'er tide prevails, is born along.
Thus, when the ſwain, within a hollow rock,
Invades the bees with ſuffocating ſmoke,
They run around, or labour on their wings,
Diſus'd to flight; and ſhoot their ſleepy ſtings:
To ſhun the bitter fumes, in vain they try;
Black vapours, iſſuing from the vent, involve the ſky.
But fate, and envious fortune, now prepare
To plunge the Latins in the laſt deſpair.
The queen, who ſaw the foes invade the town,
And brands on tops of burning houſes thrown;
Caſt round her eyes, diſtracted with her fear;
No troops of Turnus in the field appear.
Once more ſhe ſtares abroad, but ſtill in vain;
And then concludes the royal youth is ſlain.
Mad with her anguiſh, impotent to bear
The mighty grief, ſhe loaths the vital air.
She calls herſelf the cauſe of all this ill,
And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will:
She raves againſt the gods, ſhe beats her breaſt,
She tears with both her hands her purple veſt;
Then round a beam a running nooſe ſhe ty'd,
And, faſten'd by the neck, obſcenely dy'd.
Soon as the fatal news by fame was blown,
And to her dames and to her daughter known;
The ſad Lavinia rends her yellow hair,
And roſy cheeks; the reſt her ſorrow ſhare:
With ſhrieks the palace rings, and madneſs of deſpair.
The ſpreading rumours fills the public place;
Confuſion, fear, diſtraction, and diſgrace,
And ſilent ſhame are ſeen in every face.
Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
Both for his public and his private woes:
With filth his venerable beard beſmears,
And ſordid duſt deforms his ſilver hairs.
And much he blames the ſoftneſs of his mind,
Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,
And ſoon reduc'd to charge, what he ſo will deſign'd:
To break the ſolemn league ſo long deſir'd,
Nor finiſh what his fates, and thoſe of Troy, required.
Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains,
And here and there ſome ſtraggling foes he gleans.
His flying courſers pleaſe him leſs and leſs,
Aſham'd of eaſy fight and cheap ſucceſs.
Thus half contented, anxious in his mind,
The diſtant cries come driving in the wind;
Shouts from the walls, but ſhouts in murmur drown'd;
A jarring mixture, and a boding ſound.
Alas, ſaid he, what mean theſe diſmal cries?
What doleful clamours from the town ariſe?
Confus'd he ſtops, and backward pulls the reins:
She, who the driver's office now ſuſtains,
Replies: Neglect, my lord, theſe new alarms;
Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms:
There want not others to defend the wall:
If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall,
So ſhall your fatal ſword his friends oppreſs,
In honour equal, equal in ſucceſs.
To this, the prince: O ſiſter (for I knew
The peace infring'd, proceeded firſt from you,)
I knew you when you mingled firſt in fight,
And now in vain you would deceive my ſight:
Why, goddeſs, this unprofitable care?
Who ſent you down from heaven, involv'd in air?
Your ſhare of mortal ſorrows to ſuſtain,
And ſee your brother bleeding on the plain?
For to what power can Turnus have recourſe,
Or how reſiſt his fate's prevailing force!
Theſe eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground.
Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.
I heard my deareſt friend, with dying breath,
My name invoking to revenge his death:
Brave Uſens fell with honour on the place;
To ſhun the ſhameful ſight of my diſgrace.
On earth ſupine, a manly corpſe he lies;
His veſt and armour are the victor's prize.
Then ſhall I ſee Laurentum in a flame,
Which only wanted to compleat my ſhame?
How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight;
How Drances will inſult and point them to the ſight!
Is death ſo hard to bear? ye gods below,
(Since thoſe above ſo ſmall compaſſion ſhow,)
Receive a ſoul unſully'd yet with ſhame,
Which not belies my great forefathers' name.
He ſaid: and while he ſpoke, with flying ſpeed
Came Sages, urging on his foamy ſteed;
Fix'd on his wounded face a ſhaft he bore,
And ſeeking Turnus ſent his voice before:
Turnus, on you, on you alone depends
Our laſt relief; compaſſionate your friends.
Like lightning, fierce Æneas, rolling on,
With arms inveſt, with flames invades the town!
The brands are toſs'd on high: the winds conſpire
To drive along the deluge of the fire:
All eyes are fix'd on you; your foes rejoice;
Ev'n the king ſtaggers, and ſuſpends his choice.
Doubts to deliver, or defend the town;
Whom to reject, or whom to call his ſon.
The queen, on whom your utmoſt hopes were plac'd,
Herſelf ſuborning death, has breath'd her laſt.
'Tis true, Meſſapus, fearleſs of his fate,
With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:

surrounded by the foe;
y kill, the greater numbers grow;
ft mounts, and ſtill remains to mow.
f from your unſhaken bands,
chariot drive o'er empty ſands.
ſate, his eyes on earth declin'd,
cares revolving in his mind:
from the bottom of his breaſt,
mix'd with ſhame, his ſoul oppreſs'd;
s worth lay labouring in his thought:
jealouſy, to madneſs wrought.
ees his reaſon drove away
paſſion, and reſum'd her ſway.
on his car, he turn'd his look;
town involv'd in fire and ſmoke.
wer with flames already blaz'd,
rn hands on beams and rafters rais'd:
laid above to join the ſpace:
below to roll from place to place.
es have vanquiſh'd: let us go
ich heaven and my hard fortune ſhow.
fix'd: nor ſhall the branded name
vard blot your brother's fame.
choice: but ſuffer me to try
d vent my rage before I die.
, leaping down, without delay,
uds of ſcatter'd foes he freed his way.
paſs'd, impetuous as the wind,
grieving goddeſs far behind.
agment from a mountain torn
npeſts, or by torrents borne,
time, or looſen'd from the roots,
h the void the rocky ruin ſhoots,
crag to crag, from ſteep to ſteep;
t once, the ſhepherds and their ſheep;
e, they ruſh to nether ground,
the ſhock, they fall, and ſtunn'd from
rebound:
aſting headlong to the town,
nd ſhoving, bore the ſquadrons down.
onward, to the walls he drew,
, and ſpears, and darts, promiſcu-
w;
ſtreams the ſlippery ground embrue.
g out his arm, in ſign of peace,
d, to make the combat ceaſe;
old, and Latin troops retire;
nine, and me the gods require.
I ſhould vindicate alone
truce, or for the breach atone.
ll free from wars th' Auſonian ſtate;
misfortunes in my fate.
es from their bloody work deſiſt:
backward, form a ſpacious liſt.
ero, who receiv'd from fame
ſcund, and heard the champion's name,
he taken works and mounted walls,
r, where greater glory calls.
fight, exulting in his force;
rmour rattles in the courſe.
r like Athos, great he ſhows,
penine, when white with ſnows,
ine, obſcure in clouds he hides,
he ſounding foreſt on his ſides.
ns, over-aw'd, ſurceaſe the fight,
their bodies, fix'd their ſight:
ands ſtill; nor from above they throw
tor drive their battering rams below.

In ſilent order either army ſtands;
And drop their ſwords, unknowing, from their hands.
Th' Auſonian king beholds, with wondering ſight,
Two mighty champions match'd in ſingle fight,
Born under climes remote, and brought by fate,
With ſwords to try their titles to the ſtate.
Now, in cloſe'd field, each other from afar
They view; and, ruſhing on, begin the war.
They launch their ſpears, then hand to hand they meet;
The trembling ſoil reſounds beneath their feet:
Their bucklers claſh; thick blows deſcend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
Courage conſpires with chance; and both engage
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.
As when two bulls for their fair female fight,
In Sila's ſhades, or on Taburnus height;
With horns adverſe they meet: the keeper flies:
Mute ſtands the herd, the heifers roll their eyes,
And wait th' event; which victor they ſhall bear,
And who ſhall be the lord, to rule the luſty year:
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
And puſh for puſh, and wound for wound return:
Their dewlaps gor'd, their ſides are lav'd in blood:
Loud cries and roaring ſounds rebellow through the wood:
Such was the combat in the liſted ground;
So claſh their ſwords, and ſo their ſhields reſound.
Jove ſets the beam; in either ſcale he lays
The champion's fate, and each exactly weighs.
On this ſide life, and lucky chance aſcends;
Loaded with death, that other ſcale deſcends.
Rais'd on the ſtretch, young Turnus aims a blow,
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
Shrill ſhouts and clamours ring on either ſide:
As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
But all in pieces flies the traitor ſword,
And, in the middle ſtroke, deſerts his lord.
Now 'tis but death, or flight: diſarm'd he flies,
When in his hand an unknown hilt he ſpies.
Fame ſays that Turnus, when his ſteeds he join'd,
Hurrying to war, diſorder'd in his mind,
Snatch'd the firſt weapon which his haſte could find.
'Twas not the fated ſword his father bore;
But that his charioteer Metiſcus wore.
This, while the Trojans fled, the toughneſs held;
But vain againſt the great Vulcanian ſhield.
The mortal-temper'd ſteel deceiv'd his hand;
The ſhiver'd fragments ſhone amid the ſand.
Surpriz'd with fear, he fled along the field;
And now, forthright, and now in orbits, wheel'd.
For here the Trojan troops the liſt ſurround;
And there the paſs is cloſ'd with pools and marſhy ground.
Æneas haſtens, though with heavier pace,
His wound, ſo newly knit, retards the chace;
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuſe,
Yet preſſing foot by foot his foe purſues.
Thus, when a fearful ſtag is cloſed around
With crimſon toils, or in a river found;
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound appears;
Still opening, following ſtill, where-e'er he ſteers:
The perſecuted creature to and fro,
Turns here and there to 'ſcape his Umbrian foe:

Steep is th' aſcent, and if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the ſtrand:
His eager foe, determin'd to the chace,
Stretch'd at his length gains ground at every pace:
Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey:
Juſt at the pinch the ſtag ſprings out with fear,
He bites the wind, and fills his ſounding jaws with air.
The rocks, the lakes, the meadows ring with cries;
The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the ſkies.
Thus flies the Daunian prince: and, flying, blames
His tardy troops: and, calling by their names,
Demands his truſty ſword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient ſeats
To lay in aſhes, if they dare ſupply,
With arms or aid, his vanquiſh'd enemy:
Thus menacing, he ſtill purſues the courſe
With vigour, though diminiſh'd of his force.
Ten times, already, round the liſted place
One chief had fled, and t' other given the chace:
No trivial prize is play'd; for on the life
Or death of Turnus, now depends the ſtrife.
Within the ſpace an olive-tree had ſtood,
A ſacred ſhade, a venerable wood,
For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins guardian god.
Here hung the veſts, and tablets were engrav'd,
Of ſinking mariners from ſhipwreck ſav'd.
With heedleſs hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
To make the ground incloſ'd for combat free.
Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,
Or erring haſte, the Trojan drove his lance:
Then ſtoop'd, and tugg'd with force immenſe, to free
Th' incumber'd ſpear from the tenacious tree:
That whom his fainting limbs purſued in vain,
His flying weapon might from far attain.
Confus'd with fear, bereft with human aid,
Then Turnus to the gods, and firſt to Faunus pray'd:
O Faunus pity, and thou mother earth,
Where I thy foſter-ſon receiv'd my birth,
Hold faſt the ſteel; if my religious hand
Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd;
Propitious hear my pious prayer! he ſaid,
Nor with ſucceſsleſs vows invok'd the aid.
Th' incumbent hero wrench'd and pull'd, and ſtrain'd
But ſtill the ſtubborn earth the ſteel detain'd.
Juturna took her time: and, while in vain
He ſtrove, aſſum'd Metiſcus' form again:
And, in that imitated ſhape, reſtor'd
To the deſpairing prince, his Daunian ſword.
The queen of love, who, with diſdain and grief,
Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief;
T' aſſert her offſpring with a greater deed,
From the tough root the lingering weapon freed.
Once more erect, the trivial chiefs advance;
One truſts the ſword, and one the poiſoned lance:
And both reſolv'd alike, to try their fatal chance.
Meantime imperial Jove to Juno ſpoke,
Who from a ſhining cloud beheld the ſtroke:
What new arreſt, O queen of heaven, is ſent
To ſtop the fates now labouring in th' event,
What further hopes are left thee to purſue?
Divine Æneas (and thou know'ſt it too)
Free-doom'd to theſe celeſtial ſeats is due.
What more attempts for Turnus can be made,
That thus thou lingereſt in this lonely ſhade!
Is it becoming of the due reſpect,
And awful honour of a god elect,
A wound unworthy of our ſtate to feel;
Patient of human hands, and earthly ſteel?
Or ſeems it juſt, the Siſter ſhould reſtore
A ſecond ſword, when one was loſt before,
And arm a conquer'd wretch againſt his conqueror?
For what without thy knowledge and avow,
Nay, more, thy dictate, durſt Juturna do?
At laſt, in deference to my love, forbear
To lodge within thy ſoul, this anxious care:
Reclin'd upon my breaſt, thy grief unload;
Who ſhould relieve the goddeſs but the god?
Now, all things to their utmoſt iſſue, tend;
Puſh'd by the Fates to their appointed end:
While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour
For vengeance, wrath, and unreſiſted power:
Toſs'd on the ſeas thou could'ſt thy foes diſtreſs,
And driven aſhore, with hoſtile arms oppreſs:
Deform the royal houſe; and from the ſide
Of the juſt bridegroom, tear the plighted bride:
Now ceaſe at my command. The thunderer ſaid:
And with dejected eyes this anſwer Juno made.
Becauſe your dread decree too well I knew;
From Turnus and from earth unwilling I withdrew.
Elſe ſhould you not behold me here alone,
Involv'd in empty clouds my friends bemoan;
But girt with vengeful flames, in open fight,
Engag'd againſt my foes in mortal fight.
'Tis true, Juturna mingled in the ſtrife
By my command, to ſave her brother's life;
At leaſt to try: but by the Stygian lake,
(The moſt religious oath the gods can take)
With this reſtriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toſs the ſpear, or trembling dart to throw.
And now reſign'd to your ſuperior might,
And tir'd with fruitleſs toils, I loath the fight.
This let me beg (and this no fates withſtand)
Both for myſelf, and for your father's land;
That when the nuptial bed ſhall bind the peace,
(Which I, ſince you ordain, conſent to bleſs)
The laws of either nation be the ſame;
But let the Latins ſtill retain their name:
Speak the ſame language which they ſpoke before;
Wear the ſame habits which their grandſires wore:
Call them not Trojans: periſh the renown
And name of Troy with that deteſted town,
Latium be Latium ſtill; let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majeſty remain.
Then thus the founder of mankind replies
(Unruffled was his front, ſerene his eyes):
Can Saturn's iſſue, and heaven's other heir,
Such endleſs anger in her boſom bear?
Be miſtreſs, and your full deſires obtain:
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' Ausonian people ſprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
The Trojans to their cuſtoms ſhall be ty'd,
I will, myſelf, their common rites provide;
The natives ſhall command, the foreigners ſubſiſt:
All ſhall be Latium; Troy without a name:
And her loſt ſons forget from whence they came.
From blood ſo mixed, a pious race ſhall flow:
Equal to gods, excelling all below.
No nation more reſpect to you ſhall pay,
Or greater offerings on your altars lay.

ll pleas'd that her deſires
and from the clouds retires.
de, the Thunderer next prepares
ry goddeſs from the wars.
regions, void of light,
: a birth were born to Night:
mother, brooding on her care,
dy wings to flit in air;
alike, and crown'd with hiſſing

e call'd, and ſtill at hand,
of angry Jove they ſtand,
rath; and ready ſtill
tal men with fears to fill:
ody fire, to wreak his hate
ns, deſerving of their fate,
s, death, and deadly care,
uilty world with war.
f theſe from heaven he ſent,
with a dire portent.
irling down: by far more ſlow
rrow from the Parthian bow,
when traverſing the ſkies,
oiſonous juice, the ſure deſtruc-

n and unſeen a flight,
louds the daughter of the night.
nclos'd ſhe had in view,
r deſtin'd quarry knew:
boding bird ſhe turns,
ruin'd piles, and hallow'd urns,
he tombs with nightly wings;
ne on ſepulchres ſhe rings.
r form, with frightful cries
happy Turnus flies,
, and flutters o'er his eyes.
pt along his blood,
ce, his hair with horror ſtood.
beheld her fly,
omen, by her ſcreaming cry,
er wing. Amaz'd with fear,
aſt ſhe beat, and rent her flowing

in this unequal ſtrife,
r more to ſave thy life!
n I alas, contend
: inexorable fiend!
the field! forbear to fright
e baleful birds of night!
ir wings I know too well:
t, and funeral ſcreams of hell!
you bring from haughty Jove,
pence of raviſh'd love!
mpt my life from fate?
of immortal ſtate!
eath, not privileg'd to die,
impos'd eternity!
vious bribes, and let me go
brother's ghoſt below!
r'd: nothing now remains
but immortal pains.
pen her devouring womb,
oddeſs in the tomb!
of ſighs; nor more ſhe ſaid,
nantle wrap'd her head:
her ſtream, with deep deſpair,
came bubbling up in air.
as waves his weighty ſpear
id thus upbraids his fear:

What farther ſubterfuge can Turnus find?
What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?
'Tis not thy ſwiftneſs can ſecure thy flight:
Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
Vary thy ſhape in thouſand forms, and dare
What ſkill and courage can attempt in war:
Wiſh for the wings of wind to mount the ſky?
Or hid within the hollow earth to lie.
The champion ſhook his head, and made this ſhort reply:
No threats of thine my manly mind can move:
'Tis hoſtile heaven I dread; and partial Jove.
He ſaid no more; but, with a ſigh repreſs'd
The mighty ſorrow in his ſwelling breaſt.
Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
An antique ſtone he ſaw; the common bound
Of neighbouring fields, and barrier of the ground:
So vaſt, that twelve ſtrong men of modern days
Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raiſe.
He heav'd it at a liſt: and, pois'd on high,
Ran ſtaggering on, againſt his enemy.
But ſo diſorder'd, that he ſcarcely knew
His way; or what unwieldy weight he threw.
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load:
And ſhivering cold congeals his vital blood.
The ſtone drops from his arms; and falling ſhort,
For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort
And as, when heavy ſleep has clos'd the ſight,
The ſickly fancy labours in the night:
We ſeem to run; and, deſtitute of force,
Our ſinking limbs forſake us in the courſe:
In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry:
The nerves unbrac'd their uſual ſtrength deny,
And on the tongue the faultering accents die:
So Turnus far'd, whatever means he try'd,
All force of arms, and points of art employ'd,
The fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavour void.
A thouſand various thoughts his ſoul confound:
He ſtar'd about; nor aid nor iſſue found:
His own men ſtop the paſs, and his own walls furround.
Once more he pauſes; and looks out again:
And ſeeks the goddeſs charioteer in vain.
Trembling, he views the thundering chief advance,
And brandiſhing aloft the deadly lance:
Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conquering foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.
Aſtoniſh'd while he ſtands, and fix'd with fear,
Aim'd at his ſhield he ſees th' impending ſpear.
The hero meaſur'd firſt, with narrow view,
The deſtin'd mark: and, riſing as he threw,
With its full ſwing the fatal weapon flew.
Not with leſs rage the rattling thunder falls,
Or ſtones from battering engines break the walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm ſo ſtrong,
The lance drove on; and bore the death along.
Nought could his ſeven-fold ſhield the prince avail,
Nor aught beneath his arms the coat of mail;
It pierc'd through all; and, with a grizly wound,
Tranſfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted ſky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.
Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes caſt upwards, and with arms diſplay'd;
And recreant thus to the proud victor pray'd:
I know my death deſerv'd, nor hope to live:
Uſe what the gods and thy good fortune give.

Yet think; oh think, if mercy may be ſhown,
(Thou hadſt a father once, and hadſt a ſon):
Pity my ſire, now ſinking to the grave;
And for Anchiſes' ſake, old Daunus ſave!
Or, if they vow'd revenge, purſue my death;
Give to my friends my body void of breath!
The Latian chiefs have ſeen me beg my life;
Thine is the conqueſt, thine the royal wife;
Againſt a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble ſtrife.
In deep ſuſpence the Trojan ſeem'd to ſtand;
And, juſt appear'd to ſtrike, repreſs'd his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and every moment felt
His manly ſoul with more compaſſion melt.
When, caſting down a caſual glance, he ſpy'd
The golden belt that glitter'd on his ſide:
The fatal ſpoils which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then, roar'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries
(Flames, while he ſpoke, came flaſhing from his eyes;)
Traitor, doſt thou, doſt thou to grace pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To his ſad ſoul a grateful offering go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.
He rais'd his arm aloft; and at the word,
Deep in his boſom drove the ſhining ſword.
The ſtreaming blood diſtain'd his arms around,
And the diſdainful ſoul came ruſhing through the wound.

POSTSCRIPT.

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at eaſe, I have undertaken to tranſlate in my declining years: ſtruggling with wants, oppreſſed with ſickneſs, curbed in my genius, liable to be miſconſtrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced againſt me, by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet, ſteady to my principles, and not diſpirited with my afflictions, I have, by the bleſſing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties; and, in ſome meaſure, acquitted myſelf of the debt which I owed the public, when I undertook this work. In the firſt place, therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power, the aſſiſtance he has given me in the beginning, the proſecution, and concluſion of my preſent ſtudies, which are more happily performed, than I could have promiſed to myſelf, when I laboured under ſuch diſcouragements. For, what I have done, imperfect as it is, for want of health and leiſure to correct it, will be judged in after-ages, and poſſibly in the preſent, to be no diſhonour to my native country; whoſe language and poetry would be more eſteemed abroad, if they were better underſtood. Somewhat (give me leave to ſay) I have added to both of them, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers, which were wanting, eſpecially the laſt, in all our poets, even in thoſe who, being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with ſufficient care; or, relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and ſweetneſs of ſound, unneceſſary.

I am much indebted to Gilbert Dolben, Eſq. the worthy ſon of the late Archbiſhop of York; who, when I began this work, enriched me with all the ſeveral editions of Virgil, and all the commentaries of thoſe editions in Latin; amongſt which, I could not but prefer the Dauphine's, as the laſt, the ſhorteſt, and the moſt judicious. Fabrini I had alſo ſent me from Italy; but either he underſtands Virgil but very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited, by that worthy gentleman Sir William Bowyer, to Denham-court, I tranſlated the firſt Georgic at his houſe, and the greateſt part of the laſt Æneid. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found. Nor wonder therefore if both thoſe verſions ſurpaſs the reſt, and own the ſatisfaction I received in his converſe, with whom I had the honour to be bred in Cambridge, and in the ſame College. The ſeventh Æneid was made Engliſh at Burleigh, the magnificent abode of the Earl of Exeter: in a village belonging to his family I was born, and under his roof I endeavoured to make that Æneid appear in Engliſh with as much luſtre as I could: though my author has not given the finiſhing ſtrokes either to it, or to the eleventh, as I perhaps could prove in both, if I durſt preſume to criticize my maſter.

By a letter from William Walſh, of Abberly, Eſq. (who has ſo long honoured me with his friendſhip, and who, without flattery, is the beſt critick of our nation) I have been informed that his grace the Duke of Shrewſbury has procured a printed copy of the Paſtorals, Georgics, and ſix firſt Æneids, from my bookſeller, and has read them in the country, together with my friend. This noble perſon having been pleaſed to give them a commendation, which I preſume not to

inſert; has made me vain enough to boaſt of ſo great a favour, and to think I have ſucceeded beyond my hopes; the character of his excellent judgment, the acuteneſs of his wit, and his general knowledge of good letters, being known as well to all the world, as the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, his humanity, his eaſineſs of acceſs, and deſire of obliging thoſe who ſtand in need of his protection, are known to all who have approached him; and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honour of his converſation. Whoever has given the world the tranſlation of part of the third Georgic, which he calls "The Power of Love," has put me to ſufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his: as my Lord Roſcommon's Silenus had formerly given me the ſame trouble. The moſt ingenious Mr. Addiſon, of Oxford, has alſo been as troubleſome to me as the other two, and on the ſame account. After his bees, my latter ſwarm is ſcarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's "Praiſe of a Country Life" is excellent; but is rather an imitation of Virgil, than a verſion. That I have recovered in ſome meaſure the health which I had loſt by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the ſkill and care of Dr. Guibbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profeſſion; whom I can only pay by this acknowledgment. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me: and the only one of them, who endeavoured to defame me, had it not in his power*.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

THE

FIRST SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet gives us firſt a kind of humorous reaſon for his writing: that, being provoked by hearing ſo many ill poets rehearſe their works, he does himſelf juſtice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But, ſince no man will rank himſelf with ill writers, it is eaſy to conclude, that if ſuch wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to exceed them, and gain a greater eſteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicts himſelf to ſatire, than any other kind of poetry. And here he diſcovers that it is not ſo much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a ſummary and general view of the vices and follies reigning in his time. So that this firſt ſatire is the natural ground-work of all the reſt. Herein he confines himſelf to no one ſubject, but ſtrikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every following ſatire he has choſen ſome particular moral which he would inculcate; and laſhes ſome particular vice or folly (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted). But our poet being deſirous to reform his own age, but not daring to attempt it by an overt-act of naming living perſons, inveighs only againſt thoſe who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and hiſtorians, but alſo, with a finer ſtroke of his pen, brands even the living, and perſonates them under dead men's names.

I have avoided as much as I could poſſibly the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illuſtrations, and for that reaſon have tranſlated this ſatire ſomewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewiſe omitted moſt of the proper names, becauſe I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deſerted all the commentators, it is becauſe they firſt deſerted my author, or at leaſt have left him in ſo much obſcurity, that too much room is left for gueſſing.

STILL ſhall I hear, and never quit the ſcore,
Stunn'd with hoarſe Codrus' Theſeid, o'er and o'er?
Shall this man's elegies and t' other's play
Unpuniſh'd murder a long ſummer's day?
Huge Telephus, a formidable page,
Cries vengeance; and Oreſtes' bulky rage
Unſatisfy'd with margins cloſely writ,
Foams o'er the covers, and not finiſh'd yet.
No man can take a more familiar note
Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grot,
Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow
From Ætna's top, or torture'd ghoſts below.
I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greece;
The Centaurs' fury, and the golden fleece;
Through the thick ſhades th' eternal ſcribbler bauls,
And ſhades the ſtatues on their pedeſtals.
The beſt and worſt on the ſame theme employs
His Muſe, and plagues us with an equal noiſe.
Provok'd by theſe incorrigible fools,
I left declaiming in pedantic ſchools;
Where, with men boys, I ſtrove to get renown,
Adviſing Sylla to a private gown.

But, ſince the world with writing is poſſeſt,
I'll verſify in ſpite; and do my beſt,
To make as much waſte paper as the reſt.
But why I lift aloft the Satire's rod,
And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius trod,
Attend the cauſes which my Muſe have led.
When ſapleſs eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
When manniſh Mevia, that two handed whore,
Aſtride on horſe-back hunts the Tuſcan boar,
When all our lords are by his wealth outvy'd,
Whoſe razor on my callow beard was try'd;
When I behold the ſpawn of conquer'd Nile,
Criſpinus, both in birth and manners vile,
Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
Chang'd oft a day for needleſs luxury;
And finding oft occaſion to be fann'd,
Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
Charg'd with light ſummer-rings his fingers ſweat,
Unable to ſupport a gem of weight:
Such fulſome objects meeting every where,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
To view ſo lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my ſpleen contain!
When pleading Matho, borne abroad for air,
With his fat paunch fills his new faſhion'd chair,
And, after him, the wretch in pomp convey'd,
Whoſe evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
And but the wiſh'd occaſion does attend,
From the poor nobles the laſt ſpoils to rend,
Whom ev'n ſpies dread as their ſuperior fiend,
And bribe with preſents; or, when preſents fail,
They ſend their proſtituted wives for bail:
When night-performance holds the place of merit,
And brawn and back the next of kin diſherit;
For ſuch good parts are in preferment's way,
The rich old madam never fails to pay
Her legacies, by nature's ſtandard given,
One gains an ounce, another gains eleven:
A dear bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice-concocted blood is paid.
With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
At unawares has trod upon a ſnake;
Or play'd at Lyons a declaiming prize,
For which the vanquiſh'd rhetorician dies.
What indignation boils within my veins,
When perjur'd guardians, proud with impious gains,
Choak up the ſtreets, too narrow for their trains!
Whoſe wards, by want betray'd, to crimes are led
Too foul to name, too fulſom to be read!
When he who pill'd his province ſcapes the laws,
And keeps his money, though he loſt his cauſe:
His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
Can riſe at twelve, and get him drunk ere three:
Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain?
Such villainies rouz'd Horace into wrath:
And 'tis more noble to purſue his path,
Than an old tale of Diomede repeat,
Or labouring after Hercules to ſweat,
Or wandering in the winding maze of Crete;
Or with the winged ſmith aloft to fly,
Or fluttering periſh with his fooliſh boy.
With what impatience muſt the Muſe behold
The wife, by her procuring huſband ſold!
For though the law makes null th' adulterer's deed
Of lands to her, the cuckold may ſucceed;
Who his taught eyes up to the cieling throws,
And ſleeps all over but his wakeful noſe.
When he dares hope a colonel's command,
Whoſe courſers kept, ran out his father's land;
Who yet a ſtripling, Nero's chariot drove,
Whirl'd o'er the ſtreets, while his vain maſter ſtrove
With boaſted art to pleaſe his eunuch-love.
Would it not make a modeſt author dare
To draw his table-book within the ſquare,
And fill with notes, when, lolling at his eaſe,
Mæcenas-like, the happy rogue he ſees
Borne by ſix weary'd ſlaves in open view,
Who cancel'd an old will, and forg'd a new:
Made wealthy at the ſmall expence of ſigning
With a wet ſeal, and a freſh interlining?
The lady, next, requires a laſhing line,
Who ſqueez'd a toad into her huſband's wine:
So well the faſhionable medicine thrives,
That now 'tis practis'd ev'n by country wives:
Poiſoning, without regard of fame or fear:
And ſpotted corpſe are frequent on the bier.
Would'ſt thou to honours and preferments climb!
Be bold in miſchief, dare ſome mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or baniſhment deterst!
For virtue is but drily prais'd, and ſtarves.
Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate emboſt,
Fair palaces, and furniture of coſt;
And high commands: a ſneaking ſin is loſt.
Who can behold that rank old letcher keep
His ſon's corrupted wife, and hope to ſleep?
Or that male-harlot, or that unfledg'd boy,
Eager to ſin, before he can enjoy?
If nature could not, anger would indite
Such woful ſtuff as I or Shadwell write.
Count from the time, ſince old Deucalion's boat,
Rais'd by the flood, did on Parnaſſus float;
And, ſcarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd
An oracle how man might be reſtor'd;
When ſoften'd ſtones and vital breath enſu'd,
And virgins naked were by lovers view'd;
What ever ſince that golden age was done,
What human kind deſires, and what they ſhun,
Rage, paſſions, pleaſures, impotence of will,
Shall this ſatirical collection fill.
What age ſo large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profuſion thrown!
The well fill'd ſob not empty'd now alone,
But gameſters for whole patrimonies play;
The ſteward brings the deeds which muſt convey
The loſt eſtate: what more than madneſs reigns,
When one ſhort ſitting many hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to ſupply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery?
What age ſo many ſummer-ſeats did ſee?
Or which of our forefathers far'd ſo well,
As on ſeven diſhes, at a private meal?
Clients of old were feaſted; now a poor
Divided dole is dealt at th' outward door;
Which by the hungry rout is ſoon diſpatch'd:
The paltry largeſs, too, ſeverely watch'd,

; and every face obſerv'd with care,
truding gueſts uſurp a ſhare.
ou receive: the crier calls aloud
ibility of Trojan-blood,
among the crowd for their precari-
i food.
rs, and the tribunes voice is heard;
nan juſtles, and will be preferr'd;
, firſt ſerv'd, he cries; and I, in ſpight
reat Lordſhips, will maintain my right.
orn a ſlave, though my torn ears are
'd,
ie birth, 'tis money makes the Lord.
if five fair houſes I receive;
tef honours can the purple give?
patrician is reduced to keep,
holy walks, a graſier's ſheep:
nor Licinius had my treaſure;
ie ſacred tribunes wait my leiſure.
ir rogue, 'tis true, I trod the ſtreet,
'd to Rome upon my naked feet:
: greateſt God; though yet we ſee
s rais'd to money's majeſty,
'uming to her power divine,
valour, peace, and virtue ſhine,
and concord: where the ſtork on high
alute her infant progeny:
pious love with her auſpicious cry.
ur knights and ſenators account,
heir ſordid begging vails amount,
t a wretched ſhare the poor attends,
ole ſubſiſtence on thoſe alms depends!
hold fire, their raiment, and their food,
by thoſe harpies; when a wood
hick beſiege the donor's gate,
ng lords and teeming ladies wait
is'd dole: nay, ſome have learn'd the
k
abſent perſons; feign them ſick,
'd in their ſedans for fear of air:
heir wives produce an empty chair.
ſpouſe: diſpatch her with her ſhare.
: let her ladyſhip but peep:
tis pity to diſturb her ſleep.
e employments our whole days divide:
tions of the morning-tide
e ſun; thoſe ended, to the hall
he patron, hear the lawyers bawl;
ie ſtatues; where, amidſt the race
ring Rome, ſome Arab ſhews his face,
rith titles, and profanes the place;
iſs'd againſt, and ſomewhat more.
man, home-conducted, ſhuts his door;
, weary'd out with fruitleſs care,
ir hopes of eating, and deſpair.
uch againſt the grain forc'd to retire,
for ſupper and provide a fire.
ne his lordſhip lolls within at eaſe,
; his paunch with foreign rarities;
id land are ranſack'd for the feaſt;
vn gut the ſole invited gueſt.
, ſuch tables, diſhes dreſt ſo well,
e eſtates are ſwallow'd at a meal.
ites are baniſh'd from his board
ſordid and luxurious lord);

Prodigious throat, for which whole boars are dreſt
(A creature form'd to furniſh out a feaſt).
But preſent puniſhment purſues his maw,
When ſurfeited and ſwell'd, the peacock raw
He bears into the bath; whence want of breath,
Repletions, apoplex, inteſtate death.
His fate makes table-talk, divulg'd with ſcorn,
And he, a jeſt, into his grave is born.
No age can go beyond us; future times
Can add no farther to the preſent crimes.
Our ſons but the ſame things can wiſh and do;
Vice is at ſtand, and at the higheſt flow,
Then, Satire, ſpread thy ſails; take all the winds
can blow.
Some may, perhaps, demand what Muſe can yield
Sufficient ſtrength for ſuch a ſpacious field?
From whence can be deriv'd ſo large a vein,
Bold truth to ſpeak, and ſpoken to maintain?
When god-like Freedom is ſo far bereft
The noble mind, that ſcarce the name is left?
Ere *ſcandalum magnatum* was begot,
No matter if the great forgave or not:
But if that honeſt licence now you rake,
If into rogues omnipotent you take,
Death is your doom, impal'd upon a ſtake;
Smear'd o'er with wax, and ſet on blaze, to light
The ſtreets, and make a dreadful fire by night.
Shall they who drench'd three uncles in a draught
Of poiſonous juice be then in triumph brought,
Make lanes among the people where they go,
And, mounted high on downy chariots, throw
Diſdainful glances on the crowd below?
Be ſilent, and beware, if ſuch you ſee;
'Tis defamation but to ſay, That's he!
Againſt bold Turnus the great Trojan arm,
Amidſt their ſtrokes the poet gets no harm:
Achilles may in epic verſe be ſlain,
And none of all his myrmidons complain:
Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry;
Not if he drown himſelf for company:
But when Lucilius brandiſhes his pen,
And flaſhes in the face of guilty men,
A cold ſweat ſtands in drops on every part;
And rage ſucceeds to tears, revenge to ſmart:
Muſe, be adviſ'd; 'tis paſt conſidering-time,
When enter'd once the dangerous liſts of rhime;
Since none the living villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the perſons of the dead.

THE

THIRD SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſtory of this ſatire ſpeaks itſelf. Umbritius, the ſuppoſed friend of Juvenal, and himſelf a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take

leave of each other, Umbritius tells his friend the reaſons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obſcure place. He complains that an honeſt man cannot get his bread at Rome: that none but flatterers make their fortunes there: that Grecians and other foreigners raiſe themſelves by thoſe ſordid arts which he deſcribes, and againſt which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the ſeveral inconveniencies which ariſe from a city-life; and the many dangers which attend it. Upbraids the noblemen with covetouſneſs, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for ſtarving them. The great art of this ſatire is particularly ſhown, in common-places; and a drawing in as many vices, as could naturally fall into the compaſs of it.

GRIEV'D though I am an ancient friend to loſe,
I like the ſolitary ſeat he choſe:
In quiet Cumæ fixing his repoſe:
Where far from noiſy Rome ſecure he lives,
And one more citizen to Sibyl gives,
The road to Bajæ, and that ſoft receſs
Which all the gods with all their bounty bleſs.
Though I in Prochyta with greater eaſe
Could live, than in a ſtreet of palaces.
What ſcenes ſo deſert, or ſo full of fright,
As towering houſes tumbling in the night,
And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing light?
But worſe than all the clattering tiles, and worſe
Than thouſand padders, is the poet's curſe.
Rogues that in dog-days cannot rhime forbear:
But without mercy read, and make you hear.
Now while my friend, juſt ready to depart,
Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
He ſtopp'd a little at the Conduit-gate,
Where Numa model'd once the Roman ſtate,
In mighty councils with his nymph retir'd
Though now the ſacred ſhades and founts are hir'd
By baniſh'd Jews, who their whole wealth can lay
In a ſmall baſket, on a wiſp of hay;
Yet ſuch our avarice is, that every tree
Pays for his head; nor ſleep itſelf is free:
Nor place, nor perſons, now are ſacred held,
From their own grove the Muſes are expell'd.
Into this lonely vale our ſteps we bend,
I and my ſullen diſcontented friend:
The marble caves, and aquæducts, we view;
But how adulterate now, and different from the true!
How much more beauteous had the fountain been
Embelliſh'd with her firſt created green,
Where cryſtal ſtreams through living turf had run,
Contented with an urn of native ſtone!
Then thus Umbritius (with an angry frown,
And looking back on this degenerate town,)
Since noble arts in Rome have no ſupport,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court,
No profit riſes from the ungrateful ſtage,
My poverty encreaſing with my age,
'Tis time to give my juſt diſdain a vent,
And, curſing, leave ſo baſe a government.
Where Dædalus his borrow'd wings laid by,
To that obſcure retreat I chuſe to fly:
While yet few furrows on my face are ſeen,
While I walk upright, an old age is green,
And Lacheſis has ſomewhat left to ſpin.
Now, now, 'tis time to quit this curſed place,
And hide from villains my too honeſt face:
Here let Arturius live, and ſuch as he:
Such manners will with ſuch a town agree,
Knaves, who in full aſſemblies have the knack
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black;
Can hire large houſes, and oppreſs the poor
By farm'd exciſe; can cleanſe the common ſhore;
And rent the fiſhery; can bear the dead;
And teach their eyes diſſembled tears to ſhed,
All this for gain; for gain they ſell their very head.
Theſe fellows ſee (what fortune's power can do)
Were once the minſtrels of a country ſhow:
Follow'd the prizes through each paltry town,
By trumpet-cheeks and bloated faces known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken holidays,
At their own coſts exhibit public plays:
Where, influenc'd by the rabble's bloody will,
With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
From thence return'd, their ſordid avarice rakes
In excrements again, and hires the jakes.
Why hire they not the town, not every thing,
Since ſuch as they have fortune in a ſtring?
Who, for her pleaſure, can her fools advance;
And toſs them topmoſt on the wheel of chance.
What's Rome to me, what buſineſs have I there,
I who can neither lie, nor falſely ſwear?
Nor praiſe my patron's undeſerving rhymes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times;
Unſkill'd in ſchemes by planets to foreſhow,
Like canting raſcals, how the wars will go:
I neither will, nor can prognoſticate
To the young gaping heir, his father's fate:
Nor in the entrails of a toad have pry'd,
Nor carry'd bawdy preſents to a bride:
For want of theſe town virtues, thus, alone,
I go conducted on my way by none;
Like a dead member from the body rent;
Maim'd, and unuſeful to the government.
Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the times,
Conſcious of cloſe intrigues, and dipt in crimes;
Labouring with ſecrets which his boſom burn,
Yet never muſt to public light return?
They get reward alone who can betray:
For keeping honeſt counſels none will pay.
He who can Verres, when he will, accuſe,
The purſe of Verres may at pleaſure uſe:
But let not all the gold which Tagus hides,
And pays the ſea in tributary tides,
Be bribe ſufficient to corrupt the breaſt;
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful reſt.
Great men with jealous eyes the friend behold,
Whoſe ſecrecy they purchaſe with their gold.
I haſte to tell thee, nor ſhall ſhame oppoſe
What confidence our wealthy Romans chooſe:
And whom I moſt abhor: to ſpeak my mind,
I hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find:
To ſee the ſcum of Greece tranſplanted here,
Receiv'd like gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound,
Obſcene Orontes, diving under ground,

his wealth to Tyber's hungry ſhores,
ens Italy with foreign whores:
heir crooked harps and cuſtoms come:
receipt in hoſpitable Rome.
barous harlots crowd the public place:
, and purchaſe an unclean embrace:
ited mitre court, and the more painted
ace.
nulus, and father Mars, look down,
rdſman primitive, your homely clown,
a beau in a looſe tawdry gown.
unkem'd and horrid locks behold
ſweet oil: his neck inchain'd with gold:
he foreigners in every dreſs;
bought at greater coſt, becomes him leſs.
ne they wiſely leave their native land,
cion, Samos, and from Alaband,
ydon, to Rome they ſwarm in ſhoals:
and eaſy is the gain from fools.
ugees at firſt, they purchaſe here:
on as denizen'd, they domineer.
the great, a flattering ſervile rout:
emſelves inward, and their patrons out.
vitted, brazen-fac'd, with fluent tongues,
of labours, and diſſembling wrongs.
ne this, and gueſs him if you can,
ars a nation in a ſingle man?
a conjurer, a rhetorician,
r, pedant, a geometrician,
r on the ropes, and a phyſician.
gs the hungry Greek exactly knows:
him go to heaven, to heaven he goes.
, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
hat town which arms and arts adorn,
be plac'd above me at the board,
le cloath'd, and lolling like a lord?
before me ſign, whom t' other day
craft veſſel hither did convey;
ſtow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he
lay?
tle is the privilege become
g born a citizen of Rome!
reeks get all by fulſome flatteries;
peculiar ſtroke they have at lies.
ake a wit of their inſipid friend;
bber-lip and beetle-brows commend;
g crane-neck and narrow ſhoulders praiſe;
hink they were deſcribing Hercules.
ting voice for a clear treble goes;
harſher than a cock that treads and crows.
as groſly praiſe; but, to our grief,
ery but from Grecians gains belief.
theſe qualities, we muſt agree
imic better on the ſtage than we:
ſe, the whore, the ſhepherdeſs, they play,
a free, and ſuch a graceful way,
e believe a very woman ſhown,
ncy ſomething underneath the gown.
Antiochus, nor Stratocles,
s and raviſh'd eyes can only pleaſe:
tion is compos'd of ſuch as theſe.
ece is one comedian: laugh, and they
it louder than an aſs can bray:
and they grieve; if you weep ſilently,
eems a ſilent echo in their eye:
annot mourn like you, but they can cry.

Call for a fire, their winter cloaths they take:
Begin but you to ſhiver, and they ſhake:
In froſt and ſnow, if you complain of heat,
They rub th' unſweating brow, and ſwear they
ſweat.
We live not on the ſquare with ſuch as theſe,
Such are our betters, who can better pleaſe:
Who day and night are like a looking-glaſs;
Still ready to reflect their patron's face.
The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
Prepar'd for ſome new piece of flattery.
Ev'n naſtineſs, occaſions will afford;
They praiſe a belching, or well-piſſing lord.
Beſides, there's nothing ſacred, nothing free
From bold attempts of their rank letchery.
Through the whole family their labours run;
The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is won:
Nor 'ſcapes the bridegroom, or the blooming
ſon.
If none they find for their lewd purpoſe fit.
They with the walls and very floors commit.
They ſearch the ſecrets of the houſe, and ſo
Are worſhip'd there, and fear'd for what they
know.
And, now we talk of Grecians, caſt a view
On what, in ſchools, their men of morals do;
A rigid ſtoick his own pupil ſlew:
A friend, againſt a friend of his own cloth,
Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath.
What room is left for Romans in a town
Where Grecians rule, and cloaks control the
gown?
Some Diphilus, or ſome Protogenes,
Look ſharply out, our ſenators to ſeize:
Engroſs them wholly, by their native art,
And fear'd no rivals in their bubble's heart:
One drop of poiſon in my patron's ear,
One ſlight ſuggeſtion of a ſenſeleſs fear,
Infus'd with cunning, ſerves to ruin me;
Diſgrac'd, and baniſh'd from the family.
In vain forgotten ſervices I boaſt;
My long dependance in an hour is loſt:
Look round the world, what country will appear,
Where friends are left with greater eaſe than here?
At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
All offices of ours are out of door:
In vain we riſe, and to the levees run;
My lord himſelf is up, before, and gone:
The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
Leſt his colleague outſtrip him in the race:
The childiſh matrons are, long ſince, awake:
And, for affronts, the tardy viſits take.
'Tis frequent, here, to ſee a free-born ſon
On the left-hand of a rich hireling run;
Becauſe the wealthy rogue can throw away,
For half a brace of bouts, a tribune's pay:
But you, poor ſinner, though you love the vice,
And, like the whore, demur upon the price:
And, frighted with the wicked ſum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the chair.
Produce a witneſs of unblemiſh'd life,
Holy as Numa, or as Numa's wife,
Or him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
And ſnatch'd the trembling goddeſs from the fire!
The queſtion is not put, how far extends
His piety, but what he yearly ſpends:

Quick to the buſineſs; how he lives, and eats;
How largely gives; how ſplendidly he treats:
How many thouſand acres feed his ſheep,
What are his rents? what ſervants does he keep?
Th' account is ſoon caſt up; the judges rate
Our credit in the court by our eſtate.
Swear by our gods, or thoſe the Greeks adore,
Thou art as ſure forſworn, as thou art poor:
The poor muſt gain their bread by perjury;
And ev'n the gods, that other means deny,
In conſcience muſt abſolve them, when they lye.
Add, that the rich have ſtill a gibe in ſtore;
And will be monſtrous witty on the poor:
For the torn ſurtout and the tatter'd veſt,
The wretch and all his wardrobe are jeſt:
The greaſy gown, fully'd with often turning,
Gives a good hint, to ſay, The man's in mourning:
Or if the ſhoe be ript, or patches put,
He's wounded! ſee the plaiſter on his foot.
Want is the ſcorn of every wealthy fool;
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.
Pack hence, and from the cover'd benches riſe,
(The Maſter of the Ceremonies cries)
This is no place for you, whoſe ſmall eſtate
Is not the value of the ſettled rate:
The ſons of happy punks, the pandar's heir,
Are privileg'd to ſit in triumph there,
To clap the firſt, and rule the theatre.
Up to the galleries, for ſhame, retreat;
For, by the Roſcian law, the poor can claim no ſeat.
Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed,
The man that poll'd but twelve-pence for his head?
Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir,
Or call'd him to aſſiſt the judging-chair?
The poor were wiſe, who, by the rich oppreſs'd,
Withdrew, and ſought a ſacred place of reſt.
Once they did well, to free themſelves from ſcorn;
But had done better never to return.
Rarely they riſe by virtue's aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpleſs poverty.
At Rome 'tis worſe; where houſe-rent by the year,
And ſervants bellies coſt ſo deviliſh dear;
And tavern-bills run high for hungry chear.
To drink or eat in earthen-ware we ſcorn,
Which cheaply country-cupboards does adorn:
And coarſe blue hoods on holidays are worn.
Some diſtant parts of Italy are known,
Where none but only dead men wear a gown:
On theatres of turf, in homely ſtate,
Old plays they act, old feaſts they celebrate:
The ſame rude ſong returns upon the crowd,
And, by tradition, is for wit allow'd.
The mimic yearly gives the ſame delights;
And in the mother's arms the clowniſh infant frights.
Their habits (undiſtinguiſh'd by degree)
Are plain alike; the ſame ſimplicity,
Both on the ſtage, and in the pit, you ſee.
In his white cloak the magiſtrate appears;
The country-humkin the ſame livery wears.
But here, attir'd, beyond our purſe we go,
For uſeleſs ornament and flaunting ſhow:
We take on truſt, in purple robes to ſhine;
And, poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
This is a common vice, though all things here
Are ſold, and ſold unconſcionably dear.
What will you give that Coſſus may but view
Your face, and in the crowd diſtinguiſh you;
May take your incenſe like a gracious God,
And anſwer only with a civil nod?
To pleaſe our patrons, in this vicious age,
We make our entrance by the favourite page:
Shave his firſt down, and when he pulls his hair,
The conſecrated locks to temples bear:
Pay tributary cracknels, which he ſells,
And, with our offerings, help to raiſe his vails.
Who fears in country-towns a houſe's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?
But we inhabit a weak city here;
Which buttreſſes and props but ſcarcely bear:
And 'tis the village-maſon's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from falling,
To cleanſe the gutters, and the chinks to cloſe;
And, for one night, ſecure his lord's repoſe.
At Cumæ we can ſleep quite round the year,
Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear;
While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,
And the pale citizens for buckets cry.
Thy neighbour has remov'd his wretched ſtore
(Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor)
Thy own third ſtory ſmokes, while thou, ſupine,
Are drench'd in fumes of undigeſted wine.
For if the loweſt floors already burn,
Cock-loft and garrets ſoon will take the turn.
Where thy tame pigeons next the tiles were bred,
Which, in their neſts unſafe, are timely fled.
Codrus had but one bed, ſo ſhort to boot,
That his ſhort wife's ſhort legs hung dangling out;
His cupboard's head ſix earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath them was his truſty tankard plac'd.
And, to ſupport this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron caſt from boneſt clay;
His few Greek books a rotten cheſt contain'd;
Whoſe covers much of mouldineſs complain'd:
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread;
And with heroic verſe luxuriouſly were fed.
'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boaſt,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing loſt.
Begg'd naked through the ſtreets of wealthy Rome;
And found not one to feed, or take him home.
But if the palace of Arturius burn,
The nobles change their cloaths, the matrons mourn;
The city-prætor will no pleadings hear;
The very name of fire we hate and fear:
And look aghaſt, as if the Gauls were here.
While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies,
Some to condole, and ſome to bring ſupplies:
One ſends him marble to rebuild, and one
With naked ſtatues of the Parian ſtone,
The work of Polyclete, that ſeem to live;
While others images for altars give;
One books and ſkreens, and Pallas to the breaſt;
Another bags of gold, and he gives beſt.
Childleſs Arturius, vaſtly rich before,
Thus by his loſſes multiplies his ſtore:

for accomplice to the fire,
t his palace but to build it higher.
ld you be content to hid adieu
ar play houſe, and the players too:
ntry-ſeats are purchas'd every-where,
s and gardens, at leſs price than here
a darkſome doghole by the year.
onvenience decently prepar'd,
well that riſes in your yard,
ads his eaſy cryſtal ſtreams around,
rs all the pretty ſpot of ground.
ve the fork, thy garden cultivate,
thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat,
what to be lord of ſome ſmall ground
a lizard may, at leaſt, turn round.
quent, here, for want of ſleep to die;
mes of undigeſted feaſts deny;
n imperfect heat, in languid ſtomachs
y.
ıſe ſecure from noiſe the poor can keep,
'n the rich can ſcarce afford to ſleep;
t coſts to purchaſe reſt in Rome;
e the ſources of diſeaſes come.
er who his fellow-drover meets
w paſſages of winding ſtreets;
goners that curſe their ſtanding teams,
ake e'en drowſy Druſius from his dreams.
the wealthy will not brook delay,
p above our heads, and make their way;
litters borne, and read and write,
at eaſe: the ſhutters make it night.
he reaches, firſt, the public place:
s before him ſtops the client's pace.
vd that follows cruſh his panting ſides,
his heels; he walks not, but he rides.
ows him, one juſtles in the ſhoal:
breaks his head, or chairman's pole:
'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes;
e rogue-ſoldier, with his hob-nail'd ſhoes,
iis legs behind in bloody rows.
th what ſmoke our doles we celebrate:
ed gueſts, invited, walk in ſtate:
ed hungry ſlaves, with their Dutch kit-
hens, wait.
ns the wretches on their heads muſt bear,
carce gigantic Corbulo could rear:
muſt walk upright beneath the load:
n, and running blow the ſparkling flames
broad,
ats; from botching newly bought, are torn.
y timber-trees in waggons borne,
l at their length, beyond their carriage lie;
d, and threaten ruin from on high.
uld their axle break, its overthrow
ruſh and pound to duſt, the crowd below:
ds their friends, nor ſires their ſons could
now:
bs, nor bones, nor carcaſs would remain:
aſh'd heap, a hotchpotch of the ſlain.
t deſtruction; not the ſoul alone,
ies, like the ſoul, viſibly are flown.
ne, unknowing of their fellows' fate,
rants waſh the platter, ſcour the plate,
ow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay
bers, and the bathing ſheets diſplay;
them firſt; and each is handy in his way.

But he! for whom this buſy care they take,
Poor ghoſt! is wandering by the Stygian lake:
Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face;
New to the horrors of that uncouth place;
His paſſage begs with unregarded prayer:
And wants two farthings to diſcharge his fare.
Return we to the dangers of the night;
And, firſt, behold our houſes dreadful height:
From whence come broken potſherds tumbling down;
And leaky ware, from garret windows thrown:
Well may they break our heads, and mark the flinty ſtone.
'Tis want of ſenſe to ſup abroad too late;
Unleſs thou firſt haſt ſettled thy eſtate.
As many fates attend thy ſteps to meet,
As there are waking windows in the ſtreet.
Bleſs the good Gods, and think thy chance is rare
To have a piſs-pot only for thy ſhare.
The ſcouring drunkard, if he does not fight
Before his bed-time, takes no reſt that night.
Paſſing the tedious hours in greater pain
Than ſtern Achilles, when his friend was ſlain:
'Tis ſo ridiculous, but ſo true withal,
A bully cannot ſleep without a brawl:
Yet, though his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,
He wants not wit the danger to decline:
Is cautious to avoid the coach and ſix,
And on the lacquies will no quarrel fix.
His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
May privilege my lord to walk ſecure on foot.
But me, who muſt by moon-light homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I only bear.
He ſtands, and bids me ſtand: I muſt abide;
For he's the ſtronger, and is drunk beſide.
Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,
And ſhred the leeks that in your ſtomach riſe?
Whoſe windy beans have ſtuft your guts, and where
Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar?
With what companion-cobler have you fed,
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher head?
What, are you dumb? Quick with your anſwer, quick,
Before my foot ſalutes you with a kick.
Say, in what naſty cellar under ground,
Or what church-porch, your roguelhip may be found?
Anſwer, or anſwer not, 'tis all the ſame:
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the bar, for beating him you come;
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
With ſome remaining teeth, to chew your meat.
Nor is this all; for when retir'd, you think
To ſleep ſecurely; when the candles wink,
When every door with iron-chains is barr'd,
And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
The ruffian robbers by no juſtice aw'd,
And unpaid cut-throat ſoldiers, are abroad,
Thoſe venal ſouls, who, harden'd in each ill,
To ſave complaints and perſecution, kill.
Chac'd from their woods and bogs, the padders come
To this vaſt city, as their native home;
To live at eaſe, and ſafely ſhulk in Rome.

The forge in fetters only is employ'd;
Our iron-mines exhauſted and deſtroy'd
In ſhackles; for theſe villains ſcarce allow
Goads for the teams, and plough-ſhares for the plough.
Oh, happy ages of our anceſtors,
Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers!
One jail did all their criminals reſtrain;
Which now the walls of Rome can ſcarce contain.
More I could ſay, more cauſes I could ſhow
For my departure; but the ſun is low:
The waggoner grows weary of my ſtay;
And whips his horſes forwards on their way.
Farewell; and when, like me, o'erwhelm'd with care,
You to your own Aquinum ſhall repair,
To take a mouthful of ſweet country-air,
Be mindful of your friend; and ſend me word,
What joys your fountains and cool ſhades afford:
Then, to aſſiſt your ſatires, I will come;
And add new venom when you write of Rome.

THE

SIXTH SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

This ſatire, of almoſt double length to any of the reſt, is a bitter invective againſt the fair ſex. It is indeed, a common-place, from whence all the moderns have notoriouſly ſtolen their ſharpeſt railleries. In his other ſatires, the poet has only glanced on ſome particular women, and generally ſcourged the men. But this he reſerved wholly for the ladies How they had offended him, I know not: but upon the whole matter he is not to be excuſed for imputing to all, the vices of ſome few amongſt them. Neither was it generouſly done of him, to attack the weakeſt as well as the ſtrongeſt part of the creation: neither do I know what moral he could reaſonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole ſex, if all had been true which he alledges againſt them: for that had been to put an end to human-kind. And to bid us beware of their artifices, is a kind of ſilent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men: which turns the ſatire upon us, and particularly upon the poet; who thereby makes a compliment, where he meant a libel. If he intended only to exerciſe his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies: and, amongſt the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will diſprove his accuſations. The whole world muſt allow this to be the wittieſt of his ſatires; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain with ſo much violence ſo unjuſt a charge. I am ſatisfied he will bring but few over to his opinion: and on that conſideration chiefly I ventured to tranſlate him. Though there wanted not another reaſon, which was, that no one elſe would undertake it: at leaſt, Sir C. S. who could have done more right to the author, after a long delay, at length abſolutely refuſed ſo ungrateful an employment: and every one will grant, that the work muſt have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the principal members belonging to it. Let the poet therefore bear the blame of his own invention; and let me ſatisfy the world, that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies were, the Engliſh are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age, which was the moſt infamous of any on record. They will bleſs themſelves when they behold thoſe examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to antiquity thoſe monſters it produced: and believe with reaſon, that the ſpecies of thoſe women is extinguiſhed; or at leaſt, that they were never here propagated. I may ſafely therefore proceed to the argument of a ſatire, which is no way relating to them: and firſt obſerve, that my author makes their luſt the moſt heroic of their vices: the reſt are in a manner but digreſſion. He ſkims them over; but he dwells on this: when he ſeems to have taken his laſt leave of it, on the ſudden he returns to it: it is one branch of it in Hippia, another in Meſſalina, but luſt is the main body of the tree. He begins with this text in the firſt line, and takes it up with intermiſſions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a leader, but that's a ten. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their revenge; their contrivances of ſecret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuſe them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept ſecret. Then the perſons to whom they are moſt addicted; and on whom they commonly beſtow the laſt favours: as ſtage-players, fiddlers, ſinging-boys, and fencers. Theſe who paſs for chaſte amongſt them, are not really ſo; but only, for their vaſt dowries, are rather ſuffered than loved by their own huſbands. That they are imperious, domineering, ſcolding wives: ſet up for learning and criticiſm in poetry; but are falſe judges. Love to ſpeak Greek (which was then the faſhionable tongue, as the French is now with us). That they plead cauſes at the bar, and play prizes at the bear-garden. That they are goſſips and news-mongers: wraſtle with their neighbours abroad, and beat their ſervants at home. That they lie-in for new faces once a month, are ſluttiſh with their huſbands in private; and paint and dreſs in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jews, diviners, and fortune-tellers: learn the arts of miſcarrying, and barrenneſs. Buy children, and produce them for their own. Murder their huſbands ſons, if they ſtand in their way to his eſtate; and make their adulterers his heirs. From hence the poet proceeds to ſhew the occaſion of all theſe vices, their original, and how they were introduced in Rome, by peace, wealth, and luxury. In concluſion, if we will take the word of our malicious author, bad women are the general ſtanding rule: and the good, but ſome few exceptions to it.

IN Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd chaſtity on earth;
When in a narrow cave, their common ſhade,
The ſheep, the ſhepherds, and their gods were laid:

and leaves, and hides of beaſts were
id
in-houſewives for their homely bed,
pillows rais'd, for the rude huſband's
niceneſs of our modern dames
ymphs with new-affected names):
a's and the Leſbia's of our years,
parrow's death diſſolve in tears.
mpoliſh'd matrons, big and bold,
o infants of gigantic mold;
eir ſavage lords who rang'd the wood,
th acorns, belch'd their windy food.
he world was buckſome, freſh, and
g,
re undebauch'd, and therefore ſtrong;
r born in kindly beds of earth,
g from the teeming oaks to birth,
at other atoms they begun,
y had, or, if a fire, the ſun.
emains of chaſtity appear'd,
Jove, but Jove without a beard;
ervile Greeks had learnt to ſwear
kings; while yet the bounteous year
n fruits in open plain expos'd,
were fear'd, or gardens were inclos'd.
neaſy juſtice upwards flew,
ne ſiſters to the ſtars withdrew;
ld æra whoring did begin,
y ancient is the ſin.
next invade the nuptial ſtate,
ge-beds creak'd with a foreign weight;
ls did iron times adorn;
and ſilver in one age were born.
hey ſay, for marriage doſt provide:
ge to buckle with a bride?
ly hair the curling art is taught,
ng-ring perhaps already bought:
n, like thee, to change his life!
would poſſeſs thee with a wife?
every other death bereſt,
no ratſbane, no kind halter left?
nooſe compar'd to her's is cheap):
city-bridge from whence to leap?
ou become her drudge, who doſt enjoy
rt of bedfellow, thy boy?
ee not awake with nightly brawls,
begg'd reward thy pleaſure palls;
ſatiate heavings calls for more,
ly ſpirits were drain'd out before.
ſidius courts the marriage-bait,
t ſon, to ſettle his eſtate,
no gifts, though every gaping heir
ly greaſe the rich old batchelor.
ution can appear ſo ſtrange,
eacher, ſuch a life to change?
torious whoremaſter, to chooſe
is neck into the marriage-nooſe?
often in a dreadful fright
offer 'ſcap'd the jealous cuckold's ſight,
wedlock dotingly betray'd,
e in this lewd town to find a maid!
grown mad: to eaſe his frantic pain,
ſurgeon; breathe the middle vein:
eifer with gilt horns be led
egent of the marriage-bed,
And let him every deity adore,
If his new bride prove not an arrant whore
In head and tail, and every other pore.
On Ceres' feaſt reſtrain'd from their delight,
Few matrons there, but curſe the tedious night:
Few whom their fathers dare ſalute, ſuch luſt
Their kiſſes have, and come with ſuch a guſt.
With ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed;
Such is thy bride, and ſuch thy genial bed.
Think'ſt thou one man is for one woman meant?
She ſooner with one eye would be content.
And yet 'tis noiſ'd, a maid did once appear
In ſome ſmall village, though fame ſays not where:
'Tis poſſible; but ſure no man ſhe found;
'Twas deſert, all, about her father's ground:
And yet ſome luſtful god might there make bold,
Are Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?
Many a fair nymph has in a cave been ſpread,
And much good love, without a feather-bed.
Whither would'ſt thou to chuſe a wife reſort,
The park, the mall, the play-houſe, or the court?
Which way ſoever thy adventures fall,
Secure alike of chaſtity in all.
One ſees a dancing-maſter capering high,
And raves, and piſſes, with pure extaſy:
And one is charm'd with the new opera notes,
Admires the ſong, but on the finger dotes:
The country lady in the box appears,
Softly ſhe warbles over all ſhe hears;
And ſucks in paſſion both at eyes and ears.
The reſt (when now the long vacation's come,
The noiſy hall and theatres grown dumb)
Their memories to refreſh, and chear their hearts,
In borrow'd breeches act the players' parts.
The poor, that ſcarce have wherewithal to eat,
Will pinch, to make the ſinging-boy a treat.
The rich, to buy him, will refuſe no price;
And ſtretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his voice.
Tragedians, acting love, for luſt are ſought
(Though but the parrots of a poet's thought).
The pleading lawyer, though for counſel us'd,
In chamber practice often is refus'd.
Still thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs
(The product of concurring theatres).
Perhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
And a young ſword man to thy lands is born.
Thus Hippia loath'd her old patrician lord,
And left him for a brother of the ſword:
To wondering Pharos with her love ſhe fled,
To ſhew one monſter more than Afric bred:
Forgetting houſe and huſband, left behind
Ev'n children too; ſhe ſails before the wind;
Falſe to them all, but conſtant to her kind,
But, ſtranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She could the play houſe and the players leave,
Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred,
She lodg'd on down, and in a damaſk bed;
Yet daring not the dangers of the deep,
On a hard mattreſs is content to ſleep.
Ere this, 'tis true, ſhe did her fame expoſe:
But that, great ladies with great eaſe can loſe.
The tender nymph could the rude ocean hear:
So much her luſt was ſtronger than her fear.
But had ſome honeſt cauſe her paſſage priſt,
The ſmalleſt hardſhip had diſturb'd her breaſt:

Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold;
But women-kind, in ills, is ever bold.
Were ſhe to follow her own lord to ſea,
What doubts or ſcruples would ſhe raiſe to ſtay?
Her ſtomach ſick, and her head giddy grows;
The tar and pitch are nauſeous to her noſe.
But in love's voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never ſea-ſick with a friend.
Amidſt the crew, ſhe walks upon the board;
She eats, ſhe drinks, ſhe handles every cord:
And if ſhe ſpews, 'tis thinking of her lord.
Now aſk, for whom her friends and fame ſhe loſt?
What youth, what beauty, could th' adulterer boaſt?
What was the face, for which ſhe could ſuſtain
To be call'd miſtreſs to ſo baſe a man?
The gallant, of his days had known the beſt:
Deep ſcars were ſeen indented on his breaſt;
And all his batter'd limbs requir'd their needful reſt.
A promontory wen, with griſly grace,
Stood high, upon the handle of his face:
His blear eyes ran in gutters to his chin:
His beard was ſtubble, and his cheeks were thin.
But 'twas his fencing did her fancy move:
'Tis arms, and blood, and cruelty, they love.
But ſhould he quit his trade, and ſheath his ſword,
Her lover would begin to be her lord.
This was a private crime; but you ſhall hear
What fruits the ſacred brows of monarchs bear:
The good old ſluggard but began to ſnore,
When from his ſide uproſe th' imperial whore:
She who preferr'd the pleaſures of the night
To pomps, that are but impotent delight:
Strode from the palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more maſculine embrace:
Muffled ſhe march'd, like Juno in a cloud,
Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd,
One whom in ſecret ſervice ſhe could truſt;
The rival and companion of her luſt.
To the known brothel-houſe ſhe takes her way;
And for a naſty room gives double pay;
That room in which the rankeſt harlot lay.
Prepar'd for fight, expectingly ſhe lies,
With heaving breaſts, and with deſiring eyes.
Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled ſtill ſucceeds to like diſgrace.
At length, when friendly darkneſs is expir'd,
And every ſtrumpet from her cell retir'd,
She lags behind, and, lingering at the gate,
With a repining ſigh ſubmits to fate:
All filth without, and all a fire within,
Tir'd with the toil, unſated with the ſin.
Old Ceſar's bed the modeſt matron ſeeks;
The ſteam of lamps ſtill hanging on her cheeks,
In ropy ſmut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the product of the night.
Now ſhould I ſing what poiſons they provide;
With all their trumpery of charms beſide;
And all their arts of death: it would be known
Luſt is the ſmalleſt ſin the ſex can own.
Cæſonia ſtill, they ſay, is guiltleſs found
Of every vice, by her own lord renown'd:
And well ſhe may, ſhe brought ten thouſand pound.
She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaſte;
His tongue is ty'd in golden fetters faſt:
He ſighs, adores, and courts her every hour;
Who would not do as much for ſuch a dower?
She writes love letters to the youth in grace;
Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold's face;
And might do more; her portion makes it good;
Wealth has the privilege of widowhood.
Theſe truths with his example you diſprove,
Who with his wife is monſtrouſly in love:
But know him better; for I heard him ſwear,
'Tis not that ſhe's his wife, but that ſhe's fair.
Let her but have three wrinkles in her face,
Let her eyes leſſen, and her ſkin unbrace,
Soon you will hear the ſaucy ſteward ſay,
Pack up with all your trinkets, and away;
You grow offenſive both at bed and board:
Your betters muſt be had to pleaſe my lord.
Meantime ſhe's abſolute upon the throne:
And knowing time is precious, loſes none:
She muſt have flocks of ſheep, with wool more fine
Than ſilk, and vineyards of the nobleſt wine:
Whole droves of pages for her train ſhe craves:
And ſweeps the priſons for attending ſlaves.
In ſhort, whatever in her eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, ſhe wants at home.
When winter ſhuts the ſeas, and fleecy ſnows
Make houſes white, ſhe to the merchant goes;
Rich cryſtals of the rock ſhe takes up there,
Huge agate vaſes, and old china-ware:
But is none worthy to be made a wife
In all this town? Suppoſe her free from ſtrife,
Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemiſh'd life;
Chaſte as the Sabines, whoſe prevailing charms
Diſmiſs'd their huſbands, and their brothers arms:
Grant her, beſides, of noble blood, that ran
In ancient veins ere heraldry began:
Suppoſe all theſe, and take a poet's word,
A black ſwan is not half ſo rare a bird.
A wife, ſo hung with virtues, ſuch a freight,
What mortal ſhoulders could ſupport the weight!
Some country-girl, ſcarce to a curteſey bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed:
If, ſupercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian ſtate,
Let vanquiſh'd Hannibal without-doors wait,
Too burly and too big to paſs my narrow gate.
O Pæan, cries Amphion, bend thy bow
Againſt my wife, and let my children go:
But ſullen Pæan ſhoots at ſons and mothers too.
His Niobe and all his boys he loſt;
Ev'n her, who did her num'rous offspring boaſt,
As fair and fruitful as the ſow that carry'd
The thirty pigs at one large litter farrow'd.
What beauty or what chaſtity can bear
So great a price? If ſtately and ſevere,
She ſtill inſults, and you muſt ſtill adore;
Grant that the honey's much, the gall is more.
Upbraided with the virtues ſhe diſplays,
Seven hours in twelve, you loath the wife you praiſe:
Some faults, though ſmall, intolerable grow;
For what ſo nauſeous and affected too,

at think they due perfection want,
ıot learnt to liſp the Grecian cant?
heir whole accompliſhments they ſeek:
n, breeding, language, muſt be Greek:
all that does to Rome belong,
to cultivate their mother-tongue.
:y flatter, all their fears they ſpeak,
r ſecrets; nay, they ſcold in Greek:
ſeat of love, they uſe that tongue.
ions may become the young;
ld hag, of threeſcore years and three,
f thy parts in Greek for thee?
xn! All thoſe tender words
tary trembling bliſs affords,
t murmurs of the private ſheets
while thou ſpeak'ſt in public ſtreets.
have fingers; and their force is ſuch,
ıe dead, and mount him with a touch.
ıcatives from thee are vain:
nent the ſlacken'd nerve can ſtrain.
y lawful ſpouſe thou canſt not love,
ſhould thy mind to marriage move?
charges of thy nuptial feaſt,
ſſerts, and ſweet-meats to digeſt?
g gold that buys the dear delight,
ir firſt and only happy night?
hus uxorioufly inclin'd,
bondage with a willing mind,
neck, and put it in the yoke;
ercy from thy woman look.
perhaps, ſhe loves with equal fires,
dominion ſhe aſpires;
poils, and triumphs o'er thy purſe;
uſband makes the wife the worſe.
ıine to give, or ſell, or buy,
ancient friendſhip die;
u leave to make a legacy.
rious wife thou art bereſt;
to pimps and panders left;
at's her will; where ſhe preſers
drudges, and adulterers,
thy rivals for thy heirs.
ıat ſlave to death: your reaſon, why
oor innocent be doom'd to die?
? For, when man's life is in debate,
n ne'er too long deliberate
hat ſlave a man, the wife replies,
nprov'd, the crime, the villain dies.
vereign power to ſave or kill;
other reaſon but my will
ſhe-tyrant reigns, till, pleas'd with
e,
:ctions to new empires range:
ect-huſband ſhe deſires,
n him, ſhe to the firſt retires,
t wedding-feaſt is ſcarcely o'er,
hang yet green upon the door.
ckoning riſes; and appears,
eight huſbands in five years.
a tomb-ſtone might be fit;
ould too commonly be writ.
r living, hope no quiet day;
her, inſtructs her how to flea
bare, and then divides the prey.

She takes love-letters, with a crafty ſmile,
And, in her daughter's anſwer, mends the ſtyle.
In vain the huſband ſets his watchful ſpies;
She cheats their cunning, or ſhe bribes their eyes.
The doctor's call'd; the daughter, taught the trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full health is ſick.
The panting ſtallion, at the cloſet-door,
Hears the conſult, and wiſhes it were o'er.
Canſt thou, in reaſon, hope, a bawd ſo known,
Should teach her other manners than her own?
Her intereſt is in all th' advice ſhe gives:
'Tis on the daughter's rents the mother lives.
No cauſe is try'd at the litigious bar,
But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
They form the proceſs, all the briefs they write;
The topics furniſh, and the pleas indite;
And teach the toothleſs lawyer how to bite.
They turn viragos too; the wreſtler's toil
They try, and ſmear their naked limbs with oil:
Againſt the poſt their wicker ſhields they cruſh,
Flouriſh the ſword, and at the ſtaſtron puſh.
Of every exerciſe the manniſh crew
Fulfils the parts, and oft excels us too;
Prepar'd not only in feign'd fights t' engage,
But rout the gladiators on the ſtage.
What ſenſe of ſhame in ſuch a breaſt can lie,
Inur'd to arms, and her own ſex to fly?
Yet to be wholly man ſhe would diſclaim;
To quit her tenfold pleaſure at the game,
For frothy praiſes and an empty name.
Oh what a decent ſight 'tis to behold
All thy wife's magazine by auction ſold!
The belt, the cruſted plume, the ſeveral ſuits
Of armour, and the Spaniſh leather-boots!
Yet theſe are they, that cannot bear the heat
Of figur'd ſilks, and under ſarcenet ſweat.
Behold the ſtrutting Amazonian whore,
She ſtands in guard with her right-foot before:
Her coats tuck'd up; and all her motions juſt,
She ſtamps, and then cries hah! at every thruſt
The ghoſts of ancient Romans, ſhould they riſe,
Would grin to ſee their daughters play a prize.
Beſides, what endleſs brawls by wives are bred:
The curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.
Then, when ſhe has thee ſure within the ſheets,
Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
Conſcious of crimes herſelf, ſhe teizes firſt:
Thy ſervants are accus'd; thy whore is curſt;
She acts the jealous, and at will ſhe cries:
For womens' tears are but the ſweat of eyes.
Poor cuckold-fool, thou think'ſt that love ſincere,
And ſuck'ſt between her lips the falling tear:
But ſearch her cabinet, and thou ſhalt find
Each biller there with love-epiſtles lin'd.
Suppoſe her taken in a cloſe embrace,
This you would think ſo manifeſt a caſe,
No rhetoric could defend, no impudence outface;
And yet, ev'n then, ſhe cries, the marriage-vow
A mental reſervation muſt allow;
And there's a ſilent bargain ſtill imply'd,
The parties ſhould be pleas'd on either ſide:
And both may for their private needs provide.

Though men yourſelves, and women us you call,
Yet *Lemo* is a common name for all.
There's nothing bolder than a woman caught;
Guilt gives them courage to maintain their fault.
You aſk from whence proceed theſe monſtrous crimes?
Once poor, and therefore chaſte, in former times,
Our matrons were: no luxury found room
In low-rooſt houſes, and bare walls of lome;
Their hands with labour harden'd while 'twas light,
A frugal ſleep ſupply'd the quiet night,
While pinch'd with want, their hunger held them ſtraight;
When Hannibal was hovering at the gate:
But wanton now and lolling at our eaſe,
We ſuffer all th' inveterate ills of peace,
And waſteful riot, whoſe deſtructive charms
Revenge the vanquiſh'd world, of our victorious arms.
No crime, no luſtful poſtures are unknown;
Since Poverty, our guardian god, is gone:
Pride, lazineſs, and all luxurious arts,
Pour like a deluge in, from foreign parts:
Since gold obſcene, and ſilver, found the way,
Strange faſhions with ſtrange bullion to convey,
And our plain ſimple manners to betray.
What care our drunken dames to whom they ſpread?
Wine no diſtinction makes of tail or head.
Who, lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
For hot eringoes and ſat oyſters call:
Full brimmers to their ſuddled noſes thruſt;
Brimmers, the laſt provocatives of luſt.
When vapours to their ſwimming brains advance,
And double tapers on the tables dance.
Now think what bawdy dialogues they have,
What Tullia talks to her confiding ſlave,
At Modeſty's old ſtatue; when by night
They make a ſtand, and from their litters light;
The good man early to the levee goes,
And threads the naſty paddle of his ſpouſe.
The ſecrets of the goddeſs nam'd the good,
Are ev'n by boys and barbers underſtood:
Where the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
Gig with their bums, and are for action ripe;
With muſic rais'd, they ſpread abroad their hair;
And toſs their heads like an enamoured mare:
Rank'd with the lady the cheap ſinner lies;
For here not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal ſtrife;
'Tis downright luſt, and acted to the life.
So full, ſo fierce, ſo vigorous, and ſo ſtrong,
That, looking on, wou'd make old Neſtor young.
Impatient of delay, a general ſound,
And univerſal groan of luſt, goes round;
For then, and only then, the ſex ſincere is found.
Now is the time of action; Now begin,
They cry, and let the luſty lovers in
The whore-ſons are aſleep; then bring the ſlaves,
And watermen, a race of ſtrong-back'd knaves.
I wiſh, at leaſt, our ſacred rites were free
From theſe pollutions of obſcenity:
But 'tis well known what ſinger, how diſguis'd,
A lewd audacious action enterpriz'd;
Into the fair, with women mix'd, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed inſtrument;
A grateful preſent to thoſe holy choirs,
Where the mouſe, guilty of his ſex, retires;
And ev'n male-pictures modeſtly are vail'd;
Yet no profaneneſs on that age prevail'd;
No ſcoffers at religious rites are found;
Though now, at every altar they abound.
I hear your cautious counſel, you would ſay,
Keep cloſe your women under lock and key:
But, who ſhall keep theſe keepers? Women, curſt
In craft: begin with thoſe, and bribe them firſt.
The ſex is turn'd all whore; they love the game:
And miſtreſſes and maids are both the ſame.
The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day,
Will borrow cloaths, and chair, to ſee the play:
She, who before had mortgag'd her eſtate,
And pawn'd the laſt remaining piece of plate.
Some are reduc'd their utmoſt ſhifts to try:
But women have no ſhame of poverty.
They live beyond their ſtint; as if their ſtore,
The more exhauſted, would increaſe the more:
Some men, inſtructed by the labouring ant,
Provide againſt the extremities of want;
But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their ſinking fortune drain:
Hourly they give, and ſpend, and waſte, and wear:
And think no pleaſure can be bought too dear.
If ſongs they love, the ſinger's voice they hire;
Beyond his compaſs till his quail-pipe's hoarſe;
His lute and lyre with their embrace is worn;
With knots they trim it, and with gems adorn:
Run over all the ſtrings, and kiſs the caſe;
And make love to it, in the maſter's place.
A certain lady once, of high degree,
To Janus vow'd, and Veſta's deity,
That Pollio might, in ſinging, win the prize;
Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes:
She pray'd, and brib'd; what could ſhe more have done
For a ſick huſband, or an only ſon?
With her face veil'd, and heaving up her hands,
The ſhameleſs ſuppliant at the altar ſtands;
The forms of prayer ſhe ſolemnly purſues:
And, pale with fear, the offer'd entrails views.
Anſwer, ye powers; for, if you heard her vow,
Your godſhips, ſure, had little elſe to do.
This is not all; for actors they implore:
An impudence not known to heaven before.
Th' Aruſpex, tir'd with this religious rout,
Is forc'd to ſtand ſo long, he gets the gout.
But ſuffer not thy wife abroad to roam,
If ſhe loves ſinging, let her ſing at home;
Not ſtrut in ſtreets, with Amazonian pace;
For that's to cuckold thee before thy face.
Their endleſs itch of news comes next in play;
They vent their own, and hear what others ſay:
Know what in Thrace, or what in France, is done;
Th' intrigues betwixt the ſtepdame and the ſon.
Tell who loves who, what favours ſome partake:
And who is jilted for another's ſake.
What pregnant widow in what month was made;
How oft ſhe did, and doing, what ſhe ſaid.

ɔcholds the raging comet riſe:
n it threatens, and what lands de-

:weſt news ſhe lies in wait;
ɔorts juſt entering at the gate.
s, and fires: whatever ſhe can meet,
nd is the fame of every ſtreet,
ievance; but the next is worſe;
ient, and her neighbours curſe;
arking dogs diſturb her eaſe,
hind her, no excuſe appeaſe.
r'd malefactor is arraign'd;
naſter, who the cur maintain'd,
: ſcourge: by night ſhe leaves her

bathing equipage is led,
g armies a leſs noiſe create;
tumult, and ſhe ſweats in ſtate.
her guaſts their appetites muſt keep;
hunger, and ſome gaſp for ſleep.
comes, all flush'd; but ere ſhe ſup,
vinging preparation-cup;
clear her ſtomach, ſpews it up.
omit all the floor o'erflows,
favour nauſeates every noſe.
ain; again ſhe ſpews a lake;
l huſband ſees, and dares not ſpeak:
many a curſe againſt his wife;
imſelf for chuſing ſuch a life.
he plagues, the greateſt is untold;
n'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.
ne, who at her table ſits:
irgil quotes, and weighs their wits;
do's agonizing fits.
th' aſcendant of the board,
ɔedant puts not in one word:
aw is non-pluſt in his ſuit;
:her female tongue is mute.
d beating anvils, you would ſwear,
vith his whole militia there.
umpets ceaſe; for ſhe alone
em the labouring moon.
ɔurthen, when it talks too long:
as no continence of tongue,
breeches, and ſhould wear a beard;
ng the philoſophic herd.
night curſe has he, whoſe ſide
h a mood and figure bride!
Gods! (if ſuch muſt be my fate)
, nor hiſtory tranſlate;
a quiet, humble fool:
:o whom I go to ſchool,
he grammar tree, diſtinctly knows
and verb, and participle, grows;
ountry-neighbour; and, a-bed,
Priſcian's, breaks her huſband's

ſſip, when ſhe's ſet agog,
, and at each ear a bob,
; out, and, in her trim of pride,
ſays or does is juſtify'd.
he's ſcarce a tolerable evil;
fine, a wife's a very devil.
nce a month, renews her face;
: lies in ſlawb, and hid in greaſe;

Thoſe are the huſband's nights; ſhe craves her due,
He takes fat kiſſes, and, is ſtuck with glue.
But to the lov'd adulterer when ſhe ſteers,
Freſh from the bath, in brightneſs ſhe appears:
For him the rich Arabia ſweats her gum;
And precious oils from diſtant Indies come:
How haggardly ſoe'r ſhe looks at home.
Th' eclipſe then vaniſhes; and all her face
Is open'd, and reſtor'd to every grace,
The cruſt remov'd, her cheeks as ſmooth as ſilk,
Are poliſh'd with a waſh of aſſes milk;
And ſhould ſhe to the fartheſt north be ſent,
A train of theſe attend her baniſhment.
But hadſt thou ſeen her plaiſter'd up before,
'Twas ſo unlike a face, it ſeem'd a ſore.
'Tis worth our while, to know what all the day
They do, and how they paſs their time away,
For, if o'er-night the huſband has been ſlack,
Or counterfeited ſleep, and turn'd his back,
Next day, be ſure, the ſervants go to wrack.
The chamber-maid and dreſſer are call'd whores;
The page is ſtript, and beaten out of doors.
The whole houſe ſuffers for the maſter's crime:
And he himſelf is warn'd to wake another time.
She hires tormentors by the year, ſhe treats
Her viſitors, and talks; but ſtill ſhe beats.
Beats while ſhe paints, her face, ſurveys her gown,
Caſts up the day's account, and ſtill beats on:
Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous tone,
She bids them in the devil's name be gone.
Compar'd with ſuch a proud, inſulting dame,
Sicilian tyrants may renounce their name.
For, if ſhe haſtes abroad to take the air,
Or goes to Iſis' church (the bawdy-houſe of prayer)
She hurries all her handmaids to the taſk;
Her head, alone, will twenty dreſſers aſk.
Pſecas, the chief, with breaſt and ſhoulders bare,
Trembling, conſiders every ſacred hair;
If any ſtraggler from his rank be found,
A pinch muſt, for the mortal ſin, compound.
Pſecas is not in fault: but, in the glaſs,
The dame's offended at her own ill face.
The maid is baniſh'd; and another girl
More dexterous, manages the comb and curl;
The reſt are ſummon'd on a point ſo nice;
And firſt, the grave old woman gives advice.
The next is call'd, and ſo the turn goes round,
As each for age, or wiſdom, is renown'd:
Such counſel, ſuch deliberate care, they take,
As if her life and honour lay at ſtake:
With curls on curls, they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tower.
A gianteſs ſhe ſeems; but look behind,
And then ſhe dwindles to the pigmy kind.
Duck-legg'd, ſhort-waiſted, ſuch a dwarf ſhe is,
That ſhe muſt riſe on tip-toes for a kiſs.
Meanwhile, her huſband's whole eſtate is ſpent!
He may go bare, while ſhe receives his rent.
She minds him not; ſhe lives not as a wife,
But like a bawling neighbour, full of ſtrife:
Near him, in this alone, that ſhe extends
Her hate to all his ſervants and his friends.

Bellona's prieſts, an Eunuch at their head,
About the ſtreets a mad proceſſion lead;
The venerable guelding, large, and high,
O'erlooks the herd of his inferior fry.
His aukward clergymen about him prance;
And beat the timbrels to their myſtic dance,
Meanwhile, his cheeks the mitred prophet ſwells,
And dire preſages of the year foretels.
Unleſs with eggs (his prieſtly hire) they haſte
To expiate, and avert the autumnal blaſt.
And add beſide a murrey-colour'd veſt,
Which, in their places, may receive the peſt:
And, thrown into the flood, their crimes may bear,
To purge th' unlucky omens of the year.
Th' aſtoniſh'd matrons pay, before the reſt;
That ſex is ſtill obnoxious to the prieſt.
Through you they beat, and plunge into the ſtream,
If ſo the God has warn'd them in a dream.
Weak in their limbs, but in devotion ſtrong,
On their bare hands and feet they crawl along
A whole field's length, the laughter of the throng.
Should Io (Io's prieſt I mean) command
A pilgrimage to Mero's burning ſand,
Through deſerts they would ſeek the ſecret ſpring;
A holy water for luſtration bring.
How can they pay their prieſts too much reſpect,
Who trade with heaven, and earthly gains neglect!
With him, domeſtic Gods diſcourſe by night:
By day, attended by his choir in white,
The bald-pate tribe runs madding through the ſtreet,
And ſmile to ſee with how much eaſe they cheat.
The ghoſtly ſire forgives the wife's delights;
Who ſins, through frailty, on forbidden nights;
And tempts her huſband in the holy time,
When carnal pleaſure is a mortal crime.
The ſweating image ſhakes his head, but he
With mumbled prayers atones the Deity.
The pious prieſthood the fat gooſe receive,
And they once brib'd, the godhead muſt forgive.
No ſooner theſe remove, but full of fear,
A gypſy Jeweſs whiſpers in your ear,
And begs an alms: an high prieſt's daughter ſhe,
Vers'd in their Talmud, and divinity,
And propheſies beneath a ſhady tree.
Her goods a baſket, and old hay her bed,
She ſtrolls, and telling fortunes gains her bread:
Farthings, and ſome ſmall monies, are her fees;
Yet ſhe interprets all your dreams for theſe.
Foretells th' eſtate, when the rich uncle dies,
And ſees a ſweet-heart in the ſacrifice.
Such toys, a pigeon's intrails can diſcloſe:
Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes:
In dogs, a victim more obſcene, he takes;
And murder'd infants for inſpection takes:
For gain, his impious practice he purſues;
For gain will his accomplices accuſe.
More credit, yet, is to Chaldeans given;
What they foretel, is deem'd the voice of heaven.
Their anſwers, as from Hammon's altar, come;
Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb,
And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
Believes what fond aſtrologers relate.
Of theſe the moſt in vogue is he who, ſent
Beyond ſeas, is return'd from baniſhment,
His art who to aſpiring Otho ſold;
And ſure ſucceſſion to the crown foretold.
For his eſteem is in his exile plac'd;
The more believ'd, the more he was diſgrac'd.
No aſtrologic wizard honour gains,
Who has not oft been baniſh'd, or in chains.
He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
But narrowly eſcapes, and buys it dear.
From him your wife enquires the planets' will,
When the black jaundice ſhall her mother kill:
Her ſiſter's and her uncle's end, would know:
But, firſt, conſults his art, when you ſhall go.
And, what's the greateſt gift that heaven can give,
If, after her, th' adulterer ſhall live.
She neither knows nor cares to know the reſt;
If Mars and Saturn ſhall the world infeſt;
Or Jove and Venus with their friendly rays,
Will interpoſe, and bring us better days.
Beware the woman too, and ſhun her ſight,
Who in theſe ſtudies does herſelf delight,
By whom a greaſy almanack is borne,
With often handling, like chaf'd amber worn.
Not now conſulting, but conſulted, ſhe
Of the twelve houſes, and their lords, is free.
She, if the ſcheme a fatal journey ſhow,
Stays ſafe at home, but lets her huſband go.
If but a mile ſhe travel out of town,
The planetary hour muſt firſt be known,
And lucky moment; if her eye but akes
Or itches, its decumbiture ſhe takes.
No nouriſhment receives in her diſeaſe,
But what the ſtars and Ptolemy ſhall pleaſe.
The middle ſort, who have not much to ſpare,
To chiromancers cheaper art repair,
Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines more fair.
But rich the matron who has more to give,
Her anſwers from the Brachman will receive:
Skill'd in the globe and ſphere, he gravely ſtands,
And, with his compaſs, meaſures ſeas and lands.
The pooreſt of the ſex have ſtill an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairy-maid, enquires, if ſhe ſhall take
The truſty taylor, and the cook forſake.
Yet theſe, though poor, the pain of childbed bear;
And, without nurſes, their own infants rear:
You ſeldom hear of the rich mantle, ſpread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the power of herbs; ſuch arts they uſe
To make them barren or their fruit to loſe.
But thou, whatever ſlops ſhe will have bought,
Be thankful, and ſupply the deadly draught:
Help her to make man-ſlaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for ſavin at her need.
For, if ſhe holds till her nine months be run,
Thou may'ſt be father to an Æthiop's ſon.
A boy, who, ready gotten to thy hands,
By law is to inherit all thy lands:
One of that hue, that, ſhould he croſs the way,
His omen would diſcolour all the day.

foundling by, a race unknown,
os'd, whom matrons make their own:
ble families advance
iſſue, the blind work of chance.
rtune does her care employ,
g, broods upon the naked boy:
t ſpreads, and laps him in the fold,
with her wings, from nightly cold:
er bleſſing; puts him in a way;
farce, and laughs at her own play.
motes; ſhe favours him alone,
proviſion for him, as her own.
ng wife, the force of magic tries,
for th' unable huſband buys:
works not on the part deſign'd;
s brains, and ſtupifies his mind.
moon-calf gapes, and ſtaring on,
i buſineſs by another done:
rion, a benumming froſt,
is head; and yeſterday is loſt:
er juice would make him foam and

æſonia to her Caius gave:
ing from the forehead of the fole
s love, infus'd it in the bowl:
blood ran hiſſing in his veins,
l vapour mounted to his brains.
rer was not half ſo much on fire,
's girdle kindled his deſire.
n will not uſe the poiſoning trade,
r's wife the precedent has made;
na's muſhroom be forgot,
ſlavering, old, unuſeful ſot;
los'd the driveling dotard's eyes,
s godhead downward to the ſkies.
ce potion calls for fire and ſword;
he common, when it ſtrikes the lord.
ſchiefs were in one combin'd;
e ſingle poiſoner coſt mankind.
ies ſeek their ſons-in-law to kill,
reſpaſs; let them have their will:
child, entruſted to the care
mother, of her bread beware:
food ſhe reaches with her hand;
is intended for thy land.
e thy taſter, ere thou eat;
on in thy drink, and in thy meat.
this feign'd; the ſatire in a rage
buſkins of the tragic ſtage,
buſineſs is to laugh and bite;
deaths and dire revenges write.
ere all a fable, that you read;
's wife pleads guilty to the deed.
ſſes) in the fact was caught,
ſpatching at one deadly draught.
Two ſons, thou viper, in one day!
ſhe cries. if ſeven were in my way.
end is no more a lye;
is credit to antiquity.
ve grant, in former times did reign,
s then were done: but not for gain.
tion to great crimes is due,
through wrath, or through revenge,
ue.
of reaſon, impotent of will,
urry'd headlong into ill;
And like a cliff from its foundation torn,
By raging earthquakes, into ſeas, is burne.
But thoſe are fiends, who crimes from thought begin:
And, cool in miſchief, meditate the ſin.
They read th' example of a pious wife,
Redeeming, with her own, her huſband's life;
Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would ſave their lapdog ſooner than their lord.
Where-e'er you walk, the Belides you meet;
And Clytemneſtras grow in every ſtreet:
But here's the difference; Agamemnon's wife
Was a groſs butcher with a bloody knife;
But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
And ſubtle poiſons are employ'd alone.
Unleſs ſome antidote prevents their arts,
And lines with halſam all the nobler parts:
In ſuch a caſe, reſerv'd for ſuch a need,
Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.

THE

TENTH SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet's deſign, in this divine ſatire, is to repreſent the various wiſhes and deſires of mankind; and to ſet out the folly of them. He runs through all the ſeveral heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial atchievements, long life, and beauty; and gives inſtances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of thoſe that owned them. He concludes therefore, that ſince we generally chuſe ſo ill for ourſelves, we ſhould do better to leave it to the gods, to make the choice for us. All we can ſafely aſk of heaven, lies within a very ſmall compaſs. It is but health of body and mind. And if we have theſe, it is not much matter what we want beſides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

LOOK round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, purſue.
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone?
Whole houſes, of their whole deſires poſſeſt,
Are often ruin'd, at their own requeſt.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own deſire.
With laurels ſome have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable ſtream were drown'd.
The brawny fool, who did his vigour boaſt;
In that preſuming confidence was loſt:
But more have been by avarice oppreſt,
And heaps of money crowded in the cheſt:

Unwieldy ſons of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marſhal'd figures can account.
To which the ſtores of Crœſus, in the ſcale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they ſail
In the vaſt ſhadow of the Britiſh whale.

For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were ſent to ſeize
The rich men's goods; and gut their palaces:
The mob commiſſion'd by the government,
Are ſeldom to an empty garret ſent.
The fearful paſſenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonſhine ſhadow of aruſh;
And ſees a red-coat riſe from every buſh:
The beggar ſings, ev'n when he ſees the place
Beſet with thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of all the vows, the firſt and chief requeſt
Of each, is to be richer than the reſt:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poiſon in his homely bowl,
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchaſe the cup, and ſparkle in the wine.

Will you not now the pair of ſages praiſe,
Who the ſame end purſued, by ſeveral ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd, the woeful times:
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is eaſy; but the wonder lies,
What ſtore of brine ſupply'd the weeper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his ſpleen, and ſhake
His ſides and ſhoulders till he felt them ake;
Though in his country town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor ax, nor tribune, did appear:
Nor all the foppiſh gravity of ſhow,
Which cunning magiſtrates on crowds beſtow.

What had he done, had he beheld, on high,
Our prætor ſeated, in mock majeſty;
His chariot rolling o'er the duſty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a ſet formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back:
A ſuit of hangings had not more oppreſt
His ſhoulders, than that long, laborious veſt:
A heavy gewgaw (call'd a crown) that ſpread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head:
And would have cruſh'd it with the maſſy freight,
But that a ſweating ſlave ſuſtain'd the weight:
A ſlave in the ſame chariot ſeen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
And now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majeſty)
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white:
In their own natures falſe and flattering tribes,
But made his friends, by places and by bribes.

In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cauſe to laugh at human-kind:
Learn from ſo great a wit; a land of bogs
With ditches fenc'd, a heaven made fat with fogs,
May form a ſpirit fit to ſway the ſtate;
And make the neighbouring monarchs fear their fate.

He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears;
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears:
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when ſhe frown'd.

'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows in queſt,
Are hurtful things, or uſeleſs at the beſt.
Some aſk for envy'd power: which public hate
Purſues, and hurries headlong to their fate:
Down go the titles; and the ſtatue crown'd,
I. by baſe hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltleſs horſes, and the chariot wheel,
The ſame effects of vulgar fury feel:
The ſmith prepares his hammer for the ſtroke,
While the lung'd bellows hiſſing fire provoke;
Sejanus, almoſt firſt of Roman names,
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:
Form'd in the forge, the pliant braſs is laid
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made,
Pans, cans, and piſs-pots, a whole kitchen-trade.

Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk white, and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus, with a rope, is dragg'd along;
The ſport and laughter of the giddy throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a ſnout, and what a hanging face!
By heaven, I never could endure his ſight;
But ſay, how came his monſtrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence,
(The ſaviour of the nation and the prince?)
Nothing of this; but our old Cæſar ſent
A noiſy letter to his parliament:
Nay, ſirs, if Cæſar writ, I aſk no more,
He's guilty, and the queſtion's out of door.
How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty thing,)
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king:
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is ſtill againſt the rogue condemn'd to die.

But the ſame very mob, that raſcal crowd,
Had cry'd Sejanus, with a ſhout as loud;
Had his deſigns (by fortune's favour bleſt)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppreſt.
But long, long ſince, the times have chang'd their face,
The people grown degenerate and baſe:
Not ſuffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magiſtrates, and ſell their voice.
Our wiſe foreſathers, great by ſea and land,
Had once the power and abſolute command;
All offices of truſt, themſelves diſpos'd;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd depos'd.
But we, who give our native rights away,
And our enſlav'd poſterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
On holidays to ſee a puppet-ſhow.

There was a damn'd deſign, cries one, no doubt;
For warrants are already iſſued out;
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He's dipt for certain, and plays leaſt in ſight:
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the ſenate ſlack in his defence!
Come let us haſte, our loyal zeal to ſhow,
And ſpurn the wretched corps of Cæſar's foe:
But let our ſlaves be preſent there, leſt they
Accuſe their maſters, and for gain betray.
Such were the whiſpers of thoſe jealous times,
About Sejanus' puniſhment and crimes.

Now tell me truly, would'ſt thou change thy fate
To be, like him, firſt miniſter of ſtate?

ıy levees crowded with reſort,
ıding, gaping, ſervile court:
honours of the ſword and gown,
ı a nod, and ruin with a frown:
ıy prince in pupilage, and ſway
ırch, whom the maſter'd world obey?
intent on ſecret luſt alone,
inſelf, abandoning the throne;
a narrow iſle, obſerving dreams
ring wizards, and erecting ſchemes!
:lieve, thou would'ſt be great as he;
nan's a fool to that degree;
e dire prerogative to kill;
would have the power, who want the
l:
ſt thou have thy wiſhes underſtood,
e had together with the good,
ion not rather chuſe a ſmall renown,
nayor of ſome poor paltry town,
ık, and barbarouſly to ſpeak;
falſe weights, and ſcanty meaſures
k?
ıt we that Sejanus went aſtray
ſh, and knew not how to pray?
graſp'd the world's exhauſted ſtore
ıad enough, but wiſh'd for more,
ı heavy tower, of monſtrous height,
ıuldering, cruſh'd him underneath the
ght.
l the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
n, who, greater than the great,
'n pride of Roman nobles broke;
ıeir haughty necks beneath his yoke:
ıut his immoderate luſt of power,
de and granted in a luckleſs hour?
ırpers to the ſhades deſcend
ath, or with a quiet end.
who ſcarce has paid his entrance down
d pedant, or declin'd a noun,
ı elf, that when the days are foul,
ſatchel muſt be borne to ſchool,)
and hopes, and aims at nothing leſs,
Tully, or Demoſthenes:
oſe orators, ſo much renown'd,
ı depths of eloquence were drown'd:
nd head were never loſt, of thoſe
n doggrel, or who punn'd in proſe.
: foretun'd the dying notes of Rome:
y conſul ſole, conſol'd thy doom."
crept below the lifted ſwords,
malice been to murder words.
ıld be Mævius, thraſh for rhymes
ſcorn and ſcandal of the times,
Philippick fatally divine;
'crib'd the ſecond, ſhould be mine.
wonder of the Grecian throng,
them with the torrent of his tongue,
the theatres, and ſway'd the ſtate
found a more propitious fate.
n beneath a boding horoſcope,
: blear-ey'd Vulcan of a ſhop,
s forge, ſent to Minerva's ſchools,
unlucky art of wheedling fools.
of honour, and opinion, vain,
eyond their native worth we ſtrain:

The ſpoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph born,
A ſtreamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chap fal'n beaver looſely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whoſe high convex ſits a captive foe,
And ſighing caſts a mournful look below;
Of every nation, each illuſtrious name,
Such toys as theſe have cheated into fame:
Exchanging ſolid quiet, to obtain
The windy ſatisfaction of the brain.
So much the thirſt of honour fires the blood;
So many would be great, ſo few be good.
For who would Virtue for herſelf regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chace of fame, by few purſu'd,
Has drawn deſtruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praiſe in times to come,
Thoſe long inſcriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should ſome wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble-titles, and diſperſe
The characters of all the lying verſe.
For ſepulchres themſelves muſt crumbling fall
In time's abyſs, the common grave of all.
Great Hannibal within the balance lay;
And tell how many pounds his aſhes weigh;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whoſe length runs level with th' Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His ſun-heat waters by ſo long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain firſt he won, the Pyrenæans paſt,
And ſteepy Alps, the mounds that Nature caſt:
And with corroding juices, as he went,
A paſſage through the living rocks he rent.
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his head-long rage on Italy;
In three victorious battles over-run;
Yet ſtill uneaſy, cries, There's nothing done,
Till level with the ground their gates are laid;
And Punic flags on Roman towers diſplay'd.
Aſk what a face belong'd to his high fame:
His picture ſcarcely would deſerve a frame:
A ſign-poſt dawber would diſdain to paint
The one-ey'd hero on his elephant.
Now what's his end, O charming Glory! ſay
What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is baniſh'd from his native home:
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repulſ'd by ſurly grooms, who wait before
The ſleeping tyrant's interdicted door.
What wondrous ſort of death has heaven deſign'd,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the herd of human-kind,
For ſo untam'd, ſo turbulent a mind!
Nor ſwords at hand, nor hiſſing darts afar,
Are doom'd t' avenge the tedious bloody war;
But poiſon, drawn through a king's hollow plate,
Muſt finiſh him; a ſucking infant's fate.

Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To pleaſe the boys, and be a theme at ſchool.
One world ſuffic'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he ſeem'd in earth and ſeas confin'd:
And, ſtruggling, ſtretch'd his reſtleſs limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a paſſage out.
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he try'd
The tomb, and found the ſtrait dimenſions wide:
"Death only this myſterious truth unfolds,
"The mighty ſoul, how ſmall a body holds."
Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and ſail'd about;
Seas hid with navies, chariots paſſing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from ſhore to ſhore:
Rivers, whoſe depth no ſharp beholder ſees,
Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees;
With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the browſy poet ſings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipt the winds, and made the ſea his ſlave?
(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
And Eurus never ſuch hard uſage found
In his Æolian priſon under ground);
What God ſo mean, ev'n he who points the way,
So mercileſs a tyrant to obey!
But how return'd he, let us aſk again:
In a poor ſkiff he paſs'd the bloody main,
Choak'd with the ſlaughter'd bodies of his train.
For fame he pray'd, but let th' event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his prayer.
Jove grant me length of life, and years good ſtore
Heap on my bended back, I aſk no more.
Both ſick and healthful, old and young conſpire
In this one ſilly miſchievous deſire.
Miſtaken bleſſing which old age they call,
'Tis a long, naſty, darkſome hoſpital,
A rropy chain of rheums; a viſage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a ſkin of buff.
A ſtitch fall'n cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles, as a ſkilful hand would draw
For an old grandam-ape, when, with a grace,
She ſits at ſquat, and ſcrubs her leathern face.
In youth, diſtinctions infinite abound;
No ſhape, or feature, juſt alike are found;
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the ſtrong;
But the ſame foulneſs does to age belong,
The ſelf-ſame palſy, both in limbs and tongue.
The ſkull and forehead one bald barren plain;
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain.
Beſides th' eternal drivel, that ſupplies
The dropping beard, from noſtrils, mouth, and eyes.
His wife and children loath him, and what's worſe,
Himſelf does his offenſive carrion curſe!
Flatterers forſake him too; for who would kill
Himſelf, to be remember'd in a will?
His taſte not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the reliſh of a nobler treat.
Thoſe ſenſes loſt, behold a new defeat,
The ſoul diſlodging from another ſeat.
What muſic, or enchanting voice, can chear
A ſtupid, old, impenetrable ear?
No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre he ſits to ſee;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear:
Under an actor's noſe, he's never near.
His boy muſt bawl, to make him underſtand
The hour o' th' day, or ſuch a lord's at hand:
The little blood that creeps within his veins,
Is but juſt warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no limb about him ſound:
With ſores and ſickneſſes beleaguer'd round:
Aſk me their names, I ſooner could relate
How many drudges on ſalt Hippia wait;
What crowds of patients the town doctor kills,
Or how, laſt fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.
What provinces by Baſilus were ſpoil'd,
What herds of heirs by guardians are beguil'd:
What lands and lordſhips for their owner know
My quondam barber, but his worſhip now.
This dotard of his broken back complains,
One his legs fail, and one his ſhoulder pains:
Another is of both his eyes bereft;
And envies who has one for aiming left.
A fifth, with trembling lips expecting ſtands,
As in his childhood, cramm'd by others hands;
One, who at ſight of ſupper open'd wide
His jaws before, and whetted grinders try'd;
Now only yawns, and waits to be ſupply'd:
Like a young ſwallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her failing mother brings.
His loſs of members is a heavy curſe
But all his faculties decay'd, are worſe!
His ſervants names he has forgotten quite;
Knows not his friend who ſupp'd with him laſt night.
Not ev'n the children he begot and bred;
Or his will knows them not: for, in their ſtead,
In form of law, a common hackney jade,
Sole heir, for ſecret ſervices, is made:
So lewd and ſu.h a batter'd brothel-whore,
That ſhe defies all comers, at her door.
Well, yet ſuppoſe his ſenſes are his own,
He lives to be chief mourner for his ſon:
Before his face his wife and brother burns;
He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
Theſe are the fines he pays for living long;
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong:
Griefs always green, a houſhold ſtill in tears,
Sad pomps: a threſhold throng'd with daily biers;
And liveries of black for length of years.
Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king
Was longeſt liv'd of any two legg'd thing;
Bleſt, to defraud the grave ſo long, to mount
His number'd years, and on his right-hand court;
Three hundred ſeaſons, guzzling muſt of wine:
But, hold a while, and hear himſelf repine
At Fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
Which, mercileſs in length, the ſiſters drew.
When his brave ſon upon the funeral pyre
He ſaw extended, and his beard on fire;
He turn'd, and, weeping, aſk'd his friends, what crime
Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time!
Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles ſlain,
And thus Ulyſſes' father did complain,

:e an end had Priam made,
ancestors a mighty shade,
yet stood: when Hector, with the

irds, might his funeral grace:
ars of Trojan dames mourn'd,
yal daughters truly mourn'd!
o blest him, he had dy'd before
t of Sparta Paris bore.
at age produc'd; he liv'd to see
lames, his falling monarchy:
:eble fire, reduc'd by fate,
sceptre for a sword, too late,
before Jove's altar tries;
, and half a sacrifice:
ox, that waits the coming blow;
ofitable to the plough.
dy'd a man; his queen surviv'd,
l in a barking body liv'd.
our own; nor will relate
dates, and rich Crœsus' fate;
wisely counsel'd to attend
happy, till he knew his end.
us was an exile, that he fled,
ruin'd Carthage beg'd his bread,
e owing to a life too long:
d Rome beheld so happy, young!
hariot, and with laurel crown'd,
led the Cimbrian captives round
trects; descending from his state,
nour he should have beg'd his fate;
ie might have dy'd of all admir'd,
iphant foul with shouts expir'd.
fortune's malice to prevent,
in indulgent favour sent:
ayers impos'd on heaven, to give
ov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
e and his conspir'd to save
erv'd for an Egyptian slave.
though a traitor to the state,
, 'scap d this ignominious fate:
who a bad cause bravely try'd,
:, and undiminish'd, dy'd.
the fond mother makes a prayer,
ons and daughters may be fair:
boys a mumbling vow she sends;
irls, the vaulted temple rends:
: finish'd pieces: 'tis allow'd
y made Latona proud:
to see the wondering people pray
ising sister of the day.
ucretia's fate would bar that vow:
ginia would her fate bestow
nd change her faultless make
umple of her carnel-back.
s mother's boy the beau, what frights
ave by day, what anxious nights!
with virtue, is a sight too rare:
epithet to suit with fair.
ame traditionary strain
mers, in the house remain;
th, an old plain Sabine's heart;
Nature, too, has done her part;
is soul a sober grace,
a modest blood into his face,

(For Nature is a better guardian far,
Than saucy pedants, or dull tutors are:)
Yet still the youth must ne'er arrive at man;
(So much almighty bribes, and presents, can;)
Ev'n with a parent, where persuasions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.
We never heard of such a tyrant king
Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him sing.
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a mistress of an ugly page:
Sporus, his spouse, nor crooked was, nor lame,
With mountain-back, and belly, from the game
Cross-barr'd: but both his sexes well became.
Go, boast your Spring al, by his beauty curst
To ills; nor think I have declar'd the worst;
His form procures him journey-work; a strife
Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's wife:
Guess, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beasts offended cuckolds are.
Adulterers are with dangers round beset;
Born under Mars, they cannot scape the net;
And from revengeful husbands oft have try'd
Worse handling, than severest laws provide:
One stabs; one slashes; one, with cruel art,
Makes Colon suffer for the peccant part.
But your Endymion, your smooth, smock'd-fac'd boy,
Unrival'd, shall a beauteous dame enjoy:
Not so: one more sallacious, rich, and old,
Outbids, and buys her pleasure for her gold;
Now he must moil, and drudge, for one he loaths;
She keeps him high, in equipage and cloaths:
She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
In all things else immoral, stingy, mean;
But, in her lusts, a conscionable quean.
She may be handsome, yet be chaste, you say;
Good observator, not so fast away:
Did it not cost the modest youth his life,
Who shunn'd th' embraces of his father's wife?
And was not t' other stripling forc'd to fly,
Who coldly did his patron's queen deny;
And pleaded laws of hospitality?
The ladies charg'd them home, and turn'd the tale,
With shame they redden'd, and with spite grew pale.
'Tis dangerous to deny the longing dame;
She loses pity, who has lost her shame.
Now Silius wants thy counsel, gives advice;
Wed Cæsar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.
Her comet-eyes she darts on every grace;
And takes a fatal liking to his face.
Adorn'd with bridal pomp she sits in state;
The public notaries and Aruspex wait:
The genial bed is in the garden dress't:
The portion paid, and every rite express'd,
Which in a Roman marriage is profest.
'Tis no stol'n wedding, this, rejecting awe,
She scorns to marry, but in form of law:
In this moot case, your judgment: to refuse,
Is present death, besides the night you lose:
If you consent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
A day or two of anxious life you gain:
Till loud reports through all the town have past,
And reach the prince: for cuckolds hear the last.

Indulge thy pleaſure, youth, and take thy ſwing:
For not to take is but the ſelf-ſame thing:
Inevitable death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly through a lady's eyes.
What then remains? Are we depriv'd of will,
Muſt we not wiſh, for fear of wiſhing ill?
Receive my counſel, and ſecurely move;
Intruſt thy fortune to the powers above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want:
In goodneſs, as in greatneſs, they excel;
Ah, that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well!
We, blindly by our headſtrong paſſions led,
Are hot for action, and deſire to wed;
Then wiſh for heirs: but to the gods alone
Our future offspring, and our wives, are known;
Th' audacious ſtrumpet, and ungracious ſon.
Yet not to rob the prieſts of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the gods the reſt, and ſtand confin'd
To health of body, and content of mind:
A ſoul, that can ſecurely death defy,
And count it Nature's privilege to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to ſuſtain
The load of life, and exercis'd in pain:
Guiltleſs of hate, and proof againſt deſire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire:
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble eaſe.
The path to peace is Virtue: what I ſhow,
Thyſelf may freely on thyſelf beſtow:
Fortune was never worſhip'd by the wiſe;
But, ſet aloft by fools, uſurps the ſkies.

THE

SIXTEENTH SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet, in this ſatire, proves, that the condition of a ſoldier is much better than that of a countryman: firſt, becauſe a countryman, however affronted, provoked, and ſtruck himſelf, dares not ſtrike a ſoldier; who is only to be judged by a court martial: and by the laws of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is alſo aſſured to have a ſpeedy hearing, and quick diſpatch: whereas, the townſman or peaſant is delayed in his ſuit by frivolous pretences, and not ſure of juſtice when he is heard in the court: The ſoldier is alſo privileged to make a will, and to give away his eſtate, which he got in war, to whom he pleaſes, without conſideration of parentage, or relations; which is denied to all other Romans. This ſatire was written by Juvenal, when he was a commander in Ægypt: it is certainly his, though I think it not finiſhed. And if it be well obſerved, you will find he intended an invective againſt a ſtanding army.

WHAT vaſt prerogatives, my Gallus, are
Accruing to the mighty man of war!
For, if into a lucky camp I light,
Though raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,
Befriend me, my good ſtars, and all goes right:
One happy hour is to a ſoldier better,
Than mother Juno's recommending letter,
Or Venus, when to Mars ſhe would prefer
My ſuit, and own the kindneſs done to her.
See what our common privileges are:
As, firſt, no ſaucy citizen ſhould dare
To ſtrike a ſoldier, nor, when ſtruck, reſent
The wrong, for fear of farther puniſhment:
Not though his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a ſtring, in bumps his forehead riſe,
Shall he preſume to mention his diſgrace,
Or beg amends for his demoliſh'd face.
A booted judge ſhall ſit to try his cauſe,
Not by the ſtatute, but by martial laws;
Which old Camillus order'd, to confine
The brawls of ſoldiers to the trench and line:
A wiſe proviſion; and from thence 'tis clear,
That officers a ſoldier's cauſe ſhould hear:
And, taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honeſt man may hope to be reliev'd.
So far 'tis well: but with a general cry,
The regiment will riſe in mutiny,
The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to diſband.
Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace;
The remedy is worſe than the diſeaſe:
This cauſe is worthy him, who in the hall
Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl:
But wouldſt thou, friend, who haſt two legs alone,
(Which, heaven be prais'd, thou yet may'ſt call thy own)
Would'ſt thou, to run the gauntlet, theſe expoſe
To a whole company of hob-nail'd ſhoes?
Sure the good-breeding of wiſe citizens
ſhould teach them more good-nature to their ſhins.
Beſides, whom can'ſt thou think ſo much thy friend,
Who dares appear thy buſineſs to defend?
Dry up thy tears, and pocket up th' abuſe,
Nor put thy friend to make a ſad excuſe.
The judge cries out, Your evidence produce.
Will he, who ſaw the ſoldier's mutton-faſt,
And ſaw thee maul'd appear within the liſt,
To witneſs truth? When I ſee one ſo brave,
The dead, think I, are riſen from the grave;
And with their long ſpade beards, and matted hair,
Our honeſt anceſtors are come to take the air.
Againſt a clown, with more ſecurity,
A witneſs may be brought to ſwear a lye,
Than, though his evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a truth againſt a man of war.
More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,
Which are a ſtanding army's perquiſites.
If any rogue vexatious ſuits advance
Againſt me for my known inheritance,

nce my fruitful grounds,
cred land-mark from my bounds,
, which with poſſeſſion and with
,
akes, have been my annual care:
tors do not keep their day,
ds, and then refuſe to pay;
patience, all the terms attend,
ommon cauſes that depend,
ill'd; and that long look'd-for day
er'd with ſome new delay:
loth of ſtate is only ſpread,
uorum may be ſick a-bed;
hot, and doffs his gown, while this
s bowſy, and goes out to piſs:
appear, the time is gone
and the tedious ſuit goes on:
elt-men never know theſe cares,
trick of law their action bars:
ey to an eaſier iſſue put;
eard, or they lug out, and cut.
anch of their revenue ſtill
ond their boundleſs right to kill,
yet alive, impower'd to make a

ir proweſs gain'd, the law declares
es alone, and to their heirs:
hat goes back to the begetter,
fights well, and plunders better,
rantis, his old ſhaking ſire
brance in his will deſire:
fights, and longs in vain
n the number of the ſlain:
es, and riſing by the war,
ins, and has enough to ſpare:
le general's prudent part
lour, and reward deſert:
daub'd with lace, live high, and
;
louſy, but be never poor.

NSLATIONS

FROM

ERSIUS.

THE

RST SATIRE

OF

R S I U S.

f the PROLOGUE *to the Firſt Satire.*

the author was to conceal his name and le lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in moſt of his ſatires. For which reaſon, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the buſineſs of the firſt ſatire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in faſhion, and the impudence of thoſe who were endeavouring to paſs their ſtuff upon the world.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

FIRST SATIRE.

I Never did on cleft Parnaſſus dream,
Nor taſte the ſacred Heliconian ſtream;
Nor can remember when my brain, inſpir'd,
Was, by the Muſes, into madneſs fir'd.
My ſhare in pale Pyrene I reſign;
And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
Statues, with winding ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler poets, for a nobler ſong:
Heedleſs of verſe, and hopeleſs of the crown,
Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown,
Before the ſhrine I lay my rugged numbers down.
Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
Or with a voice endued the chattering pye?
'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appeaſe:
Want taught their maſters, and their maſters theſe.
Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
The hungry witlings have it in their eye;
Pyes, crows, and daws, poetic preſents bring:
You ſay they ſqueak; but they will ſwear they ſing.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST SATIRE.

I need not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is againſt bad poets in this ſatire. But I muſt add, that he includes alſo bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill placed and worſe applied. Among the poets, Perſius covertly ſtrikes at Nero; ſome of whoſe verſes he recites with ſcorn and indignation. He alſo takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who, in the luxury of their fortunes, ſet up for wits and judges. The ſatire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who diſſuades him from this dangerous attempt of expoſing great men. But Perſius, who is of a free ſpirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all theſe difficulties, and boldly arraigns the falſe judgment of the age in which he lived. The reader may obſerve that our poet was a Stoick philoſopher; and that all his moral ſentences, both here and in all the reſt of his ſatires, are drawn from the dogmas of that ſect.

THE

FIRST SATIRE.

In Dialogue betwixt the POET and his FRIEND or MONITOR.

PERSIUS.

HOW anxious are our cares, and yet how vain
The best of our desires!

Friend. Thy spleen contain:
For none will read thy satires.

Persius. This to me?

Friend. None; or what's next to none, but two or three.
'Tis hard, I grant.

Persius. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry scribblers have the public ear:
That this vast universal fool, the town,
Should cry up Labeo's stuff, and cry me down.
They damn themselves; nor will my Muse descend
To clap with such, who fools and knaves commend:
Their smiles and censures are to me the same:
I care not what they praise, or what they blame.
In full assemblies let the crowd prevail:
I weigh no merit by the common scale.
The conscience is the test of every mind;
"Seek not thyself, without thyself, to find."
But where's that Roman?—Somewhat I would say,
But fear;—let fear, for once, to truth give way.
Truth lends the Stoick courage: when I look
On human acts, and read in Nature's book,
From the first pastimes of our infant age,
To elder cares, and man's severer page;
When stern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
We lash the pupil, and defraud the ward;
Then, then I say,—or would say, if I durst—
But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or burst.

Friend. Once more forbear.

Persius. I cannot rule my spleen;
My scorn rebels, and tickles me within.
First, to begin at home: our authors write
In lonely rooms, secur'd from public sight;
Whether in prose, or verse, 'tis all the same:
The prose is fustian, and the numbers lame.
All noise, and empty pomp, a storm of words,
Labouring with sound, that little sense affords.
They comb, and then they order every hair:
A gown, or white, or scour'd to whiteness, wear:
A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear.
Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepar'd,
They mount, a God's name, to be seen and heard.
From their high scaffold, with a trumpet cheek,
And ogling all their audience ere they speak.
The nauseous nobles, ev'n the chief of Rome,
With gaping mouths to these rehearsals come,
And pant with pleasure, when some lusty line
The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.
At open fulsome bawdry they rejoice,
And slimy jest applaud with broken voice.
Base prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy bread?
Thus dost thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?
At his own filthy stuff he grins and brays:
And gives the sign where he expects their praise.
Why have I learn'd, say'st thou, if, thus confin'd,
I choke the noble vigour of my mind?
Know, my wild fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,
Will split the quarry, and shoot out the head.
Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
Dar'st thou apply that adage of the school:
As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
And "science is not science till reveal'd?"
Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to see
The crowd, with pointing fingers, cry, That's he;
That's he whose wondrous poem is become
A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
Who, by their fathers, is at feasts renown'd;
And often quoted when the bowls go round.
Full gorg'd and flust'r'd, they wantonly rehearse;
And add to wine the luxury of verse.
One, clad in purple, not to lose his time,
Eats, and recites some lamentable rhyme:
Some senseless Phillis, in a broken note,
Snuffling at nose, and croaking in his throat:
Then graciously the mellow audience nod:
Is not th' immortal author made a God?
Are not his manes blest, such praise to have?
Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?
And roses (while his loud applause they sing)
Stand ready from his sepulchre to spring?
All these, you cry, but light objections are;
Mere malice, and you drive the jest too far.
For does there breathe a man, who can reject
A general fame, and his own lines neglect?
In cedar tablets worthy to appear,
That need not fish, or frankincense, to fear?
Thou, whom I make the adverse part, to bear,
Be answer'd thus: If I by chance succeed
In what I write, (and that's a chance indeed)
Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel praise, or fame's deserv'd reward:
But this I cannot grant, that thy applause
Is my work's ultimate, or only cause.
Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a prize;
For mark what vanity within it lies.
Like Labeo's Iliads, in whose verse is found
Nothing but trifling care, and empty sound:
Such little elegies as nobles write,
Who would be poets, in Apollo's spite.
Them and their woeful works the Muse defies:
Products of citron-beds, and golden canopies.
To give thee all thy due, thou hast the heart
To make a supper, with a fine dessert:
And to thy thread-bare friend, a cast old suit impart.
Thus lrib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him, Tell me friend,
(For I love truth, nor can plain speech offend,)
What says the world of me and of my Muse?
The poor dare nothing tell but flattering news:

Thy verſe is wretched rhyme;
are but loſs of time.
ſwells, thy paunch is high;
ut thou piſſeſt poetry.

eir own defects are blind;
nus like, a face behind,
what ſplay-mouths they make;
ers, pointed at thy back:
l out, a foot beyond the pitch,
of an Apulian bitch:
are with flattery fed;
l their faults, who eat their

patrician blood,
non reader takes for good?
is, when numbers flow,
and without ſpirit flow:
al, that no ſight can find
he poliſh'd piece was join'd.
ach a ſteady view,
ye to level true.
r vice his ſatire ſtings,
or the rage of kings,
alike in all;
rife, and fears no fall.

ve ſee, ſome raw pin-feather'd

, and fights and heroes ſing;
intities, was whipt at ſchool
nd breaking grammar-rule,
as never try'd above
ion of a native grove:
w to praiſe the country ſtore,
kets, nor the fatted boar;
ery fields that paint them-
e.
as bred, and Quintius born,
ghſhare was in furrows worn,
ng wife, returning home,
d, as chief of Rome:
at from the dictator's brow;
his robe did rudely throw;
ſtate their lord's triumphant

ar the ſuſtian poet roar;
uated authors pore:
e; and think thoſe only good
and leaſt are underſtood.
ee the blear-ey'd fathers teach
irſh and mouldy ſort of ſpeech;
ſected ways to try,
neſs, female poetry;
e from whence this motly ſtile
an purity defile:
s cannot keep their ſeat;
at all that's obſolete.
iſh oſtentation led,
e the bar, to ſave their head,
es, inſtead of ſolid ſenſe:
gures more than their defence.
r their thick-ſkull'd judges cry,
nely ſaid, and decently:
uſer) to thy charge I lay,
does gentle Pedius ſay?

Studious to pleaſe the genius of the times,
With periods, points, and tropes, he ſlurs his crimes:
" He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor;
" And took but with intention to reſtore."
He lards with flouriſhes his long harangue;
'Tis fine, ſay'ſt thou; what, to be prais'd, and hang?
Effeminate Roman, ſhall ſuch ſtuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail?
Say, ſhould a ſhipwreck'd ſailor ſing his woe,
Would'ſt thou be mov'd to pity, or beſtow
An alms? What's more prepoſterous than to ſee
A merry beggar? Mirth in Miſery?

Perſius. He ſeems a trap, for charity, to lay:
And cons, by night, his leſſon for the day.

Friend. But to raw numbers, and unfiniſh'd verſe,
Sweet ſound is added now, to make it terſe:
" 'Tis tagg'd with rhyme, like Berecynthian Atys,
" The mid-part chimes with art, which never flat is.
" The dolphin brave, that cuts the liquid wave,
" Or he who in his line, can chine the long-ribb'd " Apennine."

Perſius. All this is doggrel ſtuff.

Friend. What if I bring
A nobler verſe? " Arms and the man I ſing."

Perſius. Why name you Virgil with ſuch ſops as theſe?
He's truly great, and muſt for ever pleaſe:
Nor fierce, but awful, in his manly page;
Bold in his ſtrength, but ſober in his rage.

Friend. What poems think you ſoft? and to be read
With languiſhing regards, and bended head?

Perſius. " Their crooked horns the Mimallo-
" nian crew
" With blaſts inſpir'd; and Baſſaris who ſlew
" The ſcornful ca f, with ſword advanc'd on high,
" Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
" And Mænas, when with ivy bridles bound,
" She led the ſpotted lynx, then Evion rung a-
round;
" Evion from woods and floods repairing echo's
" ſound."
Could ſuch rude lines a Roman mouth become,
Were any manly greatneſs left in Rome?
Mænas and Atys in the mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the labouring head:
No blood from bitten nails thoſe poems drew:
But churn'd, like ſpittle, from the lips they flew.

Friend. 'Tis ſuſtian all; 'tis execrably bad;
But if they will be fools, muſt you be mad?
Your ſatires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The great will never bear ſo blunt a verſe.
Their doors are barr'd againſt a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you pleaſe, but you ſhall ſnarl without.
Expect ſuch pay as railing rhymes deſerve,
Y' are in a very hopeful way to ſtarve.

Perſius. Rather than ſo, uncenſur'd let them be;
All, is admirably well, for me.

My harmleſs rhyme ſhall 'ſcape the dire diſgrace
Of common-ſhores, and every piſſing-place.
Two painted ſerpents ſhall, on high, appear;
'Tis holy ground; you muſt not urine here.
This ſhall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little baubles, when they play.
Yet old Lucilius never fear'd the times,
But laſh'd the city, and diſſected crimes.
Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought;
He mouth'd them, and betwixt his grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd deſign,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join:
And, with a fly inſinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face.
Would raiſe a bluſh, where ſecret vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
With ſeeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
But made the deſperate paſſes when he ſmil'd.

Could he do this, and is my Muſe control'd
By ſervile awe? Born free, and not be bold?
At leaſt, I'll dig a hole within the ground;
And to the truſty earth commit the ſound:
The reeds ſhall tell you what the poet fears,
"King Midas has a ſnout, and aſſes ears."
This mean conceit, this darling myſtery,
Which thou think'ſt nothing, friend, thou ſhalt not buy,
Nor will I change for all the flaſhy wit,
That flattering Libeo, in his Iliads, writ.
Thou, if there be a thou in this baſe town,
Who dares, with angry Enpolis, to frown;
He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inſpir'd
With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd:
Who, at enormous villainy, turns pale,
And ſteers againſt it with a full-blown ſail,
Like Ariſtophanes, let him but ſmile
On this my honeſt work, though writ in homely ſtile:
And if two lines or three in all the vein
Appear leſs droſſy, read thoſe lines again.
May they perform their author's juſt intent,
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breaſt ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty:
Who Fortune's fault upon the poor can throw;
Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged ſhoe:
Lay Nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The dim weak eye-ſight, when the mind is clear,
When thou thyſelf, thus inſolent in ſtate,
Art but, perhaps, ſome country magiſtrate:
Whoſe power extends no farther than to ſpeak
Big on the bench, and ſcanty weights to break.

Him alſo, for my cenſor I diſdain,
Who thinks all ſcience, as all virtue, vain;
Who counts geometry, and numbers, toys;
And, with his foot, the ſacred duſt deſtroys:
Whoſe pleaſure is to ſee a ſtrumpet tear
A Cynick's beard, and lug him by the hair.
Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run;
But when the buſineſs of the day is done,
On dice, and drink, and drabs, they ſpend their afternoon.

THE

SECOND SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

This ſatire contains a moſt grave and philoſophic gument, concerning prayers and wiſhes. Ur edly it gave occaſion to Juvenal's tenth ſatire both of them had their original from one of dialogues, called the "Second Alcibiades." author has indulged it with great myſtery of a taking his riſe from the birth-day of his friend which occaſions, prayers were made, and ſa offered by the native. Perſius, commending rity of his friend's vows, deſcends to the impie immoral requeſts of others. The ſatire is divid three parts: the firſt is the exordium to Mi which the poet confines within the compaſs o verſes. The ſecond relates to the matter of the ers and vows, and an enumeration of thoſe wherein men commonly ſinned againſt right and offended in their requeſts. The third par fits in ſhewing the repugnances of theſe praye wiſhes, to thoſe of other men, and inconſiſtencies themſelves. He ſhews the original of theſe and ſcarply inveighs againſt them: and laſtly only corrects the falſe opinion of mankind mad them, but gives the true doctrine of all addreſſes to heaven, and how they may be made acceptable the Powers above, in excellent precepts, and worthy of a Chriſtian than a Heathen.

THE SECOND SATIRE.

Dedicated to his friend PLOTIUS MACRINUS his BIRTH-DAY.

LET this auſpicious morning be expreſt
With a white ſtone, diſtinguiſh'd from reſt:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added;
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy ſoul,
Till thy wit ſparkle, like the chearful bowl.
Pray; for thy prayers the teſt of heaven bear;
Nor need'ſt thou take the Gods aſide, to hear
While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome
Big ſwell'd with miſchief, to the temples come
And in low murmurs, and with coſtly ſmoke
Heaven's help, to proſper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the Gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for ſhame, conceal
Give me good fame, ye Powers, and make me juſt:
Thus much the rogue to public ears will truſt
In private, then:—When wilt thou, mighty Jove
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?

ı Thunderer's ſon, great Hercules,
hy bounteous Deity would pleaſe
y rake, upon the chinking ſound
t treaſure, hidden under ground!
ıy pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head;
'eſs th' eſtate, if he were dead!
;one with rickets, and with th' evil,
ıall doſe will ſend him to the devil.

y neighbour Nerius's third ſpouſe,
happy time he rids his houſe.
nal wife!—Grant heaven I may
.e the fellow of this day!
hou may'ſt the better bring about
thou art wickedly devout:
cking thrice, by break of day,
obſcenities of night away.
tell me, ('tis a ſmall requeſt)
ll thoughts of Jove art thou poſſeſt?
ıu prefer him to ſome man? Suppoſe
ng the worſt, and Statius choſe?
: two would thy wiſe head declare
tutor to an orphan-heir?
ius:—Unfold to Statius, ſtraight,
e's eat thou didſt impart of late?
and, O good Jupiter! will cry;
ndulge him in this villainy!
t thou, Jove himſelf, with patience

›rayer condemn'd by wicked men?
f care, he lolls ſupine in ſtate,
›is buſineſs to be done by fate?
:hunder ſplits ſome burley-tree,
darted at thy houſe and thee?
rengeance falls not at the time,
erpetration of thy crime:
thee a ſad object of our eyes,
ına's prayer and ſacrifice?
ed offering to appeaſe the God,
ful preſent to procure a nod,
ſtore? What bribe haſt thou prepar'd,
, thus unpuniſh'd, by the beard?

ſtirions with our life begin:
old grandam, or the next of kin,
rn infant from the cradle takes,
ſpittle a luſtration makes:
ſpawl her middle-finger dips,
temples, forehead, and the lips,
orce of magic to prevent,
her naſty excrement.
s him with many a mutter'd prayer
would make him ſome rich miſer's

lies, and in time a king;
ıfute, ſhe adds a length of navel-
;.
'urſe is fit to make a prayer:
! Jove be wiſe, will never hear;
ſhe prays in white, with lifted hands:
le of braſs the crone demands
'd nurſling, ſtrung with nerves of

e laſt, and with no toil to tire:
ble vows, which when we uſe,
ıe Gods, in reaſon, to refuſe.

Suppoſe they were indulgent to thy wiſh:
Yet the fat entrails, in the ſpacious diſh,
Would ſtop the grant: the very over-care
And nauſeous pomp, would hinder half the prayer.
Thou hop'ſt with ſacrifice of oxen ſlain
To compaſs wealth, and bribe the God of gain,
To give thee flocks and herds, with large increaſe;
Fool! to expect them from a bullock's greaſe!
And think'ſt that, when the fatten'd flames aſpire,
Thou ſeeſt the accompliſhment of thy deſire!
Now, now, my bearded harveſt gilds the plain,
The ſcanty folds can ſcarce my ſheep contain,
And ſhowers of gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank purſe declares his money gone.
Should I preſent them with rare figur'd plate,
Or gold as rich in workmanſhip as weight;
O how thy riſing heart would throb and beat,
And thy left ſide, with trembling pleaſure, ſweat!
Thou meaſur'ſt by thyſelf the Powers Divine;
The Gods are burniſh'd gold, and ſilver is their ſhrine.
Thy puny Godlings of inferior race,
Whoſe humble ſtatues are content with braſs,
Should ſome of theſe, in viſions purg'd from phlegm,
Foretel events, or in a morning dream;
Ev'n thoſe thou would'ſt in veneration hold;
And, if not faces, give them beards of gold.
The prieſts in temples, now no longer care
For Saturn's braſs, or Numa's earthen ware;
Or veſtal urns, in each religious rite:
This wicked gold has put them all to flight.
O ſouls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever groveling on the ground!
We bring our manners to the bleſt abodes,
And think what pleaſes us muſt pleaſe the Gods.
Of oil and caſſia one th' ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye in grain;
And makes Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian ſtain;
Or from the ſhells their orient treaſure takes,
Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes;
Then melts the maſs: all theſe are vanities!
Yet ſtill ſome profit from their pains may riſe:
But tell me, prieſt, if I may be ſo bold,
What are the Gods the better for this gold?
The wretch that offers from his wealthy ſtore
Theſe preſents, bribes the powers to give him more:
As maids to Venus offer baby-toys,
To bleſs the marriage bed with girls and boys.
But let us for the Gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great charges cannot bear:
A ſoul, where laws both human and divine,
In practice more than ſpeculation ſhine:
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the laſt receſſes of the mind:
When with ſuch offerings to the Gods I come,
A cake, thus given, is worth a hecatomb.

THE

THIRD SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author has made two ſatires concerning ſtudy; the firſt and the third: the firſt related to men; this to young ſtudents, whom he deſired to be educated in the ſtoick philoſophy: he himſelf ſuſtains the perſon of the maſter, or præceptor, in this admirable ſatire; where he upbraids the youth of ſloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one ſcholar reproaching his fellow-ſtudents with late riſing to their books. After which he takes upon him the other part of the teacher. And addreſſing himſelf particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that by reaſon of their high birth, and the great poſſeſſions of their fathers, they are careleſs of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philoſophy: and withal, inculcates to them the miſeries which will attend them in the whole courſe of their life, if they do not apply themſelves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of their creation, which he pathetically inſinuates to them. The title of this ſatire, in ſome ancient manuſcripts, was "The Reproach of Idleneſs;" though in others of the ſcholiaſts it is inſcribed, "Againſt the Luxury and Vices of the Rich." In both of which the intention of the poet is purſued; but principally in the former.

[I remember I tranſlated this ſatire when I was a King's ſcholar at Weſtminſter-ſchool, for a Thurſday night's exerciſe; and believe that it, and many other of my exerciſes of this nature, in Engliſh verſe, are ſtill in the hands of my learned maſter, the reverend Doctor Buſby.]

IS this thy daily courſe? The glaring ſun
Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
To ſhades, and noon-tide rays of ſummer ſhun,
Yet plung'd in ſloth we lie; and ſnore ſupine,
As fill'd with fumes of indigeſted wine.
This gives ſome ſober ſtudent bears;
And knocking rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, ſcarce half awake, eſſays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raiſe:
Then rubs his gummy eyes, and ſcrubs his pate;
And cries, I thought it had not been ſo late:
My cloaths make haſte: why then! if none be near,
He mutters firſt, and then begins to ſwear:
And brays aloud, with a more clamorous note,
Than an Arcadian aſs can ſtretch his throat.
With much ado, his book before him laid,
And parchment with the ſmoother ſide diſplay'd;
He takes the papers; lays them down again;
And, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen:
Some peeviſh quarrel ſtraight he ſtrives to pick;
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick;
Infuſe more water; now 'tis grown ſo thin
It ſinks, nor can the characters be ſeen.
O wretch, and ſtill more wretched every day!
Are mortals born to ſleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a man:
Eat pap and ſpoon-meat; for thy gewgaws cry:
Be ſullen, and refuſe the lullaby.
No more accuſe thy pen: but charge the crime
On native ſloth, and negligence of time.
Think'ſt thou thy maſter, or thy friends, to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thyſelf, and that's a worſe deceit.
Beware the public laughter of the town;
Thou ſpring'ſt a leak already in thy crown.
A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd veſſel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring ſound.
Yet, thy moiſt clay is pliant to command;
Unwrought, and eaſy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mold; now bend thy mind to feel
The firſt ſharp motions of the forming wheel.
But thou haſt land; a country-ſeat, ſecure
By a juſt title; coſtly furniture;
A fuming-pan thy Lares to appeaſe:
What need of learning, when a man's at eaſe?
If this be not enough to ſwell thy ſoul,
Then pleaſe thy pride, and ſearch the herald's roll,
Where thou ſhalt find thy famous pedigree,
Drawn from the root of ſome old Tuſcan tree;
And thou, a thouſand off, a fool of long degree.
Who, clad in purple, canſt thy cenſor greet;
And, loudly, call him couſin, in the ſtreet.
Such pageantry be to the people ſhown:
There boaſt they horſe's trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy ſhallow center, to the utmoſt ſkin:
Doſt thou not bluſh to live ſo like a beaſt,
So trim, ſo diſſolute, ſo looſely dreſt?
But 'tis in vain: the wretch is drench'd too deep;
His ſoul is ſtupid, and his heart aſleep;
Fatten'd in vice; ſo callous, and ſo groſs,
He ſins, and ſees not: ſenſeleſs of his loſs.
Down goes the wretch at once, unſkill'd to ſwim,
Hopeleſs to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.
Great Father of the Gods, when, for our crimes,
Thou ſend'ſt ſome heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant-king, the terror of his age,
The type, and true vicegerent of thy rage;
Thus puniſh him: ſet virtue in his ſight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces bright:
But ſet her diſtant, make him pale to ſee
His gains outweigh'd by loſt felicity!
Sicilian tortures, and the brazen bull,
Are emblems, rather than expreſs the full
Of what he feels: yet what he feels is more:
The wretch, who ſitting at his plenteous board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed ſword
Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with leſs dread, and more ſecurely dine.
Ev'n in his ſleep he ſtarts, and fears the knife,
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accompliſh wife;

rn, he goes; and from his darling friend
ıe woes his guilty dreams portend.
was young, I, like a lazy fool,
ır my eyes with oil, to ſtay from ſchool:
n pains, and loath to learn the part
ying with a dauntleſs heart:
uch my maſter, that ſtern virtue prais'd,
the vanquiſher the vanquiſh'd rais'd:
eas'd father came, with pride, to ſee
ſend the Roman liberty.
ı my ſtudy was to cog the dice,
ıuſly to throw the lucky ſice:
nes-ace, that ſwept my ſtakes away;
the box, for fear they ſhould convey
, and put upon me in the play.
:ſides, the whirling top to whip,
her giddy, till ſhe fell aſleep.
rs are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
ɔd or ill, and both their ends diſcern:
e ſtoick-porch, ſeverely bred,
the dogmas of great Zeno read:
he walls, by Polygnotus' hand,
er'd Medians in trunk-breeches ſtand.
ſhorn youth to midnight lectures riſe,
m their ſlumbers to be early wiſe:
e coarſe cake, and homely huſks of
ns,
pering riot the young ſtomach weans:
: the Samian Y directs thy ſteps to run
's narrow ſtreet, and broad-way Vice to
n.
ıou ſnor'ſt; thou draw'ſt thy drunken
ath,
lebauch; and ſleep'ſt the ſleep of death:
are fallen, and thy frame disjoin'd;
is diſſolv'd, as is thy mind.
ıu not, yet, propos'd ſome certain end,
thy life, thy every act, may tend?
no mark, at which to bend thy bow?
ıoy purſueſt the carrion crow
ts, and with ſtones, from tree to tree:
toil, and liv'ſt *extempore?*
diſeaſe in time: for, when within
y rages, and extends the ſkin,
r Hellebore the patient cries,
the doctor; but too late is wiſe:
for cure, he proffers half his wealth;
ınd Guibbons cannot give him health.
etches, learn the motions of the mind,
were made, for what you were de-
n'd;
reat moral end of human kind,
'elf: what rank or what degree
Creator has ordain'd for thee:
ıe offices of that eſtate
and with thy prudence guide thy fate.
y, to be heard: nor more deſire
ıt the decencies of life require.
ıat thou ow'ſt thy country, and thy
end;
quiſite to ſpare, and what to ſpend:
s; and after, envy not the ſtore
eas'd advocate, that grinds the poor:
'om the defended Umbrian draws;
gains the wealthy client's cauſe.

To whom the Marſians more proviſion ſend,
Than he and all his family can ſpend.
Gammons, that give a reliſh to the taſte,
And potted fowl, and fiſh, come in ſo faſt,
That ere the firſt is out, the ſecond ſtinks:
And mouldy mother gathers on the drinks.
But, here, ſome captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a ſoldier's wit;
Cries, I have ſenſe to ſerve my turn, in ſtore;
And he's a raſcal who pretends to more.
Dammee, whate'er thoſe book-learn'd blockheads
ſay,
Solon's the veryeſt fool in all the play.
Top-heavy drones, and always looking down,
(As over-ballaſted within the crown!)
Muttering betwixt their lips ſome myſtic thing,
Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring,
Meer madmen's dreams: for what the ſchools
have taught,
Is only this, that nothing can be brought
From nothing; and, what is, can ne'er be
turn'd to nought.
Is it for this they ſtudy? to grow pale,
And miſs the pleaſures of a glorious meal?
For this, in rags accouter'd, are they ſeen,
And made the may-game of the public ſpleen?
Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
A ſtory, which is juſt thy parallel.
A ſpark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
Fell ſick, and thus to his phyſician ſaid:
Methinks I am not right in every part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart:
My pulſe unequal, and my breath is ſtrong;
Beſides a filthy fur upon my tongue.
The doctor heard him, exercis'd his ſkill:
And, after, bid him for four-days be ſtill.
Three days he took good counſel, and began
To mend, and look like a recovering man:
The fourth, he could not hold from drink; but
ſends
His boy to one of his old truſty friends:
Adjuring him, by all the powers divine,
To pity his diſtreſs, who could not dine
Without a flaggon of his healing wine,
He drinks a ſwilling draught; and, lin'd within,
Will ſupple in the bath his outward ſkin:
Whom ſhould he find but his phyſician there,
Who, wiſely, bade him once again beware.
Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is death.
'Tis nothing, ſays the fool: but, ſays the friend,
This nothing, Sir, will bring you to your end.
Do I not ſee your dropſy belly ſwell?
Your yellow ſkin?—No more of that; I 'm well.
I have already bury'd two or three
That ſtood betwixt a fair eſtate and me,
And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, I look ill; and thou look'ſt
worſe.
I 've done, ſays the phyſician; take your courſe.
The laughing ſot, like all unthinking men,
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks
again;
His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
And breathing through his jaws a belching ſteam:

Amidst his cups with fainting shivering seiz'd,
His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseas'd,
His hand refuses to sustain the bowl:
And his teeth chatter, and his eye-balls roll:
Till, with his meat he vomits out his soul:
Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
Our dear departed brother lies in state,
His heels stretch'd out, and pointed to the gate:
And slaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead master wait.
They hoist him on the bier, and deal the dole:
And there's an end of a luxurious fool.
But what's thy fulsome parable to me?
My body is from all diseases free:
My temperate pulse does regularly beat;
Feel, and be satisfy'd, my hands and feet:
These are not cold, nor those oppress with heat.
Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,
And thou shalt find me hale in every part.
I grant this true: but, still, the deadly wound
Is in thy soul; 'tis there thou art not sound.
Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting gold,
Or a more tempting harlot dost behold;
Then, when she casts on thee a side-long glance,
Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.
Some coarse cold sallad is before thee set;
Bread with the bran, perhaps, and broken meat;
Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.
These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth:
What, hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth;
Why stand'st thou picking? Is thy pallet sore?
That bete and radishes will make thee roar?
Such is th' unequal temper of thy mind;
Thy passions in extremes, and unconfin'd:
Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears,
As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears.
And, when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,
The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow;
When fed with fuel and with flames below.
With foam upon thy lips and sparkling eyes,
Thou say'st, and dost, in such outrageous wise;
That mad Orestes, if he saw the show,
Would swear thou wert the madder of the two.

THE

FOURTH SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble Poet Lucan: both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good men, how unsuccessfully he managed the commonwealth: and perhaps might guess at his future tyranny, by some passages, during the latter part of his first five years; though he broke not out into his great excesses, while he was restrained by the counsels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spared him in the poem of his Pharsalia; for his very compliment looked asquint as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with caution likewise. For here, in the person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state-affairs, without judgment or experience. It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this satire, sustain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed name. And, withal, discovers some secret vices of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to public notice. He also reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices pass for virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here described as a veil cast over the true meaning of the poet, which was to satirize his prodigality and voluptuousness; to which he makes a transition. I find no instance in history of that emperor's being a Pathique, though Persius seems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the poet took the arguments of the second and third satires, but he inverted the order of them: for the third satire is taken from the first of those dialogues.

The commentators, before Casaubon, were ignorant of our author's secret meaning; and thought he had only written against young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aspiring to public magistracy: but this excellent scholiast has unraveled the whole mystery; and made it apparent, that the sting of this satire was particularly aimed at Nero.

WHOE'ER thou art, whose forward years are bent
Or state affairs the guide to government;
Hear, first, what Socrates of old has said
To the lov'd youth, whom he at Athens bred.
Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles,
Our second hope, my Alcibiades,
What are the grounds, from whence thou dost prepare
To undertake, so young, so vast a care?
Perhaps thy wit (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence should prevent the beard);
'Tis seldom seen, that senators so young
Know when to speak, and when to hold their tongue.
Sure thou art born to some peculiar fate;
When the mad people rise against the state,
To look them into duty: and command
An awful silence with thy lifted hand.
Then to bespeak them thus: Athenians, know
Against right reason all our counsels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that;
Nor t'other question proper for debate.
But thou, no doubt, can'st set the business right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'st, with an equal hand, to hold the scale:
Seest where the reasons pinch, and where they fail,
And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail.

ght by inſpiration, in a trice,
iiſh crimes, and brand offending vice.
, leave to ſathom ſuch high points as
ieſe,
mbitious, ere the time to pleaſe:
ably wiſe, till age, and cares,
m'd thy ſoul, to manage great affairs.
, thy ſhape, thy outſide, are but vain;
t not ſtrength ſuch labours to ſuſtain;
ellebore, my boy, drink deep, and
urge thy brain,
aim'ſt thou at, and whither tends thy
ire,
thy utmoſt good? Delicious fare;
n, to ſun thyſelf in open air.
hold; are all thy empty wiſhes ſuch?
ld woman would have ſaid as much.
art nobly born, 'tis true; go boaſt
gree, the thing thou valu'ſt moſt:
thou art a beau: what's that, my child?
ell dreſt, extravagant and wild:
t cries herbs, has leſs impertinence;
her calling, more of common ſenſe.
none deſcends into himſelf, to find
et imperfections of his mind:
y one is eagle-ey'd to ſee
's faults, and his deformity.
: thou know Vectidius? Who, the wretch
nds beyond the Sabines largely ſtretch;
e country, that a ſailing kite
:e o'er-fly them, in a day and night;
t thou mean, who, ſpight of all his ſtore,
raving and will ſtill be poor?
:ats for half pence, and who doffs his coat,
a farthing in a ferry-boat?
lutton at another's coſt,
hoſe kitchen dwells perpetual froſt?
s and drinks with his domeſtic ſlaves;
hind than any of his knaves?
h the curſe and anger of the Gods,
: indulgent genius he defrauds?
ift-home, and on the ſhearing-day,
: ſhould thanks to Pan and Pales pay,
:er Ceres; trembling to approach
e barrel, which he fears to broach:
the wimble, often draws it back,
ls to thirſty ſervants but a ſmack.
rt meal he makes a tedious grace,
ie barley pudding comes in place:
ids fall on; himſelf, for ſaving charges,
ſlic'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice.
fares the drudge: but thou, whoſe life's a
ream
pleaſures, tak'ſt a worſe extreme.
hy buſineſs, buſineſs how to ſhun;
thy naked body in the ſun;
thy ſtiffen'd joints with fragrant oil:
the ſpacious garden, walk awhile,
the moiſture up, and ſoak it in:
, thou think'ſt, but vainly think'ſt, un-
:en.
know, thou art obſerv'd: and there are
oſe
they durſt, would all thy ſecret ſins ex-
oſe.
The depilation of thy modeſt part:
Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart,
His engine-hand, and every lewder art.
When, prone to bear, and patient to receiv
Thou tak'ſt the pleaſure which thou canſt n
With odorous oil thy head and hair are ſle
And then thou kemb'ſt the tuzzes on thy c
Of theſe thy barbers take a coſtly care,
While thy ſalt-tail is overgrown with hair.
Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,
Can ſmooth the roughneſs of thy ſhameful
Not five, the ſtrongeſt that the Circus bree
From the rank ſoil can root thoſe wicked v
Though ſuppled firſt with ſoap, to eaſe th
The ſtubborn fern ſprings up, and ſprouts
Thus others we with defamations woun
While they ſtab us; and ſo the jeſt goes r
Vain are thy hopes, to 'ſcape cenſorious c
Truth will appear through all the thin dif
Thou haſt an ulcer which no leech can he
Though thy broad ſhoulder-belt the wou
ceal.
Say thou art ſound and heal in every part,
We know, we know thee rotten at thy he
We know thee ſullen, impotent, and prou
Nor canſt thou cheat thy nerve, who chea
croud.
But when they praiſe me, in the neighbo
When the pleas'd people take me for a Go
Shall I refuſe their incenſe? Not receive
The loud applauſes which the vulgar give
If thou doſt wealth, with longing eyes,
And, greedily, art gaping after gold;
If ſome alluring girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink, with a laſcivious eye,
And thou with a conſenting glance, reply
If thou thy own ſolicitor become,
And bid'ſt ariſe the lumpiſh pendulum;
If thy lewd luſt provokes an empty ſtorm,
And prompts to more than nature can perf
If, with thy guards, thou ſcour'ſt the ſtr
night,
And doſt in murders, rapes, and ſpoils del
Pleaſe not thyſelf, the flattering crowd to
'Tis ſulſome ſtuff to feed thy itching ear.
Reject the nauſeous praiſes of the times;
Give thy baſe poets back thy cobbled rhyn
Survey thy ſoul, not what thou doſt appea
But what thou art; and find the beggar th

THE

FIFTH SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS

THE ARGUMENT.

The judicious Caſaubon, in his proem to thi
tells us, that Ariſtophanes the grammari

asked, what poem of Archilochus's Iambics he preferred before the reſt, anſwered, the longeſt. His anſwer may juſtly be applied to this fifth ſatire; which, being of a greater length than any of the reſt, is alſo, by far, the moſt inſtructive: for this reaſon I have ſelected it from all the others, and inſcribed it to my learned maſter, Doctor Buſby; to whom I am not only obliged myſelf for the beſt part of my own education, and that of my two ſons; but have alſo received from him the firſt and trueſt taſte of Perſius. May he be pleaſed to find in this tranſlation, the gratitude, or at leaſt ſome ſmall acknowledgment of his unworthy ſcholar, at the diſtance of twenty-four years, from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This ſatire conſiſts of two diſtinct parts: the firſt contains the praiſes of the ſtoick philoſopher Cornutus, maſter and tutor to our Perſius. It alſo declares the love and piety of Perſius, to his well-deſerving maſter; and the mutual friendſhip which continued betwixt them, after Perſius was now grown a man. As alſo his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themſelves into his inſtitution. From whence he makes an artful tranſition into the ſecond part of his ſubject: wherein he firſt complains of the ſloth of ſcholars, and afterwards perſuades them to the purſuit of their true liberty: Here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoicks, which affirms, that only the wiſe or virtuous man is free; and that all vicious men are naturally ſlaves. And, in the illuſtration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable ſatire.

THE

FIFTH SATIRE.

Inſcribed to the Reverend Dr. BUSBY.

The Speakers PERSIUS and CORNUTUS.

PERSIUS.

OF ancient uſe to poets it belongs,
To wiſh themſelves an hundred mouths and tongues:
Whether to the well lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend the labours of the ſtage,
Or ſing the Parthian, when tranſfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman javelin from his thighs.

CORNUTUS.

And why would'ſt thou theſe mighty morſels chuſe,
Of words unchew'd, and fit to choak the Muſe?
Let ſuſtian poets, with their ſtuff, be gone,
And ſuck the miſts that hang o'er Helicon;
When Progne or Thyeſtes' feaſt they write;
And, for the mouthing actor, verſe indite.
Thou neither, like a bellows, ſwell'ſt thy face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning maſs
Of melting ore; nor canſt thou ſtrain thy throat,
Or murmur in an undiſtinguiſh'd note,
Like rolling thunder till it breaks the cloud,
And raiſing nonſenſe is diſcharg'd aloud.
Soft elocution does thy ſtyle renown,
And the ſweet accents of the peaceful gown:
Gentle or ſharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to laſh at vice.
Hence draw thy theme, and to the ſtage permit
Raw-head and bloody-bones, and hands and feet,
Ragouſts for Tereus or Thyeſtes dreſt;
'Tis taſk enough for thee t' expoſe a Roman feaſt.

PERSIUS.

'Tis not, indeed, my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to ſwell my page
With wind and noiſe; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the ſecrets of my heart;
And, in familiar ſpeech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my heart: for thou haſt ſkill to find
If it ſound ſolid, or be fill'd with wind;
And, through the veil of words, thou view'ſt the naked mind.
For this a hundred voices I deſire,
To tell thee what a hundred tongues would tire;
Yet never could be worthily expreſt,
How deeply thou art ſeated in my breaſt.
When firſt my childiſh robe reſign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
When now my golden bulla (hung on high
To houſhold Gods) declar'd me paſt a boy;
And my white ſhield proclaim'd my liberty:
When with my wild companions I could roll
From ſtreet to ſtreet, and ſin without control;
Juſt at that age, when manhood ſet me free,
I then depos'd myſelf, and left the reins to thee.
On thy wiſe boſom I repos'd my head,
And by my better Socrates was bred.
Then thy ſtraight rule ſet virtue in my ſight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reaſon took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and poliſh'd by thy ſkilful hand:
Long ſummer-days thy precepts I rehearſe;
And winter-nights were ſhort in our converſe:
One was our labour, one was our repoſe,
One frugal ſupper did our ſtudies cloſe.
Sure on our birth ſome friendly planet ſhone;
And, as our ſouls, our horoſcope was one:
Whether the mounting Twins did heaven adorn,
Or with the riſing Balance we were born;
Both have the ſame impreſſions from above:
And both have Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.
What ſtar I know not, but ſome ſtar I find,
Has given thee an aſcendant o'er my mind.

CORNUTUS.

Nature is ever various in her frame:
Each has a different will; and few the ſame:
The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies, and the riſing ſun;
From thence hot pepper and rich drugs they bear,
Bartering, for ſpices, their Italian ware;
The lazy glutton ſafe at home will keep,
Indulge his ſloth and batten with his ſleep:
One bribes for high preferments in the ſtate;
A ſecond ſhakes the box, and ſits up late:
Another ſhakes the bed, diſſolving there,
Till knots upon his gouty joint appear,

, in his crippled fingers found;
doddard oak, and piecemeal falls to
ıd;
/d follies he would late repent;
years, that in a miſt were ſpent.

PERSIUS.

art pale, in nightly ſtudies, grown,
: ſtoick inſtitutes thy own:
/ith ſtudious care haſt till'd our youth,
ur well-purg'd ears with wholeſome
.
ıth old and young, with profit, learn
of good and evil to diſcern.

CORNUTUS.

he who does this work adjourn,
orrow would the ſearch delay:
row will be like to-day.

PERSIUS.

day of eaſe too much to borrow?

CORNUTUS.

. for yeſterday was once to-morrow.
ay is gone, and nothing gain'd:
ruitleſs days will thus be drain'd;
t more to-morrows yet to aſk,
ever to begin thy taſk;
ıe hindmoſt chariot wheels art curſt,
ar, but ne'er to reach the firſt.
firſt delight of human kind!
ich bondmen from their maſters find,
e of doles: not yet t' inſcribe
in this or t' other Roman tribe:
ıfranchiſement with eaſe is found:
ade citizens, by turning round.
s one, can any be more free?
a, once a groom of low degree,
farthing and a ſot beſide;
ue, for lying's ſake he ly'd;
turn a freeman he became;
s Dama is his worſhip's name.
who would refuſe to lend a ſum,
Marcus ſurety will become!
ade a judge, and for a proof
uth, He ſaid, it is enough.
ıe prov'd; put in your claim;
Marcus has ſubſcrib'd his name.
iberty, as I believe:
: farther from our caps receive,
pleaſe without control to live?
noble Brutus could belong.
ıe ſtoick, your aſſumption's wrong:
freedom you have well deſin'd:
ıs you liſt, and to your mind,
tack'd, all muſt be left behind.
the prætor did my fetters looſe,
freely at my own diſpoſe,
ve without control and awe,
ll the letter of the law?
with patience while thy mind I free
ond notions of falſe liberty:
prætor's province to beſtow
n; nor to teach mankind to know
ſelves, or to our friends, we owe.
: ſet thee free from cares and ſtrife,
: reins to a lewd vicious life:

As well he for an aſs a harp might ſtring,
Which is againſt the reaſon of the thing;
For reaſon ſtill is whiſpering in your ear,
Where you are ſure to fail, th' attempt forbear.
No need of public ſanctions this to bind,
Which Nature has implanted in the mind:
Not to purſue the work, to which we 're not deſign'd.
Unſkill'd in hellebore, if thou ſhould'ſt try
To mix it, and miſtake the quantity,
The rules of phyſic would againſt thee cry.
The high-ſhoe'd ploughman, ſhould he quit the land,
To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
Artleſs of ſtars, and of the moving ſand,
The gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all ſhame was loſt in human kind.
Tell me, my friend, from whence hadſt thou the ſkill,
So nicely to diſtinguiſh good from ill?
Or by the ſound to judge of gold and braſs,
What piece is tinker's metal, what will paſs?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to ſpare,
But never craving, or oppreſt with care?
The baits of gifts, and money to deſpiſe,
And look on wealth with undeſiring eyes?
When thou can'ſt truly call theſe virtues thine,
Be wiſe and free, by heaven's conſent, and mine.
But thou, who lately, of the common ſtrain,
Wert one of us, if ſtill thou doſt retain
The ſame ill habits, the ſame follies too,
Gloſs'd over only with a ſaint-like ſhow,
Then I reſume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and ſtill a ſlave.
Thou canſt not wag thy finger, or begin
"The leaſt light motion, but it tends to ſin."
How's this? Not wag thy finger, he replies?
No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor ſacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free, or wiſe.
"Virtue and vice are never in one ſoul:
"A man is wholly wiſe, or wholly is a fool."
A heavy bumkin, taught with daily care,
Can never dance three ſteps with a becoming air.

PERSIUS.

In ſpite of this, my freedom ſtill remains.

CORNUTUS.

Free! what, and fetter'd with ſo many chains?
Canſt thou no other maſter underſtand
Than him that freed thee by the prætor's wand?
Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
With a harſh voice, and ſupercilious brow,
To ſervile duties, thou would'ſt fear no more;
The gallows and the whip are out of door.
But if thy paſſions lord it in thy breaſt,
Art thou not ſtill a ſlave, and ſtill oppreſt?
Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou would'ſt take a lazy morning's nap;
Up, up, ſays Avarice; thou ſnor'ſt again,
Stretcheſt thy limbs, and yawn'ſt, but all in vain;
The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
At his command th' unwilling ſluggard wakes:

What muſt I do? he cries: What? ſays his lord:
Why, riſe, make ready, and go ſtraight abroad:
With fiſh, from Euxine ſeas, thy veſſel freight;
Flax, caſtor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incenſe, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back:
And with poſt-haſte thy running markets make.
Be ſure to turn the penny; lye and ſwear;
'Tis wholeſome ſin: but Jove, thou ſay'ſt, will hear:
Swear, fool, or ſtarve; for the dilemma's even:
A tradeſman thou! and hope to go to heaven?
Reſolv'd for ſea, the ſlaves thy baggage pack,
Each ſaddled with his burden on his back:
Nothing retards thy voyage, now, unleſs
Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuouſneſs:
And he may aſk this civil queſtion: Friend,
What doſt thou make a ſhip-board? to what end?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
Stark, ſtaring mad, that thou would'ſt tempt the ſea?
Cubb'd in a cabbin, on a mattreſs laid,
On a brown george, with lowſy ſwobbers fed,
Dead wine, that ſtinks of the borrachio, ſup
From a foul jack, or greaſy maple-cup?
Say, would'ſt thou bear all this, to raiſe thy ſtore
From ſix i' th' hundred, to ſix hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
For, not to live at eaſe, is not to live;
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does ſome looſe remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.
Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleaſure, chuſe
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuſe.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt them both, wilt be a ſlave.
Nor think, when once thou haſt reſiſted one,
That all thy marks of ſervitude are gone:
The ſtruggling greyhound gnaws his leaſh in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, ſtill he drags the chain.
Says Phædra to his man, Believe me, friend,
To this uneaſy love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? my friends diſgrace
And be the firſt lewd unthrift of my race?
Shall I the neighbours nightly reſt invade
At her deaf doors, with ſome vile ſerenade?
Well haſt thou freed thyſelf, his man replies,
Go, thank the Gods, and offer ſacrifice.
Ah, ſays the youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?
Weak ſoul! and blindly to deſtruction led!
She break her heart! ſhe'll ſooner break your head.
She knows her man, and, when you rant and ſwear,
Can draw you to her, with a ſingle hair.
But ſhall I not return? Now, when ſhe ſues!
Shall I my own, and her deſires refuſe?
Sir, take your courſe: but my advice is plain:
Once freed, 'tis madneſs to reſume your chain.
Ay; there's the man, who, loos'd from la
pelf,
Leſs to the prætor owes, than to himſelf.
But write him down a ſlave, who, humbly
With preſents begs preferments from the cro
That early ſuppliant, who ſalutes the tribes
And ſets the mob to ſcramble for his bribes:
That ſome old dotard, ſitting in the ſun,
On holidays may tell, that ſuch a feat was
In future times this will be counted rare.
Thy ſuperſtition too may claim a ſhare:
When flowers are ſtrew'd, and lamps in
plac'd,
And windows with illuminations grac'd,
On Herod's day; when ſparkling bowls go
And tunnies tails, in ſavoury ſauce are drew
Thou mutter'ſt prayers obſcene; nor doſt re
The faſts and ſabbaths of the curtail'd Jews
Then a crack'd egg-ſhell thy ſick fancy frig
Beſides the childiſh fear of walking ſprights.
Of o'ergrown gelding prieſts thou art afraid
The timbrel, and the ſquintiſego maid
Of Iſis, awe thee: left the Gods, for ſin,
Should, with a ſwelling dropſy, ſtuff thy ſki
Unleſs three garlick-heads the curſe avert,
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart.
Preach this among the brawny guards, ſay'ſt
And ſee if they thy doctrine will allow;
The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep t
Would bellow out a laugh, in a baſe note;
And prize a hundred Zeno's juſt as much
As a clipt ſixpence, or a ſchilling Dutch.

THE

SIXTH SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS

THE ARGUMENT.

*This ſixth ſatire treats an admirable common-pl
moral philoſophy; of the true uſe of riches.
certainly are intended, by the power who
them, as inſtruments and helps of living comm
ourſelves; and of adminiſtering to the wants of
who are oppreſſed by fortune. There are tw
tremes in the opinions of men concerning them.
error, though on the right hand, yet a great m
that they are no helps to a virtuous life; the
places all our happineſs in the acquiſition and po
of them: and this is, undoubtedly, the worſt ext
The mean betwixt theſe, is the opinion of the St
which is, that riches may be uſeful to the l
a virtuous life; in caſe we rightly underſtand
to give according to right reaſon, and how t
ceive what is given us by others. The wit*

, is called liberality: and it is of this Perſius writes in this ſatire; wherein ſhews the lawful uſe of riches, but alſo ighs againſt the vices which are oppoſed eſpecially of thoſe, which conſiſt in the iving or ſpending; or in the abuſe of wrltes to Caſſius Baſſus his friend, and Enquires firſt of his health and ſtudies; rds informs him of his own, and where ſident. He gives an account of himſelf, deavouring, by little and little, to wear; and particularly, that he is combating d the deſire of wealth. He dwells upon ice: and, being ſenſible that few men or uſe riches as they ought, he endeavours hem of their folly; which is the main whole ſatire.

SIXTH SATIRE.

US BASSUS, A LYRIC POET.

r caus'd thee, friend, to change thy

abine air a warm retreat?
yet the Roman harp command?
anſwer to thy noble hand?
of the Muſe, inſpir'd to ſing
of the firſt-created ſpring;
of Nature to rehearſe,
Maker's work, in equal verſe.
on thy lyre the loves of youth,
age, and venerable truth;
ſtly Sappho's wanton art
Pindar's more majeſtic part.
y warmer conſtitution wants
an our Ligurian winter grants;
, to my native ſhores retir'd,
aſt old Ennius once admir'd;
n either ſides their points diſplay;
pening in an ampler way,
aſing proſpect of the bay.
ur while, O Romans, to regard
una ſays our learned Bard;
nken dream beheld his ſoul
in the tranſmigrating roll;
peacock, then Euphorbus was,
next, and next Pythagoras;
l the line did into Ennius paſs.
free from buſineſs of the ſtate,
ure of what the vulgar prate,
my private thoughts; nor care
ſheep the ſouthern winds prepare:
ighbouring fields, and not repine,
d a larger crop than mine:
ar's brat in riches flow,
rinkle to my even brow;
at the ſight, will I forbear
bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer.
l the dregs of wine that ſtink
in a naſty flaggon drink;
ff their guts with homely fare;
fferent inclinations are;
perhaps beneath one common ſtar.

In minds and manners twins oppos'd we ſee
In the ſame ſign, almoſt the ſame degree:
One, frugal, on his birth-day fears to dine;
Does at a penny's coſt in herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine.
Prepar'd as prieſt of his own rites to ſtand,
He ſprinkles pepper with a ſparing hand.
His jolly brother, oppoſite in ſenſe,
Laughs at his thrift; and, laviſh of expence,
Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence.
For me, I'll uſe my own; and take my ſhare;
Yet will not turbots for my ſlaves prepare;
Nor be ſo nice in taſte myſelf to know
If what I ſwallow be a thruſh, or no.
Live on thy annual income; ſpend thy ſtore;
And freely grind, from thy full threſhing-floor;
Next harveſt promiſes as much, or more.
Thus I would live: but friendſhip's holy band,
And offices of kindneſs, hold my hand:
My friend is ſhipwreck'd on the Brutian ſtrand,
His riches in th' Ionian main are loſt;
And he himſelf ſtands ſhivering on the coaſt;
Where, deſtitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf Gods with fruitleſs prayer.
Their images, the relicts of the wreck,
Torn from the naked poop, are tide back
By the wild waves, and, rudely thrown aſhore,
Lie impotent; nor can themſelves reſtore.
The veſſel ſticks, and ſhews her open'd ſide,
And on her ſhatter'd maſt the mews in triumph ride.
From thy new hope, and from thy growing ſtore,
Now lend aſſiſtance, and relieve the poor.
Come; do a noble act of charity;
A pittance of thy land will ſet him free.
Let him not bear the badges of a wreck,
Nor beg with a blue table on his back;
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will ſay,
'Tis mine that wealth thou ſquander'ſt thus away;
What is't to thee, if he neglect thy urn,
Or without ſpices lets thy body burn?
If odours to thy aſhes he refuſe,
Or buys corrupted caſſia from the Jews?
All theſe, the wiſer Beſtius will reply,
Are empty pomp, and dead-men's luxury:
We never knew this vain expence, before
Th' effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
And dates and pepper have unſinew'd Rome.
Our ſweating land their ſallads, now, deſile,
Infecting homely herbs with frrgrant oil.
But to thy fortune be not thou a ſlave:
For what haſt thou to fear beyond the grave?
And thou who gap'ſt for my eſtate, draw near;
For I would whiſper ſomewhat in thy ear.
Hear'ſt thou the news, my friend? th' expreſs is come
With laurel'd letters from the camp to Rome:
Cæſar ſalutes the queen and ſenate thus:
My arms are on the Rhine victorious.
From mourning altars ſweep the duſt away:
Ceaſe faſting, and proclaim a fat thankſgiving-day,
The goodly empreſs, jollily inclin'd,
Is to the welcome bearer wondrous kind:
And, ſetting her good houſewifery aſide,
prepares for all the pageantry of pride.

The captive Germans, of gigantic ſize,
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frize:
The ſpoils of kings and conquer'd camps we boaſt,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal poſt.
Now, for ſo many glorious actions done:
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won:
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Cæſar's health:
Beſides, in gratitude for ſuch high matters,
Know I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.
Say, would'ſt thou hinder me from this expence;
I diſinherit thee, if thou dar'ſt take offence.
Yet more, a public largeſs I deſign
Of oil and pipes, to make the people dine:
Control me not, for fear I change my will.
And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling ſtill,
You give as if you were the Perſian king:
Your land does not ſo large revenues bring.
Well; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir?
If thou car'ſt little, leſs ſhall be my care:
Were none of all my father's ſiſters left:
Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft:
None by an uncle's or a grandame's ſide,
Yet I could ſome adopted heir provide.
I need but take my journey half a day
From haughty Rome, and at Aricia ſtay,
Where Fortune throws poor Manius in my way.
Him will I chooſe: What! him of humble birth,
Obſcure, a foundling, and a ſon of earth?
Obſcure? Why pr'ythee what am I? I know
My father, grandſire, and great-grandſire too.
If farther I derive my pedigree,
I can but gueſs beyond the fourth degree.
The reſt of my forgotten anceſtors
Were ſons of earth, like him, or ſons of whores.
Yet, why would'ſt thou, old covetous wretch, aſpire
To be my heir who might'ſt have been my ſire?
In Nature's race, ſhould'ſt thou demand of me
Myſorch, when I in courſe run after thee?
Thus I approach thee, like the God of gain,
With wings on head and heels, as poets feign:
Thy moderate fortune from my gift receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and aſk no more.
What, when thou haſt embezzled all thy ſtore?
Where 's all thy father left? 'Tis true, I grant,
Some I have mortgag'd, to ſupply my want:
The legacies of Tadius too are flown;
All ſpent, and on the ſelf-ſame errand gone.
How little then to my poor ſhare will fall?
Little indeed; but yet that little's all.
Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
Be careful ſtill of the main chance, my ſon;
Put out thy principal in truſty hands:
Live on the uſe; and never dip thy lands:
But yet what 's left for me? What 's left, my friend!
Aſk that again, and all the reſt I ſpend.
Is not my fortunes at my own command?
Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
Upon my ſallads, boy: ſhall I be fed
With ſodden nettles, and a ſing'd ſow's head?
'Tis holiday; provide me better cheer;
'Tis holiday, and ſhall be round the year.
Shall I my houſhold gods and genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my meat?
That he may loll at eaſe; and, pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on giblet-pie?
And, when his throbbing luſt extends the vein,
Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?
Shall I in homeſpun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him ſee?
Go, miſer, go; for lucre ſell thy ſoul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole:
That men may ſay, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vaſt eſtate he left his ſon!
How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian ſlaves!
Increaſe thy wealth, and double all thy ſtore;
'Tis done: now double that, and ſwell the ſcore;
To every thouſand add ten thouſand more.
Then ſay, Chryſippus, thou who would'ſt confine
Thy heap, where I ſhall put an end to mine.

THE

POEMS

OF

MR. EDMUND SMITH.

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS,

A TRAGEDY.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

MY LORD,

AS ſoon as it was made known that your Lordſhip was not diſpleaſed with this Play, my friends began to value themſelves upon the intereſt they had taken in s ſucceſs; I was touched with a vanity I had not before been acquainted with, and egan to dream of nothing leſs than the immortality of my Work.

And I had ſufficiently ſhewn this vanity in inſcribing this Play to your Lordſhip, id I only conſider you as one to whom ſo many admirable pieces, to whom the Praiſes f Italy, and the beſt Latin poem ſince the Æneid, that on the peace of Ryſwick, e conſecrated. But it had been intolerable preſumption to have addreſſed it to you, y Lord, who are the niceſt judge of poetry, were you not alſo the greateſt encou- ger of it; to you who excel all the preſent age as a poet, did you not ſurpaſs all the ceeding ones as a patron.

For in the times when the Muſes were moſt encouraged, the beſt writers were coun- nanced, but never advanced; they were admitted to the acquaintance of the greateſt n, but that was all they were to expect. The bounty of the patron is no where be read of but in the works of the Poets, whereas your Lordſhip's will fill thoſe of hiſtorians.

For what tranſactions can they write of, which have not been managed by ſome o were recommended by your Lordſhip? 'Tis by your Lordſhip's means, that the iverſities have been real nurſeries for the ſtate; that the courts abroad are charmed the wit and learning, as well as the ſagacity, of our miniſters; that Germany, itzerland, Muſcovy, and even Turkey itſelf, begins to reliſh the politeneſs of the glish; that the poets at home adorn that court which they formerly uſed only to ert; that abroad they travel, in a manner very unlike their predeceſſor Homer, and th an equipage he could not beſtow, even on the heroes he deſigned to immortalize.

And this, my Lord, ſhews your knowledge of men as well as writings, and your lgment no leſs than your generoſity. You have diſtinguiſhed between thoſe who by ir inclinations or abilities were qualified for the pleaſure only, and thoſe that were

fit for the ſervice of your country; you made the one eaſy, and the other uſeful: y have left the one no occaſion to wiſh for any preferment, and you have obliged public by the promotion of the others.

And now, my Lord, it may ſeem odd that I ſhould dwell on the topic of y bounty only, when I might enlarge on ſo many others; when I ought to take no of that illuſtrious family from which you are ſprung, and yet of the great merit wh was neceſſary to ſet you on a level with it, and to raiſe you to that houſe of Peers wh was already filled with your relations. When I ought to conſider the brightneſs your wit in private converſation, and the ſolidity of your eloquence in public debat when I ought to admire in you the politeneſs of a courtier, and the ſincerity of a frien the openneſs of behaviour which charms all who addreſs themſelves to you, and yet t hidden reſerve which is neceſſary for thoſe great affairs in which you are concerned.

To paſs over all theſe great qualities, my Lord, and inſiſt only on your generoſi looks as if I ſolicited it for myſelf; but to that I quitted all manner of claim when took notice of your Lordſhip's great judgment in the choice of thoſe you advanc ſo that all at preſent my ambition aſpires to is, that your Lordſhip would be pleaſed pardon this preſumption, and permit me to profeſs myſelf with the moſt profou reſpect,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble,
and moſt obedient ſervant,
EDM. SMITH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Theſeus, King of Crete - - - - - -	Mr. Betterton.
Hippolitus, his ſon; in love with Iſmena - -	Mr. Booth.
Lycon, miniſter of ſtate - - - - - -	Mr. Keen.
Cratander, captain of the guards - - - - -	Mr. Corey.

WOMEN.

Phædra, Theſeus's Queen, in love with Hippolitus -	Mrs. Barry.
Iſmena, a captive Princeſs, in love with Hippolitus -	Mrs. Oldfield.

GUARDS, ATTENDANTS.

[See the Prologue and Epilogue in the Poems of ADDISON and PRIOR.]

RA AND HIPPOLITUS.

CT I. SCENE I.

r CRATANDER *and* LYCON.

LYCON.

ge, Cratander, that the royal Phædra
l ſtill continue reſolute in grief,
ely wretched:
gay, ſo beautiful and young,
'irtue and imperial power,
viting joys, and court deſtruction.

CRATANDER.

cauſe, when lately join'd in marriage,
king her huſband call'd to war?
e tedious moons to mourn his abſence,
s fate?

LYCON.

The king may cauſe her ſorrow,
bſence. Oft I've ſeen him hang
eyes, and languiſh o'er her beauties;
wide, deceiv'd, deſiring arms
s, loathing; whilſt dejected Theſeus,
ful loving eyes purſu'd her flight,
ſilent tear.

CRATANDER.

Ha! this is hatred,
on, horror, deteſtation:
queen who might have cull'd mankind,
give her perſon and her throne
oath'd?

LYCON.

Perhaps ſhe thought it juſt
ild wear the crown his valour ſav'd.

CRATANDER.

not glut his hopes with wealth and
ur,
valour, yet reject his love?
a happy mother, queen, and widow;
wed old Theſeus? While his ſon,
lippolitus, with equal youth,
:auty, might have fill'd her arms.

LYCON.

(in diſtant Scythia born,
Amazon, Camilla's ſon),
n's marriage, was unknown to Crete;
queen could wiſh him ſtill unknown:
leteſts him, flies his hated preſence,
and trembles at his very name.

CRATANDER.

he hate the Prince ſhe needs muſt fear;
ute the crown with Phædra's ſon.
he's fiery, youthful, and belov'd;
:harms the men, his form the women;
rts are war.

LYCON.

ll hero, ſcorns th' inglorious eaſe
:e, delights to ſhine in arms,
: ſword, and launch the pointed ſpear:
generous horſe, that nobly wild
Neighs on the hills, and dares the angry lion:
To join the ſtruggling courſers to his chariot,
To make their ſtubborn necks the rein obey,
To turn, to ſtop, or ſtretch along the plain.
Now the queen's ſick, there's danger in his courage.—
Be ready with your guards.—I fear Hippolitus.
[*Exit* Crat.
Fear him! for what? poor ſilly virtuous wretch,
Affecting glory, and contemning power:
Warm without pride, without ambition brave;
A ſenſeleſs hero, fit to be a tool
To thoſe whoſe godlike ſouls are turn'd for empire.
An open honeſt fool, that loves and hates,
And yet more fool to own it. He hates flatterers,
He hates me too; weak boy, to make a foe
Where he might have a ſlave. I hate him too,
But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
Let the queen live or die, the prince muſt fall.

Enter ISMENA.

What! ſtill attending on the queen, Iſmena?
O charming virgin! O exalted virtue!
Can ſtill your goodneſs conquer all your wrongs?
Are you not robb'd of your Athenian crown?
Was not your royal father Pallas ſlain,
And all his wretched race, by conquering Theſeus?
And do you ſtill watch o'er his conſort Phædra,
And ſtill repay ſuch cruelty with love?

ISMENA.

Let them be cruel that delight in miſchief,
I'm of a ſofter mould, poor Phædra's ſorrows
Pierce through my yielding heart, and wound my ſoul.

LYCON.

Now thrice the riſing ſun has chear'd the world,
Since ſhe renew'd her ſtrength with due refreſhment;
Thrice has the night brought eaſe to man, to beaſt,
Since wretched Phædra clos'd her ſtreaming eyes:
She flies all reſt, all neceſſary food,
Reſolv'd to die, nor capable to live.

ISMENA.

But now her grief has wrought her into frenzy;
The images her troubled fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild; her words disjointed:
Sometimes ſhe raves for muſick, light, and air;
Nor air, nor light, nor muſick, calm her pains;
Then with extatic ſtrength ſhe ſprings aloft,
And moves and bounds with vigour not her own.

LYCON.

Then life is on the wing, then moſt ſhe ſinks
When moſt ſhe ſeems reviv'd. Like boiling water,
That foams and hiſſes o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim; ev'n then moſt waſting,
When moſt it ſwells.

ISMENA.

My lord, now try your art;
Her wild diſorder may diſcloſe the ſecret
Her cooler ſenſe conceal'd; the Pythian god leſs
Is dumb and ſullen, till with fury fill'd
She ſpreads, ſhe riſes, growing to the ſight,

She ſtares, ſhe foams, ſhe raves; the awful ſecrets
Burſt from her trembling lips, and eaſe the tor-
tur'd maid.
But Phædra comes, ye gods! how pale, how weak!

Enter PHÆDRA *and* Attendants.

PHÆDRA.

Stay, virgins, ſtay, I'll reſt my weary ſteps;
My ſtrength forſakes me, and my dazzled eyes
Ake with the flaſhing light, my looſen'd knees
Sink under their dull weight; ſupport me, Lycon.
Alas! I faint.

LYCON.

Afford her eaſe, kind Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Why blaze theſe jewels round my wretched
head!
Why all this labour'd elegance of dreſs!
Why flow theſe wanton curls in artful rings!
Take, ſnatch them hence! alas! you all conſpire
To heap new ſorrows on my tortur'd ſoul:
All, all conſpire to make your queen unhappy!

ISMENA.

This you requir'd, and to the pleaſing taſk
Call'd your officious maids, and urg'd their art;
You bid them lead you from yon hideous darkneſs
To the glad chearing day, yet now avoid it,
And hate the light you ſought.

PHÆDRA.

Oh! my Lycon!
Oh! how I long to lay my weary head
On tender, flowery beds, and ſpringing graſs,
To ſtretch my limbs beneath the ſpreading ſhades
Of venerable oaks, to ſlake my thirſt
With the cool nectar of refreſhing ſprings.

LYCON.

I'll ſooth her frenzy; come, Phædra, let's away,
Let's to the woods, and lawns, and limpid ſtreams!

PHÆDRA.

Come, let's away, and thou, moſt bright Diana,
Goddeſs of woods, immortal, chaſte Diana!
Goddeſs preſiding o'er the rapid race,
Place me, O place me in the duſty ring
Where youthful charioteers contend for glory!
See how they mount and ſhake the flowing reins!
See from the goal the fiery courſers bound,
Now they ſtrain panting up the ſteepy hill,
Now ſweep along its top, now neigh along the vale!
How the car rattles! how its kindling wheels
Smoke in the whirl! The circling ſand aſcends,
And in the noble duſt the chariot's loſt!

LYCON.

What, madam!

PHÆDRA.

Ah, my Lycon! ah, what ſaid I!
Where was I hurry'd by my roving fancy!
My languid eyes are wet with ſudden tears,
And on my face unbidden bluſhes glow.

LYCON.

Bluſh then, but bluſh for your deſtructive ſilence,
That tears your ſoul, and weighs you down to
Oh! ſhould you die (ye pow'rs forbid her d
Who then would ſhield from wrongs your h
orphan!
O! he might wander, Phædra's ſon might w
A naked ſuppliant through the world for a
Then he may cry, invoke his mother's nam
He may be doom'd to chains, to ſhame, to
While proud Hippolitus ſhall mount his th

PHÆDRA.

O Heavens!

LYCON.

Ha! Phædra, are you touch'd a

PHÆDRA.

Unhappy wretch! what name was that you

LYCON.

And does his name provoke your juſt reſent
Then let it raiſe your fear, as well as rage
Think how you wrong'd him, to his father w
him!
Think how you drove him hence, a wanderin
To diſtant climes! then think what certai
geance
His rage may wreak on your unhappy orph
For his ſake then renew your drooping ſpir
Feed, with new oil, the waſting lamp of li
That winks and trembles, now, juſt now exp
Make haſte, preſerve your life!

PHÆDRA.

Alas! too long,
Too long have I preſerv'd that guilty life.

LYCON.

Guilty! what guilt! has blood, has
murder,
Imbrued your hands!

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my hands are guilt
But, oh! my heart's defil'd!
I've ſaid too much, forbear the reſt, my Ly
And let me die to ſave the black confeſſion.

LYCON.

Die, then, but not alone! old faithful Ly
Shall be a victim to your cruel ſilence.
Will you not tell? Oh lovely, wretched que
By all the cares of your firſt infant years,
By all the love, and faith, and zeal, I've ſhew'
Tell me your griefs, unfold your hidden fort
And teach your Lycon how to bring you co

PHÆDRA.

What ſhall I ſay, malicious, cruel power
O where ſhall I begin! O cruel Venus!
How fatal Love has been to all our race!

LYCON.

Forget it, madam; let it die in ſilence.

PHÆDRA.

O Ariadne! O unhappy ſiſter!

LYCON.

Ceaſe to record your ſiſter's grief and ſh

PHÆDRA.

the cruel God of Love requires it,
ıſt, and moſt undone of all.

LYCON.

then love?

PHÆDRA.

Alas! I groan beneath
the guilt, the ſhame, of impious love.

LYCON.

it, Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

'Do not upbraid me, Lycon!
Alas! I ſhudder at the name,
runs backward, and my faultering tongue
ıe ſound!—I love!—O righteous Heaven!
I born with ſuch a ſenſe of virtue,
bhorrence of the ſmalleſt crime,
ſlave to ſuch impetuous guilt!
me, gods, your plagues, your ſharpeſt
res,
ſoul with any thing but guilt—
hat guilt is mine!—I'll think no more.
woods among the happier brutes:
's away! hark the ſhrill horn reſounds,
huntſmen's cries rend the wide Heavens!
:r the hills purſue the bounding Stag,
ace the Lion and the foaming Boar,
uſe up all the monſters of the wood,
ev'n there, Hippolitus will guard me!

LYCON.

itus!

PHÆDRA.

Who's he that names Hippolitus!
betray'd, and all my guilt diſcover'd!
me poiſon, ſwords—I'll not live, not
it;
ıy breath!

ISMENA.

I'm loſt, but what's that loſs!
s is loſt, or loſt to me:
l her charms prevail upon his ſoul,
be falſe, I would not wiſh him ill,
laſt parting breath I'd bleſs my lord;
ome lonely deſert place expire,
ıy unhappy death ſhould never reach him,
ıuld wound his peace, or damp his joys.
[*Aſide.*

LYCON.

ſtill the ſecret in your royal breaſt,
e awful majeſty of Jove,
l-ſeeing Sun, by righteous Minos,
ır kindred gods, we ſwear, O Phædra,
r lives, we'll keep the fatal ſecret.

ISMENA, &c.

:ar, all ſwear, to keep it ever ſecret.

PHÆDRA.

:! from whom? why it's already known,
the whiſper of the babbling vulgar!
you keep it from yourſelves, unknow it?
think I'm ſo far gone in guilt,
That I can ſee, can bear the looks, the eyes,
Of one who knows my black deteſted crimes,
Of one who knows that Phædra loves her ſon?

LYCON.

Unhappy queen! auguſt, unhappy race!
Oh! why did Theſeus touch this fatal ſhore?
Why did he ſave us from Nicander's arms,
To bring worſe ruin on us by his love?

PHÆDRA.

His love indeed! for that unhappy hour,
In which the prieſts join'd Theſeus' hand to mine,
Shew'd the young Scythian to my dazzled eyes.
Gods! how I ſhook! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breaſt! how from the touch of Theſeus
My ſlack hand dropt, and all the idle pomp,
Prieſts, altars, victims, ſwam before my ſight!
The God of Love, ev'n the whole God, poſſeſt me!

LYCON.

At once, at firſt poſſeſt you?

PHÆDRA.

Yes, at firſt!
That fatal evening we purſued the chace,
When from behind the wood, with ruſtling ſound,
A monſtrous boar ruſh'd forth; his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his ſtiff-pointed briſtles
Roſe high upon his back; at me he made,
Whetting his tuſks, and churning hideous foam;
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me;
Collecting all himſelf, and riſing to the blow,
He launch'd the whiſtling ſpear: the well-aim'd
javelin
Pierc'd his tough hide, and quiver'd in his heart;
The monſter fell, and gnaſhing with huge tuſks
Plow'd up the crimſon earth. But then Hippolitus,
Gods! how he mov'd and look'd when he ap-
proach'd me!
When hot and panting from the ſavage conqueſt,
Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely,
His kindling cheeks with purple beauties glow'd,
His lovely, ſparkling eyes ſhot martial fires:
Oh godlike form! oh extaſy and tranſport!
My breath grew ſhort, my beating heart ſprung
upward,
And leap'd and bounded in my heaving boſom.
Alas! I'm pleas'd, the horrid ſtory charms me.—
No more.—That night with fear and love I ſicken'd.
Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming viſits;
Then would he talk with ſuch an heavenly grace,
Look with ſuch dear compaſſion on my pains,
That I could wiſh to be ſo ſick for ever.
My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirſty ſoul,
Drank gorging in the dear delicious poiſon,
Till I was loſt, quite loſt in impious love:
And ſhall I drag an execrable life:
And ſhall I hoard up guilt, and treaſure vengeance?

LYCON.

No; labour, ſtrive, ſubdue that guilt and live.

PHÆDRA.

Did I not labour, ſtrive, all-ſeeing powers!
Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid?
Burnt clouds of incenſe on your loaded altars?

Oh! I call'd Heav'n and Earth to my aſſiſtance,
All the ambitious thirſt of fame and empire,
And all the honeſt pride of conſcious virtue:
I ſtruggled, rav'd; the new-born paſſion reign'd
Almighty in his birth.

LYCON.
Did you e'er try
To gain his love?

PHÆDRA.
Avert ſuch crimes, ye powers!
No, to avoid his love, I ſought his hatred;
I wrong'd him, ſhann'd him, baniſh'd him from Crete,
I ſent him, drove him, from my longing ſight:
In vain I drove him, for his tyrant form
Reign'd in my heart, and dwelt before my eyes.
If to the gods I pray'd, the very vows
I made to Heav'n, were, by my erring tongue,
Spoke to Hippolitus. If I try'd to ſleep,
Straight to my drowſy eyes my reſtleſs fancy
Brought back his fatal form, and curſt my ſlumber.

LYCON.
Firſt let me try to melt him into love.

PHÆDRA.
No; did his hapleſs paſſion equal mine,
I would refuſe the bliſs I moſt deſir'd,
Conſult my fame, and ſacrifice my life.
Yes, I would die, Heaven knows, this very moment,
Rather than wrong my lord, my huſband Theſeus.

LYCON.
Perhaps that lord, that huſband, is no more;
He went from Crete in haſte, his army thin,
To meet the numerous troops of fierce Moloſſians;
Yet though he lives, while ebbing life decays,
Think on your ſon.

PHÆDRA.
Alas! that ſhocks me,
O let me ſee my young one, let me ſnatch
A haſty farewell, a laſt dying kiſs!
Yet, ſtay, his ſight will melt my juſt reſolves;
But oh! I beg with my laſt faltying breath;
Cheriſh my babe.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.
Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you muſt know—Your royal huſband's dead.

PHÆDRA.
Dead! oh ye powers!

LYCON.
O fortunate event!
Then earth-born Lycon may aſcend the throne,
Leave to his happy ſon the crown of Jove,
And be ador'd like him. [*Aſide*] Mourn, mourn, ye Cretans,
Since he is dead, whoſe valour ſav'd your iſle,
Whoſe prudent care with flowing plenty crown'd
His peaceful ſubjects; as your towering Ida
With ſpreading oaks, and with deſcending ſtreams,
Shades and enriches all the plains below.
Say, how he dy'd.

MESSENGER.
He dy'd as Theſeus ought,
In battle dy'd; Philotas, now a priſoner,
That, ruſhing on, fought next his royal perſon,
That ſaw his thundering arm beat ſquadrons down,
Saw the great rival of Alcides fall:
Theſe eyes beheld his well-known ſteed, beheld
A proud barbarian glittering in his arms,
Encumber'd with the ſpoil.

PHÆDRA.
Is he then dead!
Is my much-injur'd lord, my Theſeus, dead!
And don't I ſhed one tear upon his urn!
What, not a ſigh, a groan, a ſoft complaint!
Ah! theſe are tributes due from pious brides,
From a chaſte matron, and a virtuous wife:
But ſavage Love, the tyrant of my heart,
Claims all my ſorrows, and uſurps my grief.

LYCON.
Diſmiſs that grief, and give a looſe to joy:
He's dead, the bar of all your bliſs is dead;
Live then, my queen, forget the wrinkled Theſeus,
And take the youthful hero to your arms.

PHÆDRA.
I dare not now admit of ſuch a thought,
And bleſs'd be Heav'n, that ſteel'd my ſtubborn heart,
That made me ſhun the bridal bed of Theſeus,
And give him empire, but refuſe him love.

LYCON.
Then may his happier ſon be bleſs'd with both;
Then rouze your ſoul, and muſter all your charms,
Sooth his ambitious mind with thirſt of empire,
And all his tender thoughts with ſoft allurements.

PHÆDRA.
But ſhould the youth refuſe my proffer'd love!
O ſhould he throw me from his loathing arms!
I fear the trial; for I know Hippolitus
Fierce in the right, and obſtinately good:
When round beſet, his virtue, like a flood,
Breaks with reſiſtleſs force th' oppoſing dams,
And bears the mounds along; they're hurried on,
And ſwell the torrent they were rais'd to ſtop.
I dare not yet reſolve; I'll try to live.
And to the awful gods I'll leave the reſt.

LYCON.
Madam, your ſignet, that your ſlave may order
What's moſt convenient for your royal ſervice.

PHÆDRA.
Take it, and with it take the fate of Phædra:
And thou, O Venus, aid a ſuppliant queen,
That owns thy triumphs, and adores thy power:
O ſpare thy captives, and ſubdue thy foes.
On this cold Scythian let thy power be known,
And in a lover's cauſe aſſert thy own;
Then Crete, as Paphos, ſhall adore thy ſhrine;
This nurſe of Jove with grateful fires ſhall ſhine,
And with thy father's flames ſhall worſhip thine.
[*Exit* Phædra, &c.

LYCON *ſolus.*

ropoſes love, why then as ſurely
ty ſoul refuſes it with ſcorn.——
ne him!—If ſhe dies he's ſafe;
lives, I'll work her raging mind.
ſcorn'd, with eaſe I'll work to vengeance:
ble, fawning, wife, obſequious arts,
e whirl and tranſport of her ſoul;
at her reaſon hates, her rage may act,
arks glide ſlowly through the lazy main,
fled pilots turn the helms in vain;
riven by winds, they cut the foamy way,
ders govern, and the ſhips obey. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

PHÆDRA, LYCON, *and* ISMENA.

Enter MESSENGER.

M, the Prince Hippolitus attends.

PHÆDRA.

im: Where, where Phædra's now thy
l?
all I ſpeak? And ſhall my guilty tongue
ſulting victor know his power?
ſtill confine within my breaſt
s paſſions and devouring flames?
comes, the lovely tyrant comes.——
on me like a blaze of light,
ar the tranſport of his preſence,
ppreſs'd with woe. [*Swoons.*

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Immortal gods!
I done to raiſe ſuch ſtrange abhorrence!
: I done to ſhake her ſhrinking nature
pproach, and kill her with my ſight?

LYCON.

nother grief devours her ſoul,
your aſſiſtance can relieve her.

HIPPOLITUS.

ake it known, that I may fly and aid her.

LYCON.

ſe firſt, my lord, to keep it ſecret.

HIPPOLITUS.

! I ſwear, on this good ſword I ſwear,
d, which firſt gain'd youthful Theſeus
ir;
has puniſh'd perjury and falſehood;
ring Jove, by Grecian Hercules,
jeſtic form of godlike heroes
around, and conſecrate the ſteel;
no ſhame, ſhall ever force it from me.

PHÆDRA.

us!

HIPPOLITUS.

s that wretch who begs you to diſmiſs
l object from your eyes for ever;
to march againſt the foes of Theſeus,
venge or ſhare his father's fate.
I.

PHÆDRA.

Oh, Hippolitus!
I own I've wrong'd you, moſt unjuſtly wrong'd you,
Drove you from court, from Crete, and from your father;
The court, all Crete, deplor'd their ſuffering hero,
And I (the ſad occaſion) moſt of all.
Yet could you know relenting Phædra's ſoul,
Oh could you think with what reluctant grief
I wrong'd the hero, whom I wiſh'd to cheriſh!
Oh! you'd confeſs me wretched, not unkind,
And own thoſe ills did moſt deſerve your pity,
Which moſt procur'd your hate.

HIPPOLITUS.

My hate to Phædra?
Ha! could I hate the royal ſpouſe of Theſeus,
My queen, my mother?

PHÆDRA.

Why your queen and mother?
More humble titles ſuit my loſt condition.
Alas! the iron hand of death is on me,
And I have only time t' implore your pardon.
Ah! would my lord forget injurious Phædra,
And with compaſſion view her helpleſs orphan!
Would he receive him to his dear protection,
Defend his youth from all encroaching foes!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh, I'll defend him! with my life defend him!
Heavens dart your judgments on this faithleſs head,
If I don't pay him all a ſlave's obedience,
And all a father's love.

PHÆDRA.

A father's love!
Oh doubtful ſounds! oh vain deceitful hopes!
My grief's much eas'd by this tranſcending goodneſs,
And Theſeus' death ſits lighter on my ſoul:
Death? He's not dead! he lives, he breathes, he ſpeaks,
He lives in you, he 's preſent to my eyes,
I ſee him, ſpeak to him.——My heart! I rave
And all my folly 's known.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! glorious folly!
See Theſeus, ſee, how much your Phædra lov'd you.

PHÆDRA.

Love him indeed! dote, languiſh, die for him,
Forſake my food, my ſleep, all joys for Theſeus,
(But not that hoary venerable Theſeus)
But Theſeus, as he was, when mantling blood
Glow'd in his lovely cheeks; when his bright eyes
Sparkled with youthful fires; when every grace
Shone in the father, which now crowns the ſon;
When Theſeus was Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ha! Amazement ſtrikes me!
Where will this end?

LYCON.

Is 't difficult to gueſs?
Does not her flying paleneſs that but now

Sat cold and languid in her fading cheek,
(Where now ſucceeds a momentary luſtre,)
Does not her beating heart, her trembling limbs,
Her wiſhing looks, her ſpeech, her preſent ſilence,
All, all proclaim imperial Phædra loves you.

HIPPOLITUS.

What do I hear? What, does no lightning flaſh,
No thunder bellow, when ſuch monſtrous crimes
Are own'd, avow'd, confeſt? All-ſeeing ſun!
Hide, hide in ſhameful night thy beamy head,
And ceaſe to view the horrors of thy race.
Alas! I ſhare th' amazing guilt; theſe eyes,
That firſt inſpir'd the black inceſtuous flame,
Theſe ears, that heard the tale of impious love,
Are all accurs'd, and all deſerve your thunder.

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my lord, believe me not ſo vile.
No: by thy goddeſs, by the chaſte Diana,
None but my firſt, my much-lov'd lord Arſamnes,
Was e'er receiv'd in theſe unhappy arms.
No! for the love of thee, of thoſe dear charms,
Which now I ſee are doom'd to be my ruin,
I ſtill deny'd my lord, my huſband Theſeus,
The chaſte, the modeſt joys of ſpotleſs marriage;
That drove him hence to war, to ſtormy ſeas,
To rocks and waves leſs cruel than his Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

If that drove Theſeus hence, then that kill'd Theſeus,
And cruel Phædra kill'd her huſband Theſeus.

PHÆDRA.

Forbear, raſh youth, nor dare to rouze my vengeance;
You need not urge, nor tempt my ſwelling rage
With black reproaches, ſcorn, and provocation,
To do a deed my reaſon would abhor.
Long has the ſecret ſtruggled in my breaſt,
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd boſom;
But now 'tis out. Shame, rage, confuſion, tear
And drive me on to act unheard-of crimes,
To murder thee, myſelf, and all that know it.
As when convulſions cleave the labouring earth,
Before the diſmal yawn appears, the ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding houſes craſh;
He's ſafe, who from the dreadful warning flies,
But he that ſees its opening boſom, dies. [*Exit.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me take the warning and retire;
I'd rather truſt the rough Ionian waves,
Than woman's fiercer rage.

[ISMENA *ſhews herſelf, liſtening.*

LYCON.

Alas! my Lord,
You muſt not leave the queen to her deſpair.

HIPPOLITUS.

Muſt not? From thee? From that vile upſtart Lycon.

LYCON.

Yes: From that Lycon who derives his greatneſs
From Phædra's race, and now would guard her life.
Then, Sir, forbear, and view this royal ſignet,
And in her faithful ſlave obey the queen.

[*Enter Guard.*

Guards, watch the prince, but at that awful diſtance,
With that reſpect, it may not ſeem confinement,
But only meant for honour.

HIPPOLITUS.

So, confinement is
The honour Crete beſtows on Theſeus' ſon.
Am I confin'd? And is 't ſo ſoon forgot,
When fierce Procruſtes' arms o'er-ran your kingdom?
When your ſtreets echo'd with the cries of orphans,
Your ſhrieking maids clung round the hallow'd ſhrines,
When all your palaces and lofty towers
Smok'd on the earth, when the red ſky around
Glow'd with your city's flames (a dreadful luſtre):
Then, then my father flew to your aſſiſtance;
Then Theſeus ſav'd your lives, eſtates, and honours,
And do you thus reward the hero's toil?
And do you now confine the hero's ſon?

LYCON.

Take not an eaſy ſhort confinement ill,
Which your own ſafety and the queen's requires;
But fear not aught from one that joys to ſerve you.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, I diſdain thee, traitor, but not fear thee,
Nor will I hear of ſervices from Lycon.
Thy very looks are lies, eternal falſehood
Smiles in thy lips and flatters in thy eyes;
Ev'n in thy humble face I read my ruin,
In every cringing bow and fawning ſmile:
Why elſe d'you whiſper out your dark ſuſpicions?
Why with malignant elogies encreaſe
The people's fears, and praiſe me to my ruin?
Why through the troubled ſtreets of frighted Gnoſſus
Do bucklers, helms, and poliſh'd armour blaze?
Why ſounds the dreadful din of inſtant war,
Whilſt ſtill the foe's unknown?

LYCON.

Then quit thy art,
Put off the ſtateſman and reſume the judge.
Thou Proteus, ſhift thy various forms no more,
But boldly own the God. [*Aſide.*—
That foe's too near, [*To* Hip.
The queen's diſeaſe, and your aſpiring mind,
Diſturb all Crete, and give a looſe to war.

HIPPOLITUS.

Gods! Dares he ſpeak thus to a monarch's ſon!
And muſt this earth-born ſlave command in Crete!
Was it for this my god-like father fought?
Did Theſeus bleed for Lycon? O ye Cretans,
See there your king, the ſucceſſor of Minos,
And heir of Jove.

LYCON.

You may as well provoke
That Jove you worſhip, as this ſlave you fear.
Go ſeize Alcmæon, Nicias, and all

ick abettors of his impious treaſon.
er thy head th' avenging thunder rolls:
ow, on me depends thy inſtant doom.
arn (proud prince) to bend thy haughty ſoul,
thou think'ſt of life, obey the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

free from fear or guilt I'll wait my doom:
er 's my fault, no ſtain ſhall blot my glory.
rd my honour, you diſpoſe my life;
[*Exeunt* Lyc. & Crat.
e dares brave my rage, the danger 's near.
norous hounds that hunt the generous lion
r off, and tremble in purſuit;
en he ſtruggles in th' entangling toils,
he dying prey.—'Tis kindly done, Iſmena,
[Iſm. *enters.*
ll your charms to viſit my diſtreſs;
my chains, and make confinement eaſy.
n given me to behold thy beauties;
luſhing ſweets, thoſe lovely loving eyes!
s, to ſtrain thee to my beating heart,
ow thus to my love! What 's liberty to this?
fame or greatneſs? Take them, take them,
Phædra,
n and fame, and in the dear confinement
me thus for ever.

ISMENA.

O Hippolitus!
ld ever dwell in this confinement!
h for aught while I behold my lord;
that wiſh, that only wiſh is vain.
ny hard fate thus forces me to beg you,
em your god-like ſoul a wretched maid;
your arms (aſſiſt me Heaven to ſpeak it)
your arms imperial Phædra,
ink of me no more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Not think of thee?
part, for ever part? Unkind Iſmena:
n you think that death is half ſo dreadful,
ould he to live, and live without thee?
uld I quit thee, ſhould I turn to Phædra,
uld'ſt thou bear it? Could thy tender ſoul
the torment of deſpairing love,
me ſettled in a rival's arms?

ISMENA.

k not of me: perhaps my equal mind
arn to bear the fate the gods allot me.
uld you hear me; could your lov'd Iſmena
l her charms o'er-rule your ſullen honour,
might live, nor leave the poor Iſmena.

HIPPOLITUS.

e, if I can, I'm ready to obey.

ISMENA.

the queen hopes.

HIPPOLITUS.

No more.——My ſoul diſdains it.
uld I try, my haughty ſoul would ſwell;
each word, and threaten in my eyes.
uld I ſtoop to cringe, to lye, forſwear?
the ruin which I ſtrive to ſhun?

ISMENA.

O, I can't bear this cold contempt of death!
This rigid virtue, that prefers your glory
To liberty or life. O cruel man!
By theſe ſad ſighs, by theſe poor ſtreaming eyes,
By that dear love that makes us now unhappy,
By the near danger of that precious life,
Heaven knows I value much above my own,
What! Not yet mov'd? Are you reſolv'd on death?
Then, ere 'tis night, I ſwear by all the powers,
This ſteel ſhall end my fears and life together.

HIPPOLITUS.

You ſhan't be truſted with a life ſo precious.
No, to the court I'll publiſh your deſign,
Ev'n bloody Lycon will prevent your fate;
Lycon ſhall wrench the dagger from your boſom,
And raving Phædra will preſerve Iſmena.

ISMENA.

Phædra! Come on, I'll lead you on to Phædra;
I'll tell her all the ſecrets of our love,
Give to her rage her cloſe deſtructive rival;
Her rival ſure will fall, her love may ſave you.
Come ſee me labour in the pangs of death,
My agonizing limbs, my dying eyes,
Dying, yet fixt in death on my Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

What's your deſign? Ye powers! what means my love?

ISMENA.

She means to lead you in the road of fate;
She means to die with one ſhe can't preſerve.
Yet when you ſee me pale upon the earth,
This once lov'd form grown horrible in death,
Sure your relenting ſoul would wiſh you'd ſav'd me.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! I'll do all, do any thing to ſave you,
Give up my fame and all my darling honour:
I'll run, I'll fly; what you'll command I'll ſay.

ISMENA.

Say, what occaſion, chance, or Heaven inſpires:
Say, that you love her, that you lov'd her long;
Say, that you'll wed her, ſay that you'll comply;
Say, to preſerve your life, ſay any thing.
[*Exit* Hip.
Bleſs him, ye powers! and if it be a crime,
Oh! if the pious fraud offend your juſtice,
Aim all your vengeance on Iſmena's head;
Puniſh Iſmena, but forgive Hippolitus.
He's gone, and now my brave reſolves are ſtagger'd,
Now I repent, like ſome deſpairing wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,
Then pants, and ſtruggles with the whirling waves;
And catches every ſlender reed to ſave him.

CHO.

But ſhould he do what your commands enjoin'd him,
Say, ſhould he wed her?

ISMENA.

Should he wed the queen!
Oh! I'd remember that 'twas my requeſt,
And die well pleas'd I made the hero happy.

CHO.

Die! does Iſmena then reſolve to die?

ISMENA.

Can I then live? Can I, who lov'd ſo well
To part with all my bliſs to ſave my lover?
Oh! can I drag a wretched life without him,
And ſee another revel in his arms?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have comfort!

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

What a reverſe is this! Perfidious boy,
Is this thy truth? Is this thy boaſted honour?
Then all are rogues alike: I never thought
But one man honeſt, and that one deceives me.
[*Aſide.*
Iſmena here!
'Tis all agreed, and now the prince is ſafe
From the ſure vengeance of deſpairing love.
Now Phædra's rage is chang'd to ſoft endearments,
She doats, ſhe dies; and few, but tedious days,
With endleſs joys will crown the happy pair.

ISMENA.

Does he then wed the queen?

LYCON.

At leaſt I think ſo.
I, when the prince approach'd, not far retir'd
Pale with my doubts: he ſpoke; th' attentive queen
Dwelt on his accents, and her gloomy eyes
Sparkled with gentler fires: he bluſhing bow'd,
She trembling, loſt in love, with ſoft confuſion
Receiv'd his paſſion, and return'd her own:
Then ſmiling turn'd to me, and bid me order
The pompous rites of her enſuing nuptials,
Which I muſt now purſue. Farewel, Iſmena.
[*Exit.*

ISMENA.

Then I'll retire, and not diſturb their joys.

CHO.

Stay and learn more.

ISMENA.

Ah! wherefore ſhould I ſtay?
What! Shall I ſtay to rave, t' upbraid, to hold him?
To ſnatch the ſtruggling charmer from her arms?
For could you think that open generous youth
Could with feign'd love deceive a jealous woman?
Could he ſo ſoon grow artful in diſſembling?
Ah! without doubt his thoughts inſpir'd his tongue,
And all his ſoul receiv'd a real love.
Perhaps new graces darted from her eyes,
Perhaps ſoft pity charm'd his yielding ſoul,
Perhaps her love, perhaps her kingdom charm'd him;
Perhaps—Alas! how many things might charm him!

CHO.

Wait the ſucceſs: it is not yet decided.

ISMENA.

Not yet decided! Did not Lycon tell us
How he proteſted, ſigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd:
How the ſoft paſſion languiſh'd in his eyes?
Yes, yes, he loves, he doats on Phædra's charms.
Now, now he claſps her to his panting breaſt,
Now he devours her with his eager eyes,
Now graſps her hands, and now he looks, and vows
The dear falſe things that charm'd the poor Iſmena.
He comes: be ſtill, my heart, the tyrant comes,
Charming, though falſe, and lovely in his guilt.

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why hangs that cloudy ſorrow on your brow?
Why do you ſigh? Why flow your ſwelling eyes,
Thoſe eyes that us'd with joy to view Hippolitus?

ISMENA.

My lord, my ſoul is charm'd with your ſucceſs;
You know, my lord, my fears are but for you,
For your dear life; and ſince my death alone
Can make you ſafe, that ſoon ſhall make you happy.
Yet had you brought leſs love to Phædra's arms,
My ſoul had parted with a leſs regret,
Bleſt if ſurviving in your dear remembrance.

HIPPOLITUS.

Your death! My love! My marriage! And to Phædra!
Hear me, Iſmena.

ISMENA.

No, I dare not hear you.
But though you've been thus cruelly unkind,
Though you have left me for the royal Phædra,
Yet ſtill my ſoul o'er-runs with fondneſs t'ward you;
Yet ſtill I die with joy to ſave Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Die to ſave me! Could I outlive Iſmena!

ISMENA.

Yes, you'd outlive her in your Phædra's arms,
And may you there find every blooming pleaſure;
Oh, may the gods ſhower bleſſings on thy head!
May the gods crown thy glorious arms with conqueſt,
And all thy peaceful days with ſure repoſe!
May'ſt thou be bleſt with lovely Phædra's charms,
And for thy eaſe forget the loſt Iſmena!
Farewell, Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Iſmena, ſtay,
Stay, hear me ſpeak, or by th' infernal powers
I'll not ſurvive the minute you depart.

ISMENA.

What would you ſay? Ah! don't deceive my weakneſs.

HIPPOLITUS.

Deceive thee! Why, Iſmena, do you wrong me!
Why doubt my faith? O lovely, cruel maid!
Why wound my tender ſoul with harſh ſuſpicion!
Oh! by thoſe charming eyes, by thy dear love,
I neither thought nor ſpoke, deſign'd nor promis'd
To love, or wed the queen.

ISMENA.

Speak on, my lord,
neſt ſoul inclines me to believe thee;
uch I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd
thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

n thus. I came and ſpake, but ſcarce of love;
ſy queen receiv'd my faint addreſs
ager hope and unſuſpicious faith.
with ſeeming joy diſmiſs'd my guards,
nerous ſoul diſdain'd the mean deceit,
ll deceiv'd her to obey Iſmena.

ISMENA.

thou then true? Thou art. Oh, pardon me,
the errors of a ſilly maid,
rith her fears, and mad with jealouſy;
ll that fear, that jealouſy, was love.
then, my lord, and ſave yourſelf by flight;
hen you're abſent, when your god-like form
eaſe to chear forlorn Iſmena's eyes,
let each day, each hour, each minute, bring
kind remembrance of your conſtant love;
of your health, your fortune, and your friends
ure thoſe friends ſhall have my tendereſt
wiſhes);
much of all; but of thy dear, dear love,
much, ſpeak very much, and ſtill ſpeak on.

HIPPOLITUS.

thy dear love ſhall ever be my theme,
alone I'll talk the live-long day;
us I'll talk, thus dwelling in thy eyes,
g the odours of thy fragrant boſom.
then to crown me with immortal joys,
be the kind companion of my flight,
haſte with me to leave this fatal ſhore.
irk before prepar'd for my departure
s its freight, a hundred luſty rowers
wav'd their ſinewy arms, and call'd Hip-
politus;
oſen'd canvas trembles with the wind,
e ſea whitens with auſpicious gales.

ISMENA.

then, my lord, and may the gods protect
thee;
e inſidious Lycon work thy ruin;
e my fondneſs take thy life away;
om the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

But not from my Iſmena.
lo you force me from your heavenly ſight,
thoſe dear arms that ought to claſp me to
thee?

ISMENA.

I could rave for ever at my fate!
rith alternate love and fear poſſeſs'd,
orce thee from my arms, now ſnatch thee
to my breaſt,
emble till you go, but die till you return.
could go——Ye gods, if I ſhould go,
would fame ſay? If I ſhould fly alone
young lovely prince that charm'd my ſoul?

HIPPOLITUS.

Say you did well to fly a certain ruin,
To fly the fury of a queen incens'd,
To crown with endleſs joys the youth that lov'd
you.
O! by the joys our mutual loves have brought,
By the bleſt hours I've languiſh'd at your feet,
By all the love you ever bore Hippolitus,
Come fly from hence, and make him ever happy.

ISMENA.

Hide me, ye powers; I never ſhall reſiſt.

HIPPOLITUS.

Will you refuſe me? Can I leave behind me
All that inſpires my ſoul, and chears my eyes?
Will you not go? Then here I'll wait my doom.
Come, raving Phædra, bloody Lycon come!
I offer to your rage this worthleſs life,
Since 'tis no longer my Iſmena's care.

ISMENA.

O! haſte away, my lord; I go, I fly
Through all the dangers of the boiſterous deep.
When the wind whiſtles through the crackling
maſts,
When through the yawning ſhip the foaming ſea
Rowls bubbling in; then, then I'll claſp thee faſt,
And in tranſporting love forget my fear.
Oh! I will wander through the Scythian gloom,
O'er ice, and hills of everlaſting ſnow:
There, when the horrid darkneſs ſhall encloſe us,
When the bleak wind ſhall chill my ſhivering
limbs,
Thou ſhalt alone ſupply the diſtant ſun,
And chear my gazing eyes, and warm my heart.

HIPPOLITUS.

Come, let's away, and like another Jaſon
I'll bear my beauteous conqueſt through the ſeas:
A greater treaſure, and a nobler prize
Than he from Colchos bore. Sleep, ſleep in peace,
Ye monſters of the woods, on Ida's top
Securely roam; no more my early horn
Shall wake the lazy day. Tranſporting love
Reigns in my heart, and makes me all its own.

So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The bleſt Adonis languiſh'd in her arms;
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows ſcatter'd, and his bow unſtrung:
Obſcure in coverts lye his dreaming hounds,
And bay the fancy'd boar with feeble ſounds.
For nobler ſports he quits the ſavage fields,
And all the hero to the lover yields.

ACT III.

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

HEAVEN is at laſt appeas'd: the pitying gods
Have heard our wiſhes, and auſpicious Jove
Smiles on his native iſle; for Phædra lives,
Reſtor'd to Crete, and to herſelf, ſhe lives;
Joy with freſh ſtrength inſpires her drooping limbs,
Revives her charms, and o'er her faded cheeks

Spreads a freſh roſy bloom, as kindly ſprings
With genial heat renew the frozen earth,
And paint its ſmiling face with gaudy flowers.
But ſee ſhe comes, the beauteous Phædra comes.

Enter PHÆDRA.

How her eyes ſparkle! How their radiant beams
Confeſs their ſhining anceſtor the ſun!
Your charms to-day will wound deſpairing crowds,
And give the pains you ſuffer'd: Nay, Hippolitus
The fierce, the brave, th' inſenſible Hippolitus
Shall pay a willing homage to your beauty,
And in his turn adore——

PHÆDRA.

'Tis flattery all;
Yet when you name the prince, that flattery's pleaſing.
You wiſh it ſo, poor good old man, you wiſh it.
The fertile province of Cydonia 's thine;
Is there aught elſe? Has happy Phædra aught,
In the wide circle of her far-ſtretch'd empire?
Aſk, take, my friend, ſecure of no repulſe:
Let ſpacious Crete through all her hundred cities
Reſound her Phædra's joy. Let altars ſmoke,
And richeſt gums, and ſpice, and incenſe, roll
Their fragrant wreaths to Heaven, to pitying Heaven,
Which gives Hippolitus to Phædra's arms.
Set all at large, and bid the loathſome dungeons
Give up the meagre ſlaves that pine in darkneſs,
And waſte in grief, as did deſpairing Phædra:
Let them be chear'd, let the ſtarv'd priſoners riot,
And glow with generous wine.—Let ſorrow ceaſe.
Let none be wretched, none, ſince Phædra's happy.
But now he comes, and with an equal paſſion
Rewards my flame, and ſprings into my arms!

Enter MESSENGER.

Say, where 's the prince?

MESSENGER.

He 's no where to be found.

PHÆDRA.

Perhaps he hunts.

MESSENGER.

He hunted not to-day.

PHÆDRA.

Ha! Have you ſearch'd the walks, the courts, the temples?

MESSENGER.

Search'd all in vain.

PHÆDRA.

Did he not hunt to-day?
Alas! you told me once before he did not:
My heart miſgives me.

LYCON.

So indeed doth mine.

PHÆDRA.

Could he deceive me? Could that god-like youth
Deſign the ruin of a queen that loves him?
Oh! he's all truth; his words, his looks, his eyes,
Open to view his inmoſt thoughts —He comes!
Ha! Who art thou? Whence com'ſt thou? Where's Hippolitus?

MESSENGER.

Madam, Hippolitus with fair Iſmena
Drove toward the port——

PHÆDRA.

With fair Iſmena!
Curs'd be her cruel beauty, curs'd her charms,
Curs'd all her ſoothing, fatal, falſe endearments.
That heavenly virgin, that exalted goodneſs
Could ſee me tortur'd with deſpairing love,
With artful tears could mourn my monſtrous ſufferings,
While her baſe malice plotted my deſtruction.

LYCON.

A thouſand reaſons crowd upon my ſoul,
That evidence their love.

PHÆDRA.

Yes, yes, they love;
Why elſe ſhould he refuſe my proffer'd bed?
Why ſhould one warm'd with youth, and thirſt of glory,
Diſdain a ſoul, a form, a crown like mine?

LYCON.

Where, Lycon, where was then thy boaſted cunning
Dull, thoughtleſs wretch!

PHÆDRA.

O pains unfelt before!
The grief, deſpair, the agonies, and pangs,
All the wild fury of diſtracted love,
Are nought to this.—Say, famous politician,
Where, when, and how, did their firſt paſſion riſe?
Where did they breathe their ſighs? What ſhady groves?
What gloomy woods, conceal'd their hidden loves?
Alas! they hid it not; the well-pleas'd ſun
With all his beams ſurvey'd their guiltleſs flame;
Glad zephyrs wafted their untainted ſighs,
And Ida echo'd their endearing accents.
While I, the ſhame of nature, hid in darkneſs,
Far from the balmy air and chearing light,
Preſt down my ſighs, and dry'd my falling tears;
Search'd a retreat to mourn, and watch'd to grieve.

LYCON.

Now ceaſe that grief, and let your injur'd love
Contrive due vengeance; let majeſtic Phædra,
That lov'd the hero, ſacrifice the villain.
Then haſte, ſend forth your miniſters of vengeance,
To ſnatch the traitor from your rival's arms,
And force him trembling to your awful preſence.

PHÆDRA.

O rightly thought!——Diſpatch th' attending guards,
Bid them bring forth their inſtruments of death;
Darts, engines, flames, and launch into the deep,
And there ſwift vengeance on the perjur'd ſlave.
Where am I, gods? What is 't my rage commands?
Ev'n now he's gone! Ev'n now the well-tim'd oars
With ſounding ſtrokes divide the ſparkling waves,

And happy gales aſſiſt their ſpeedy flight.
Now they embrace, and ardent love enflames
Their flushing cheeks, and trembles in their eyes.
Now they expoſe my weakneſs and my crimes:
Now to the ſporting crowd they tell my follies.

Enter CRATANDER.

CRATANDER.

Sir, as I went to ſeize the perſons order'd
I met the prince, and with him fair Iſmena;
I ſeiz'd the prince, who now attends without.

PHÆDRA.

Haſte, bring him in.

LYCON.

Be quick, and ſeize Iſmena.

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

PHÆDRA.

Couldſt thou deceive me? Could a ſon of Theſeus
Stoop to ſo mean, ſo baſe a vice as fraud?
Nay, act ſuch monſtrous perfidy, yet ſtart
From promis'd love?

HIPPOLITUS.

My ſoul diſdain'd a promiſe.

PHÆDRA.

But yet your falſe equivocating tongue,
Your looks, your eyes, your every motion promis'd.
But you are ripe in frauds, and learn'd in falſhoods.
Look down, O Theſeus, and behold thy ſon,
As Sciron faithleſs, as Procruſtes cruel.
Behold the crimes, the tyrants, all the monſters,
From which thy valour purg'd the groaning earth:
Behold them all in thy own ſon reviv'd.

HIPPOLITUS.

Touch not my glory, leſt you ſtain your own;
I ſtill have ſtrove to make my glorious father
Bluſh, yet rejoice to ſee himſelf outdone;
To mix my parents in my lineal virtues,
As Theſeus juſt, and as Camilla chaſte.

PHÆDRA.

The godlike Theſeus never was thy parent.
No, 'twas ſome monthly Cappadocian drudge,
Obedient to the ſcourge, and beaten to her arms,
Begot thee, traitor, on the chaſte Camilla.
Camilla chaſte! An Amazon and chaſte!
That quits her ſex, and yet retains her virtue.
See the chaſte matron mount the neighing ſteed;
In ſtrict embraces lock the ſtruggling warrior,
And chooſe the lover in the ſturdy foe.

Enter MESSENGER, *and ſeems to talk earneſtly with* LYCON.

HIPPOLITUS.

No; ſhe refus'd the vows of godlike Theſeus,
And choſe to ſtand his arms, not meet his love;
And doubtful was the fight. The wide Thermodoon
Heard the huge ſtrokes reſound; its frighted waves
Convey'd the rattling din to diſtant ſhores,
Whilſt ſhe alone ſupported all his war:
Nor till ſhe ſunk beneath his thundering arm,
Beneath which, warlike nations bow'd, would yield
To honeſt wiſh'd for love.

PHÆDRA.

Not ſo her ſon;
Who boldly ventures on forbidden flames,
On one deſcended from the cruel Pallas,
Foe to thy father's perſon and his blood;
Hated by him, of kindred yet more hated,
The laſt of all the wicked race he ruin'd.
In vain a fierce ſucceſſive hatred reign'd
Between your ſires: in vain, like Cadmus' race,
With mingled blood they dy'd the bluſhing earth.

HIPPOLITUS.

In vain indeed, ſince now the war is o'er;
We, like the Theban race, agree to love,
And by our mutual flames and future offspring,
Atone for ſlaughter paſt.

PHÆDRA.

Your future offspring.
Heavens! What a medley's this? What dark confuſion,
Of blood and death, of murder and relation?
What joy 't had been to old diſabled Theſeus,
When he ſhould take thy offspring in his arms?
Ev'n in his arms to hold an infant Pallas,
And he upbraided with his grandſire's fate.
Oh barbarous youth!

LYCON.

Too barbarous I fear.
Perhaps even now his faction 's up in arms,
Since waving crowds roll onwards tow'rds the palace,
And rend the city with tumultuous clamours!
Perhaps to murder Phædra and her ſon,
And give the crown to him and his Iſmena:
But I'll prevent it. [*Exit* Lycon.

ISMENA *brought in.*

PHÆDRA.

What! the kind Iſmena
That nurs'd me, watch'd my ſickneſs! Oh ſhe watch'd me,
As ravenous vultures watch the dying lion,
To tear his heart, and riot in his blood.
Hark! Hark, my little infant cries for juſtice!
Oh! be appeas'd my babe, thou ſhalt have juſtice.
Now all the ſpirits of my god-like race
Enflame my ſoul, and urge me on to vengeance.
Arſemnes, Minos, Jove, th' avenging ſun,
Inſpire my fury, and demand my juſtice.
Oh! ye ſhall have it: thou, Minos, ſhalt applaud it;
Yes thou ſhalt copy it in their pains below.
Gods of revenge, ariſe.——He comes! He comes!
And ſhoots himſelf through all my kindling blood.
I have it here.—Now baſe perfidious wretch,
Now ſigh, and weep, and tremble in thy turn.
Yes, your Iſmena ſhall appeaſe my vengeance.
Iſmena dies: And thou her pitying lover
Doom'd her to death.—Thou too ſhalt ſee her bleed;

See her convulſive pangs, and hear her dying groans:
Go, glut thy eyes with thy ador'd Iſmena,
And laugh at dying Phædra!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh Iſmena!

ISMENA.

Alas! My tender ſoul would ſhrink at death,
Shake with its fears, and ſink beneath its pains,
In any cauſe but this.——But now I'm ſteel'd,
And the near danger leſſens to my ſight.
Now, if I live, 'tis only for Hippolitus,
And with an equal joy I'll die to ſave him.
Yes, for his ſake I'll go a willing ſhade,
And wait his coming in th' Elyſian fields,
And there enquire of each deſcending ghoſt
Of my lov'd hero's welfare, life, and honour.
That dear remembrance will improve the bliſs;
Add to th' Elyſian joys, and make that Heaven more happy.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh heavenly virgin! [*Aſide.*]—O imperial Phædra,
Let your rage fall on this devoted head;
But ſpare, oh! ſpare a guiltleſs virgin's life:
Think of her youth, her innocence, her virtue;
Think, with what warm compaſſion ſhe bemoan'd you;
Think, how ſhe ſerv'd and watch'd you in your ſickneſs!
How ev'ry riſing and deſcending ſun
Saw kind Iſmena watching o'er the queen.
I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
And I, and only I, ſhould feel your juſtice.

ISMENA.

Oh! by thoſe powers, to whom I ſoon muſt anſwer
For all my faults, by that bright arch of Heaven
I now laſt ſee, I wrought him by my wiles,
By tears, by threats, by every female art,
Wrought his diſdaining ſoul to falſe compliance.
The ſon of Theſeus could not think of fraud,
'Twas woman all.

PHÆDRA.

I ſee 'twas woman all.
And woman's fraud ſhould meet with woman's vengeance.
But yet thy courage, truth, and virtue ſhock me;
A love ſo warm, ſo firm, ſo like my own.
Oh! had the gods ſo pleas'd; had bounteous Heaven
Beſtow'd Hippolitus on Phædra's arms,
So had I ſtood the ſhock of angry fate;
So had I given my life with joy to ſave him.

HIPPOLITUS.

And can you doom her death? Can Minos' daughter
Condemn the virtue which her ſoul admires?
Are not you Phædra? Once the boaſt of fame,
Shame of our ſex, and pattern of your own.

PHÆDRA.

Am I that Phædra? No.—Another ſoul
Informs my alter'd frame. Could elſe Iſmena
Provoke my hatred, yet deſerve my love?
Aid me, ye gods, ſupport my ſinking glory,
Reſtore my reaſon, and confirm my virtue.
Yet, is my rage unjuſt? Then, why was Phædra
Reſcu'd for torment, and preſerv'd for pain?
Why did you raiſe me to the heighth of joy,
Above the wreck of clouds and ſtorms below,
To daſh and break me on the ground for ever?

ISMENA.

Was it not time to urge him to compliance?
At leaſt to feign it, when perfidious Lycon
Confin'd his perſon, and conſpir'd his death.

PHÆDRA.

Confin'd and doom'd to death—O cruel Lycon!
Could I have doom'd thy death?—Could theſe ſad eyes
That lov'd thee living e'er behold thee dead?
Yet thou could'ſt ſee me die without concern,
Rather than ſave a wretched queen from ruin.
Elſe could you chuſe to truſt the warring winds,
The ſwelling waves, the rocks, the faithleſs ſands,
And all the raging monſters of the deep!
Oh! think you ſee me on the naked ſhore.
Think how I ſcream and tear my ſcatter'd hair;
Break from the embraces of my ſhrieking maids,
And harrow on the ſand my bleeding boſom:
Then catch with wide-ſtretch'd arms the empty billows,
And headlong plunge into the gaping deep.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, diſmal ſtate! My bleeding heart relents,
And all my thoughts diſſolve in tendereſt pity.

PHÆDRA.

If you can pity, O! refuſe not love;
But ſtoop to rule in Crete, the ſeat of heroes,
And nurſery of gods.——A hundred cities
Court thee for lord, where the rich buſy crowds
Struggle for paſſage through the ſpacious ſtreets;
Where thouſand ſhips o'erſhade the leſſening main,
And tire the labouring wind. The ſuppliant nations
Bow to its enſigns, and with lower'd ſails
Confeſs the ocean's queen. For thee alone
The winds ſhall blow, and the vaſt ocean roll.
For thee alone the fam'd Cydonian warriors
From twanging yews ſhall ſend their fatal ſhafts.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me march their leader, not their prince;
And at the head of your renown'd Cydonians.
Brandiſh this far fam'd ſword of conquering Theſeus;
That I may ſhake th' Egyptian tyrant's yoke
From Aſia's neck, and fix it on his own;
That willing nations may obey your laws,
And your bright anceſtor the ſun may ſhine
On nought but Phædra's empire.

PHÆDRA.

Why not thine?
Doſt thou ſo far deteſt my proffer'd bed,
As to refuſe my crown?——O, cruel youth!
By all the pain that wrings my tortur'd ſoul!
By all the dear deceitful hopes you gave me;
O! eaſe, at leaſt once more delude, my ſorrows.

ear ſake I 've loſt my darling honour;
ut now I gave my ſoul to death:
'd quit my crown, and ſtoop beneath
bondage of an humble wife.
I 'd climb the ſteepy Ida's ſummit,
ſcorching heat and chilling dews,
o'er vales, purſue the ſhaggy lion;
danger and of waſting toil;
g hunger and impatient thirſt;
l joys in thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why ſtoops the queen
treat, to ſupplicate and pray,
ite her crown and ſex's honour,
oſe humble thoughts can only riſe
ſlave, not lord?

PHÆDRA.

And is that all?
es he deign to force an artful groan?
ear from his unwilling eyes,
s native rocks, cold as his ſword,
he wolves that howl'd around his birth?
he tyrant, and the ſuppliant ſcorns.
! O Minos! O imperial Jove!
bluſh at my degenerate weakneſs!
, mean, ignoble paſſion, fly;
n my ſoul—'Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever,
en inſpires my thoughts with righteous
ance.
no more deſpiſe my offer'd love;
ſmena ſhall upbraid my weakneſs.
[*Catches* Hipp. *ſword to ſtab herſelf.*
kindred gods look down and ſee,
evenge you, and myſelf, on Phædra.

LYCON, *and ſnatches away the ſword.*

LYCON.

on horror! Theſeus is return'd.

PHÆDRA.

! Then what have I to do with life?
ſnatch'd with winds, by earth o'er-
n'd,
in view the face of injur'd Theſeus.
ider ſtill my growing horrors ſpread,
my virtue, nay, my frenzy's fled:
thy wretched blood, imperial Jove,
nrage you, or misfortunes move;
ir flames, on me your bolts employ,
r anger ſpares, your pity ſhould deſtroy.
[*Runs off.*

LYCON.

y do ſervice yet.
[*Exit* LYCON, *carries off the ſword.*

HIPPOLITUS.

urn'd? Thanks to the pitying gods.
in behold his awful eyes?
folded in his loving arms?
midſt of joy I fear for Phædra;
warmth and unrelenting juſtice.
her raging paſſion reach his ears,
love, by anger fir'd, would turn
g rage; as ſoft Cydonian oil,
l.

Whoſe balmy juice glides o'er th' unaſting tongue,
Yet touch'd with fire, with hotteſt flames will blaze.
But oh ye powers! I ſee his godlike form.
O extaſy of joy! He comes, he comes!
Is it my lord? My father? Oh! 'tis he:
I ſee him, touch him, feel his known embraces,
See all the father in his joyful eyes.

Enter THESEUS, *with others.*

Where have you been, my lord? What angry demon
Hid you from Crete? From me?—What god has ſav'd you?
Did not Philotas ſee you fall? O anſwer me!
And then I'll aſk a thouſand queſtions more.

THESEUS.

No: But to ſave my life I feign'd my death;
My horſe and well-known arms confirm'd the tale,
And hinder'd farther ſearch. This honeſt Greek
Conceal'd me in his houſe, and cur'd my wounds;
Procur'd a veſſel; and, to bleſs me more,
Accompany'd my flight———
But this at leiſure. Let me now indulge
A father's fondneſs; let me ſnatch thee thus;
Thus fold thee in my arms. Such, ſuch, was I
[*Embraces* Hippolitus.
When firſt I ſaw thy mother, chaſte Camilla;
And much ſhe lov'd me.—Oh! Did Phædra view me
With half that fondneſs!—But ſhe 's ſtill unkind;
Elſe haſty joy had brought her to theſe arms,
To welcome me to liberty, to life;
And make that life a bleſſing. Come, my ſon,
Let us to Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

Pardon me, my lord.

THESEUS.

Forget her former treatment; ſhe 's too good
Still to perſiſt in hatred to my ſon.

HIPPOLITUS.

O! Let me fly from Crete,——from you, [*Aſide.*
and Phædra.

THESEUS.

My ſon, what means this turn? this ſudden ſtart?
Why would you fly from Crete, and from your father?

HIPPOLITUS.

Not from my father, but from lazy Crete;
To follow danger, and acquire renown:
To quell the monſters that eſcap'd your ſword,
And make the world confeſs me Theſeus' ſon.

THESEUS.

What can this coldneſs mean? Retire, my ſon,
[*Exit* Hippolitus.
While I attend the queen.——What ſhock is this?
Why tremble thus my limbs? why faints my heart?
Why am I thrill'd with fear, till now unknown?
Where 's now the joy, the extaſy, and tranſport,
That warm'd my ſoul, and urg'd me on to Phædra?
O! had I never lov'd her, I 'd been bleſt.
Sorrow and joy, in love, alternate reign;
Sweet is the bliſs, diſtracting is the pain.

So when the Nile its fruitful deluge ſpreads,
And genial heat informs its ſlimy beds;
Here yellow harveſts crown the fertile plain,
There monſtrous ſerpents fright the labouring ſwain:
A various product fills the fatten'd ſand,
And the ſame floods enrich and curſe the land.

ACT IV.

Enter LYCON *ſolus.*

LYCON.

THIS may gain time till all my wealth's embark'd,
To ward my foes revenge, and finiſh mine,
And ſhake that empire which I can't poſſeſs.
But then the queen——She dies——Why let her die;
Let wide deſtruction ſeize on all together,
So Lycon live.——A ſafe triumphant exile,
Great in diſgrace, and envy'd in his fall.
The queen!—then try thy art, and work her paſſions.

Enter PHÆDRA *and Attendants.*

Draw her to act what moſt her ſoul abhors,
Poſſeſs her whole, and ſpeak thyſelf in Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Off, let me looſe; why, cruel barbarous maids,
Why am I barr'd from death, the common refuge
That ſpreads its hoſpitable arms for all?
Why muſt I drag th' inſufferable load
Of foul diſhonour, and deſpairing love?
Oh! length of pain! Am I ſo often dying,
And yet not dead? Feel I ſo oft death's pangs,
Nor once can find its eaſe?

LYCON.

Would you now die?
Now quit the field to your inſulting foe?
Then ſhall he triumph o'er your blaſted name:
Ages to come, the univerſe, ſhall learn
The wide immortal infamy of Phædra:
And the poor babe, the idol of your ſoul,
The lovely image of your dear dead lord,
Shall be upbraided with his mother's crimes;
Shall bear your ſhame, ſhall ſink beneath your faults;
Inherit your diſgrace, but not your crown.

PHÆDRA.

Muſt he too fall, involv'd in my deſtruction,
And only live to curſe the name of Phædra?
Oh dear, unhappy babe! muſt I bequeath thee
Only a ſad inheritance of woe?
Gods! cruel gods! can't all my pains atone,
Unleſs they reach my infant's guiltleſs head?
Oh loſt eſtate! when life's ſo ſharp a torment,
And death itſelf can't eaſe! Aſſiſt me, Lycon,
Adviſe, ſpeak comfort to my troubled ſoul.

LYCON.

'Tis you muſt drive that trouble from your ſoul;
As ſtreams, when dam'd, forget their ancient current,
And wondering at their banks, in other channels flow;
So muſt you bend your thoughts from hopeleſs love,
So turn their courſe to Theſeus' happy boſom,
And crown his eager hopes with wiſh'd enjoyment:
Then with freſh charms adorn your troubled looks,
Diſplay the beauties firſt inſpir'd his ſoul,
Soothe with your voice, and woo him with your eyes.

PHÆDRA.

Impoſſible! What woo him with theſe eyes,
Still wet with tears that flow'd—but not for Theſeus!
This tongue ſo us'd to ſound another name;
What! take him to my arms! Oh awful Juno!
Touch, love, careſs him! while my wandering fancy
On other objects ſtrays? A lewd adulteſs
In the chaſte bed? And in the father's arms,
(Oh horrid thought! Oh execrable inceſt!)
Ev'n in the father's arms embrace the ſon?

LYCON.

Yet you muſt ſee him, leſt impatient love
Should urge his temper to too nice a ſearch,
And ill-tim'd abſence ſhould diſcloſe your crime.

PHÆDRA.

Could I, when preſent to his awful eyes,
Conceal the wild diſorders of my ſoul?
Would not my groans, my looks, my ſpeech, betray me?
Betray thee, Phædra! then thou 'art not betray'd!
Live, live ſecure, adoring Crete conceals thee:
Thy pious love, and moſt endearing goodneſs,
Will charm the kind Hippolitus to ſilence.
Oh wretched Phædra! oh ill-guarded ſecret!
To foes alone diſclos'd!

LYCON.

I needs muſt fear them,
Spight of their oaths, their vows, their imprecations.

PHÆDRA.

Do imprecations, oaths, or vows avail!
I too have ſworn, ev'n at the altar ſworn
Eternal love and endleſs faith to Theſeus;
And yet am falſe, forſworn: The hallow'd ſhrine,
That heard me ſwear, is witneſs to my falſehood.
The youth, the very author of my crimes,
Ev'n he ſhall tell the fault himſelf inſpir'd;
The fatal eloquence, that charm'd my ſoul,
Shall laviſh all its art to my deſtruction.

LYCON.

Oh he will tell it all!—Deſtruction ſeize him!—
With ſeeming grief, and aggravating pity,
And more to blacken, will excuſe your folly;
Falſe tears ſhall wet his unrelenting eyes,
And his glad heart with artful ſighs ſhall heave:
Then Theſeus—How will indignation ſwell
His mighty heart! How his majeſtic frame
Will ſhake with rage too fierce, too ſwift for vent!
How he 'll expoſe you to the public ſcorn,
And loathing crowds ſhall murmur out their horror!
Then the fierce Scythian——Now methinks I ſee
His fiery eyes with ſullen pleaſures glow,
Survey your tortures, and inſult your pangs;
I ſee him, ſmiling on the pleas'd Iſmena,
Point out with ſcorn the once proud tyrant Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

ıe his name! May infamy attend him!
't deſtruction fall upon his head,
r the hand of thoſe he moſt adores!

LYCON.

ven, prophetic truth inſpires your tongue!
endure the ſhame he means to give;
he torments which he heaps on you,
: revenge, ſhall Theſeus turn on him.

PHÆDRA.

ſſible? Oh Lycon! Oh my refuge!
old man! Thou oracle of wiſdom!
he means, that Phædra may adore thee.

LYCON.

him firſt.

PHÆDRA.

Oh Heavens! Accuſe the guiltleſs!

LYCON.

ıe accus'd; let Theſeus know your crime;
g infamy o'erwhelm your glory;
foe triumph, and your infant fall——
this idle lethargy of pity,
dy war prevent th' invading foe,
your glory, and ſecure your vengeance:
the fruit, ſecurity, and eaſe;
, the danger, and the labour, mine.

PHÆDRA.

ıs! Theſeus comes!

Enter THESEUS.

LYCON.

Declare your laſt reſolves.

PHÆDRA.

ı reſolve, for Phædra can do nothing.
[*Exit* Phædra.

LYCON.

Lycon, heighten his impatient love,
e his pity, now enflame his rage,
his hopes, then quaſh them with deſpair;
; tumultuous paſſions into frenzy;
em all, then turn them on the foe.

THESEUS.

ıat my queen, my wife, my idol, Phædra?
ſtill ſhun me? Oh injurious Heaven!
you give me back again to life?
you ſave me from the rage of battle,
ıe fall by her more fatal hatred?

LYCON.

atred! No, ſhe loves you with ſuch fond-
eſs,
but that of Theſeus e'er could equal?
the gods have doom'd, ſo Heaven will
e it,
r muſt view her much-lov'd Theſeus more.

THESEUS.

:e her! By my ſufferings but I will,
troops embattled ſhould oppoſe my paſſage,
ly death ſhould guard the fatal way.
her! Oh I 'll claſp her in theſe arms,
Break through the idle bands that yet have held me,
And ſeize the joys my honeſt love may claim.

LYCON.

Is this a time for joy? when Phædra's grief——

THESEUS.

Is this a time for grief? Is this my welcome
To air, to life, to liberty, and Crete?
Not this I hop'd, when, urg'd by ardent love,
I wing'd my eager way to Phædra's arms;
Then to my thoughts relenting Phædra flew,
With open arms, to welcome my return,
With kind endearing blame condemn'd my raſhneſs,
And made me ſwear to venture out no more.
Oh! my warm ſoul, my boiling fancy glow'd
With charming hopes of yet untaſted joys;
New pleaſures fill'd my mind, all dangers, pains,
Wars, wounds, defeats, in that dear hope were loſt.
And does ſhe now avoid my eager love,
Purſue me ſtill with unrelenting hatred,
Invent new pains, deteſt, loath, ſhun my ſight,
Fly my return, and ſorrow for my ſafety?

LYCON.

O think not ſo! for, by th' unerring gods,
When firſt I told her of your wiſh'd return,
When the lov'd name of Theſeus reach'd her ears,
At that dear name ſhe rear'd her drooping head,
Her feeble hands, and watery eyes, to Heaven,
To bleſs the bounteous gods: at that dear name
The raging tempeſt of her grief was calm'd;
Her ſighs were huſh'd, and tears forgot to flow.

THESEUS.

Did my return bring comfort to her ſorrow?
Then haſte, conduct me to the lovely mourner:
O I will kiſs the pearly drops away?
Suck from her roſy lips the fragrant ſighs;
With other ſighs her panting breaſt ſhall heave,
With other dews her ſwimming eyes ſhall melt,
With other pangs her throbbing heart ſhall beat,
And all her ſorrows ſhall be loſt in love.

LYCON.

Does Theſeus burn with ſuch unheard of paſſion?
And muſt not ſhe with out-ſtretch'd arms receive
him,
And with an equal ardour meet his vow,
The vows of one ſo dear! O righteous gods!
Why muſt the bleeding heart of Theſeus bear
Such torturing pangs; while Phædra, dead to love,
Now with acculing eyes on angry Heaven
Stedfaſtly gazes, and upbraids the gods;
Now with dumb piercing grief, and humble ſhame,
Fixes her gloomy watry orbs to earth;
Now burſt with ſwelling anguiſh, rends the ſkies
With loud complaints of her outrageous wrongs?

THESEUS.

Wrong'd! Is ſhe wrong'd? and lives he yet
who wrong'd her?

LYCON.

He lives, ſo great, ſo happy, ſo belov'd,
That Phædra ſcarce can hope, ſcarce wiſh revenge.

THESEUS.

Shall Theſeus live, and not revenge his Phædra?
Gods! ſhall this arm, renown'd for righteous ven-
geance,

For quelling tyrants, and redreſſing wrongs,
Now fail? now firſt, when Phædra 's injur'd, fail?
Speak, Lycon, haſte, declare the ſecret villain,
The wretch ſo meanly baſe to injure Phædra,
So raſhly brave to dare the ſword of Theſeus.

LYCON.

I dare not ſpeak; but ſure her wrongs are mighty:
The pale cold hue that deadens all her charms,
Her ſighs, her hollow groans, her flowing tears,
Make me ſuſpect her monſtrous grief will end her.

THESEUS.

End her; end Theſeus firſt, and all mankind;
But moſt that villain, that deteſted ſlave,
That brutal coward, that dark lurking wretch!

LYCON.

O noble heat of unexampled love!
This Phædra hop'd, when in the midſt of grief,
In the wild torrent of o'erwhelming ſorrows,
She, groaning, ſtill invok'd, ſtill call'd on Theſeus.

THESEUS.

Did ſhe then name me! Did the weeping charmer
Invoke my name, and call for aid on Theſeus?
Oh that lov'd voice upbraided my delay.
Why then this ſtay? I come, I fly, oh Phædra!
Lead on—Now, dark diſturber of my peace,
If now thou 'art known, what luxury of vengeance—
Haſte, lead, conduct me.

LYCON.

Oh! I beg you ſtay.

THESEUS.

What! ſtay when Phædra calls?

LYCON.

Oh! on my knees,
By all the gods, my lord, I beg you ſtay;
As you reſpect your peace, your life, your glory:
As Phædra's days are precious to your ſoul;
By all your love, by all her ſorrows, ſtay.

THESEUS.

Where lies the danger? wherefore ſhould I ſtay?

LYCON.

Your ſudden preſence would ſurprize her ſoul,
Renew the galling image of her wrongs,
Revive her ſorrow, indignation, ſhame;
And all your ſon would ſtrike her from your eyes.

THESEUS.

My ſon!——But he's too good, too brave to wrong her.
——Whence then that ſhocking change, that ſtrong ſurprize;
That fright that ſeiz'd him at the name of Phædra!

LYCON.

Was he ſurpriz'd? that ſhew'd at leaſt remorſe.

THESEUS.

Remorſe! for what? By Heavens, my troubled thoughts
Preſage ſome dire attempt.——Say, what remorſe!

LYCON.

I would not——yet I muſt.——This you command;
This Phædra orders; thrice her faultering tongue
Bad me unfold the guilty ſcene to Theſeus:
Thrice with loud cries recall'd me on my way,
And blam'd my ſpeed, and chid my raſh obedience,
Leſt the unwelcome tale ſhould wound your peace.
At laſt, with looks ſerenely ſad, ſhe cry'd,
Go, tell it all; but in ſuch artful words,
Such tender accents, and ſuch melting ſounds,
As may appeaſe his rage, and move his pity;
As may incline him to forgive his ſon
A grievous fault, but ſtill a fault of love.

THESEUS.

Of love! what ſtrange ſuſpicions rack my ſoul?
As you regard my peace, declare, what love!

LYCON.

So urg'd, I muſt declare; yet, pitying Heaven,
Why muſt I ſpeak? Why muſt unwilling Lycon
Accuſe the prince of impious love to Phædra?

THESEUS.

Love to his mother! to the wife of Theſeus!

LYCON.

Yes, at the moment firſt he view'd her eyes,
Ev'n at the altar, when you join'd your hands,
His eaſy heart receiv'd the guilty flame,
And from that time he preſt her with his paſſion.

THESEUS.

Then 't was for this ſhe baniſh'd him from Crete;
I thought it hatred all: O righteous hatred!
Forgive me, Heaven; forgive me, injur'd Phædra,
That I in ſecret have condemn'd thy juſtice.
Oh! 't was all juſt, and Theſeus ſhall revenge,
Ev'n on his ſon, revenge his Phædra's wrongs.

LYCON.

What eaſy tools are theſe blunt honeſt heroes,
Who with keen hunger gorge the naked hook,
Prevent the bait the ſtateſman's art prepares,
And poſt to ruin!——Go, believing fool,
Go act thy far-fam'd juſtice on thy ſon,
Next on thyſelf, and both make way for Lycon.
[*Aſide.*

THESEUS.

Ha! am I ſure ſhe 's wrong'd? perhaps 't is malice.
Slave, make it clear, make good your accuſation,
Or treble fury ſhall revenge my ſon.

LYCON.

Am I then doubted! and can faithful Lycon
Be thought to forge ſuch execrable falſehoods!
Gods! when the queen unwillingly complains,
Can you ſuſpect her truth? O godlike Theſeus!
Is this the love you bear unhappy Phædra!
Is this her hop'd-for aid! Go, wretched matron,
Sigh to the winds, and rend th' unpitying heaven
With thy vain ſorrows; ſince relentleſs Theſeus,
Thy hope, thy refuge, Theſeus, will not hear thee!

THESEUS.

Not hear my Phædra! Not revenge her wrongs!
Speak, make thy proofs, and then his doom 's a fix'd
As when Jove ſpeaks, and high Olympus ſhakes,
And Fate his voice obeys.

LYCON.

Bear witneſs, Heaven!
at reluctance I produce this ſword,
l proof againſt th' unhappy prince,
ould work your juſtice to his ruin,
ve he aim'd at force, as well as inceſt.

THESEUS.

't is illuſion all! Is this the ſword
h Procruſtes, Scyron, Pallas fell?
e weapon which my darling ſon
employ in nought but acts of honour?
ithful youth, thou nobly haſt fulfill'd
erous promiſe. O moſt injur'd Phædra!
I truſt to his deceitful form?
me thy juſtice, or ſuſpect thy truth.

LYCON.

ou this morn beheld his ardent eyes,
arm lock'd in her diſhevel'd hair,
apon glittering o'er her trembling boſom,
e with ſcreams refus'd his impious love,
ng death, and riſing to the wound.
d you ſeen her, when the frighted youth
t your approach: had you then ſeen her,
aſte tranſports of becoming fury,
the ſword to pierce her guiltleſs boſom,
ſeen this, you could not doubt her truth.

THESEUS.

pious monſter! Oh forgive me, Phædra!
y the gods inſpire my injur'd ſoul
ual vengeance that may ſuit his crimes.

LYCON.

hædra's ſake, forbear to talk of vengeance;
th new pains would her tender breaſt:
n away from Crete, and by his abſence
ædra quiet; and afford him mercy.

THESEUS.

y! for what! Oh! well has he rewarded
hædra's mercy.——Oh moſt barbarous
raitor!
g ſuch beauty, and inſult ſuch goodneſs.
what 's that? a virtue join'd by villains;
raiſe the weakneſs which ſupports their
rimes.
, and fly, leſt when my rage is rous'd,
r thyſelf in vain implore my mercy.

LYCON.

ool, I laugh at mercy more than thou doſt,
an I do the juſtice thou 'rt ſo fond of.
me, young hero, to thy father's arms,
the due reward of haughty virtue;
aſt thy race, and laugh at earth-born
Lycon. [*Exit.*

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

THESEUS.

an it be?——Is this th' inceſtuous villain?
eat his preſence, how erect his look,
ery grace, how all his virtuous mother
a his face, and charms me from his eyes!
tune! Oh, great founder of our race!
ıs he fram'd with ſuch a godlike look?
Why wears he not ſome moſt deteſted form,
Baleful to ſight, as horrible to thought;
That I might act my juſtice without grief,
Punish the villain, nor regret the ſon?

HIPPOLITUS.

May I preſume to aſk, what ſecret care
Broods in your breaſt, and clouds your royal brow?
Why dart your awful eyes thoſe angry beams,
And fright Hippolitus, they us'd to cheer?

THESEUS.

Anſwer me firſt: when call'd to wait on Phædra,
What ſudden fear ſurpriz'd your troubled ſoul?
Why did your ebbing blood forſake your cheeks?
Why did you haſten from your father's arms,
To ſhun the queen your duty bids you pleaſe?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, to pleaſe the queen, I'm forc'd to ſhun her,
And keep this hated object from her ſight.

THESEUS.

Say, what 's the cauſe of her inveterate hatred?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, as yet I never gave her cauſe.

THESEUS.

Oh were it ſo! [*Aſide.*] When laſt did you attend her?

HIPPOLITUS.

When laſt attend her?——Oh unhappy queen
Your error 's known, yet I diſdain to wrong you.
Or to betray a fault myſelf have caus'd. [*Aſide.*
When laſt attend her?——

THESEUS.

Anſwer me directly;
Nor dare to trifle with your father's rage.

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, this very morn I ſaw the queen.

THESEUS.

What paſs'd?

HIPPOLITUS.

I aſk'd permiſſion to retire.

THESEUS.

And was that all?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, I humbly beg,
With the moſt low ſubmiſſions, aſk no more.

THESEUS.

Yet you don't anſwer with your low ſubmiſſions.
Anſwer, or never hope to ſee me more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling;
And the poor queen's betray'd and loſt for ever.
[*Aſide.*

THESEUS.

He changes, gods! and faulters at the queſtion:
His fears, his words, his looks declare him guilty.
[*Aſide.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Why do you frown my lord? Why turn away,
As from ſome loathſome monſter, not your ſon?

THESEUS.

Thou art that monſter, and no more my ſon.
Not one of thoſe of the moſt horrid form,
Of which my hand has eas'd the burthen'd earth,
Was half ſo ſhocking to my ſight as thou.

HIPPOLITUS.

Where am I, gods? Is that my father Theſeus?
Am I awake? Am I Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Thou art that fiend — Thou art Hippolitus.
Thou art!—Oh fall! Oh fatal ſtain to honour!
How had my vain imagination form'd thee!
Brave as Alcides, and as Minos juſt!
Sometimes it led me through the maze of war;
There it ſurvey'd thee ranging through the field,
Mowing down troops, and dealing out deſtruction:
Sometimes with wholeſome laws reforming ſtates,
Crowning their happy joys with peace and plenty;
While you——

HIPPOLITUS.

With all my father's ſoul inſpir'd,
Burnt with impatient thirſt of early honour,
To hunt through bloody fields the chaſe of glory,
And bleſs your age with trophies like your own.
Gods! How that warm'd me! How my throbbing heart
Leapt to the image of my father's joy,
When you ſhould ſtrain me in your folding arms,
And with kind raptures, and with ſobbing joys,
Commend my valour, and confeſs your ſon!
How did I think my glorious toil o'er-paid?
Then great indeed, and in my father's love,
With more than conqueſt crown'd? Go on, Hippolitus,
Go tread the rugged paths of daring honour;
Practiſe the ſtricteſt and auſtereſt virtue,
And all the rigid laws of righteous Minos;
Theſeus, thy father Theſeus, will reward thee.

THESEUS.

Reward thee?——Yes, as Minos would reward thee.
Was Minos then thy pattern? And did Minos,
The great, the good, the juſt, the righteous Minos,
The judge of hell, and oracle of earth,
Did he inſpire adultery, force, and inceſt?

ISMENA *appears.*

ISMENA.

Ha! What 's this? [*Aſide.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Inceſt?——

THESEUS.

Inceſt with Phædra, with thy mother Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

This charge ſo unexpected, ſo amazing,
So new, ſo ſtrange, impoſſible to thought,
Stuns my aſtoniſh'd ſoul, and ties my voice.

THESEUS.

Then let this wake thee, this once glorious ſword,
With which thy father arm'd thy infant hand,
Not for this purpoſe. Oh abandon'd ſlave!
Oh early villain! Moſt deteſted coward!
With this my inſtrument of youthful glory!
With this!——Oh noble entrance into arms!
With this t' invade the ſpotleſs Phædra's honour?
Phædra! My life! My better half, my queen!
That very Phædra, for whoſe juſt defence
The gods would claim thy ſword.

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Death!
Heavens! Durſt I raiſe the far-fam'd ſword of Theſeus
Againſt his queen, againſt my mother's boſom.

THESEUS.

If not, declare when, where, and how you loſt it?
How Phædra gain'd it? Oh all the gods! He's ſilent.
Why was it bar'd? Whoſe boſom was it aim'd at?
What meant thy arm advanc'd, thy glowing cheeks,
Thy hand, heart, eyes? Oh villain! monſtrous villain

HIPPOLITUS.

Is there no way, no thought, no beam of light?
No clue to guide me through this gloomy maze,
To clear my honour, yet preſerve my faith?
None! None, ye powers! And muſt I groan beneath
This execrable load of foul diſhonour?
Muſt Theſeus ſuffer ſuch unheard-of torture!
Theſeus, my father! No, I 'll break through all;
All oaths, all vows, all idle imprecations,
I give them to the winds. Hear me, my lord!
Hear your wrong'd ſon. The ſword——Oh fatal vow!
Enſnaring oaths; and thou, raſh thoughtleſs fool,
To bind thyſelf in voluntary chains;
Yet to thy fatal truſt continue firm!
Beneath diſgrace, though infamous yet honeſt.
Yet hear me, father, may the righteous gods
Shower all their curſes on this wretched head.
Oh may they doom me!—

THESEUS.

Yes, the gods will doom thee.
The ſword, the ſword! Now ſwear, and call to witneſs
Heaven, hell, and earth. I mark it not from ear,
That breathes beneath ſuch complicated guilt.

HIPPOLITUS.

Was that like guilt, when with expanded arms
I ſprang to meet you at your wiſh'd return?
Does this appear like guilt? When thus ſerene,
With eyes erect, and viſage unappall'd,
Fixt on that awful face, I ſtand the charge;
Amaz'd, not fearing: Say, if I am guilty,
Where are the conſcious looks, the face now pale,
Now flushing red, the downcaſt haggard eyes,
Or fix'd on earth, or ſlowly rais'd to catch
A fearful view, then ſunk again with horror?

THESEUS.

is for raw, untaught, unfiniſh'd villains.
thy bloom haſt reach'd th' abhorr'd per-
fection:
en looks could wear a peaceful calm,
auteous ſtamp (oh Heavens!) of faultleſs
virtue,
thy foul heart contriv'd this horrid deed.
len'd fiend, can't ſuch tranſcending crimes
thy ſoul, or ruffle thy ſmooth brow?
no remorſe! No qualms! No pricking
pangs!
le ſtruggle of rebelling honour!
thy joy! thy ſecret hoard of bliſs,
m, to ponder, act it o'er in thought:
, to dwell on; as rejoicing miſers
'er their precious ſtores of ſecret gold.

HIPPOLITUS.

I not ſpeak? Then fa[illegible] unerring Heaven,
as I born with ſuch a th[illegible]t of glory?
d this morning dawn to my diſhonour?
d not pitying fate with ready death
t the guilty day?

THESEUS.

Guilty indeed.
the time you heard your father's death,
h a father (Oh immortal gods!)
thee dearer than his life and glory;
hou ſhould'ſt rend the ſkies with clamorous
grief,
y ſad breaſt, and tear thy ſtarting hair;
my bed to force your impious way;
orrid luſt t' inſult my yet warm urn;
ne the ſcorn of hell, and ſport for fiends!
re the funeral honours paid to Theſeus,
re the ſorrows, theſe the hallow'd rites,
ch you 'd call your father's hovering ſpirit.

Enter ISMENA.

ISMENA.

me, my lord, ere yet you fix his doom:
[*Turning to* Theſeus.
ie that comes to ſhield his injur'd honour,
ard his life with hazard of her own.

THESEUS.

gh thou 'rt the daughter of my hated foe,
ev'n thy beauty 's loathſome to my eyes,
ice bids me hear thee.

ISMENA.

Thus I thank you. [*Kneels.*
now, miſtaken prince, his honeſt ſoul
e'er be ſway'd by impious love to Phædra,
before engag'd his early vows;
l my wiles ſubdued his ſtruggling heart;
g his duty ſtruggled with his love.

THESEUS.

, is this true? On thy obedience, ſpeak.

HIPPOLITUS.

arg'd, I own the dangerous truth; I own,
her will, I lov'd the fair Iſmena.

THESEUS.

Canſt thou be only clear'd by diſobedience,
And juſtify'd by crimes?——What! love my foe!
Love one deſcended from a race of tyrants,
Whoſe blood yet reeks on my avenging ſword!
I 'm curſt each moment I delay thy fate:
Haſte to the ſhades, and tell the happy Pallas
Iſmena's flames, and let him taſte ſuch joys
As thou giv'ſt me; go tell applauding Minos
The pious love you bore his daughter Phædra;
Tell it the chattering ghoſts, and hiſſing furies,
Tell it the grinning fiends, till hell ſound nothing
To thy pleas'd ears but Phædra and Iſmena.

Enter CRATANDER.

Seize him, Cratander; take this guilty ſword,
Let his own hand avenge the crimes it acted,
And bid him die, at leaſt, like Theſeus' ſon.
Take him away, and execute my orders.

HIPPOLITUS.

Heavens! How that ſtrikes me! How it wounds
my ſoul!
To think of your unutterable ſorrows,
When you ſhall find Hippolitus was guiltleſs!
Yet when you know the innocence you doom'd,
When you ſhall mourn your ſon's unhappy fate,
Oh, I beſeech you by the love you bore me,
With my laſt words (my words will then prevail)
Oh for my ſake forbear to touch your life,
Nor wound again Hippolitus in Theſeus.
Let all my virtues, all my joys ſurvive,
Freſh in your breaſt, but be my woes forgot;
The woes which fate, and not my father, wrought.
Oh! let me dwell for ever in your thoughts,
Let me be honour'd ſtill, but not deplor'd.

THESEUS.

Then thy chief care is for thy father's life.
Oh blooming hypocrite! Oh young diſſembler!
Well haſt thou ſhewn the care thou tak'ſt of
Theſeus.
Oh all ye gods! how this inflames my fury!
I ſcarce can hold my rage; my eager hands
Tremble to reach thee. No, diſhonour'd Theſeus!
Blot not thy fame with ſuch a monſter's blood.
Snatch him away.

HIPPOLITUS.

Lead on. Farewell, Iſmena.

ISMENA.

Oh! take me with him, let me ſhare his fate.
Oh awful Theſeus! Yet revoke his doom:
See, ſee the very miniſters of death,
Though bred to blood, yet ſhrink, and wiſh to ſave
him.

THESEUS.

Slaves, villains, tear her from him, cut her arms
off.

ISMENA.

Oh! tear me, cut me, till my ſever'd limbs
Grow to my lord, and ſhare the pains he ſuffers.

THESEUS.

Villains, away.

ISMENA.

O Theſeus! Hear me, hear me.

THESEUS.

Away, nor taint me with thy loathſome touch.
Off, woman.

ISMENA.

Stay, oh ſtay! I 'll tell you all. [*Exit* Theſeus.
Already gone!——Tell it, ye conſcious walls;
Bear it, ye winds, upon your pitying wings;
Reſound it, fame, with all your hundred tongues.
Oh hapleſs youth! All Heaven conſpires againſt you.
The conſcious walls conceal the fatal ſecret:
Th' untainted winds refuſe th' infecting load:
And fame itſelf is mute.——Nay, ev'n Iſmena,
Thy own Iſmena 's ſworn to thy deſtruction.
But ſtill, whate'er the cruel gods deſign,
In the ſame fate our equal ſtars combine,
And he who dooms thy death pronounces mine.

ACT V.

Enter PHÆDRA *and* LYCON.

LYCON.

ACCUSE yourſelf? Oh! on my knees I beg you,
By all the gods, recal the fatal meſſage.
Heavens! Will you ſtand the dreaded rage of Theſeus?
And brand your fame, and work your own deſtruction?

PHÆDRA.

By thee I 'm branded, and by thee deſtroy'd:
Thou boſom ſerpent, thou alluring fiend!
Yet ſhan't you boaſt the miſeries you cauſe,
Nor 'ſcape the ruin you have brought on all.

LYCON.

Was it not your command? Has faithful Lycon
E'er ſpoke, e'er thought, deſign'd, contriv'd, or acted?
Has he done aught without the queen's conſent?

PHÆDRA.

Plead'ſt thou conſent to what thou firſt inſpir'dſt?
Was that conſent? O ſenſeleſs politician!
When adverſe paſſions ſtruggled in my breaſt,
When anger, fear, love, ſorrow, guilt, deſpair,
Drove out my reaſon, and uſurp'd my ſoul,
Yet this conſent you plead, O faithful Lycon!
Oh! only zealous for the fame of Phædra!
With this you blot my name, and clear your own;
And what 's my frenzy, will be call'd my crime:
What then is thine? Thou cool deliberate villain,
Thou wiſe, fore-thinking, weighing politician!

LYCON.

Oh! 'twas ſo black, my frighten'd tongue recoil'd
At its own ſound, and horror ſhook my ſoul.
Yet ſtill, though pierc'd with ſuch amazing anguiſh,
Such was my zeal, ſo much I lov'd my queen,
I broke through all, to ſave the life of Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

What 's life? Oh all ye Gods! Can life atone
For all the monſtrous crimes by which 'tis bought?
Or can I live? When thou, oh ſoul of honour!
Oh early hero! by my crimes art ruin'd.
Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy youth
Falls by the ſordid hands of butchering villains;
Now, now he bleeds, he dies Oh perjur'd traitor!
See, his rich blood in purple torrents flows,
And nature ſallies in unbidden groans;
Now mortal pangs diſtort his lovely form;
His roſy beauties fade, his ſtarry eyes
Now darkling ſwim, and fix their cloſing beams;
Now in ſhort gaſps his labouring ſpirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his faultering tongue,
And ſtruggles into ſound. Hear, monſter, hear,
With his laſt breath he curſes perjur'd Phædra:
He ſummons Phædra to the bar of Minos;
Thou too ſhalt there appear; to torture thee,
Whole hell ſhall be employ'd, and ſuffering Phædra
Shall find ſome eaſe to ſee thee ſtill more wretched.

LYCON.

Oh all ye powers! Oh Phædra! Hear me, hear me,
By all my zeal, by all my anxious cares,
By thoſe unhappy crimes I wrought to ſerve you,
By theſe old wither'd limbs and hoary hairs,
By all my tears!—Oh heavens! She minds me not,
She hears not my complaints. Oh wretched Lycon!
To what art thou reſerv'd?

PHÆDRA.

Reſerv'd to all
The ſharpeſt, ſloweſt pains that earth can furniſh,
To all I wiſh—On Phædra—Guards, ſecure him.
[Lycon *carried off.*
Ha! Theſeus, gods! My freezing blood congeals,
And all my thoughts, deſigns, and words are loſt.

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Doſt thou at laſt repent? Oh lovely Phædra!
At laſt with equal ardour meet my vows;
O dear-bought bleſſing! Yet I 'll not complain,
Since now my ſharpeſt grief is all o'erpaid,
And only heightens joy.—Then haſte, my charmer,
Let 's feaſt our famiſh'd ſouls with amorous rites,
With fierceſt bliſs atone for our delay,
And in a moment love the age we 've loſt.

PHÆDRA.

Stand off, approach me, touch me not; fly hence,
Far as the diſtant ſkies or deepeſt center.

THESEUS.

Amazement! Death! Ye gods who guide the world,
What can this mean? So fierce a deteſtation,
So ſtrong abhorrence!—Speak, exquiſite tormentor!
Was it for this your ſummons fill'd my ſoul
With eager raptures, and tumultuous tranſports!
Ev'n painful joys, and agonies of bliſs.

this obey my Phædra's call,
ith trembling haste to meet her arms?
thus receiv'd? O cruel Phædra!
this you rouz'd my drowsy soul
dull lethargy of hopeless love?
hou only shew those beauteous eyes
espair, and blast me with their beams?

PHÆDRA.

re that all to which the gods have
m'd me;
Heaven has laid in store for Theseus
t mischief, such transcendent woe,
lack image shocks my frighted soul,
ords die on my reluctant tongue.

THESEUS.

to speak it; that harmonious voice
the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
a the grief it brings.—Thus let me
it,
sight; thus gazing on those eyes,
rt the utmost spite of fate,
the rage of Heaven.—Approach, my
!

PHÆDRA.

fly for ever from thy sight:
race the father of Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

e villain, drive him from your soul.

PHÆDRA.

get, or drive him from my soul?
l still be present to my eyes;
vill ever echo in my ears;
be the torture of my days,
life, and ruin of my glory.

THESEUS.

and all.—Oh most abandon'd villain!
candal to our godlike race!
contrive a crime so foul as incest.

PHÆDRA.

h name it not!——
ention shakes my inmost soul:
startled in their peaceful mansions,
sickens at the shocking sound.
wretch! Thou execrable monster!
rough all the laws that early flow
ght reason, and distinguish man;
senseless herd with bestial lust,
son preposterously wicked;
om thy soul the reverence due
nature, and the genial bed,
ne so great, so good as Theseus.

THESEUS.

one so great, so good as Phædra;
wrong such purity as thine,
g brightness, such exalted virtue.

PHÆDRA.

ll-seeing gods, you know my virtue!
rt all this? O righteous Heaven!
ak? Reproach I could have borne,
tyrs stings, and adg'd his rage,
is'd——Now, Minos, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful magazines of pains,
Stones, furies, wheels, are slight to what I suffer
And hell itself 's relief.

THESEUS.

What 's hell to thee?
What crimes could'st thou commit? Or what reproaches
Could innocence so pure as Phædra's fear.
Oh, thou 'rt the chastest matron of thy sex,
The fairest pattern of excelling virtue.
Our latest annals shall record thy glory,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme.
Each skilful artist shall express thy form,
In animated gold.——The threatening sword
Shall hang for ever o'er thy snowy bosom;
Such heavenly beauty on thy face shall bloom,
As shall almost excuse the villain's crime;
But yet that firmness, that unshaken virtue,
As still shall make the monster more detested,
Where-e'er you pass, the crowded way shall sound
With joyful cries, and endless acclamations:
And when aspiring bards, in daring strains,
Shall raise some heavenly matron to the powers,
They 'll say, she 's great, she 's true, she 's chaste as Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

This might have been.——But now, oh cruel stars!
Now, as I pass, the crowded way shall sound
With hissing scorn, and murmuring detestation:
The latest annals shall record my shame;
And when th' avenging Muse with pointed rage
Would sink some impious woman down to hell,
She 'll say, she 's false, she 's base, she 's foul as Phædra.

THESEUS.

Hadst thou been foul, had horrid violation
Cast any stains on purity like thine,
They 're wash'd already in the villain's blood:
The very sword, his instrument of horror,
Ere this time drench'd in his incestuous heart,
Has done thee justice, and aveng'd the crimes
He us'd it to perform.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Alas! my lord,
Ere this the prince is dead—I saw Cratander
Give him a sword.—I saw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his breast,
With steady hands, and with disdainful looks,
As one that fear'd not death, but scorn'd to die,
And not in battle.—A loud clamour follow'd:
And the surrounding soldiers hid from sight,
But all pronounc'd him dead.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead?

THESEUS.

Yes, yes, he 's dead; and dead by my command;
And in this dreadful act of mournful justice,
I 'm more renown'd than in my dear-bought laurels.

PHÆDRA.

Then thou 'rt renown'd indeed.—Oh happy Theſeus!
Oh, only worthy of the love of Phædra!
Haſte then, let 's join our well-met hands together;
Unite for ever, and defy the gods
To ſhew a pair ſo eminently wretched.

THESEUS.

Wretched! For what? For what the world muſt praiſe me.
For what the nations ſhall adore my juſtice,
A villain's death?

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus a villain!
Oh, he was all his godlike ſire could wiſh,
The pride of Theſeus, and the hopes of Crete.
Nor did the braveſt of his godlike race
Tread with ſuch early hopes the paths of honour.

THESEUS.

What can this mean? Declare, ambiguous Phædra;
Say, whence theſe ſhifting guſts of claſhing rage?
Why are thy doubtful ſpeeches dark and troubled,
As Cretan ſeas when vext by warring winds?
Why is a villain, with alternate paſſion,
Accus'd and prais'd, deteſted and deplor'd?

PHÆDRA.

Canſt thou not guеſs?——
Canſt thou not read it in my furious paſſions?
In all the wild diſorders of my ſoul?
Could'ſt thou not ſee it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the daring youth to acts of honour?
Could'ſt thou not find it in the generous truth,
Which ſparkled in his eyes, and open'd in his face?
Could'ſt not perceive it in the chaſte reſerve?
In every word and look, each godlike act,
Could'ſt thou not ſee Hippolitus was guiltleſs?

THESEUS.

Guiltleſs! Oh all ye gods! What can this mean?

PHÆDRA.

Mean! That the guilt is mine, that virtuous Phædra,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme,
With beſtial paſſion woo'd your loathing ſon;
And when deny'd, with impious accuſation
Sully'd the luſtre of his ſhining honour;
Of my own crimes accus'd the guiltleſs youth,
And with enſnaring wiles deſtroy'd that virtue
I try'd in vain to ſhake.

THESEUS.

Is he then guiltleſs?
Guiltleſs! Then what art thou? And oh juſt Heaven!
What a deteſted parricide is Theſeus!

PHÆDRA.

What am I? What indeed, but one more black
Than earth or hell e'er bore! O horrid mixture
Of crimes and woes, of parricide and inceſt,
Perjury, murder; to arm the erring father
Againſt the guiltleſs ſon. O impious Lycon!
In what a hell of woes thy arts have plung'd me.

THESEUS.

Lycon! Here, guards!—Oh moſt abandon'd villain!
Secure him, ſeize him, drag him piece-meal hither.

Enter GUARDS.

GUARDS.

Who has, my lord, incurr'd your high diſpleaſure?

THESEUS.

Who can it be, ye gods, but perjur'd Lycon?
Who can inſpire ſuch ſtorms of rage, but Lycon?
Where has my ſword left one ſo black, but Lycon?
Where! Wretched Theſeus! in thy bed and heart,
The very darling of my ſoul and eyes!
Oh beauteous fiend! But truſt not to thy form.
You too, my ſon, was fair; your manly beauties
Charm'd every heart (O heavens!) to your deſtruction.
You too were good, your virtuous ſoul abhorr'd
The crimes for which you dy'd. Oh impious Phædra!
Inceſtuous fury! Execrable murth'reſs!
Is there revenge on earth, or pain in hell,
Can art invent, or boiling rage ſuggeſt,
Ev'n endleſs torture which thou ſhalt not ſuffer?

PHÆDRA.

And is there aught on earth I would not ſuffer?
Oh, were there vengeance equal to my crimes,
Thou need'ſt not claim it, moſt unhappy youth,
From any hands but mine: T' avenge thy fate,
I 'd court the fierceſt pains, and ſue for tortures;
And Phædra's ſufferings ſhould atone for thine;
Ev'n now I fall a victim to thy wrongs;
Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my ſoul;
Ev'n now it curdles in my ſhrinking veins
The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

LYCON *brought in.*

THESEUS.

Haſt thou eſcap'd my wrath? Yet, impious Lycon,
On thee I 'll empty all my hoard of vengeance,
And glut my boundleſs rage.

LYCON.

O! mercy, mercy!

THESEUS.

Such thou ſhalt find as thy beſt deeds deſerve,
Such as thy guilty ſoul can hope from Theſeus;
Such as thou ſhew'dſt to poor Hippolitus.

LYCON.

Oh chain me! whip me! Let me be the ſcorn
Of ſordid rabbles, and inſulting crowds!
Give me but life, and make that life moſt wretched.

PHÆDRA.

Art thou ſo baſe, ſo ſpiritleſs a ſlave?
Not ſo the lovely youth thy arts have ruin'd,
Not ſo he bore the fate to which you doom'd him.

THESEUS.

Oh abject villain! Yet it gives me joy
To ſee the fears that ſhake thy guilty ſoul,

mes, and antedate thy woes.
lt howl thy fearful soul away;
crowds shall echo to thy cries,
pains their sport! Haste, hence
th him,
the torments earth can furnish;
'd and gash'd, impal'd alive;
ngled monster, fix'd on high,
shouting crowds, and glut their
ce.
And art thou now appeas'd?
for poor Hippolitus!
petite! Oh ravenous thirst
! What not a day, a moment!

PHÆDRA.

oment! Oh! thou should'st have

the round of circling time,
life of that consummate youth.

THESEUS.

joy I flew to his destruction,
, and triumph'd in his ruin.
is'd to his dying mother,
ortal pangs she sighing gave me
fles from her trembling lips,
r feeble wandering hands to mine;
reath, now quivering at her mouth,
odness to her lovely son;
us. He, alas! descends
to the lazy shades,
d earth!) by Theseus doom'd,

PHÆDRA.

by Theseus, but accus'd by Phædra,
adness, and by Lycon's hatred.
e I expiate my frenzy,
e, my headlong rage destroy'd:
oh great ill-fated youth!)
l, but now with chaste desires;
he dismal waste of gloomy death;
the glimmering dawn, and purer

Elysian plains: O righteous Minos!
There he and his Ismena
ever, shall for ever drink
while I far off shall howl
; while all the blackest ghosts
e baleful sight of one more mon-

rs'd than they.

THESEUS.

I too must go;
more see the burning shore
on and black Cocytus,
ides will release me now.

PHÆDRA.

this stay? Come on, let's plunge
:
de its adamantine gates,
fable gates the black Cocytus
s rowls its fiery waves:
stunning harmonies of woe,
ling chains, of clashing whips,
Of groans, of loud complaints, of piercing shrieks,
That wide through all its gloomy world resound.
How huge Magara stalks! what streaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes! what serpents curl
horrid wreaths, and hiss around her head!
Now, now she drags me to the bar of Minos.
See how the awful judges of the dead
L[illegible] stedfast hate, and horrible dismay!
See Minos turns away his loathing eyes,
Rage choaks his struggling words: the fatal urn
Drops from his trembling hand: O all ye gods!
What, Lycon here! Oh execrable villain!
Then am I still on earth? By hell I am,
A fury [illegible] a scourge preserved for Lycon!
See, [illegible] offer to my vengeance
That [illegible] slave. Now, Lycon, for revenge;
Thanks, Heaven, 'tis here.—I'll steal it to his heart.

[*Mistaking* Theseus *for* Lycon, *offers to stab him.*

GUARDS.

Heavens! 'tis your lord.

PHÆDRA.

My lord! O equal Heaven!
Must each portentous moment rise in crimes,
And sallying life go off in parricide?
Then trust not thy slow drugs. Thus sure of death
[*Stabs herself.*
Compleat thy horrors—And if this suffice not,
Thou, Minos, do the rest.

THESEUS.

At length she's quiet,
And earth now bears not such a wretch as Theseus;
Yet I'll obey Hippolitus, and live:
Then to the wars; and as the Corybantines,
With clashing shields, and braying trumpets, drown'd
The cries of infant Jove—I'll stifle conscience,
And nature's murmurs in the din of arms.
But what are arms to me? Is he not dead
For whom I fought? For whom my hoary age
Glow'd with the boiling heat of youth in battle?
How then to drag a wretched life beneath,
An endless round of still returning woes,
And all the gnawing pangs of vain remorse?
What torment's this?——Therefore, O greatly thought,
Therefore do justice on thyself—and live;
Live above all most infinitely wretched.
Ismena too—Nay, then, avenging Heaven

ISMENA *enters.*

Has vented all its rage.—O wretched maid!
Why dost thou come to swell my raging grief?
Why add to sorrows, and embitter woes?
Why do thy mournful eyes upbraid my guilt?
Why thus recal to my afflicted soul
The sad remembrance of my god-like son,
Of that dear youth my cruelty has ruin'd?

ISMENA.

Ruin'd!——O all ye powers! O awful Theseus!
Say, where's my lord? say, where has fate dispos'd him!
Oh speak! the fear distracts me.

THESEUS.

Gods! Can I ſpeak?
Can I declare his fate to his Iſmena?
Oh lovely maid! Could'ſt thou admit of comfort,
Thou ſhould'ſt for ever be my only care,
Work of my life, and labour of my ſoul.
For thee alone, my ſorrows, lull'd, ſhall ceaſe;
Ceaſe for a while to mourn my murder'd ſon:
For thee alone my ſword once more ſhall rage,
Reſtore the crown of which it robb'd your race:
Then let your grief give way to thoughts of empire;
At thy own Athens reign. The happy crowd
Beneath thy eaſy yoke with pleaſure bow,
And think in thee their own Minerva reigns.

ISMENA.

Muſt I then reign? Nay, muſt I live without him?
Not ſo, oh godlike youth! you lov'd Iſmena;
You for her ſake refus'd the Cretan empire,
And yet a nobler gift, the royal Phædra.
Shall I then take a crown, a guilty crown,
From the relentleſs hand that doom'd thy death?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have eaſe.
And thus I find it. [*Offers to ſtab herſelf.*

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

O forbear, Iſmena!
Forbear, chaſte maid, to wound thy tender boſom;
Oh heaven and earth! ſhould ſhe reſolve to die,
And ſnatch all beauty from the widow'd earth?
Was it for me, ye gods! ſhe 'd fall a victim?
Was it for me ſhe 'd die? O heavenly virgin!
See, ſee thy own Hippolitus, who lives,
And hopes to live for thee.

ISMENA.

Hippolitus!
Am I alive or dead! is this Elyſium!
'Tis he, 'tis all Hippolitus——Ar't well?
Ar't thou not wounded?

THESEUS.

Oh unhop'd-for joy!
Stand off, and let me fly into his arms.
Speak, ſay, what god, what miracle preſerv'd thee?
Didſt thou not ſtrike thy father's cruel preſent,
My ſword, into thy breaſt?

HIPPOLITUS.

I aim'd it there,
But turn'd it from myſelf, and flew Cratander;
The guards, not truſted with his fatal orders,
Granted my wiſh, and brought me to the king:
I fear'd not death, but could not bear the thought
Of Theſeus' ſorrow, and Iſmena's loſs;
Therefore I haſten'd to your royal preſence,
Here to receive my doom.

THESEUS.

Be this thy doom,
To live for ever in Iſmena's arms,
Go, heavenly pair, and with your dazzling virtues,
Your courage, truth, your innocence, and love,
Amaze and charm mankind; and rule that empire,
For which in vain your rival fathers fought.

ISMENA.

Oh killing joy!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh extaſy of bliſs!
Am I poſſeſs'd at laſt of my Iſmena?
Of that cœleſtial maid, oh pitying gods
How ſhall I thank your bounties for my
For all my pains, and all the pangs I 've
Since 't was to them I owe divine Iſmen
To them I owe the dear conſent of The
Yet there 's a pain lies heavy on my hea
For the diſaſtrous fate of hapleſs Phædra

THESEUS.

Deep was her anguiſh; for the wrongs ſ
She choſe to die, and in her death deplo
Your fate, and not her own.

HIPPOLITUS.

I 've heard it al
O! had not paſſion ſully'd her renown,
None e'er on earth had ſhone with equal
So glorious liv'd, or ſo lamented dy'd.
Her faults were only faults of raging lov
Her virtues all her own.

ISMENA.

Unhappy Phædra
Was there no other way, ye pitying pow
No other way to crown Iſmena's love?
Then muſt I ever mourn her cruel fate,
And in the midſt of my triumphant joy
Ev'n in my hero's arms, confeſs ſome ſor

THESEUS.

O tender maid! forbear, with ill-tim'
To damp our bleſſings, and incenſe the
But let 's away, and pay kind Heav'n ou
For all the wonders in our favour wroug
That Heaven, whoſe mercy reſcued errin
From execrable crimes, and endleſs woes
Then learn from me, ye kings that rule t
With equal poize let ſteady juſtice ſway,
And flagrant crimes, with certain vengean
But, till the proofs are clear, the ſtroke

HIPPOLITUS.

The righteous gods, that innocence re
Protect the goodneſs which themſelves in
Unguarded virtue human arts defies,
Th' accus'd is happy, while th' accuſer d
[*Exeu*

ON THE

BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WA

JAM non vulgares, Iſis, molire triumph
Auguſtos Iſis nunquam tacitura Stuarto
Tu quoties crebris cumulâſti altaria donis
Multa rogans numen, cui vincta jugalia c

---

* From the "Strenæ Natalitiæ Ac
"Oxonienſis in celſiſſimum Principem. C
"è Theatro Sheldoniano. An. Dom. 16

im Superis ſuſpende tabellam;
a tibi, ſævique oblita doloris
ri gaudet Regina Jacobi.
udum priſcus vigor afflat ocellos,
ſuſpenſus in oſcula Matris
ſpirat blando, viſumque tenellum
quidem, ſed vivida Patris imago.
o vivat celebratus honore,
terris venerandus cădem!
certè ſuperâ quod veſcitur aurâ
, lætos æſtas cum pandat honores,
ireant, cum formoſiſſimus annus.
optatâ prole Parentes!
arca piis reſpexit mota querelis:
aluêre preces; victrixque Deorum
ietas, quamvis nolentia flecti:
latur ſenio, inconceſſa juventæ.
es nullo miranda daretur
ctis vix digna Parentibus eſſet:
abit, cui dat miracula partus?
, olim patrios imitare triumphos,
gni veſtigia Patris adora:
ndum indutus lanugine malas

---

ion excellence of Edmund Smith's
uſt enſure them a favourable recep-
ly when it is conſidered that at the
compoſition he was only one remove
l-boy. Had Dr. Johnſon ſeen the
publications, he would not have been
termine, in the excellent life he has
ld of Smith, whether the latter was
e univerſity in the year 1689, as he
have been enabled to pronounce with
he was in 1688 a Member of Chriſt
ake this to have been the year of
ion; and that he was then juſt come
tminſter, in time to ſignaliſe his abi-
ing on the Birth of the Prince of
a FRESHMAN (according to the uni-
nd before he was appointed to a Stu-
his name is ſubſcribed to that Copy
th the addition of COMMONER. The
ity of genius that is diſplayed in this
boy's—production of Smith, beyond
has diſtinguiſhed in his firſt proſer
ſtival on the Inauguration of King
Queen Mary—ſufficiently ſerves to
ſtify what Dr. Johnſon obſerves,
murmurers at fortune; and wonder-
was ſuffered to be poor, when Addiſon
and preferred." Such friends not
us of the greater proficients in literary
elf poſſeſſed even in the very ſeparat-
h Addiſon owed the earlier part of
WRITING OF LATIN VERSE [illegible]
their juvenile performances, it is
ſuch kind reaſon enough for that
—Addiſon firſt recommended himſelf
is dedication of the *Ludus Anglicanus*
ſax, and by the poems of his own
d. But what are his poems in com-
ITH's? KYNASTON.

Invictis orbem per totum inclaruit armis.
Illius ad tonitru Batavi tremuêre; Jacobum
Agnovit dominum ſummiſſis navita velis.
Te quoque Belga tremat, metuat rediviva Jacobi
Fulmina, cujus adhuc miſerè conſervat hiantes
Ore cicatrices, vaſtæ et monumenta ruinæ.
Subjectus famulas Nereus Tibi porrigat undas:
Ipſe tuo dà jura mari.
Cumque Pater tandem divis miſcebitur ipſe
Divus (at ô! tardè ſacra ducite ſtamina, Parcæ,)
Aſſere tu noſtri jus immortale Monarchæ;
Tu rege ſubjectum patriis virtutibus orbem.

EDMUNDUS SMITH, *Ædis Chriſti Commenſalis.*

ON THE INAUGURATION OF

KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN MARY*.

MAURITII ingentis celſo de ſanguine natum,
Mauritioque parem, ſolenni dicere verſu
Te, Gulielme, juvat: nunc ô! mihi pectora flammâ
Divinâ caleant, nunc me furor excitet idem,
Qui Te, ingens heros, bello tot adire labores
Inſtigat, mediosque ardentem impellit in hoſtes.
Te tenero latè jactabat fama ſub ævo:
Cæpiſti, quâ finis erat; maturaque virtus
Edidit ante diem fructus, tardèque ſequentes
Annos præcurrit longè, et poſt terga reliquit.
Jam Te, jam video flagrantes cernere vultus,
Dum primas ducis fervens in prælia turmas:
Jam cerno oppoſitas acies, quanto impete præceps
Tela per et gladios raperis; quo fulmine belli
Adverſum frangis cuneum, et media agmina miſces.
Num ferus invadit Belgas Turennius heros,
Invictis ſemper clarus Turennius armis,
Et, quacunque ruit, ferro bacchatur et igni?
Tu primo vernans jucundæ flore juventæ
Congrederis, dicente Deo, Deus ipſe Batavis.
Congrederis; non Te Gallorum immanis terrent
Agmina, non magni Turennius agminis inſtar.
Heu quæ tum ferro ſtrages, quæ funera latè
Edideris, quantoſque viros demiſeris orco!
Sic cum congeſtos ſtruxêre ad ſidera montes
Terrigenæ Titanes, ſuperos detrudere cœlo
Aggreſſi, poſito tum plectro intonſus Apollo
Armatâ ſumpſit trabalia ſpicula dextrâ:
Tunc audax ruit in bellum, et furit acer in armis,
Et Martem, atque ipſas longè anteit ſu'minis alas.
Exremos ô quàm vellem memorare labores!
Quàm vellem ſævi ſuperata pericula ponti!
Cui meritò nunc jura dabis: quam flebile fatum
Fruſtra jus illorum exequias, quos obruit æquor
Immeritos, canere; at jamjam ſub pondere tanto
Deficio, heroemque ſequor non paſſibus æquis.
Sed ſiſto memoranda dies, quâ regna Britannûm

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* From the "Vota Oxonienſia pro ſereniſſimis "Guilhelmo Rege et Maria Regina M. Britan- "niæ, &c. nuncupata. Oxonii, è Theatro Shel- "doniano. An. Dom. 1689."

Debita, quâ ſacros ſceptri regalis honores
Accipies, cingeſque aureo diademate frontem.
Anglos ſervaſti; da jura volentibus Anglis.
Sic gravis Alcides humeris ingentibus olim
Fulcivit patrium, quem mox poſſedit, Olympum.

E. SMITH, *Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.*

ON THE RETURN OF

KING WILLIAM FROM IRELAND,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE*.

O INGENS Heros! O tot defuncte periclis!
Ergo iterum victor noſtris allaberis oris?
Atque os belligerum, torvumque in prælia numen
Exuis, et blandâ componis regna quiete?
Ergo iterum placidâ moderaris voce Senatum?
Oraque divinum ſpirant jam mitia lumen?
Non ſic cum trepidos ageres violentus Hibernos;
Cum bello exultans fremeres, enſemque rotares
Immani gyro, rubris bacchatus in arvis
Invitus: (neque enim crudeles edere ſtrages
Te juvat, aut animis Ditem ſatiare Tuorum.)
Sic olim amplexus Semeles petiiſſe Tonantem
Fama eſt, terrribilem nigranti fulmine et igni:
Maluit hic caris accumbere mitior ulnis,
Inque ſuam invitum trahit inſcia Nympha ruinam.
Tu tamen, ô toties Wilhelmi aſſueta triumphis
Calliope, ô nunquam Heroum non grata labori,
Wilhelmi immenſos iterum enumerare triumphos
Incipe, et in notas iterum te attollere laudes.
Ut requiem, fœdæque ingloria tædia pacis
Exoſus, rurſuſque ardens in Martia caſtra,
Sanguineaſque acies, fulgenteſque ære catervas,
In bellum ruit, atque iterum ſe miſit in arma.
Gallus enim ſævit, miſeroſque cruentus Hibernos
Servitio premit, et victâ dominatur Ierne.
Hinc Furcæ, Tormenta, Cruces, tractæque Catenæ
Horrendum ſtridunt: iterumque reſurgere credas
Macquirum ſqualleutem, atque Anglo ſanguine fœdum,
Exultantem immane, et vaſtâ clade ſuperbum.
O Gens lethifero nequicquam exempta veneno!
Fruſtra Buſo tuis, et Aranea ceſſit ab oris,
Dum pecus Ignati inviſum, fœdique cuculli,
Et Monachi ſanctè protenſo abdomine tardi
Vipeream inſpirant animam, inficiuntque veneno.
Aſſurgit tandem Schombergus, et emicat armis,
Qui juga captivo excutiat ſervilia collo:
Sed fruſtra; ſecuro hoſtis munimine valli
Aut latet, aut errat vagus, eluditque ſequentem.
Augendis reſtat Gulielmi Celta triumphis;
Vindiciis ſemper Gulielmi fata reſervant
Et vincla eripere, et manibus divellere nodos.
Sic fruſtra Atrides, fruſtra Telamonius heros,
Ad Trojam fruſtra pugnarunt mille carinæ,
Nec niſi Achillcâ funduntur Pergama dextrâ.
Ergo, Boanda, tuis ſplendet Gulielmus in arvis,
Magna Boanda, ipſi famâ haud ceſſura Moſellæ.
Ut major graditur bello, ut jam gaudia in igneis
Scintillant oculis, et toto pectore fervent!
Quantum olli jubar affulget, quæ gratia frontis
Purpurei metuenda, et non inamabilis horror!
Sic cum dimiſſum fertur per nubila fulmen,
Et juvat, et nimiâ perſtringit lumina flammâ.
Ut volat, ut longè primus rapidum inſilit alveum!
Turbine quo præceps cunctantem tendit in hoſtem!
Dum vaſtas ſtrages et multa cadavera paſſim
Amnis purpureo latè devolvit in alveo:
Dum pergenti obſtat moles immenſa ſuorum,
Et torpet miſto concretum ſanguine Flumen.
Pergit atrox Heros; fruſtra olli tempora circum
Spicula millè canunt, luduntque in vertice flammæ:
Fruſtra haſtatæ acies obſtant, firmæque phalanges;
Fruſtra acres Celtæ: furit Ille, atque impiger hoſtes
Et fugat, et ſternit, totoque agit agmina campo.
Verſus retro hoſtis trepidè fugit, inque paludes,
Torpenteſque lacus cæno, horrendoſque receſſus
Dumorum; et cæci prodeſt injuria cæli.
Attamen ô, non ſic fauſto movet alite bellum
Schombergus; non ſic nobis faver alea Martis.
Occidit heu! Schombergus iniqui crimine caſi;
Non illum vernans circum ſua tempora laurus
Conſervat, non arcet inevitabile fulmen.
At nunc ad cœlum fugit, et pede fidera calcat,
Spectat et Heroes, ipſe et ſpectandus ab illis.
Hunc dicet veniens ætas, ſerique nepotes,
Et quicunque Anglum audierint rugire Leonem.
Cœpit enim rugire, et jamjam ad mœnia victor
Caletana fremit trux, Dunkirkumque repoſcit.
Creſſeas iterum lauros magnique tropæa
Henrici repetit: media Lodoicus in aulâ
Jamdudum tremit, et Gulielmi ad nomina pallet.

EDM. SMITH, *Ædis Chr. Alumn.*

* From the "Academiæ Oxonienſis Gratulatio pro exoptato ſereniſſimi Regis Gulielmi ex Hibernia reditu. Oxoniæ, è Theatro Sheldoniano. Anno Dom. 1690."

A POEM

TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

TO A FRIEND.

SIR,

SINCE our Iſis ſilently deplores
The Bard who ſpread her fame to diſtant ſhores;
Since nobler pens their mournful lays ſuſpend,
My honeſt zeal, if not my verſe, commend,
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend.
Your care had long his fleeting life reſtrain'd,
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd;
For his dear ſake long reſtleſs nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving veſſels tore,
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oft! had no ſummons from the noiſy gown
Call'd thee, unwilling, to the nauſeous town,

ve had o'er the dull diſeaſe prevail'd,
irth had cur'd where baffled phyſic fail'd;
ce the will of Heaven his fate decreed,
kind care my worthleſs lines ſucceed;
ſs our hopes, though pious our eſſays,
to preſerve a friend, and mine to praiſe.
might I paint him in Miltonian verſe,
trains like thoſe he ſung on Glo'ſter's herſe;
th the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
wanting ſtrength to riſe, deſcend to rhyme.
h other fire his glorious Blenheim ſhines,
l the battle thunders in his lines;
ervous verſe great Boileau's ſtrength tran-
ends,
ranee to Philips, as to Churchill, bends.
various bard, you all our powers control,
ow diſturb, and now divert the ſoul:
and Butler in thy muſe combine,
the laſt thy manly beauties ſhine;
I 've ſeen, when rival wits contend,
ayly charge, one gravely wiſe defend;
n quick turns and points in vain relies,
rith a look demure, and ſteady eyes,
dry rebukes, or ſneering praiſe, replies.
grave lines extort a juſter ſmile,
Butler's fancy, but ſurpaſs his ſtyle;
aks Scarron's low phraſe in humble ſtrains,
e the ſolemn air of great Cervantes reigns.
at ſounding lines his abject themes expreſs!
ſhining words the pompous Shilling dreſs!
, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
ailer piles which o'er its ruins riſe.
beſt light the Comic Muſe appears,
ſhe, with borrow'd pride, the buſkin
wears.
hen nurſe Nokes, to act young Ammon tries,
ſhambling legs, long chin, and fooliſh eyes;
dangling hands he ſtrokes th' Imperial robe,
with a cuckold's air, commands the globe;
omp and ſound the whole buffoon diſplay'd,
Ammon's ſon more mirth than Gomez made.
give, dear ſhade, the ſcene my folly draws,
trains divert the grief thy aſhes cauſe:
Orpheus ſings, the ghoſts no more complain,
n his lulling muſic, loſe their pain:
arm the ſallies of thy Georgic Muſe,
m our ſorrows, and our joys infuſe;
rural notes a gentle mirth inſpire,
loſty lines the kindling reader fire,
hat fair tree you praiſe, the poem charms,
like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.
ſt clime, which Vaga's fruitful ſtreams im-
prove,
ia's envy, and her Coſmo's love;
reak he quaffs beneath the Chiant vine,
Tuſcan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine,
ev'n his Taſſo would exchange for thine.
riſe, Roſcommon, ſee the Blenheim Muſe
lull conſtraint of monkiſh rhyme refuſe;
o'er the Alps his towering pinions ſoar,
e never Engliſh poet reach'd before:
ighty Coſmo's counſellor and friend,
rns on Coſmo and the Bard attend;
in the coins and buſts of ancient Rome,
m he brings a nobler treaſure home;
In them he views her gods, and domes deſign'd,
In him the ſoul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty
mind:
To him for eaſe retires from toils of ſtate,
Not half ſo proud to govern, as tranſlate.
Our Spenſer, firſt by Piſan poets taught,
To us their tales, their ſtyle, and numbers brought.
To follow ours, now Tuſcan bards deſcend,
From Philips borrow, though to Spenſer lend,
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme diſdain;
They firſt on Engliſh bards impos'd the chain,
Firſt by an Engliſh bard from rhyme their free-
dom gain.
Tyrannic rhyme, that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the ſoft, the florid, and ſublime;
Some ſay this chain the doubtful ſenſe decides,
Confines the fancy, and the judgement guides;
I 'm ſure in needleſs bonds it poets ties
Procruſtes like, the ax or wheel applies,
To lop the mangled ſenſe, or ſtretch it into ſize:
At beſt a crutch, that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble, but retards the ſtrong;
And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the
cloſe,
Oft riſe to ſuſtian, or deſcend to proſe.
Your judgement, Philips, rul'd with ſteady
ſway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme, the Muſe to ſtay,
To ſtop her fury, or direct her way.
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigor bore,
To wanton freely, or ſecurely ſoar.
So the ſtretch'd cord the ſhackle-dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to riſe;
When freed he moves, the ſturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleaſure, and ſecure deſcends;
Now dropping ſeems to ſtrike the diſtant ground,
Now high in air his quivering feet rebound.
Rail on, ye triflers, who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, freſh cant, or modiſh air;
Rail on at Milton's ſon, who wiſely bold
Rejects new phraſes, and reſumes the old:
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenſer's ſtrains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns;
The ancient words the majeſty compleat,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the queen in royal habit 's dreſt,
Old myſtic emblems grace th' imperial veſt,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna ſtands confeſt.
A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's, and Batſon's, and through Smithfield,
prais'd,
Cries out aloud——Bold Oxford bard, forbear
With rugged numbers to torment my ear;
Yet not like thee the heavy critic ſoars,
But paints in ſuſtian, or in turn deplores;
With Bunyan's ſtyle prophanes heroic ſongs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs;
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels ſtrain,
And in low proſe dull Lucifer complain;
His envious Muſe, by native dulneſs curſt,
Damns the beſt poems, and contrives the worſt.
Beyond his praiſe or blame thy works prevail
Compleat where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
Great Milton's wing on lower themes ſubſides,
And Dryden oft in rhyme his weakneſs hides;

You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
And yet, on humble subjects, great appear.
Thrice happy youth, whom noble Isis crowns!
Whom Blackmore censures, and Godolphin owns:
So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The listening nymphs and ravish'd heroes hung:
But cits and sops the heaven-born music blame,
And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into fame;
Like her sweet voice, is thy harmonious song,
As high, as sweet, as easy, and as strong.
Oh! had relenting Heaven prolong'd his days,
The towering bard had sung in nobler lays,
How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread;
How opening Heavens their happy regions show;
And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow;
And saints rejoice above, and sinners howl below:
Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was sure to wear.
Oh best of friends, will ne'er the silent urn
To our just vows the hapless youth return?
Must he no more divert the tedious day?
Nor sparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
No more to harmless irony descend,
To noisy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
No more in false pathetic phrase complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her disdain?
Who now shall godlike Anna's fame diffuse?
Must she, when most she merits, want a Muse?
Who now our Twysden's glorious fate shall tell;
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?
How, while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the stunning din resound;
Through streams of smoke, and adverse fire, he rides,
While every shot is level'd at his sides?
How, while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the first front, amidst a slaughter'd pile,
High on the mound he dy'd near great Argyle.
Whom shall I find unbiass'd in dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my soul disclose,
Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woes?
Oh! in that heavenly youth for ever ends
The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends.
He sacred Friendship's strictest laws obey'd,
Yet more by Conscience than by Friendship sway'd,
Against himself his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours past, not future prospects gain'd:
Not nicely choosing, though by all desir'd,
Though learn'd, not vain; and humble, though admir'd:
Candid to all, but to himself severe,
In humour pliant, as in life austere.
A wise content his even soul secur'd,
By want not shaken, nor by wealth allur'd.
To all sincere, though earnest to commend,
Could praise a rival, or condemn a friend.
To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
Their tongues, their spirits, and their styles, his own:
Pleas'd the least steps of famous men to view,
Our authors' works, and lives, and souls, he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the fame esteem,
The one his pattern, and the one his theme:
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm Pindar's rage, and Euclid's reason join'd.
Judicious physic's noble art to gain
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas, in vain!
The drugs and plants their drooping master fail'd.
Nor goodness now, nor learning aught avail'd;
Yet to the bard his Churchill's soul they gave,
And made him scorn the life they could not save:
Else could he bear unmov'd, the fatal guest,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppress,
The coughs that struggled from his weary breast?
Could he unmov'd approaching death sustain?
Its slow advances, and its racking pain?
Could he serene his weeping friends survey,
In his last hours his easy wit display,
Like the rich fruit he sings, delicious in decay?
Once on thy friends look down, lamented shade,
And view the honours to thy ashes paid;
Some thy lov'd dust in Parian stones enshrine,
Others immortal epitaphs design,
With wit, and strength, that only yields to thine:
Ev'n I, though slow to touch the painful string,
Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.
Thee, Philips, thee despairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Isis soft complaints returns;
Dormer laments amidst the war's alarms,
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms:
Thee, on the Po, kind Somerset deplores,
And ev'n that charming scene his grief restores:
He to thy loss each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
But most at Virgil's tomb his swelling sorrows rise.
But you, his darling friends, lament no more,
Display his fame, and not his fate deplore;
And let no tears from erring pity flow,
For one that 's blest above, immortaliz'd below.

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO SUO.

HORA dum nondum sonuit secunda,
Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
Acer ad notos calamus labores
Sponte recurrit.
Quid priùs nostris potiúsve chartis
Iliinam? Cuinam vigil ante noctem
Sole depulsam redeunte Scriptor
Mitto salutem?
Tu meis chartis, *bone Percivalle*,
Unicè dignus; tibi pectus implet
Non minor nostro novitatis ardor;
Tu quoque Scriptor.
Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
Rumor) in sylvis modo te dedisse
Furibus prædam, mediumque belli impune setisse.

ım vivit adhuc Caballus
:rneis potiora Gazis,
'itâ Tibi chariora,
Scripta ſuperſunt ?
ɔoſtras, relegiſque chartas ?
ı laudas generoſitatem ?
:is verbis, mea neſcientem,
Mane ſalutas.

:IVALLUS CHARLETTO SUO.

.IS ambabus capiendus ulnis
ıen attingit tibi gratus hoſpes
:ras primum ſubit aut relinquit
Iſidis arces,
ultat tibi pars mamillæ
ıùm cantu propriore ſtrident
& jam moneant adeſſe
Cornua, chartas,
noſtrum jecur & medullas
fluxit, ſimul ac recluſis
vidi benè literati
Nomen amici.
ıres, uti fama verax
ſenſi pavidus tremenſque ;
ſumque, excipias timorem,
Cætera ſoſpes.
/lvam cupias pericli
ı, & triſtes nemoris tenebras,
lentè tabulas parantem
Te duce *Colum*.
egi miſeranda docti
oris, ſed & hôc iniqua
:onſolor, ſupereſt peremptо
Rixone Wildgooſe.
curus, quid agit Senatus
put ſtertit grave *Lumbethanum*,
nes Guildford, quid habent novorum
*Dawks*que *Dyer*que.
s, quondam tuus, è pupinis
ım viſit, lacrimanſque narrat,
ɔlit fucos, ſubito peremptum
Funere *Rixon*.
avertat Deus inquit omen)
n notæ periiſſe *Mitræ* ;
mmerſam prope limen urbis
Flumine cymbam.
——at portis meus *Hinton* aſtat,
Pricket redit, avocat me
, & ſcribendæ aliò requirunt
Mille tabellæ.

* * * * * * *

nen metram mulier labantem
? munus vetulæ parentis,
æſtabit, niſi fors lerni
Hoſpita Cygni.
ccepi celeres vigere
plantas, ſimùl ambulanti
Sherwino, pueroque *Dav*
Mitto ſalutem.

III.

Jenny, poſt *Hinton*, comitum tuorum
Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,
Qui tibi totus vacat, & vacabit,
Nec vetat *Uxor*.
Hæc ego luſi properante Muſâ
Leſbiæ vatis numeros ſecutus ;
Si novi quid ſit, meliùs docebit
Sermo pedeſtris.
P. S.
" Cœnitant mecum Comites lernæ,
" Multa qui de te memorant cululloe
" Inter, & pulli, vice literarum,
" Crus tibi mittunt."

POCOCKIUS*.

DUM cæde tellus luxuriat Ducum,
Meum Pococki barbiton exigis,
Manéſque Muſam faſtuoſam
Sollicitant pretioſiores.
Alter virentum prorurat agmina
Sonora Thracum, donáque Phillidi
Agat puellas, heu decoris
Virginibus nimis invidenti.
Te nuda Virtus, te Fidei pius
Ardor ſerendæ, ſanctaque Veritas
Per ſaxa, per pontum, per hoſtes
Præcipitant Aſiæ miſertum :
Cohors catenis quâ pia ſtridulis
Gemunt onuſti, vel ſude trans ſinum
Luctantur actâ, pendulíve
Sanguineis trepidant in uncis.
Sentis ut edunt ſibila, ut ardui
Micant dracones, tigris ut horridos
Intorquet ungues, ejulátque
In madido crocodilus antro
Vides lacunæ ſulphure lividos
Ardere fluctus, quà ſtetit impiæ
Moles Gomorrhæ mox procellâ
Hauſta rubrâ, pluviíſque flammis ;
Quòd iſta tellus ſi ſimiles tibi
Si fortè denos nutrierat Viros,
Adhuc ſtetiſſet, nec vibrato
Dextra Dei tonuiſſet igne.
Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
Nini ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
Immane opus, creſcentibúſque
Vertice ſideribus propinquum.
Nequicquam : Amici diſparibus ſonis
Eludit aures neſcius artifex,
Linguáſque miratur recentes
In patriis peregrinus oris.
Veſtitur hinc tot ſermo coloribus,
Quot tu, Pococki, diſſimilis tui
Orator effers, quot viciſſim
Te memores celebrare gaudent.
Hi non tacebunt quo Syriam ſenex
Percurrit æſtu raptus, ut arcibus
Non jam ſuperbis, & verendis
Indoluit Solimæ ruinis.

---

* See Dr. Johnſon's Life of Smith.

Quis corda pulſans tunc pavor hauſerat
Dolor quis arſit non ſine gaudio,
Cum buſta Chriſti provolutus
Ambiguis lacrymis rigaret!
Sacratur arbos multa Pocockio,
Locóſque monſtrans inquiet accola.
Hæc quercus Hoſeam ſupinum,
Hæc Britonem recreavit ornus.
Hîc audierunt gens venerabilem
Ebræa Moſen, inde Pocockium
Non ore, non annis minorem,
Atque ſuam didicere linguam.
Ac ſicut albens perpetuâ nive
Simul favillas, & cineres ſinu
Eructat ardenti, & pruinis
Contiguas rotat Ætna flammas;
Sic te trementem, te nive candidum
Mens intus urget, mens agit ignea
Sequi reluctantem loëlem
Per tonitru, acreáſque nubes
Annon paveſcis, dum tuba pallidum
Ciet Sionem, dum tremulum polo
Caligat aſtrum, atque incubanti
Terra nigrans tegitur ſub umbrâ?
Quod agmen! heu quæ turma ſequacibus
Tremenda flammis! quis ſtrepitantium
Flictus rotarum eſt! O Pococki
Egregie, O animoſe Vatis
Interpres abſtruſi, O ſimili ferè
Correpte flammâ, te, quot imagine
Crucis notantur, te, ſubacto
Chriſticoiæ gravis Ottomannus
Gemens requirit, te Babylonii
Narrant poëtæ, te pharetris Arabs
Plorat revulſis, & fragoſos
Jam gravior ferit horror agros.
Quà Geſta nondum cognita Cæſaris,
Quà nec Matronis ſcripta, Pocockius
Ploratur ingens, & dolenda
Neſtoreæ brevitas ſenectæ.

O D E,

FOR THE YEAR 1705.

I.

JANUS, did ever to thy wondering eyes,
So bright a ſcene of triumph riſe?
Did ever Greece or Rome ſuch laurels wear,
As crown'd the laſt auſpicious year?
When firſt at Blenheim Anne her enſigns ſpread,
And Marlborough to the field the ſhouting ſquadrons led.
In vain the Hills and ſtreams oppoſe,
In vain the hollow ground in faithleſs hillocks roſe.
To the rough Bavarian winding ſhore,
His ſhatter'd ſees the conquering hero bore.

II.

They ſee with ſtaring haggard eyes
The rapid torrent roll, the foaming billows riſe;
Amaz'd, aghaſt, they turn, but find,
In Marlborough's arms, a ſurer fate behind.
Now his red ſword aloft impends,
Now on their ſhrinking heads deſcends:
Wild and diſtracted with their fears,
They juſtling plunge amidſt the ſounding dee
The flood away the ſtruggling ſquadrons ſwe
And men, and arms, and horſes, whirling be
The frighted Danube to the ſea retreats,
The Danube ſoon the flying ocean meets,
Flying the thunder of great ANNA's fleets.

III.

Rooks on the ſeas aſſerts her ſway,
Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,
And clouds of ſmoke involve the day.
Affrighted Europe hears the cannons roar,
And Afric echoes from its diſtant ſhore.
The French, unequal in the fight,
In force ſuperior, take their flight.
Factions in vain the hero's worth decry,
In vain the vanquiſh'd triumph, while they fly

IV.

Now, Janus, with a future view,
The glories of her reign ſurvey,
Which ſhall o'er France her arms diſplay,
And kingdoms now her own ſubdue.
Lewis, for oppreſſion born;
Lewis in his turn, ſhall mourn,
While his conquer'd happy ſwains,
Shall hug their eaſy wiſh'd-for chains.
Others, enſlav'd by victory,
Their ſubjects, as their foes, oppreſs;
ANNA conquers but to free,
And governs but to bleſs.

O D E*.

ORMOND's glory, Marlborough's arm
All the mouths of Fame employ;
And th' applauding world around
Echoes back the pleaſing ſound:
Their courage warms;
Their conduct charms;
Yet the univerſal joy
Feels a ſenſible alloy!

Mighty George †, the Senate's care,
The people's love, great Anna's prayer!
While the ſtroke of fate we dread
Impending o'er thy ſacred head,
The Britiſh youth for thee ſubmit to fear,
For her the dames in cloudy grief appear!

Let the noiſe of war and joy
Rend again the trembling ſky;

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* This Ode and that which follows it published anonymouſly at the time when were written, and are now aſcribed to Mr. S on the authority of a note in MS. by one o contemporaries. See the "Select Collecti "Miſcellany Poems, 1730." Vol. IV. p. 6

† George Prince of Denmark, huſband t Queen. N.

t George revives to calm our fears,
prospect of more glorious years:
'd from Anne's auspicious smiles,
hearful airs refresh the British Isles.

d the trumpet; beat the drum:
able France; we come, we come!
ighty force our courage warms;
eel the full, the powerful charms
ond's glory, and of Marlborough's arms!

E IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

OSED BY MR. CHARLES KING,

IN FIVE PARTS,

HE DEGREE OF BATCHELOR OF MUSIC;

ORMED AT THE THEATRE IN OXFORD,

FRIDAY THE ELEVENTH OF JULY,

1707.

SIC, soft charm of Heaven and Earth,
Whence didst thou borrow thy auspicious birth?
rt thou of eternal date?
thyself, thyself as old as Fate,
he rude ponderous mass
h and waters from their chaos sprang
morning stars their anthems sang,
ought in Heaven was heard but melody and love.

iads of spirits, forms divine,
Seraphin, with the bright host
ngels, Thrones, and Heavenly Powers,
ship before th' Eternal Shrine;
appy privilege in hymns and anthems boast,
and wonder pass their blissful hours.

Nor let the lower world repine
The massy orb in which we sluggards move
As if sequester'd from the arts divine:
Here 's Music too,
As ours a rival were to th' world above.

CHORUS, FIVE VOICES.

Hark how the feather'd choir their mattins chant,
And purling streams soft accent vent,
And all both time and measure know.
Ere since the Theban bard, to prove
The wondrous magic of his art,
Taught trees and forests how to move,
All Nature has a general concert held,
Each creature strives to bear a part;
And all but Death and Hell to conquering Muse yield.

But stay, I hear methinks a motley crew,
A peevish, odd, eccentric race,
The glory of the art debase;
Perhaps because the sacred emblem 'tis
Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too;
So dangerous 'tis to be perversely wise.
But be they ever in the wrong,
Who say the Prophet's Harp e'er spoil'd the Poet's Song!

GRAND CHORUS, FIVE PARTS.

To Athens now, my Muse, retire,
The refuge and the theatre of wit;
And in that safe and sweet retreat
Amongst Apollo's sons enquire,
And see if any friend of thine be there:
But sure so near the Thespian spring
The humblest Bard may sit and sing:
Here rest my Muse, and dwell for ever here.

THE

POEMS

OF

RICHARD DUKE.

THE REVIEW.

" Longa eſt injuria, longæ
" Ambages; ſed ſumma ſequar faſtigia rerum."
VIRG.

HOW have we wander'd a long diſmal night,
Led through blind paths by each deluding light!
Now plung'd in mire, now by ſharp brambles torn,
With tempeſts beat, and to the winds a ſcorn!
Loſt, weary'd, ſpent! but ſee the Eaſtern ſtar
And glimmering light dawns kindly from afar:
Bright goddeſs, hail! while we by thee ſurvey
The various errors of our painful way;
While, guided by ſome clew of heavenly thread,
The labyrinth perplex'd we backward tread,
Through rulers' avarice, pride, ambition, hate,
Perverſe cabals, and winding turns of ſtate,
The ſenate's rage, and all the crooked lines
Of incoherent plots and wild deſigns;
Till, getting out where firſt we enter'd in,
A new bright race of glory we begin.
As, after Winter, Spring's glad face appears,
As the bleſt ſhore to ſhipwreck'd mariners,
Succeſs to lovers, glory to the brave,
Health to the ſick, or freedom to the ſlave;
Such was great Cæſar's day! the wondrous day,
That long in Fate's dark boſom hatching lay,
Heaven to abſolve, and ſatisfaction bring,
For twenty years of miſery and ſin!
What ſhouts, what triumph, what unruly joy,
Swell'd every breaſt, did every tongue employ,
With rays direct, whilſt on his people ſhone
The King triumphant from the martyr's throne!
Was ever prince like him to mortals given?
So much the joy of earth and care of heaven!
Under the preſſure of unequal fate,
Of ſo erect a mind and ſoul ſo great!
So full of meekneſs, and ſo void of pride,
When borne aloft by Fortune's higheſt tide!
Mercy, like heaven, 's his chief prerogative,
His joy to ſave, and glory to forgive.
All ſtorms compos'd, and tempeſts rage aſleep,
He, Halcyon like, ſat brooding o'er the deep.
He ſaw the royal bark ſecurely ride,
No danger threatening from the peaceful tide;
And he who, when the winds and ſeas were high,
Oppos'd his ſkill, and did their rage defy,
No diminution to his honour thought,
T' enjoy the pleaſure of the calm he brought.
(Should he alone be ſo the people's ſlave
As not to ſhare the bleſſings that he gave?
But not till, full of providential care,
He choſe a pilot in his place to ſteer:
One in his father's councils and his own
Long exercis'd, and grey in buſineſs grown;
Whoſe confirm'd judgment and ſagacious wit
Knew all the ſands on which raſh monarchs ſplit;
Of riſing winds could, ere they blew, inform,
And from which quarter to expect the ſtorm.
Such was, or ſuch he ſeem'd, whom Cæſar choſe,
And did all empire's cares in him repoſe;
That, after all his toils and dangers paſt,
He might lie down and taſte ſome eaſe at laſt.
Now ſtands the ſtateſman of the helm poſſeſt,
On him alone three mighty nations reſt;
* Byrſa his name, bred at the wrangling bar,
And ſkill'd in arms of that litigious war;
But more to Wit's peacefuller arts inclin'd,
Learning's Mæcenas, and the Muſes' friend;
Him every Muſe in every age had ſung,
His eaſy flowing wit and charming tongue,
Had not the treacherous voice of power inſpir'd
His mounting thoughts, and wild ambition fir'd;
Diſdaining leſs alliances to own,
He now ſets up for kinſmen of the throne;
And Anna, by the power her father gain'd,
Back'd with great Cæſar's abſolute command,
On falſe pretence of former contracts made,
Is forc'd on brave † Britannicus's bed.
Thus rais'd, his inſolence his wit out-vy'd,
And meaneſt avarice maintain'd his pride:

* Earl of Clarendon.

† Duke of York.

to confirm his infant ſtate,
blivion all old names of hate,
g many, but excepting none
purchaſe of oblivion.
ler's free-given mercy ſold,
ace retail'd for rebel gold:
te-maxim he invented firſt,
ne's laſt revolution curſt)
monarchs to oblige their foes,
friends to beggary expoſe;
ſaid, would ſtill beg on and ſerve;
adge of loyalty to ſtarve:
rebels muſt by bribes be won,
all the mighty ills they 've done;
and honour from their treaſons flow,
y chuſe but very loyal grow?
grateful maxim Byrſa taught,
wealth from thriving rebels brought;
wer to thieves and traitors ſold,
retch'd coffers with o'er-flowing gold.
ſe tears—in theſe firſt ſeeds was ſown
s following ruin, and his own.
curſt and ſacrilegious crew,
by merit of rebellion grew,
tive periſh'd and unknown,
ntonius had ſuffic'd alone,
ding ages to proclaim
principle the guilt and ſhame.
ly in rebellious race
it, nor ſlackening in his pace,
bition that his youthful heat
lls, the little daring brat
ed ardour does engage
ne dregs of his decrepit age;
native and acquir'd deceit,
cunning and malicious wit;
ecting ſtill ſome new deſign,
round the government his line,
walls, or buſy in the mine:
ſtews, but to the blinded eyes
rowd as Puritan preciſe;
ight he draws the juggler's cloud
ereſt, and the people's good.
ferment of his active mind,
body's caſk with pain confin'd,
the rotten veſſel where 'tis pent,
tapt to give the treaſon vent.
the men that from the ſtateſman's

only, but promotion gain'd:
dignity or power
ing locuſts greedily devour;
all the ſecrets of the ſtate,
ſs ſinners in the council ſate,
ſt deceitful balance laid,
ncerns of war and peace were weigh'd.
† Loviſius knew, whoſe mighty mind
l empire long deſign'd;
all things found were bought and ſold,
hing there impoſſible to gold:

With mighty ſums, through ſecret channels brought,
On the corrupted counſellors he wrought:
Againſt the neighbouring Belgians they declare
A hazardous and an expenſive war.
Their freſh affronts and matchleſs inſolence
To Cæſar's honour made a fair pretence;
Mere outſide this, but, ruling by his pay,
Cunning Loviſius did this project lay,
By mutual damages to weaken thoſe
Who only could his vaſt deſigns oppoſe.
But Cæſar, looking with a juſt diſdain
Upon their bold pretences to the main,
Sent forth his royal brother from his ſide,
To laſh their inſolence and curb their pride:
Britannicus, by whoſe high virtues grac'd,
The preſent age contends with all the paſt;
Him heaven a pattern did for heroes form,
Slow to adviſe, but eager to perform,
In council calm, fierce as a ſtorm in fight,
Danger his ſport, and labour his delight:
To him the fleet and camp, the ſea and field,
Did equal harveſts of bright glory yield.
No leſs each civil virtue him commends,
The beſt of ſubjects, brothers, maſters, friends;
To merit juſt, to needy virtue kind,
True to his word, and conſtant to his friend:
What 's well reſolv'd as bravely he purſues,
Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to chuſe.
Honour was born, not planted in his heart,
And Virtue came by nature, not by art:
Where glory calls, and Cæſar gives command,
He flies; his pointed thunder in his hand.
The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
The tempeſt of his fury to ſuſtain:
Shatter'd and torn, before his flags they fly
Like doves that the exalted eagle ſpy,
Ready to ſtoop and ſeize them from on high:
He, Neptune like, when, from his watery bed
Above the waves lifting his awful head,
He ſmiles, and to his chariot gives the rein,
In triumph rides o'er the aſſerted main:
And now returns, the watery empire won,
At Cæſar's feet to lay his trident down.
But who the ſhouts and triumphs can relate
Of the glad iſle that his return did wait?
Rejoicing crowds attend him on the ſtrand,
Loud as the ſea, and numerous as the ſand.
A joy too great to be by words expreſt,
Shines in each eye, and beats in every breaſt:
So joy the many, but the wiſer few
The godlike prince with ſilent wonder view,
The grateful ſenate his high acts conſeſs
In a vaſt gift, but than his merit leſs.
Britannicus is all the voice of Fame,
Britannicus! ſhe knows no other name;
The people's darling, and the court's delight,
Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight!
Shall he, ſhall ever he, who now commands
So many thouſand hearts, and tongues, and hands;
Shall ever he, by ſome ſtrange crime of fate,
Fall under the ignoble vulgar's hate?
Who knows? the turns of Fortune who can tell?
Who fix her globe, or ſtop the rolling wheel?
The crowd 's a ſea, whoſe wants run high or low,
According as the winds, their leaders, blow.

---

of Shafteſbury.

:h King.

All calm and ſmooth, till from ſome corner flies
An envious blaſt, that makes the billows riſe:
The blaſt, that whence it comes, or where it goes,
We know not; but where-e'er it liſts it blows.
Was not of old the Jewiſh rabble's cry
Hoſanna firſt, and after crucify?
Now Byrſa with full orb illuſtrious ſhone,
With beams reflected from his glorious ſon;
All power his own, but what was given to thoſe
That counſellors by him from rebels roſe;
But, rais'd ſo far, each now diſdains a firſt,
The taſte of power does but inflame the thirſt.
With envious eyes they Byrſa's glories ſee,
Nor think they can be great, while leſs than he.
Envy their cunning ſharpen'd, and their wit,
Enough before from treacherous councils fit:
T' accuſe him openly not yet they dare,
But ſubtly by degrees his fall prepare:
They knew by long-experienc'd deſert
How near he grew rooted to Cæſar's heart;
To move him hence, requir'd no common ſkill,
But what is hard to a reſolved will?
They found his public actions all conſpire,
Wiſely apply'd, to favour their deſire:
But one they want their venom to ſuggeſt,
And make it gently ſlide to Cæſar's breaſt:
Who fitter than * Villerius for this part?
And him to gain requir'd but little art,
For miſchief was the darling of his heart.
A compound of ſuch parts as never yet
In any one of all God's creatures met:
Not ſick men's dreams, ſo various or ſo wild,
Or of ſuch diſagreeing ſhapes compil'd;
Yet, through all changes of his ſhifting ſcene,
Still conſtant to buffoon and harlequin,
As if he 'ad made a prayer, than his of old
More fooliſh, that turn'd all he touch'd to gold.
God granted him to play th' eternal fool,
And all he handled turn to ridicule.
Thus a new Midas truly he appears,
And ſhews, through all diſguiſe, his aſſes ears.
Did he the weightieſt buſineſs of the ſtate
At council or in ſenate-houſe debate,
King, country, all, he for a jeſt would quit,
To catch ſome little flaſh of paltry wit:
How full of gravity ſoe'er he ſtruts,
The ape in robes will ſcramble for his nuts:
Did he all laws of heaven or earth defy,
Blaſpheme his God, or give his king the lye;
Adultery, murders, or ev'n worſe, commit,
Still 'twas a jeſt, and nothing but ſheer wit:
At laſt this edg'd-tool wit, his darling ſport,
Wounded himſelf, and baniſh'd him the court:
Like common jugglers, or like common whores,
All his tricks ſhewn, he was kick'd out of doors.
Not chang'd in humour by his change of place,
He ſtill found company to ſuit his grace;
Mountebanks, quakers, chemiſts, trading varlets,
Pimps, players, city ſheriffs, and ſuburb harlots;
War his averſion, once he heard it roar,
But, "Damn him if he ever hear it more!"
And there you may believe him, though he ſwore.

But with play-houſes, wars, immortal wars,
He wag'd, and ten years rage produc'd a * farce.
As many rolling years he did employ,
And hands almoſt as many, to deſtroy
Heroic rhyme, as Greece to ruin Troy.
Once more, ſays Fame, for battle he prepares,
And threatens rhymers with a ſecond farce:
But, if as long for this as that we ſtay,
He 'll finiſh Clevedon ſooner than his play.
This precious tool did the new ſtateſmen uſe
In Cæſar's breath their whiſpers to infuſe:
Suſpicion 's bred by gravity, beard, and gown;
But who ſuſpects the madman and buffoon?
Drolling Villerius this advantage had,
And all his jeſts ſober impreſſions made:
Beſides, he knew to chuſe the ſofteſt hour,
When Cæſar for a while forgot his power,
And, coming tir'd from empire's grand affairs,
In the free joys of wine relax'd his cares.
'Twas then he play'd the ſly ſucceſsful fool,
And ſerious miſchief did in ridicule.
Then he with jealous thoughts his prince could fill,
And gild with mirth and glittering wit the pill.
With a grave mien, diſcourſe, and decent ſtate,
He pleaſantly the ape could imitate,
And ſoon as a contempt of him was bred,
It made the way for hatred to ſucceed.
——— Gravities diſguiſe
The greateſt jeſt of all, "he 'd needs be wiſe—"

[Here the writer left off.]

* Duke of Buckingham.

OVID, BOOK I. ELEGY V.

'TWAS noon, when I, ſcorch'd with the double fire
Of the hot ſun and my more hot deſire,
Stretch'd on my downy couch at eaſe was laid,
Big with expectance of the lovely maid.
The curtains but half drawn, a light let in,
Such as in ſhades of thickeſt groves is ſeen;
Such as remains when the ſun flies away,
Or when night 's gone, and yet it is not day.
This light to modeſt maids muſt be allow'd,
Where ſhame may hope its guilty head to ſhrowd.
And now my love, Corinna, did appear,
Looſe on her neck fell her divided hair;
Looſe as her flowing gown, that wanton'd in the air.
In ſuch a garb, with ſuch a grace and mien,
To her rich bed approach'd th' Aſſyrian queen.
So Laïs look'd, when all the youth of Greece
With adoration did her charms confeſs.
Her envious gown to pull away I try'd
But ſhe reſiſted ſtill, and ſtill deny'd;
But ſo reſiſted, that ſhe ſeem'd to be
Unwilling to obtain the victory.
So I at laſt an eaſy conqueſt had,
Whilſt my fair combatant herſelf betray'd:

* The Rehearſal.

ıe naked ſtood before my eyes,
what charms did ſhe my ſoul ſurprize!
· arms did I both ſee and feel!
·ich globes did her ſoft boſom ſwell!
ıe cluſters, roſe each glowing breaſt,
: hand, and ſueing to be preſt!
ıb what various charms were ſpread,
ınd little Loves and Graces play'd!
did through her whole body ſhine.
·'d, and preſs'd it cloſe to mine,
ho knows not? Thus entranc'd we
other's arms we dy'd away:
ıch a noon (ye gods) to every day.

CE, BOOK II. ODE IV.*

ıot, my friend, to own the love
thy fair captive's eyes do move:
ce the fierce, the brave,
ıe beauties of a ſlave;
harms could overpower
d and conqueror;
emnon, when ſucceſs
rms with conqueſt bleſs,
ır's fall had gain'd him more
ıg rolling years before,
captive virgin's eyes
midſt of triumph dies.
ot to what mighty line
naid may make you join;
harms her ſorrow wears,
cauſe could draw ſuch tears:
ıs ſure that adorn her ſo
oyal kindred flow:
ot ſo divine a thing
he bed of commons ſpring;
could ſo unmov'd remain,
ſe to ſordid gain,
orn of any race
the nobleſt love diſgrace.
g face, her ſnowy arms,
p'd legs, and all her charms
and her face,
ay ſafely praiſe.
Love, the youthful rage
e's declining age;
mov'd, by forty years,
s and all thy fears.

CE, BOOK II. ODE VIII.

injur'd power,
ı the falſe Bariné ſwore,
ariné, on thy head
: mark of vengeance ſhed;

ther Imitation of this Ode in Yalden's

If but a tooth or nail of thee
Had ſuffer'd by thy perjury,
I ſhould believe thy vows; but thou
Since perjur'd doſt more charming grow,
Of all our youth the public care,
Nor half ſo falſe as thou art fair.
It thrives with thee to be forſworn
By thy dead mother's ſacred urn,
By heaven and all the ſtars that ſhine
Without, and every god within:
Venus hears this, and all the while
At thy empty vows does ſmile,
Her nymphs all ſmile, her little ſon
Does ſmile, and to his quiver run;
Does ſmile, and fall to whet his darts,
To wound for thee freſh lovers hearts.
See all the youth does thee obey,
Thy train of ſlaves grows every day;
Nor leave thy former ſubjects thee,
Though oft they threaten to be free,
Though oft with vows falſe as thine are,
Their forſworn miſtreſs they forſwear.
Thee every careful mother fears
For her ſon's blooming tender years;
Thee frugal ſires, thee the young bride
In Hymen's fetters newly ty'd,
Leſt thou detain by ſtronger charms
Th' expected huſband from her arms.

HORACE AND LYDIA.

BOOK III. ODE IX.

HORACE.

WHILST I was welcome to your heart,
In which no happier youth had part,
And, full of more prevailing charms,
Threw round your neck his dearer arms,
I flouriſh'd richer and more bleſt
Than the great monarch of the eaſt.

LYDIA.

Whilſt all thy ſoul with me was fill'd,
Nor Lydia did to Chloe yield,
Lydia, the celebrated name,
The only theme of verſe and fame,
I flouriſh'd more than ſhe renown'd,
Whoſe godlike ſon our Rome did found.

HORACE.

Me Chloe now, whom every Muſe
And every Grace adorns, ſubdues;
For whom I 'd gladly die, to ſave
Her dearer beauties from the grave.

LYDIA.

Me lovely Calaïs does fire
With mutual flames of fierce deſire:
For whom I twice would die, to ſave
His youth more precious from the grave.

HORACE.

What if our former loves return,
And our firſt fires again ſhould burn
If Chloe 's baniſh'd, to make way
For the forſaken Lydia?

LYDIA.

Though he is ſhining as a ſtar,
Conſtant and kind as he is fair;
Thou light as cork, rough as the ſea,
Yet I would live, would die with thee.

THE CYCLOPS.

THEOCRITUS, IDYLL. XI.

INSCRIBED TO DR. SHORT.

O SHORT, no herb, no ſalve was ever found
To eaſe a lover's heart, or heal his wound;
No medicine this prevailing ill ſubdues,
None, but the charms of the condoling Muſe:
Sweet to the ſenſe, and eaſy to the mind,
The cure; but hard, but very hard, to find.
This you well know, and ſurely none ſo well,
Who both in Phyſic's ſacred art excel,
And in Wit's orb among the brighteſt ſhine,
The love of Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine.
Thus ſweetly ſad of old, the Cyclops ſtrove
To ſoften his uneaſy hours of love.
Then, when hot youth urg'd him to fierce deſire,
And Galatea's eyes kindled the raging fire,
His was no common flame, nor could he move
In the old arts and beaten paths of love;
Nor flowers nor fruits ſent to oblige the fair,
Nor more to pleaſe curl'd his neglected hair;
His was all rage, all madneſs; to his mind
No other cares their wonted entrance find.
Oft from the field his flock return'd alone,
Unheeded, unobſerv'd: he on ſome ſtone,
Or craggy cliff, to the deaf winds and ſea,
Accuſing Galatea's cruelty;
Till night, from the firſt dawn of opening day,
Conſumes with inward heat, and melts away.
Yet then a cure, the only cure, he found,
And thus apply'd it to the bleeding wound;
From a ſteep rock, from whence he might ſurvey
The flood (the bed where his lov'd ſea-nymph lay),
His drooping head with ſorrow bent he hung,
And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournful ſong.

" Fair Galatea, why is all my pain
" Rewarded thus?—ſoft love with ſharp diſdain?
" Fairer than falling ſnow or riſing light,
" Soft to the touch as charming to the ſight;
" Sprightly as unyok'd heifers, on whoſe head
" The tender creſcents but begin to ſpread;
" Yet, cruel, you to harſhneſs more incline,
" Than unripe grapes pluck'd from the ſavage vine.
" Soon as my heavy eye-lids ſeal'd with ſleep,
" Hither you come out from the foaming deep;
" But, when ſleep leaves me, you together fly,
" And vaniſh ſwiftly from my opening eye,
" Swift as young lambs when the fierce wolf they ſpy.
" I well remember the firſt fatal day
" That made my heart your beauty's eaſy prey,
" 'Twas when the flood you, with my mother, left,
" Of all its brightneſs, all its pride, bereft,
" To gather flowers from the ſteep mountain's top;
" Of the high office proud, I led you up;
" To hyacinths and roſes did you bring,
" And ſhew'd you all the treaſures of the ſpring.
" But from that hour my ſoul has known no reſt,
" Soft peace is baniſh'd from my tortur'd breaſt:
" I rage, I burn. Yet ſtill regardleſs you
" Not the leaſt ſign of melting pity ſhew:
" No; by the gods that ſhall revenge my pain!
" No; you, the more I love, the more diſdain.
" Ah! nymph, by every grace adorn'd, I know
" Why you deſpiſe and fly the Cyclops ſo!
" Becauſe a ſhaggy brow from ſide to ſide,
" Stretch'd in a line, does my large forehead hide;
" And under that one only eye does ſhine,
" And my flat noſe to my big lips does join.
" Such though I am, yet know, a thouſand ſheep,
" The pride of the Sicilian hills, I keep,
" With ſweeteſt milk they fill my flowing pails,
" And my vaſt ſtock of cheeſes never fails;
" In ſummer's heat, or winter's ſharpeſt cold,
" My loaded ſhelves groan with the weight they hold.
" With ſuch ſoft notes I the ſhrill pipe inſpire,
" That every liſtening Cyclops does admire;
" While with it often I all night proclaim
" Thy powerful charms, and my ſucceſsful flame.
" For thee twelve does, all big with fawn, I feed;
" And four bear-cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.
" Ah! come to me, fair nymph! and you ſhall find
" Theſe are the ſmalleſt gifts for thee deſign'd.
" Ah! come, and leave the angry waves to roar,
" And break themſelves againſt the founding ſhore:
" How much more pleaſant would thy ſlumbers be
" In the retir'd and peaceful cave with me!
" There the ſtreight cypreſs and green laurel join,
" And creeping ivy claſps the cluſter'd vine;
" There freſh, cool rills, from Ætna's pureſt ſnow,
" Diſſolv'd into ambroſial liquor, flow.
" Who the wild waves and blackiſh ſea could chuſe,
" And theſe ſtill ſhades and theſe ſweet ſtreams refuſe?
" But if you fear that I, o'er-grown with hair,
" Without a fire defy the winter air,
" Know I have mighty ſtores of wood, and know
" Perpetual fires on my bright hearth do glow.
" My ſoul, my life itſelf ſhould burn for thee,
" And this one eye, as dear as life to me.
" Why was not I with fins, like fiſhes, made,
" That I, like them, might in the deep bow play'd?
" Then would I dive beneath the yielding tide,
" And kiſs your hand, if you your lips deny'd.
" To thee I 'd lilies and red poppies bear,
" And flowers that crown each ſeaſon of the year.
" But I 'm reſolv'd I 'll learn to ſwim and dive
" Of the next ſtranger that does here arrive,
" That th' undiſcover'd pleaſures I may know
" Which you enjoy in the deep flood below.
" Come forth, O nymph! and coming forth forget,
" Like me that on this rock unmindful ſit
" (Of all things elſe unmindful but of thee),
" Home to return forget, and live with me.

e the ſweet and pleaſing labour chuſe,
the flock, and milk the burthen'd ewes,
s the cheeſe, and the ſharp runnet to infuſe.
ther does unkindly uſe her ſon,
neglect the Cyclops is undone;
ſhe never labours to prevail,
iſpers in your ear my amorous tale.
ough ſhe knows I languiſh every day,
s my body waſte, and ſtrength decay.
ore ills than what I feel will feign,
my head and of my feet complain;
n her breaſt if any pity lie,
y be ſad, and griev'd, as well as I.
clops, Cyclops, where 's thy reaſon fled?
young lambs with new-pluck'd boughs you fed,
atch'd your flock, would you not ſeem more wiſe;
hat is next, purſue not that which flies.
you may, ſince this proves ſo unkind,
r fairer Galatea find.
ny virgins as I paſs invite
e with them in love's ſoft ſports the night;
I but incline my liſtening ear,
ys, new ſmiles, in all their looks appear.
e, it ſeems, can be belov'd; and we,
, are ſomebody as well as ſhe!"
id the Cyclops fan his raging fire,
'd with gentle verſe his fierce deſire;
'd his hours with more delight and eaſe,
he riches of the world were his.

TO CÆLIA.

riſt, ye hours; ye ſluggiſh minutes, fly;
g back my love, or let her lover die.
te, O ſun, and to my eyes once more,
a brighter than thyſelf reſtore.
f thee, 'tis night when ſhe's away,
alone can the glad beams diſplay,
e my ſky look clear, and guide my day.
will ſhe lift up her ſacred light,
e away the flying ſhades of night!
how faſt the flowing hours run on!
how long they ſtay when ſhe is gone!
time when clogg'd with grief does move;
when borne upon the wings of love!
ree days, they tell me, yet are paſt;
n age ſince I beheld her laſt.
ſpicious ſtar, make haſte to riſe,
our hearts, and bleſs our longing eyes!
long on thy dear eyes to gaze,
r my own with their reflected rays!
impatient, thirſty ſoul does long
the charming muſic of thy tongue!
ointed wit with ſolid judgment grows,
ne eaſy ſtream united flows.
r you ſpeak, with what delight we hear,
up every ſoul to every ear!

Nature 's too prodigal to womankind,
Ev'n where ſhe does neglect t' adorn the mind;
Beauty alone bears ſuch reſiſtleſs ſway,
As makes mankind with joy and pride obey.
But, oh! when wit and ſenſe with beauty 's join'd,
The woman's ſweetneſs with the manly mind;
When nature with ſo juſt a hand does mix
The moſt engaging charms of either ſex;
And out of both that thus in one combine
Does ſomething form not human but divine,
What 's her command, but that we all adore
The nobleſt work of her almighty power!
Nor ought our zeal thy anger to create,
Since love 's thy debt, nor is our choice, but fate.
Where nature bids, worſhip I 'm forc'd to pay,
Nor have the liberty to diſobey;
And whenſoe'er ſhe does a poet make,
She gives him verſe but for thy beauty's ſake.
Had I a pen that could at once impart
Soft Ovid's nature and high Virgil's art,
Then the immortal Sacharissa's name
Should be but ſecond in the liſt of fame;
Each grove, each ſhade, ſhould with thy praiſe be fill'd,
And the fam'd Penſhurſt to our Windſor yield.

SPOKEN TO THE QUEEN,

IN TRINITY COLLEGE NEW COURT.

THOU equal partner of the royal bed,
That mak'ſt a crown ſit ſoft on Charles's head;
In whom, with greatneſs virtue takes her ſeat,
Meekneſs with power, and piety with ſtate;
Whoſe goodneſs might ev'n factious crowds reclaim,
Win the ſeditious, and the ſavage tame;
Tyrants themſelves to gentleſt mercy bring,
And only uſeleſs is on ſuch a king?
See, mighty princeſs, ſee how every breaſt
With joy and wonder is at once poſſeſt:
Such was the joy which the firſt mortals knew,
When gods deſcended to the people's view,
Such devout wonder did it then afford,
To ſee thoſe powers they had unſeen ador'd,
But they were feign'd; nor, if they had been true,
Could ſhed more bleſſings on the earth than you:
Our courts, enlarg'd, their former bounds diſdain,
To make reception for ſo great a train:
Here may your ſacred breaſt rejoice to ſee
Your own age ſtrive with ancient piety;
Soon now, ſince bleſt by your auſpicious eyes,
To full perfection ſhall our fabric riſe.
Leſs powerful charms than yours of old could call
The willing ſtones into the Theban wall,
And ours, which now its riſe to you ſhall owe,
More fam'd than that by your great name ſhall grow.

FLORIANA.

A PASTORAL,

UPON THE DEATH OF HER GRACE MARY DUCHESS OF SOUTHAMPTON, 1680.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Thyrſis, tell thy Damon, why
Does my lov'd ſwain in this ſad poſture lie?
What mean theſe ſtreams ſtill falling from thine eyes,
Faſt as thoſe ſighs from thy ſwoln boſom riſe?
Has the fierce wolf broke through the fenced ground?
Have thy lambs ſtray'd? or has Dorinda frown'd?

THYRSIS. The wolf? Ah! let him come, for now he may:
Have thy lambs ſtray'd? let them for ever ſtray:
Dorinda frown'd? No, ſhe is ever mild;
Nay, I remember but juſt now ſhe ſmil'd:
Alas! ſhe ſmil'd; for to the lovely maid
None had the fatal tidings yet convey'd.
Tell me then, ſhepherd, tell me, canſt thou find
As long as thou art true, and ſhe is kind,
A grief ſo great, as may prevail above
Ev'n Damon's friendſhip, or Dorinda's love?

DAM. Sure there is none. THYR. But, Damon, there may be.
What if the charming Floriana die?

DAM. Far be the omen! THYR. But ſuppoſe it true?

DAM. Then ſhould I grieve, my Thyrſis, more than you.
She is—THYR. Alas! ſhe was, but is no more:
Now, Damon, now, let thy ſwoln eyes run o'er:
Here to this turf by thy ſad Thyrſis grow,
And, when my ſtreams of grief too ſhallow flow,
Let-in thy tide to raiſe the torrent high,
Till both a deluge make, and in it die.

DAM. Then, that to this wiſh'd height the flood might ſwell, I will tell,
Friend, I will tell thee.—THYR. Friend, I thee
How young, how good, how beautiful ſhe fell.
Oh! ſhe was all for which fond mothers pray,
Bleſſing their babes when firſt they ſee the day.
Beauty and ſhe were one, for in her face
Sat ſweetneſs temper'd with majeſtic grace;
Such powerful charms as might the proudeſt awe,
Yet ſuch attractive goodneſs as might draw
The humbleſt, and to both give equal law.
How was ſhe wonder'd at by every ſwain!
The pride, the light, the goddeſs of the plain!
On all ſhe ſhin'd, and ſpreading glories caſt
Diffuſive of herſelf, where-e'er ſhe paſt,
There breath'd an air ſweet as the winds that blow
From the bleſt ſhores where fragrant ſpices grow:
Ev'n me ſometimes ſhe with a ſmile would grace,
Like the ſun ſhining on the vileſt place.
Nor did Dorinda bar me the delight
Of feaſting on her eyes my longing ſight:
But to a being ſo ſublime, ſo pure,
Spar'd my devotion, of my love ſecure.

DAM. Her beauty ſuch: but Nature did deſign
That only as an anſwerable ſhrine
To the divinity that's lodg'd within.
Her ſoul ſhin'd through, and made her form ſo bright,
As clouds are gilt by the ſun's piercing light.
In her ſmooth forehead we might read expreſt
The even calmneſs of her gentle breaſt:
And in her ſparkling eyes as clear wit writ
The active vigour of her youthful wit.
Each beauty of the body or the face
Was but the ſhadow of ſome inward grace.
Gay, ſprightly, chearful, free, and unconfin'd,
As innocence could make it, was her mind;
Yet prudent, though not tedious nor ſevere,
Like thoſe who, being dull, would grave appear;
Who out of guilt do chearfulneſs deſpiſe,
And, being ſullen, hope men think them wiſe.
How would the liſtening ſhepherds round her throng,
To catch the words fell from her charming tongue!
She all with her own ſpirit and ſoul inſpir'd,
Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
Ev'n mighty Pan, whoſe powerful hand ſuſtains
The ſovereign crook that mildly awes the plains,
Of all his cares made her the tendereſt part,
And great Louiſa lodg'd her in her heart.

THYR. Who would not now a ſolemn mourning keep,
When Pan himſelf and fair Louiſa weep?
When thoſe bleſt eyes, by the kind gods deſign'd
To cheriſh nature, and delight mankind,
All drown'd in tears, melt into gentler ſhowers
Than April drops upon the ſpringing flowers?
Such tears as Venus for Adonis ſhed,
When at her feet the lovely youth lay dead;
About her, all her little weeping Loves
Ungirt her Ceſtos, and unyok'd her doves.

DAM. Come, pious nymphs, with fair Louiſa come,
And viſit gentle Floriana's tomb;
And, as ye walk the melancholy round,
Where no unhallow'd feet prophane the ground,
With your chaſte hands freſh flowers and odours ſhed
About her laſt obſcure and ſilent bed;
Still praying, as ye gently move your feet,
"Soft be her pillow, and her ſlumber ſweet."

THYR. See where they come, a mournful lovely train
As ever wept on fair Arcadia's plain:
Louiſa, mournful far above the reſt,
In all the charms of beauteous ſorrow dreſt;
Juſt are her tears, when ſhe reflects how loſt
A beauty, ſecond only to her own,
Flouriſh'd, look'd gay, was wither'd, and is gone!

DAM. O, ſhe is gone! gone like a new-born flower,
That deck'd ſome virgin queen's delicious bower;
Torn from the ſtalk by ſome untimely blaſt,
And 'mongſt the vileſt weeds and rubbiſh caſt:
Yet flowers return, and coming ſprings diſplay
The lily whiter, and more freſh the roſe;

l ſeaſon back her charms can bring,
aa has no ſecond ſpring.
O, ſhe is ſet! ſet like the falling ſun;
round us, and glad day is gone!
un that 's ſet, again will riſe,
ith richer beams the morning-ſkies;
though as bright as they it ſhines,
ort glory to the Weſt declines,
no hope of the returning light:
ng oblivion, and eternal night!

THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF

LOM AND ACHITOPHEL*.

GHT, forgive my ſin, the boaſted fire
s' ſouls did long ago expire;
of madneſs did accuſe
h that thought himſelf poſſeſt with

the god within, that did inſpire
than human thoughts the tuneful choir;
s more than fancy, or the dream
s ſlumbering by the Muſes' ſtream.
r ſpark of heaven, and more refin'd
y croſs, fills the great Poet's mind:
ſe mighty and immortal lines,
ach of which th' informing genius
:
inct flame inſpir'd the King,
hy Muſe does ſo ſublimely ſing:
s ſelf could in a nobler verſe
ſly-offending Son rehearſe;
his breaſt the Prophet's fury met,
's fondneſs, and the Poet's wit.
conſent in wonder and in praiſe,
UNKNOWN POET alters raiſe:
muſt needs accept with equal joy
neas heard the wars of Troy,
imſelf in darkneſs, and unſeen
h wonder by the Tyrian queen.
lready art ſecure of fame.
new glories to exalt thy name:
r elſe would have refus'd to own
ion as godlike Abſalom?

I T H A L A M I U M

UPON THE

AGE OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM BEDLOE.

qui quondam gracili modulatus avæna,
irumque cano."

o ſung of humble Oates before,
a Captain and a Man of WAR.

SS of Rhyme, that didſt inſpire
aptain with poetic fire,

Adding freſh laurels to that brow
Where thoſe of victory did grow,
And ſtatelier ornaments may flouriſh now!
If thou art well recovered ſince
" The Excommunicated Prince *;"
For that important tragedy
Would have kill'd any Muſe but thee;
Hither with ſpeed, Oh! hither move;
Pull buſkins off, and, ſince to love
The ground is holy that you tread in,
Dance bare-foot at the Captain's wedding.
See where he comes, and by his ſide
His charming fair angelic bride:
Such, or leſs lovely, was the dame
So much renown'd, Fulvia by name,
With whom of old Tully did join
Then when his art did undermine
The horrid Popiſh plot of Catiline.
Oh faireſt nymph of all Great Britain!
(Though thee my eyes I never ſet on)
Bluſh not on thy great lord to ſmile,
The ſecond ſaviour of our iſle;
What nobler Captain could have led
Thee to thy long'd-for marriage-bed:
For know that thy all-daring Will is
As ſtout a hero as Achilles;
And as great things for thee has done,
As Palmerin or th' Knight of th' Sun,
And is himſelf a whole romance alone.
Let conſcious Flanders ſpeak, and be
The witneſs of his chivalry.
Yet that 's not all, his very word
Has ſlain as many as his ſword:
Though common bullies with their oaths
Hurt little till they come to blows,
Yet all his mouth-granadoes kill,
And ſave the pains of drawing ſteel.
This hero thy reſiſtleſs charms
Have won to fly into thy arms
For think not any mean deſign,
Or the inglorious itch of coin,
Could ever have his breaſt control'd,
Or make him be a ſlave to gold;
His love 's as freely given to thee
As to the king his loyalty,
Then, oh, receive thy mighty prize
With open arms and wiſhing eyes,
Kiſs that dear face, where may be ſeen
His worth and parts that ſkulk within;
That face, that juſtly ſtyl'd may be
As true a diſcoverer as he.
Think not he ever falſe will prove,
His well-known truth ſecures his love;
Do you a while divert his cares
From his important grand affairs:
Let him have reſpite now a while,
From kindling the mad rabble's zeal:
Zeal, that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind,
Shews plainly where its birth-place we may find,
In hell, where though dire flames for ever glow,
Yet 'tis the place of utter darkneſs too.
But to his bed be ſure be true
As he to all the world and you,

en publiſhed it without his name.

* A Tragedy, by Captain Bedloe, 1681.

He all your plots will elſe betray
All ye She-Machiavels can lay.
He all deſigns, you know, has found,
Though hatch'd in hell or under ground;
Oft to the world ſuch ſecrets ſhew
As ſcarce the plotters themſelves knew;
Yet, if by chance you hap to ſin,
And Love, while Honour 's napping, ſhould creep in,
Yet be diſcreet, and do not boaſt
O' the treaſon by the common poſt.
So ſhalt thou ſtill make him love on;
All virtue's in diſcretion.
So thou with him ſhalt ſhine, and be
As great a patriot as he;
And when, as now in Chriſtmas, all
For a new pack of cards do call,
Another Popiſh pack comes out
To pleaſe the cits, and charm the rout:
Thou, mighty queen, ſhalt a whole ſuit command,
A crown upon thy head, and ſceptre in thy hand!

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK,

AND THE

LADY ANNE.

'TWAS Love conducted through the Britiſh main,
On a more high deſign the royal Dane,
Than when of old with an invading hand
His fierce forefathers came to ſpoil the land:
And Love has gain'd him by a nobler way,
A braver conqueſt and a richer prey.
For battles won, and countries ſav'd renown'd,
Shaded with Lawrels, and with Honours crown'd,
From fields with ſlaughter ſtrew'd, the hero came,
His arms neglected, to purſue his flame.
Like Mars returning from the noble chace
Of flying nations though the plains of Thrace,
When, deck'd with trophies and adorn'd with ſpoils,
He meets the goddeſs that rewards his toils!
But, oh! what tranſports did his heart invade
When firſt he ſaw the lovely, royal maid!
Fame, that ſo high did her perfections raiſe,
Seem'd now detraction, and no longer praiſe!
All that could nobleſt minds to love engage,
Or into ſoftneſs melt the ſoldier's rage,
All that could ſpread abroad reſiſtleſs fire,
And eager wiſhes raiſe, and fierce deſire,
All that was charming, all that was above
Ev'n poets fancies, though refin'd by love,
All native beauty dreſt by every grace
Of ſweeteſt youth ſat ſhining in her face!
Where, where is now the generous fury gone,
That through thick troops urg'd the wing'd warrior on?
Where now the ſpirit that aw'd the liſted field;
Created to command, untaught to yield,
It yields, it yields, to Anna's gentle ſway,
And thinks it above triumphs to obey.
See at thy feet, illuſtrious princeſs, thrown
All the rich ſpoils the mighty hero won!
His fame, his laurels, are thy beauties due,
And all his conqueſts are outdone by you:
Ah! lovely nymph, accept the noble prize,
A tribute fit for thoſe victorious eyes!
Ah! generous maid, paſs not relentleſs by,
Nor let war's chief by cruel beauty die!
Though unexperienc'd youth ſond ſcruples move,
And bluſhes riſe but at the name of love;
Though over all thy thoughts and every ſenſe
The guard is plac'd of virgin innocence;
Yet from thy father's generous blood we know
Reſpect for valour in thy breaſt does glow;
'Tis but agreeing to thy royal birth,
To ſmile on virtue and heroic worth,
Love, in ſuch noble ſeeds of honour ſown,
The chaſteſt virgin need not bluſh to own.
Whom would thy royal father ſooner find,
In thy lov'd arms to his high lineage join'd,
Than him, whom ſuch exalted virtues crown,
That he might think them copy'd from his own?
Who to the field equal deſires did bring,
Love to his brother, ſervice to his king.
Who Denmark's crown, and the anointed head,
Reſcued at once, and back in triumph led,
Forcing his paſſage through the ſlaughter'd Swede.
Such virtue him to thy great ſire commends,
The beſt of princes, ſubjects, brothers, friends!
The people's wonder, and the court's delight,
Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight!
What can ſuch charms reſiſt? The royal maid,
Loth to deny, is yet to grant afraid;
But love, ſtill growing as her fears decay,
Conſents at laſt, and gives her heart away.
Now with loud triumphs are the nuptials crown'd,
And with glad ſhouts the ſtreets and palace ſound!
Illuſtrious pair! ſee what a general joy
Does the whole land's united voice employ!
From you they omens take of happier years,
Recall loſt hopes, and baniſh all their fears?
Let boding planets threaten from above,
And ſullen Saturn join with angry Jove:
Your more auſpicious flames, that here unite,
Vanquiſh the malice of their mingled light!
Heaven of its bounties now ſhall laviſh grow,
And in full tides unenvy'd bleſſings flow!
The ſhaken throne more ſurely fix'd ſhall ſtand,
And curs'd rebellion fly the happy land!
At your bleſt union civil diſcords ceaſe,
Confuſion turns to order, rage to peace!
So, when at firſt in Chaos and old Night
Hot things with cold, and moiſt with dry did fight,
Love did the warring ſeeds to union bring,
And over all things ſtretch'd his peaceful wing,
The jarring elements no longer ſtrove,
And a world ſtarted forth, the beauteous work of Love!

ON THE DEATH OF

CHARLES THE SECOND,

AND THE INAUGURATION OF

JAMES THE SECOND.

ıdulgent Muſe (the only cure
. the ills afflicted minds endure,
:tens ſorrow, and makes ſadneſs pleaſe,
the heart by telling its diſeaſe)
her aid, we alſo will preſume
ıble verſe t' approach the ſacred tomb;
wing ſtreams of pious tears will ſhed,
:enſe burn, freſh flowers and odours
'ead,
.d offerings to the royal dead!
the king, who all our lives did bleſs!
ɜth in war, and our delight in peace!
prince like him to mortals given!
the joy of earth, and care of heaven?
: preſſure of unequal fate,
ſt a mind and ſoul ſo great!
meekneſs and ſo void of pride,
ne aloft by Fortune's higheſt tide!
/ beams on the ungrateful ſoil
bellious, ſtubborn, murmuring iſle
lenty; eaſe and riches did beſtow,
: the land with milk and honey flow!
was Rome when mild Auguſtus ſway'd,
ɡlad world for love, not fear, obey'd.
ke heaven's, his chief prerogative!
ſave, and glory to forgive!
, but felt his influence, and did ſhare
lleſs goodneſs and paternal care?
lſt with all th' endearing arts he ſtrove
ſubject's heart to ſeal his love,
aſt ſo hard, what heart of human make,
ning, did the kind impreſſion take?
ıd loving! with ſuch virtues grac'd,
on common heads a crown have plac'd!
'd in all the myſteries of ſtate!
ng to ſuſtain an empire's weight!
:k to know! how ready to adviſe!
ely to prevent! how more than ſenates
iſe!
s how charming, affable, and ſweet!
his cenſure! and how ſharp his wit!
his charming converſation pleaſe
attenders on his hours of eaſe;
ıciouſly he deign'd to condeſcend,
› exalt a ſubject to a friend!
oft low how eaſy of acceſs!
o hear, and longing to redreſs!
y knew no bounds of time or place,
was one continued act of grace!
us could, but Charles could never ſay,
ɜ royal life, "he loſt a day."
prince! O once our joy and care,
eternal grief and deep deſpair!
or if aught than father 's more,
l thy children their ſad loſs deplore?
ve enough, when anxious thoughts recall
rnful ſtory of the ırſovereign's fall?

Oh! who that ſcene of ſorrow can diſplay;
When, waiting death, the fearleſs monarch lay!
Though great the pain and anguiſh that he bore,
His friends' and ſubjects' grief afflict him more!
Yet even that, and coming fate, he bears;
But ſinks and faints to ſee a brother's tears!
The mighty grief, that ſwell'd his royal breaſt,
Scarce reach'd by thought, can't be by words expreſt!
Grief for himſelf! for grief for Charles is vain,
Who now begins a new triumphant reign,
Welcom'd by all kind ſpirits and ſaints above,
Who ſee themſelves in him, and their own likeneſs love!
What godlike virtues muſt that prince adorn,
Who can ſo pleaſe, while ſuch a prince we mourn!
Who elſe, but that great He, who now commands
Th' united nation's voice, and hearts, and hands,
Could ſo the love of a whole people gain,
After ſo excellent a monarch's reign!
Mean Virtues after Tyrants may ſucceed
And pleaſe; but after Charles a James we need!
This, this is he, by whoſe high actions grac'd
The preſent age contends with all the paſt:
Him heaven a pattern did for heroes form,
Slow to adviſe, but eager to perform:
In council calm, fierce as a ſtorm in fight!
Danger his ſport, and labour his delight.
To him the fleet and camp, the ſea and field,
Do equal harveſts of bright glory yield!
Who can forget, of royal blood how free,
He did aſſert the empire of the ſea?
The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
The tempeſt of his fury to ſuſtain;
Shatter'd and torn before his flag they fly
Like doves, that the exalted eagle ſpy
Ready to ſtoop and ſeize them from on high.
He, Neptune-like (when from his watery bed
Serene and calm he lifts his awful head,
And ſmiles, and to his chariot gives the rein),
In triumph rides o'er the aſſerted main!
Rejoicing crowds attend him on the ſtrand,
Loud as the ſea, and numerous as the ſand;
So joy the many: but the wiſer few
The godlike prince with ſilent wonder view:
A joy, too great to be by voice expreſt,
Shines in each eye, and beats in every breaſt:
They ſaw him deſtin'd for ſome greater day,
And in his looks the omens read of his imperial sway!
Nor do his civil virtues leſs appear,
To perfect the illuſtrious character;
To merit juſt, to needy virtue kind,
True to his word, and faithful to his friend!
What 's well reſolv'd, as firmly he purſues;
Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to chuſe!
Honour was born, not planted in his heart;
And virtue came by nature, not by art.
Albion! forget thy ſorrows, and adore
That prince, who all the bleſſings does reſtore,
That Charles, the ſaint, made thee enjoy before!
'Tis done; with tʳrets crown'd, I ſee her riſe,
And tears are wip'd for ever from her eyes!

PROLOGUE

TO N. LEE'S

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

LONG has the tribe of poets on the ſtage
Groan'd under perſecuting critics' rage,
But with the ſound of railing and of rhyme,
Like bees united by the tinkling chime,
The little ſtinging inſects ſwarm the more,
Their buzzing greater than it was before.
But, oh! ye leading voters of the Pit,
That infect others with your too much wit,
That well-affected members do ſeduce,
And with your malice poiſon half the houſe;
Know, your ill-manag'd arbitrary ſway
Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this day.
Rulers of abler conduct we will chuſe,
And more indulgent to a trembling Muſe;
Women, for ends of government more fit,
Women ſhall rule the Boxes and the Pit,
Give laws to Love, and influence to Wit.
Find me one man of ſenſe in all your roll,
Whom ſome one woman has not made a fool.
Ev'n buſineſs, that intolerable load
Under which man does groan, and yet is proud,
Much better they could manage would they pleaſe;
'Tis not their want of wit, but love of eaſe.
For, ſpite of art, more wit in them appears,
Though we boaſt ours, and they diſſemble theirs;
Wit once was ours, and ſhot up for a while,
Set ſhallow in a hot and barren ſoil;
But when tranſplanted to a richer ground,
Has in their Eden its perfection found.
And 'tis but juſt they ſhould our wit invade,
Whilſt we ſet up their painting patching trade;
As for our courage, to our ſhame 'tis known,
As they can raiſe it, they can pull it down.
At their own weapons they our bullies awe,
Faith! let them make an anti-ſalick law;
Preſcribe to all Mankind, as well as Plays,
And wear the breeches, as they wear the bays.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

A DETESTATION OF CIVIL WAR.

FROM HORACE, EPOD. VII.

OH! whither do ye ruſh, and thus prepare
To rouze again the ſleeping war?
Has then ſo little Engliſh blood been ſpilt
On ſea and land with equal guilt?
Not that again we might our arms advance,
To check the inſolent pride of France;
Not that once more we might in fetters bring
An humble captive Gallic king?
But, to the wiſh of the inſulting Gaul,
That we by our own hands ſhould fall.
Nor wolves nor lions bear ſo fierce a mind;
They hurt not their own ſavage kind:
Is it blind rage, or zeal, more blind and ſtrong,
Or guilt, yet ſtronger, drives you on?
Anſwer: but none can anſwer; mute and pale
They ſtand; guilt does o'er words prevail:
'Tis ſo: heaven's juſtice threatens us from high;
And a king's death from earth does cry;
E'er ſince the martyr's innocent blood was ſhed,
Upon our fathers, and on ours, and on our children's head.

TO MR. CREECH,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

WHAT to begin would have been madneſs thought,
Exceeds our praiſe when to perfection brought;
Who could believe Lucretius' lofty ſong
Could have been reach'd by any modern tongue?
Of all the ſuitors to immortal fame,
That by tranſlations ſtrove to raiſe a name,
This was the teſt, this the Ulyſſes' bow,
Too tough by any to be bent but you.
Carus himſelf of the hard taſk complains,
To fetter Grecian thoughts in Roman chains;
Much harder thine, in an unlearned tongue
To hold in bonds, ſo eaſy yet ſo ſtrong,
The Greek philoſophy and Latin ſong.
If then he boaſts that round his ſacred head
Freſh garlands grow, and branching laurels ſpread,
Such as not all the mighty Nine before
E'er gave, or any of their darlings wore;
What laurels ſhould be thine, what crowns thy due,
What garlands, mighty Poet, ſhould be grac'd by you!
Though deep, though wondrous deep, his ſenſe does flow,
Thy ſhining ſtyle does all its riches ſhow;
So clear the ſtream, that through it we deſcry
All the bright gems that at the bottom lie;
Here you the troublers of our peace remove,
Ignoble fear, and more ignoble love:
Here we are taught how firſt our race began,
And by what ſteps our fathers climb'd to man;
To man as now he is—with knowledge fill'd,
In arts of peace and war, in manners ſkill'd,
Equal before to fellow-grazers of the field!
Nature's firſt ſtate, which, well tranſpoſ'd and own'd
(For owners in all ages have been found),
Has made a * modern wit ſo much renown'd,
When thee we read, we find to be no more
Than what was ſung a thouſand years before.
Thou only for this noble taſk were fit,
To ſhame thy age to a juſt ſenſe of wit,
By ſhewing how the learned Romans writ.
To teach fat heavy clowns to know their trade,
And not turn wits, who were for porters made;

* Hobbes.

t falſe claims to the poetic rage,
ibs and crackers, and a Smithfield ſtage.
'ovidence e'er meant that, in deſpight
and nature, ſuch dull clods ſhould write,
and Mævius had been ſav'd by Fate
:tle and for Shadwell to tranſlate,
many ages has for thee
'd the mighty work that now we ſee.

:GIL's FIFTH ECLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

and Menalcas, two very expert ſhepherds at a begin one by conſent to the memory of Daphnis, is ſuppoſed by the beſt critics to repreſent Julius ·. Mopſus laments his death: Menalcas pro- his divinity. The whole Eclogue conſiſting of 'egy, and an Apotheoſis.

MENALCAS.

PSUS, ſince chance does us together bring,
And you ſo well can pipe, and I can ſing,
t we not beneath this ſecret ſhade,
s and hazels mingling branches made?

MOPSUS.

ge commands reſpect; and I obey.
:r you in this lonely copſe will ſtay,
weſtern winds the bending branches ſhake,
their play the ſhades uncertain make:
ther to that ſilent cave you go,
:ter choice! ſee how the wild vines grow
int round, and ſee how wide they ſpread,
the cave their purple cluſters ſhed!

MENALCAS.

as only dares contend with you.

MOPSUS.

ot as well contend with Phœbus too?

MENALCAS.

begin; whether the mournful flame
ig Phillis, whether Alcon's fame,
rus' brawls, thy willing Muſe provoke;
young Tityrus will tend the flock.

MOPSUS.

'll begin, and the ſad ſong repeat,
the beech's bark I lately writ,
to ſweeteſt notes; yes, I 'll begin,
ter that, bid you, Amyntas, ſing.

MENALCAS.

h as the moſt humble ſhrub that grows,
o the beauteous bluſhes of the roſe,
ling oſiers to the olive tree;
h, I judge, Amyntas yields to thee.

MOPSUS.

'd, to this diſcourſe here put an end,
the cave; ſit, and my verſe attend.

MOPSUS.

he ſad fate of Daphnis reach'd their ears,
ying nymphs diſſolv'd in pious tears.
Witneſs, ye hazels, for ye heard their cries;
Witneſs, ye floods, ſwoln with their weeping eyes,
The mournful mother (on his body caſt)
The ſad remains of her cold ſon embrac'd,
And of th' unequal tyranny they us'd,
The cruel gods and cruel ſtars accus'd.
Then did no ſwain mind how his flock did thrive,
Nor thirſty herds to the cold river drive;
The generous horſe turn'd from freſh ſtreams his head,
And on the ſweeteſt graſs refus'd to feed.
Daphnis, thy death ev'n fierceſt lions mourn'd,
And hills and woods their cries and groans return'd.
Daphnis Armenian tigers' fierceneſs broke,
And brought them willing to the ſacred yoke:
Daphnis to Bacchus' worſhip did ordain
The revels of his conſecrated train;
The reeling prieſts with vines and ivy crown'd,
And their long ſpears with cluſter'd branches bound.
As vines the elm, as grapes the vine adorn,
As bulls the herd, as fields the ripen'd corn;
Such grace, ſuch ornament, wert thou to all
That glory'd to be thine: ſince thy ſad fall
No more Apollo his glad preſence yields,
And Pales' ſelf forſakes her hated fields.
Oft where the fineſt barley we did ſow,
Barren wild oats and hurtful darnel grow;
And where ſoft violets did the vales adorn,
The thiſtle riſes, and the prickly thorn.
Come, ſhepherds, ſtrow with flowers the hallow'd ground,
The ſacred fountains with thick boughs ſurround;
Daphnis theſe rites requires: to Daphnis' praiſe,
Shepherds, a tomb with this inſcription raiſe—
"Here fam'd from earth to heaven I Daphnis lie;
"Fair was the flock I fed, but much more fair was I."

MENALCAS.

Such, divine Poet, to my raviſh'd ears
Are the ſweet numbers of thy mournful verſe,
As to tir'd ſwains ſoft ſlumbers on the graſs;
As freſheſt ſprings that through green meadows paſs,
To one that 's parch'd with thirſt and ſummer's heat.
In thee thy maſter does his equal meet:
Whether your voice you try, or tune your reed,
Bleſt ſwain, 'tis you alone can him ſucceed!
Yet, as I can, I in return will ſing:
I too thy Daphnis to the ſtars will bring,
I too thy Daphnis to the ſtars, with you,
Will raiſe, for Daphnis lov'd Menalcas too.

MOPSUS.

Is there a thing that I could more deſire?
For neither can there be a ſubject higher,
Nor, if the praiſe of Stimichon be true,
Can it be better ſung than 'tis by you.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis now, wondering at the glorious ſhow,
Through heaven's bright pavement does triumphant go,
And ſees the moving clouds, and the fix'd ſtars below:

Therefore new joys make glad the woods, the plains,
Pan and the Dryads, and the chearful ſwains:
The wolf no ambuſh for the flock does lay,
No cheating nets the harmleſs deer betray,
Daphnis a general peace commands, and Nature does obey.
Hark! the glad mountains raiſe to heaven their voice!
Hark! the hard rocks in myſtic tunes rejoice!
Hark! through the thickets wondrous ſongs reſound,
A God! A God! Menalcas, he is crown'd!
O be propitious! O be good to thine!
See! here four hallow'd altars we deſign,
To Daphnis two, to Phœbus two we raiſe,
To pay the yearly tribute of our praiſe:
Sacred to thee, they each returning year
Two bowls of milk and two of oil ſhall bear:
Feaſts I 'll ordain, and to thy deathleſs praiſe
Thy votaries' exalted thoughts to raiſe,
Rich Chian wines ſhall in full goblets flow,
And give a taſte of Nectar here below.
Damœtas ſhall with Lictian Ægon join,
To celebrate with ſongs the rites divine.
Alphiſibœus with a reeling gait
Shall the wild Satyrs' dancing imitate.
When to the nymphs we vows and offerings pay,
When we with ſolemn rites our fields ſurvey,
Theſe honours ever ſhall be thine: the boar
Shall in the fields and hills delight no more;
No more in ſtreams the fiſh, in flowers the bee,
Ere, Daphnis, we forget our ſongs to thee:
Offerings to thee the ſhepherds every year
Shall, as to Bacchus and to Ceres, bear:
To thee, as to thoſe Gods, ſhall vows be made,
And vengeance wait on thoſe by whom they are not paid.

MOPSUS.

What preſent worth thy verſe can Mopſus find?
Not the ſoft whiſpers of the Southern wind
So much delight my ear, or charm my mind;
Not ſounding ſhores beat by the murmuring tide,
Nor rivers that through ſtony vallies glide.

MENALCAS.

Firſt you this pipe ſhall take; and 'tis the ſame
That play'd poor Corydon's * unhappy flame:
The ſame that taught me Melibœus' † ſheep.

MOPSUS.

You then ſhall for my ſake this ſheephook keep,
Adorn'd with braſs, which I have oft deny'd
To young Antigenes in his beauty's pride:
And who could think he then in vain could ſue?
Yet him I would deny, and freely give it you.

* Virg. Ecl. ii.

† Ecl. iii.

TO MR. WALLER,

UPON

THE COPY OF VERSES MADE BY HIMS ON THE LAST COPY IN HIS BOOK *

WHEN ſhame, for all my fooliſh youth I writ,
Advis'd 'twas time the rhyming trade to quit
Time to grow wiſe, and be no more a wit—
The noble fire, that animates thy age,
Once more inflam'd me with poetic rage.
Kings, heroes, nymphs, the brave, the fair, the young,
Have been the theme of thy immortal ſong:
A nobler argument at laſt thy Muſe,
Two things Divine, Thee and Herſelf, does chuſe.
Age whoſe dull weight makes vulgar ſpirits bow
Gives wings to thine, and bids it upward go
No more confin'd, above the ſtarry ſkies,
Out from the body's broken cage it flies.
But, oh! vouchſafe, not wholly to retire,
To join with and compleat th' etherial choir!
Still here remain; ſtill on the threſhold ſtand
Still at this diſtance view the promis'd land;
Though thou may'ſt ſeem, ſo heavenly is thy ſong,
Not going thither, but new come from thence.

A SONG.

I.

AFTER the fierceſt pangs of hot deſire,
Between Panthea's riſing breaſts
His bending breaſt Philander reſts;
Though vanquiſh'd, yet unknowing to retire
Cloſe hugs the charmer, and aſham'd to yield
Though he has loſt the day, yet keeps the field.

II.

When, with a ſigh, the fair Panthea ſaid,
What pity 'tis, ye gods, that all
The nobleſt warriors ſooneſt fall!
Then with a kiſs ſhe gently rear'd his head;
Arm'd him again to fight, for noble ſhe
More lov'd the combat than the victory.

III.

But, more enrag'd for being beat before,
With all his ſtrength he does prepare
More fiercely to renew the war;
Nor ceas'd he till the noble prize he bore:
Ev'n her ſuch wondrous courage did ſurprize
She hugs the dart that wounded her, and dies.

A SONG.

I.

THROUGH mournful ſhades, and ſad groves,
Fann'd with the ſighs of unſucceſsful loves,

* See Waller's Poems.

ith deſpair, young Thyrſis ſtrays,
er all Amyra's heavenly charms,
now ſees her in another's arms;
ſome willow's root himſelf he lays,
eſt, moſt unhappy ſwain;
o the wild woods he does complain:

II.

ıou chang'd, O Thyrſis, ſince the time
ı could'ſt love and hope without a crime;
lature's pride and Earth's delight,
ı her ſhady evening grove ſhe paſt,
r day did all around her caſt,
ıe, nor be offended at the ſight,
ıg, ſighing, wiſhing ſwain,
muſt never hope to wiſh again!

III.

titles! why ſhould they prevail,
y, love, and adoration, fail?
Amyra, ſhouldſt thou prize
r noiſe that a fine title makes;
: traſh that with the vulgar takes,
heart that bleeds for thee, and dies?
ıut pity the poor ſwain
ır kills, nor triumph o'er the ſlain.

A SONG.

I.

ıt a conqueſt love has made!
:h the myrtle's amorous ſhade
ing fair Corinna lies
ting in deſire,
; in tears thoſe flowing eyes
: the world on fire!

II.

ıot tears and beauty do?
by chance ſtood by, and knew
thoſe cryſtal ſtreams did flow;
ıugh he ne'er before
s brighteſt rays did bow,
oo, and does adore.

III.

ıe heavens ſerene and clear,
h gaudy light appear,
ry rock, and every ſtone,
ıtive rigour keep;
in rain the clouds fall down,
deſt marble weeps.

R. HENRY DICKINSON,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF

's CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT."

T ſenſeleſs loads have over-charg'd the preſs,
impertinence, in Engliſh dreſs!
How many dull tranſlators every day
Bring new ſupplies of novel, farce, or play!
Like damn'd French penſioners, with foreign aid
Their native land with nonſenſe to invade,
Till we 're o'er-run more with the wit of France,
Her nauſeous wit, than with her Proteſtants.
But, Sir, this noble piece obligeth more
Than all their traſh hath plagu'd the town before:
With various learning, knowledge, ſtrength of thought,
Order and art, and ſol'd judgement fraught;
No leſs a piece than this could make amends
For all the trumpery France amongſt us ſends.
Nor let ill-grounded ſuperſtitious fear
Fright any but the fools from reading here.
The ſacred oracles may well endure
Th' exacteſt ſearch, of their own truth ſecure;
Though at this piece ſome noiſy zealots bawl,
And to their aid a numerous faction call
With ſtretch'd-out arms, as if the ark could fall;
Yet wiſer heads will think ſo firm it ſtands,
That, were it ſhook, 'twould need no mortal hands.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA," 1679.

AND will our Maſter Poet then admit
A young beginner in the trade of wit,
To bring a plain and ruſtic Muſe, to wait
On his in all her glorious pomp and ſtate?
Can an unknown, unheard-of, private name,
Add any luſtre to ſo bright a fame?
No! ſooner planets to the ſun may give
That light which they themſelves from him derive.
Nor could my fickly fancy entertain
A thought ſo fooliſh, or a pride ſo vain.
But, as when kings through crowds in triumphs go,
The meaneſt wretch that gazes at the ſhow,
Though to that pomp his voice can add no more,
Than when we drops into the ocean pour,
Has leave his tongue in praiſes to employ
(Th' accepted language of officious joy):
So I in loud applauſes may reveal
To you, great King of Verſe, my loyal zeal,
May tell with what majeſtic grace and mien
Your Muſe diſplays herſelf in every ſcene;
In what rich robes ſhe has fair Creſſid dreſt,
And with what gentle fires inflam'd her breaſt.
How when thoſe fading eyes her aid implor'd,
She all their ſparkling luſtre has reſtor'd,
Added more charms, freſh beauties on them ſhed,
And to new youth recall'd the lovely maid.
How nobly ſhe the royal brothers draws;
How great their quarrel, and how great their cauſe!
How juſtly rais'd! and by what juſt degrees,
In a ſweet calm does the rough tempeſt ceaſe!

Envy not now "the God-like Roman's rage;"
Hector and Troilus, darlings of our age,
Shall hand in hand with Brutus tread the ſtage.
Shakeſpeare, 'tis true, this tale of Troy firſt told,
But, as with Ennius Virgil did of old,
You found it dirt, but you have made it gold.
A dark and undigeſted heap it lay,
Like Chaos ere the dawn of infant day,
But you did firſt the chearful light diſplay.
Confus'd it was as Epicurus' world
Of Atoms, by blind Chance together hurl'd,
But you have made ſuch order through it ſhine
As loudly ſpeaks the workmanſhip divine.
Boaſt then, O Troy! and triumph in thy flames,
That make thee ſung by three ſuch mighty names.
Had Ilium ſtood, Homer had ne'er been read,
Nor the ſweet Mantuan ſwan his wings diſplay'd,
Nor thou, the third, but equal in renown,
Thy matchleſs ſkill in this great ſubject ſhown.
Not Priam's ſelf, nor all the Trojan ſtate,
Was worth the ſaving at ſo dear a rate.
But they now flouriſh, by you mighty three,
In verſe more laſting than their walls could be:
Which never, never ſhall like them decay,
Being built by hands divine as well as they;
Never till, our great Charles being ſung by you,
Old Troy ſhall grow leſs famous than the New.

PARIS TO HELEN.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

THE ARGUMENT.

Paris, having ſailed to Sparta for the obtaining of Helen, whom Venus had promiſed him as the reward of his adjudging the Prize of Beauty to her, was nobly there entertained by Menelaus, Helen's huſband; but he, being called away to Crete, to take poſſeſſion of what was left him by his grand-father Atreus, commends his gueſt to the care of his wife. In his abſence Paris courts her, and writes to her the following epiſtle.

ALL health, fair nymph, thy Paris ſends to thee,
Though you, and only you, can give it me.
Shall I then ſpeak? or is it needleſs grown
To tell a paſſion that itſelf has ſhown?
Does not my love itſelf too open lay,
And all I think in all I do betray?
If not, oh! may it ſtill in ſecret lie,
Till Time with our kind wiſhes ſhall comply;
Till all our joys may to us come ſincere,
Nor loſe their price by the allay of fear!
In vain I ſtrive; who can that fire conceal,
Which does itſelf by its own light reveal?
But, if you needs would hear my trembling tongue
Speak what my actions have declar'd ſo long,
I love; you 've there the word that does impart
The trueſt meſſage from my bleeding heart:
Forgive me, Madam, that I thus confeſs
To you, my fair phyſician, my diſeaſe,
And with ſuch looks this ſuppliant paper grace
As beſt become the beauties of that face.
May that ſmooth brow no angry wrinkle wear,
But be your looks as kind as they are fair.
Some pleaſure 'tis to think theſe lines ſhall find
An entertainment at your hands ſo kind.
For this creates a hope, that I too may,
Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.
Ah! may that hope be true! nor I complain
That Venus promis'd you to me in vain:
For know, leſt you through ignorance offend
The gods, 'tis heaven that me does hither ſend.
None of the meaneſt of the powers divine,
That firſt inſpir'd, ſtill favours my deſign.
Great is the prize I ſeek, I muſt confeſs,
But neither is my due or merit leſs:
Venus has promis'd ſhe would you aſſign,
Fair as herſelf, to be for ever mine.
Guided by her, my Troy I left for thee,
Nor fear'd the dangers of the faithleſs ſea.
She, with a kind and an auſpicious gale,
Drove the good ſhip, and ſtretch'd out every ſail:
For ſhe, who ſprung out of the teeming deep,
Still o'er the main does her wide empire keep.
Still may ſhe keep it! and as ſhe with eaſe
Allays the wrath of the moſt angry ſeas,
So may ſhe give my ſtormy mind ſome reſt,
And calm the raging tempeſt of my breaſt,
And bring home all my ſighs and all my vows
To their wiſh'd harbour and deſir'd repoſe!
Hither my flames I brought, not found them here;
I my whole courſe by their kind light did ſteer:
For I by no miſtake or ſtorm was toſt
Againſt my will upon this happy coaſt.
Nor as a merchant did I plow the main
To venture life, like fordid fools, for gain.
No; may the gods preſerve my preſent ſtore,
And only give me you to make it more!
Nor to admire the place came I ſo far;
I have towns richer than your cities are.
'Tis you I ſeek, to me from Venus due;
You were my wiſh, before your charms I knew.
Bright images of you my mind did draw,
Long ere my eyes the lovely object ſaw.
Nor wonder that, with the ſwift-winged dart,
At ſuch a diſtance you could wound my heart:
So Fate ordain'd; and leſt you fight with Fate,
Hear and believe the truth I ſhall relate.
Now in my mother's womb ſhut up I lay,
Her fatal burthen longing for the day,
When ſhe in a myſterious dream was told,
Her teeming womb a burning torch did hold?
Frighted ſhe riſes, and her viſion ſhe
To Priam tells, and to his prophets he:
They ſing that I all Troy ſhould ſet on fire:
But ſure Fate meant the flames of my deſire.
For fear of this, among the ſwains expos'd,
My native greatneſs every thing diſclos'd.
Beauty, and ſtrength, and courage, join'd in me,
Through all diſguiſe, ſpoke me a monarch's ſon.
A place there is in Ida's thickeſt grove,
With oaks and fir-trees ſhaded all above,

ere grows untouch'd by bleating flocks,
a goat, or the laborious ox.
e Troy's towers, magnificence, and
:,
inſt an aged oak, I ſpy'd.
ht me thought I heard the trembling
nd
ange noiſe of trampling feet reſound.
inſtant Jove's great meſſenger,
ings borne through the yielding air,
fore my wondering eyes did ſtand,
rod ſhone in his ſacred hand:
ree charming goddeſſes there came,
Pallas, and the Cyprian dame.
uſual fear I ſtood amaz'd,
god my ſinking courage rais'd;
thou art Jove's ſubſtitute below,
e of heavenly beauty to beſtow;
ig goddeſſes appeal to you,
eir ſtrife." He ſpake, and up he
.
er grown, I throw my fears away,
one with curious eyes ſurvey:
m merited the victory,
doubtful judge was griev'd to ſee,
uſt have it, when deſerv'd by three.
e one there was which moſt prevail'd,
more powerful charms my heart af-
l:
you know who thus my breaſt could
e?
it be but the fair Queen of Love?
y bribes they all for conqueſt ſtrive,
npires, Pallas valour give,
nd doubting which I ſhould preſer,
ſt caſe, or glorious toils of War;
gently ſmil'd, and thus ſhe ſpake:
dangerous gifts: O do not, do not
!
e thee Love's immortal pleaſures
now,
that in full tides for ever flow.
ou judge the conqueſt to be mine,
a's fairer daughter ſhall be thine."
and I gave her the conqueſt due,
beauty, and her gift of you.
ile (my angry ſtars more gentle grown)
wledg'd royal Priam's ſon.
d court, all Troy does celebrate,
r feſtival, my change of fate.
ow languiſh and die for thee,
beauties of all Troy for me.
heart with ſovereign power do reign;
a thouſand virgins ſigh'd in vain:
cens only fly to my embrace,
s of form divine, and heavenly race.
ves with cold diſdain repreſt,
of you firſt fir'd my longing breaſt.
aing form all day my fancy drew,
night came, my dreams were all of
.
ures then muſt you yourſelf impart,
ows only ſo ſurpriz'd my heart!
ow did I burn approaching nigher,
o ſcorch'd by ſo remote a fire!

For now no longer could my hopes refrain
From ſeeking their wiſh'd object through the main.
I fell the ſtately pine, and every tree
That beſt was fit to cut the yielding ſea,
Fetch'd from Gargarian hills, tall firs I cleave,
And Ida naked to the winds I leave,
Stiff oaks I bend, and ſolid planks I form,
And every ſhip with well-knit ribs I arm.
To the tall maſt I ſails and ſtreamers join,
And the gay poops with painted gods do ſhine.
But on my ſhip does only Venus ſtand
With little Cupid ſmiling in her hand,
Guide of the way ſhe did herſelf command.
My fleet thus rigg'd, and all my thoughts on thee,
I long to plow the vaſt Ægéan ſea;
My anxious parents my deſires withſtand,
And both with pious tears my ſtay command.
Caſſandra too, with looſe diſhevel'd hair,
Juſt as our haſty ſhips to ſail prepare,
Full of prophetic fury cries aloud,
"O whither fleets my brother through the flood?
"Little, ah! little doſt thou know or heed
"To what a raging fire theſe waters lead!"
True were her fears, and in my breaſt I feel
The ſcorching flames her fury did foretel.
Yet out I ſail, and, favour'd by the wind,
On your bleſt ſhore my wiſh'd-for haven find;
Your huſband then, ſo heaven, kind heaven ordains,
In his own houſe his rival entertains,
Shews me whate'er in Sparta does delight
The curious traveller's enquiring ſight:
But I, who only long'd to gaze on you,
Could taſte no pleaſure in the idle ſhew.
But at thy ſight, oh! where was then my heart!
Out from my breaſt it gave a ſudden ſtart,
Sprung forth and met half way the fatal dart.
Such or leſs charming was the Queen of Love,
When with her rival goddeſſes ſhe ſtrove.
But, faireſt, hadſt thou come among the three,
Ev'n ſhe the prize muſt have reſign'd to thee.
Your beauty is the only theme of fame,
And all the world ſounds with fair Helen's name;
Nor lives there ſhe whom pride itſelf can raiſe
To claim with you an equal ſhare of praiſe.
Do I ſpeak falſe? Rather Report does ſo,
Detracting from you in a praiſe too low.
More here I find than that could ever tell,
So much your beauty does your fame excel.
Well then might Theſeus, he who all things knew,
Think none was worthy of his theft but you;
I this bold theft admire; but wonder more
He ever would ſo dear a prize reſtore:
Ah! would theſe hands have ever let you go?
Or could I live, and be divorc'd from you?
No; ſooner I with life itſelf could part,
Than e'er ſee you torn from my bleeding heart.
But could I do as he, and give you back,
Yet ſure ſome taſte of love I firſt would take,
Would firſt, in all your blooming excellence
And virgin ſweets, feaſt my luxurious ſenſe;

Or if you would not let that treaſure go,
Kiſſes at leaſt you ſhould, you would beſtow,
And let me ſmell the flower as it did grow.
Come then into my longing arms, and try
My laſting, fix'd, eternal conſtancy,
Which never till my funeral pile ſhall waſte;
My preſent fire ſhall mingle with my laſt.
Sceptres and crowns for you I did diſdain,
With which great Juno tempted me in vain.
And when bright Pallas did her bribes prepare,
One ſoft embrace from you I did prefer
To courage, ſtrength, and all the pomp of war.
Nor ſhall I ever think my choice was ill,
My judgment 's ſettled, and approves it ſtill.
Do you but grant my hopes may prove as true,
As they were plac'd above all things but you.
I am, as well as you, of heavenly race,
Nor will my birth your mighty line diſgrace.
Pallas and Jove our noble lineage head,
And them a race of godlike kings ſucceed,
All Aſia's ſceptres to my father bow,
And half the ſpacious Eaſt his power allow.
There you ſhall ſee the houſes roof'd with gold,
And temples glorious as the gods they hold.
Troy you ſhall ſee, and walls divine admire,
Built to the concert of Apollo's lyre.
What need I the vaſt flood of people tell,
That over its wide banks does almoſt ſwell?
You ſhall gay troops of Phrygian matrons meet,
And Trojan wives ſhining in every ſtreet.
How often then will you yourſelf confeſs
The emptineſs and poverty of Greece!
How often will you ſay, one palace there
Contains more wealth than do whole cities here!
I ſpeak not this, your Sparta to diſgrace,
For whereſoe'er your life began its race
Muſt be to me the happieſt, deareſt place.
Yet Sparta's poor; and you, that ſhould be dreſt
In all the riches of the ſhining Eaſt,
Should underſtand how ill that ſordid place
Suits with the beauty of your charming face;
That face with coſtly dreſs and rich attire
Should ſhine, and make the gazing world admire.
When you the habit of my Trojans ſee,
What, think you, muſt that of their ladies be?
Oh! then be kind, fair Spartan, nor diſdain
A Trojan in your bed to entertain.
He was a Trojan, and of our great line,
That to the gods does mix immortal wine;
Tithonus too, whom to her roſy bed
The goddeſs of the Morning bluſhing led;
So was Anchiſes of our Trojan race,
Yet Venus' ſelf to his deſir'd embrace,
With all her train of little Loves, did fly,
And in his arms learn'd for a while to lie.
Nor do I think that Menelaus can,
Compar'd with me, appear the greater man.
I 'm ſure my father never made the ſun
With frighted ſteeds from his dire banquet run:
No grandfather of mine is ſtain'd with blood,
Or with his crime names the Myrtoan flood.
None of our race does in the Stygian lake
Snatch at thoſe apples he wants power to take.
But ſtay; ſince you with ſuch a huſband join,
Your father Jove is forc'd to grace his line.

He (gods!) a wretch unworthy of thoſe charms
Does all the night lie melting in your arms,
Does every minute to new joys improve,
And riots in the luſcious ſweets of love.
I but at table one ſhort view can gain,
And that too, only to encreaſe my pain:
O may ſuch feaſts my worſt of foes attend,
As often I at your ſpread table find.
I loath my food, when my tormented eye
Sees his rude hand in your ſoft boſom lie.
I burſt with envy when I him behold
Your tender limbs in his looſe robe infold.
When he your lips with melting kiſſes ſeal'd,
Before my eyes I the large goblet held.
When you with him in ſtrict embraces cloſe,
My hated meat to my dry'd palate grows.
Oft have I ſigh'd, then ſigh'd again, to ſee
That ſigh with ſcornful ſmiles repaid by thee.
Oft I with wine would quench my hot deſire
In vain; for ſo I added fire to fire.
Oft have I turn'd away my head in vain,
You ſtraight recall'd my longing eyes again.
What ſhall I do? Your ſports with grief I ſee,
But it 's a greater, not to look on thee.
With all my art I ſtrive my flames to hide,
But through the thin diſguiſe they are deſcry'd,
Too well, alas! my wounds to you are known,
And O that they were ſo to you alone!
How oft turn I my weeping eyes away,
Leſt he the cauſe ſhould aſk, and I betray!
What tales of love tell I, when warm'd with wine,
To your dear face applying every line!
In borrow'd names I my own paſſion ſhew:
They the feign'd lovers are, but I the true.
Sometimes, more freedom in diſcourſe to gain,
For my excuſe I drunkenneſs would feign.
Once I remember your looſe garment fell,
And did your naked, ſwelling breaſts reveal,
Breaſts white as ſnow, or the falſe down of Jove,
When to your mother the kind Swan made love:
Whilſt, with the ſight ſurpriz'd, I gazing ſtand,
The cup I held dropt from my careleſs hand.
If you your young Hermione but kiſs,
Straight from her lips I ſnatch the envy'd bliſs.
Sometimes ſupinely laid, love ſongs I ſing,
And waſted kiſſes from my fingers fling.
Your women to my aid I try to move
With all the powerful rhetorick of love;
But they, alas! ſpeak nothing but deſpair,
And in the midſt leave my neglected prayer.
Oh! that by ſome great prize you might be won,
And your poſſeſſion might the victor crown,
As Pelops his Hippodamia won:
Then had you ſeen what I for you had done:
But now I 've nothing left to do but pray,
And myſelf proſtrate at your feet to lay.
O thou, thy houſe's glory, brighter far
Than thy two ſhining brothers' friendly ſtar!
O worthy of the bed of Heaven's great King,
If aught ſo fair but from himſelf could ſpring!
Either with thee I back to Troy will fly,
Or here a wretch'd baniſh'd lover die.
With no ſlight wound my tender breaſt does ſmart,
My bones and marrow feel the piercing dart;

y ſiſter true did propheſy,
heavenly dart ſhould wounded die;
ıot then a love by heaven deſign'd,
he gods ſtill to your vows be kind!
I could ſay; but what, will beſt be known
ıpartment, when we are alone.
h, and, with a ſuperſtitious dread,
efile the ſacred marriage bed:
len, can you then ſo ſimple be,
ſuch beauty can from faults be free?
;e that face, or you muſt needs be kind;
nd Virtue ſeldom have been join'd.
bright Venus do our thefts approve,
ſts as theſe gave you your father Jove.
ı you aught of your parents laſt,
: and Leda's daughter well be chaſte?
be chaſte when we to Troy ſhall go
who ſins with one alone, is ſo).
s now enjoy that pleaſing ſin,
rry, and be innocent again.
r own huſband doth the ſame perſuade,
nſelf, yet all his actions plead:
hey plead, and he, good man! becauſe
ɔil no ſport, officiouſly withdraws.
ıo other time to viſit Crete?
v prodigious is a huſband's wit!
; and, as he went, he cry'd, "My dear,
l of me, you of your gueſt take care!"
'orget your lord's command, I ſee,
you any care of Love or Me.
k you ſuch a thing as he does know
ſure that he holds in holding you?
he underſtand but half your charms,
not truſt them in a ſtranger's arms.
r his nor my requeſt can move,
rc'd by opportunity to love;
d be fools, ev'n greater fools than he,
ſecure a time unactive be.
:ſe tedious winter nights you lie
widow'd bed, and ſo do I.
al joys our willing bodies join,
py night ſhall the mid-day out-ſhine.
l I ſwear by all the powers above,
ıeir awful preſence ſeal my love.
my wiſhes may aſpire ſo high,
r flight ſhall win you to comply;
ice honour little ſcruples frame,
: I 'll uſe ſhall vindicate your fame.
us and your brothers I can learn,
lents ſo nearly you concern:
'eus, they Leucippus' daughter ſtole;
: fourth in the illuſtrious roll.
ın'd, well arm'd, for you my fleet does
ıy,
ıng winds murmur at our delay.
Troy's throng'd ſtreets you ſhall in tri-
nph go,
ſome new goddeſs here below.
you tread, ſpices and gums ſhall ſmoke,
ns fall beneath the fatal ſtroke.
r, mother, all the joyful court,
to you with preſents ſhall reſort.
nothing what I yet have ſaid;
:re you 'll find, ſhall what I write ex-
:d.

Nor fear, leſt war purſue our haſty flight,
And angry Greece ſhould all her force unite.
What raviſh'd maid did ever wars regain?
Vain the attempt, and fear of it as vain.
The Thracians Orithya ſtole from far,
Yet Thracians ne'er heard the noiſe of following war.
Jaſon too ſtole away the Colchian maid,
Yet Colchos did not Theſſaly invade.
He who ſtole you, ſtole Ariadne too,
Yet Minos did not with all Crete purſue.
Fear in theſe caſes than the danger's more,
And, when the threatening tempeſt once is o'er,
Our ſhame 's then greater than our fear before.
But ſay from Greece a threaten'd war purſue,
Know I have ſtrength and wounding weapons too.
In men and horſe more numerous than Greece
Our empire is, nor in its compaſs leſs.
Nor does your huſband Paris aught excel
In generous courage, or in martial ſkill.
Ev'n but a boy, from my ſlain foes I gain'd
My ſtolen herd, and a new name attain'd;
Ev'n then, o'ercome by me, I could produce
Deïphobus and great Ilioneus.
Nor hand to hand more to be fear'd am I,
Than when from far my certain arrows fly.
You for his youth can no ſuch actions feign,
Nor can he e'er my envy'd ſkill attain.
But could he, Hector 's your ſecurity,
And he alone an army is to me.
You know me not, nor the hid proweſs find
Of him that heaven has for your bed deſign'd.
Either no war from Greece ſhall follow thee,
Or, if it does, ſhall be repell'd by me.
Nor think I fear to fight for ſuch a wife,
That prize would give the coward's courage life.
All after-ages ſhall your fame admire,
If you alone ſet the whole world on fire.
To ſea, to ſea, while all the gods are kind,
And all I promiſe, you in Troy ſhall find.

THE EPISTLE

OF

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

THE ARGUMENT.

Acontius in the temple of Diana at Delos (famous for the reſort of the moſt beautiful virgins of all Greece) fell in love with Cydippe, a lady of quality much above his own; not daring therefore to court her openly, he found this device to obtain her: he writes, upon the faireſt apple that could be procured, a couple of verſes to this effect:

"I ſwear, by chaſte Diana, I will be
"In ſacred wedlock ever join'd to thee:"

and throws it at the feet of the young lady; ſhe, ſuſpecting not the deceit, takes it up and reads it, and therein promiſes herſelf in marriage to Acontius;

there being a law there in force, that whatever any perſon ſhould ſwear in the temple of Diana of Delos, ſhould ſtand good, and be inviolably obſerved: but her father, not knowing what had paſt, and having not long after promiſed her to another, juſt as the ſolemnities of marriage were to be performed, ſhe was taken with a ſudden and violent fever, which Aconitius endeavours to perſuade her was ſent from Diana, as a puniſhment of the breach of the vow made in her preſence. And this, with the reſt of the arguments which on ſuch occaſion would occur to a lover, is the ſubject of the following epiſtle.

READ boldly this; here you ſhall ſwear no more,
For that 's enough which you have ſworn before.
Read it; ſo may that violent diſeaſe,
Which thy dear body, but my ſoul doth ſeize,
Forget its too-long practis'd cruelty,
And health to you reſtore, and you to me.
Why do you bluſh? for bluſh you do, I fear,
As when you firſt did in the temple ſwear:
Truth to your plighted faith is all I claim,
And truth can never be the cauſe of ſhame:
Shame lives with guilt; but you your virtue prove
In favouring mine, for mine 's a huſband's love.
Ah! to yourſelf thoſe binding words repeat
That once your wiſhing eyes ev'n long'd to meet,
When th' apple brought them dancing to your feet.
There you will find the ſolemn vow you made,
Which if your health or mine can aught perſwade,
You to perform ſhould rather mindful be,
Than great Diana to revenge on thee.
My fears for you increaſe with my deſire,
And Hope blows that already raging fire;
For hope you gave, nor can you this deny,
For the great Goddeſs of the fane was by;
She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd ſhrine
A ſudden kind auſpicious light did ſhine:
Her ſtatue ſeem'd to nod its awful head,
And give its glad conſent to what you ſaid;
Now, if you pleaſe, accuſe my proſperous cheat,
Yet ſtill confeſs 'twas Love that taught me it:
In that deceit what did I elſe deſign
But with your own conſent to make you mine?
What you my crime, I call my innocence,
Since loving you has been my ſole offence.
Nor Nature gave me, nor has practice taught,
The nets with which young virgins' hearts are caught.
You my accuſer taught me to deceive,
And Love, with you, did his aſſiſtance give;
For Love ſtood by, and ſmiling bad me write
The cunning words he did himſelf indite:
Again, you ſee, I write by his command,
He guides my pen, and rules my willing hand,
Again ſuch kind, ſuch loving words I ſend,
As makes me fear that I again offend:
Yet, if my love 's my crime, I muſt confeſs,
Great is my guilt, but never ſhall be leſs.
Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove,
In finding out new paths to reach thy love!
A thouſand ways to that ſteep mountain lead,
Though hard to find, and difficult to tread.
All theſe will I find out, and break through all,
For which, my flames compar'd, the danger 's ſmall.
The gods alone know what the end will be,
Yet, if we mortals any thing foreſee,
One way or other you muſt yield to me.
If all my arts ſhould fail, to arms I 'll fly,
And ſnatch by force what you my prayers deny:
I all thoſe heroes mighty acts applaud,
Who firſt have led me this illuſtrious road.
I too—but hold, death the reward will be;
Death be it then!——
For to loſe you is more than death to me.
Were you leſs fair, I 'd uſe the vulgar way
Of tedious courtſhip, and of dull delay.
But thy bright form kindles more eager fires,
And ſomething wondrous as itſelf inſpires;
Thoſe eyes that all the heavenly lights out-ſhine,
(Which, oh! may'ſt thou behold and love in mine!)
Thoſe ſnowy arms, which on my neck ſhould fall,
If you the vows you made regard at all,
That modeſt ſweetneſs and becoming grace,
That paints with living red your bluſhing face,
Thoſe feet, with which they only can compare,
That through the ſilver flood bright Thetis bear:
Do all conſpire my madneſs to excite,
With all the reſt that is deny'd to ſight:
Which could I praiſe, alike I then were bleſt,
And all the ſtorms of my vex'd ſoul at reſt:
No wonder then if, with ſuch beauty fir'd,
I of your love the ſacred pledge deſir'd.
Rage now, and be as angry as you will,
Your very frowns all others' ſmiles excel;
But give me leave that anger to appeaſe,
By my ſubmiſſion that my love did raiſe.
Your pardon proſtrate at your feet I 'll crave,
The humble poſture of your guilty ſlave.
With falling tears your fiery rage I 'll cool,
And lay the riſing tempeſt of your ſoul.
Why in my abſence are you thus ſevere?
Summon'd at your tribunal to appear
For all my crimes, I 'd gladly ſuffer there:
With pride whatever you inflict receive,
And love the wounds thoſe hands vouchſafe to give.
Your fetters too—but they, alas! are vain,
For Love has bound me, and I hug my chain:
Your hardeſt laws with patience I 'll obey,
Till you yourſelf at laſt relent, and ſay,
When all my ſufferings you with pity ſee,
"He that can love ſo well, is worthy me!"
But, if all this ſhould unſucceſsful prove,
Diana claims for me your promis'd love.
O may my fears be falſe! yet ſhe delights
In juſt revenge of her abuſed rites.
I dread to hide, what yet to ſpeak I dread,
Leſt you ſhould think that for myſelf I plead.
Yet out it muſt:—'Tis this, 'tis ſurely this,
That is the fuel to your hot diſeaſe:
When waiting Hymen at your porch attends,
Her fatal meſſenger the goddeſs ſends;
And when you would to his kind call conſent,
This fever does your perjury prevent.

ɔear, thus to provoke her rage,
ɔ eaſily may yet aſſuage:
ıake that lovely charming face,
every envious diſeaſe:
ſe looks to be enjoy'd by me,
ſhould ever but with wonder ſee:
h colour to your cheeks return,
ing flame did all beholders burn:
im, th' unhappy cauſe of all
: from Diana's anger fall,
orments light than thoſe I feel,
my deareſt, tendereſt part, are ill.
ith what dire tortures am I rack'd,
rent griefs ſucceſſively diſtract!
ny grief from this does higher grow,
at I have caus'd ſo much to you.
. Diana's witneſs, how I pray
crimes on me alone ſhe 'd lay!
ɔ your lov'd doors diſguis'd I come,
ınd them up and down I roam;
woman coming from you ſpy,
dejected, and a weeping eye.
ſteps, like ſome ſad ghoſt, I ſteal
her, and urge her to reveal
new queſtions ſuffer her to tell:
ad ſlept, what diet you had us'd?
e vain phyſician's art accus'd.
our (oh, were I bleſt as he!)
turns of your diſtemper ſee.
I by your bed-ſide all day,
ful head in your warm boſom lay,
ıy tears the inward fires decay?
not I your melting hand in mine,
your pulſe of my own health divine?
ıeſe wiſhes all are vain; and he
t I fear, may now ſit cloſe by thee,
ı thou art of heaven and me.
'd hand doth preſs, and oft doth feign
excuſe to feel thy beating vein.
old hand up to your arm doth ſlide,
ır panting breaſt itſelf does hide;
times he ſnatches too from thee,
ious care too great a ſee.
ıo gave thee leave to taſte that lip,
pe harveſt of my kiſſes reap?
e mine, ſo is that boſom too,
e as 'tis, ſhall never harbour you:
away thoſe thy adulterous hands,
another lord that breaſt commands.
ıer father promis'd her to thee,
and ſhe firſt gave herſelf to me:
ı juſtice therefore ſhould decline
ı to that which is already mine.
man, Cydippe, that excites
ɔe, to vindicate her rites.
him then not to approach thy door;
the danger of your death is o'er.
ɔt, beauteous maid, but keep thy vow,
at Diana heard, and did allow.
ho took it, will thy health reſtore,
ıpitious as ſhe was before.
ot the ſteam of a ſlain heifer's blood
n allay the anger of a God:
:h, and juſtice to your vows, appeaſe
ıgry deities; and without theſe

" No ſlaughter'd beaſt their fury can divert,
" For that 's a ſacrifice without a heart."
Some, bitter potions patiently endure,
And kiſs the wounding lance that works their cure:
You have no need theſe cruel cures to feel,
Shun being perjur'd only, and be well.
Why let you ſtill your pious parents weep,
Whom you in ignorance of your promiſe keep?
Oh! to your mother all our ſtory tell,
And the whole progreſs of our love reveal:
Tell her how firſt, at great Diana's ſhrine,
I fix'd my eyes, my wondering eyes, on thine:
How like the ſtatues there I ſtood amaz'd,
Whilſt on thy face intemperately I gaz'd.
She will herſelf, when you my tale repeat,
Smile, and approve the amorous deceit.
Marry, ſhe 'll ſay, whom heaven commends to thee,
He, who has pleas'd Diana, pleaſes me.
But ſhould ſhe aſk from what deſcent I came,
My country, and my parents, and my name;
Tell her, that none of theſe deſerve my ſhame.
Had you not ſworn, you ſuch a one might chuſe;
But, were he worſe, now ſworn, you can't refuſe.
This in my dreams Diana bade me write,
And when I wak'd, ſent Cupid to indite.
Obey them both, for one has wounded me,
Which wound if you with eyes of pity ſee,
She too will ſoon relent that wounded thee.
Then to our joys with eager haſte we'll move,
As full of beauty you, as I of love:
To the great temple we 'll in triumph go,
And with our offerings at the altar bow.
A golden image there I 'll conſecrate,
Of the falſe Apple's innocent deceit;
And write below the happy verſe that came
The meſſenger of my ſucceſsful flame.
" Let all the world this from Acontius know,
" Cydippe has been faithful to her vow."
More I could write! but, ſince thy illneſs reigns,
And racks thy tender limbs with ſharpeſt pains,
My pen falls down for fear, leſt this might be,
Although for me too little, yet too much for thee.

JUVENAL, SAT. IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet in this ſatire firſt brings in Criſpinus, whom he had a laſh at in his firſt ſatire, and whom he promiſes here not to be forgetful of for the future. He expoſes his monſtrous prodigality and luxury, in giving the price of an eſtate for a barbel: and from thence takes occaſion to introduce the principal ſubject and true deſign of this ſatire, which is grounded upon a ridiculous ſtory of a turbot preſented to Domitian, of ſo vaſt a bigneſs, that all the Emperor's ſcullery had not a diſh large enough to hold it: Upon which the ſenate in all haſte is ſummoned, to conſult in this exigency, what is fitteſt to be done. The Poet gives us a particular of the ſenators' names, their diſtinct

characters, and ſpeeches, and advice; and, after much and wiſe conſultation, an expedient being found out and agreed upon, he diſmiſſes the ſenate, and concludes the ſatire.

ONCE more Criſpinus call'd upon the ſtage
(Nor ſhall once more ſuffice) provokes my rage:
A monſter, to whom every vice lays claim,
Without one virtue to redeem his ſame.
Feeble and ſick, yet ſtrong in luſt alone,
The rank adulterer preys on all the town,
All but the widows' nauſeous charms go down.
What matter then how ſtately is the arch
Where his tir'd mules ſlow with their burden march?
What matter then how thick and long the ſhade
Through which he is by ſweating ſlaves convey'd?
How many acres near the city walls
Or new-built palaces, his own he calls?
No ill man 's happy; leaſt of all is he
Whoſe ſtudy 'tis to corrupt chaſtity;
Th' inceſtuous brute, who the veil'd veſtal maid
But lately to his impious bed betray'd,
Who for his crime, if laws their courſe might have,
Ought to deſcend alive into the grave *.
But now of ſlighter faults; and yet the ſame
By others done, the cenſor's juſtice claim,
For what good men ignoble count and baſe,
Is virtue here, and does Criſpinus grace:
In this he 's ſafe, whate'er we write of him,
The perſon is more odious than the crime.
And ſo all ſatire's loſt. The laviſh ſlave
Six thouſand pieces † for a barbel gave:
A ſeſterce for each pound it weigh'd, as they
Gave out, that hear great things, but greater ſay.
If, by this bribe well plac'd, he would enſnare
Some ſapleſs uſurer that wants an heir,
Or if this preſent the ſly courtier meant
Should to ſome punk of quality be ſent,
That in her eaſy chair in ſtate does ride,
The glaſſes all drawn up on every ſide,
I 'd praiſe his cunning; but expect not this,
For his own gut he bought the ſtately fiſh.
Now even Apicius ‡ frugal ſeems, and poor,
Outvy'd in luxury unknown before.
Gave you, Criſpinus, you this mighty ſum;
You that, for want of other rags, did come
In your own country paper wrapp'd, to Rome?
Do ſcales and fins bear price to this exceſs?
You might have bought the fiſherman for leſs.
For leſs ſome provinces whole acres ſell;
Nay, in Apulia §, if you bargain well,
A manor would coſt leſs than ſuch a meal.

What think we then of this luxurious lord *?
What banquets loaded that imperial board?
When, in one diſh, that, taken from the reſt,
His conſtant table would have hardly miſs'd,
So many ſeſterces were ſwallow'd down,
To ſtuff one ſcarlet-coated court buffoon,
Whom Rome of all her knights now chiefeſt greets,
From crying ſtinking fiſh about her ſtreets.
Begin, Calliope, but not to ſing:
Plain, honeſt truth we for our ſubject bring.
Help then, ye young Pierian maids, to tell
A downright narrative of what befell.
Afford me willingly your ſacred aids,
Me that have call'd you young, me that have ſtyl'd you maids.
When he, with whom the Flavian race decay'd †,
The groaning world with iron ſceptre ſway'd,
When a bald Nero ‡ reign'd, and ſervile Rome obey'd,
Where Venus' ſhrine does fair Ancona grace,
A turbot taken, of prodigious ſpace,
Fill'd the extended net, not leſs than thoſe
That dull Mæotis does with ice incloſe;
Till, conquer'd by the ſun's prevailing ray,
It opens to the Pontic Sea their way;
And throws them out unwieldy with their growth,
Fat with long eaſe, and a whole winter's ſloth:
The wiſe commander of the boat and lines,
For our high prieſt § the ſtately prey deſigns;
For who that lordly fiſh durſt ſell or buy,
So many ſpies and court-informers nigh?
No ſhore but of this vermin ſwarms does bear,
Searchers of mud and ſea-weed! that would ſwear
The fiſh had long in Cæſar's ponds been fed,
And from its lord undutifully fled;
So, juſtly ought to be again reſtor'd:
Nay, if you credit ſage Palphurius' ‖ word,
Or dare rely on Armillatus' ‖ ſkill,
Whatever fiſh the vulgar fry excel
Belong to Cæſar, whereſoe'er they ſwim,
By their own worth confiſcated to him.
The boatman then ſhall a wiſe preſent make,
And give the fiſh before the ſeizers take.
Now ſickly Autumn to dry froſts gave way,
Cold Winter rag'd, and freſh preſerv'd the prey;
Yet with ſuch haſte the buſy fiſhes flew,
As if a hot ſouth-wind corruption blew:
And now he reach'd the lake, where what remains
Of Alba ſtill her ancient rites retains,
Still worſhips Veſta, though an humbler way,
Nor lets the hallow'd Trojan fire decay.

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* Criſpinus had ſeduced a veſtal virgin; and, by the law of Numa, ſhould have been buried alive.

† Roman Seſtertii.

‡ Famous for gluttony, even to a proverb. See Dr. King's "Art of Cookery."

§ Where land was remarkably cheap.

* Domitian.

† Domitian was the laſt and worſt of that family.

‡ Domitian, from his cruelty, was call'd a ſecond Nero; and, from his baldneſs, Calvus.

§ A title often aſſumed by the Emperors.

‖ Both of conſular degree, yet ſpies and informers.

vondering crowd, that to ſtrange ſights
:ſort,
ak'd a while his paſſage to the court,
1 gives way; ope flies the palace-gate,
ot enters in, without the Fathers * wait;
man ſtraight does to Atrides preſs,
s preſents his fiſh, and his addreſs:
:, dread Sir, this tribute from the main,
t for private kitchens to contain.
glad genius ſacrifice this day,
non meats reſpectfully give way.
unload your ſtomachs, to receive
ot, that for you did only live.
reſerv'd to be imperial food,
he net, and to be taken proud.
ulſome this! how groſs! yet this takes
ell,
vain Prince with empty pride does ſwell.
ſo monſtrous can be ſaid or feign'd,
belief and joy is entertain'd,
his face the worthleſs wretch is prais'd,
ile court-flattery to a god has rais'd.
, hard fate! the palace ſtores no diſh
apacious of the mighty fiſh.
lebate are ſummon'd all the peers,
r and much-hated counſellors,
pale looks that ghaſtly terror ſat,
nts the dangerous friendſhips of the great.
ud Liburnian †, that the ſenate call'd,
in; he 's ſet, he 's ſet!" no ſooner bawl'd,
his robe ſnatcht up in haſte, does come
:, bailiff of affrighted Rome.
re were præfects then? The beſt he was,
ſulleſt expounder of the laws.
times thought all things manag'd beſt,
ſtice exercis'd her ſword the leaſt.
riſpus § next, pleaſant though old, ap-
:ars,
ior humour yielding to his years.
er mild, good-nature join'd with ſenſe,
ners charming as his eloquence.
r for a uſeful friend than he,
reat Ruler of the earth and ſea,
thoughts were juſt, his tongue were
ee?
e ſafe to vent his generous mind
:'s dire plague, and terror of mankind;
'ower could ſoftening counſel bear.
's ſo tender as a tyrant's ear;
om whoever, though a favourite, ſpake,
ſentence ſet his life at ſtake,
he diſcourſe were of no weightier things,
ry ſummers, or unhealthful ſprings?
I he knew, and therefore never try'd,
weak arms to ſtem the ſtronger tide.

Nor did all Rome, grown ſpiritleſs, ſupply
A man that for bold truth durſt bravely die.
So, ſafe by wiſe complying ſilence, he
Ev'n in that court did fourſcore ſummers ſee.
Next him Acilius, though his age the ſame,
With eager haſte to the grand council came:
With him a youth, unworthy of the fate
That did too near his growing virtues wait,
Urg'd by the tyrant's envy, fear, or hate.
(But 'tis long ſince old age began to be
In noble blood no leſs than prodigy,
Whence 'tis I 'd rather be of giants' birth *,
A pigmy brother to thoſe ſons of earth.)
Unhappy youth! whom from his deſtin'd end,
No well-diſſembled madneſs could defend;
When naked in the Alban theatre,
In Libyan bears he fixt his hunting ſpear.
Who ſees not now through the Lord's thin diſguiſe,
That long ſeem'd fool, to prove at laſt more wiſe?
That ſtale court trick is now too open laid:
Who now admires the part old Brutus play'd †?
Thoſe honeſt times might ſwallow this pretence,
When the King's beard was deeper than his ſenſe.
Next Rubrius came, though not of noble race,
With equal marks of terror in his face.
Pale with the gnawing guilt and inward ſhame
Of an old crime that is not fit to name.
Worſe, yet in ſcandal taking more delight,
Than the vile Pathick ‡ that durſt ſatire write.
Montanus' belly next, advancing ſlow
Before the ſweating ſenator, did go.
Criſpinus after, but much ſweeter comes,
Scented with coſtly oils and Eaſtern gums,
More than would ſerve two funerals for perfumes.
Then Pompey, none more ſkill'd in the court game
Of cutting throats with a ſoft whiſper, came.
Next Fuſcus §, he who many a peaceful day
For Dacian vultures was reſerv'd a prey,
Till, having ſtudy'd war enough at home,
He led abroad th' unhappy arms of Rome.
Cunning Vejento next, and by his ſide
Bloody Catullus leaning on his guide,
Decrepit, yet a furious lover he,
And deeply ſmit with charms he could not ſee.
A monſter, that ev'n this worſt age outvies,
Conſpicuous, and above the common ſize.
A blind baſe flatterer, from ſome bridge or gate ‖,
Rais'd to a murdering miniſter of ſtate.
Deſerving ſtill to beg upon the road,
And bleſs each paſſing waggon and its load.
None more admir'd the fiſh; he in its praiſe
With zeal his voice, with zeal his hands did raiſe;

Senate, or *Patres Conſcripti*.

Roman criers were uſually of this

armed lawyer, and præfect of Rome.

made the jeſt on Domitian's killing

* Of an obſcure and unknown family.

† In counterfeiting madneſs.

‡ Nero, who charged his own crimes on Quintianus.

§ Cornelius Fuſcus, who was ſlain in Dacia.

‖ The common ſtands for beggars.

But to the left all his fine things did ſay,
Whilſt on his right the unſeen turbot lay.
So he the fam'd Cilician Fencer prais'd,
And at each hit with wonder ſeem'd amaz'd:
So did the ſcenes and ſtage machines admire,
And boys that flew through canvas clouds in wire.
Nor came Vejento ſhort; but, as inſpir'd
By thee, Bellona, by thy fury fir'd,
Turns prophet. See the mighty omen, ſee,
He cries, of ſome illuſtrious victory!
Some captive king thee his new lord ſhall own;
Or from his Britiſh chariot headlong thrown
The proud Arviragus come tumbling down!
The monſter's foreign. Mark the pointed ſpears
That from thy hand on his pierc'd back he wears!
Who nobler could, or plainer things preſage?
Yet one thing 'ſcap'd him, the prophetic rage
Shew'd not the turbot's country, nor its age.
At length by Cæſar the grand queſtion 's put:
My lords, your judgement; ſhall the fiſh be cut?
Far be it, far from us, Montanus cries;
Let 's not diſhonour thus the noble prize!
A pot of fineſt earth, thin, deep, and wide,
Some ſkilful quick Prometheus muſt provide.
Clay and the forming wheel prepare with ſpeed.
But, Cæſar, be it from henceforth decreed,
That potters on the royal progreſs wait,
T' aſſiſt in theſe emergencies of ſtate.
This counſel pleas'd; nor could it fail to take,
So fit, ſo worthy of the man that ſpake.
The old court riots he remember'd well;
Could tales of Nero's midnight ſuppers tell,
When Falern wines the labouring lungs did fire,
And to new dainties kindled falſe deſire.
In arts of eating, none more early train'd,
None in my time had equal ſkill attain'd.
He, whether Circe's rock his oyſters bore,
Or Lucrine lake, or the Rutupian ſhore,
Knew at firſt taſte, nay at firſt ſight could tell
A crab or lobſter's country by its ſhell.
They riſe; and ſtraight all, with reſpectful awe,
At the word given, obſequionſly withdraw,
Whom, full of eager haſte, ſurprize, and fear,
Our mighty prince had ſummon'd to appear;
As if ſome news he 'd of the Catti tell,
Or that the fierce Sicambrians did rebel:
As if expreſſes from all parts had come
With freſh alarms threatening the fate of Rome.
What folly this! But, oh! that all the reſt
Of his dire reign had thus been ſpent in jeſt;
And all that time ſuch trifles had employ'd
In which ſo many nobles he deſtroy'd;
He ſafe, they unreveng'd, to the diſgrace
Of the ſurviving, tame, Patrician race!
But, when he dreadful to the rabble grew,
Him, whom ſo many lords had ſlain they ſlew.

DAMON AND ALEXIS.

DAMON.

TELL me, Alexis, whence theſe ſorrows grow?
From what hid ſpring do theſe ſalt torrents flow?
Why hangs the head of my afflicted ſwain;
Like bending lilies over-charg'd with rain?

ALEXIS.

Ah, Damon, if what you already ſee,
Can move thy gentle breaſt to pity me;
How would thy ſighs with mine in concert join
How would thy tears ſwell up the tide of mine
Couldſt thou but ſee (but, oh, no light is there
But blackeſt clouds of darkneſs and deſpair!)
Couldſt thou but ſee the torments that within
Lie deeply lodg'd, and view the horrid ſcene!
View all the wounds, and every fatal dart
That ſticks and rankles in my bleeding heart!
No more, ye ſwains, Love's harmleſs anger fear
For he has empty'd all his quiver here.
Nor thou, kind Damon, aſk me why I grieve,
But rather wonder, wonder that I live.

DAMON.

Unhappy youth! too well, alas! I know
The pangs deſpairing lovers undergo!

[*Imperfect.*]

CÆLIA AND DORINDA.

WHEN firſt the young Alexis ſaw
Cælia to all the plain give law,
The haughty Cælia, in whoſe face
Love dwelt with Fear, and Pride with Grace;
When every ſwain he ſaw ſubmit
To her commanding eyes and wit,
How could th' ambitious youth aſpire
To periſh by a nobler fire?
With all the power of verſe he ſtrove
The lovely ſhepherdeſs to move:
Verſe, in which the Gods delight,
That makes nymphs love, and heroes fight;
Verſe, that once rul'd all the plain,
Verſe, the wiſhes of a ſwain.
How oft has Thyrſis' pipe prevail'd,
Where Egon's flocks and herds have fail'd?
Fair Amaryllis, was thy mind
Ever to Damon's wealth inclin'd;
Whilſt Lycidas's gentle breaſt,
With Love, and with a Muſe poſſeſt,
Breath'd forth in verſe his ſoft deſire,
Kindling in thee his gentle fire?

[*Imperfect.*]

CÆLIA's SOLILOQUY.

MISTRESS of all my ſenſes can invite,
Free as the air, and unconfin'd as light;
Queen of a thouſand ſlaves that fawn and bow,
And, with ſubmiſſive fear, my power allow,
Should I exchange this noble ſtate of life
To gain the vile deteſted name of Wife;
Should I my native liberty betray,
Call him my lord, who at my footſtool lay?

ks, kind heaven, that haſt my ſoul em-
y'd,
great ſex's uſeful virtue, Pride.
rous pride, that noble juſt diſdain,
is the ſlave that would preſume to reign.
w amorous ſcribbler of the times
s Cælia in inſipid rhymes;
ſcorn you all, proud that I am
: my ſex's injuries on man.
to all the plagues in marriage dwell,
:ferment to lead apes in hell.

OME DISBANDED OFFICERS,

UPON THE

TE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

we for this ſerv'd full nine hard cam-
paigns?
:ecompence for all our pains?
o the remoteſt parts been ſent,
poſ'd our lives, and fortunes ſpent,
one at laſt by Parliament?
tels and corporals now be equal made,
ig ſword turn'd pruning knife and ſpade?
——, F——, and thouſands more,
return to what they were before.
n glittering coaches ſhall they ride,
ne feathers ſhew the coxcombs' pride.
poor —— ! my Muſe does kindly weep,
panded colonels grown ſo cheap.
r brothers with fat jointures fed,
ble, once their widows dead.
y tempeſt from her anchor torn,
oft a thing, and ſo forlorn.
tall, in every broker's ſhop,
he plumes of the diſmantled fop;
ike theſe we read not of in ſtory,
ays the Romans got their glory.
, as in all things there 's a doom,
'th' field, and others ſtarve at home.

TO A

CATHOLICK UPON MARRIAGE.

IRE and penances, excommunication,
pug bear words to fright a bigot nation;
e Church's more ſubſtantial curſe,
is all for better and for worſe.
ir Church ſeven ſacraments does frame,
id Matrimony are the ſame.

A FRAGMENT.

ND yet he fears to uſe them, and be free;
Yet ſome have ventur'd, and why ſhould
not all?

Let villains, perjur'd, envious, and malicious,
The wretched miſer and the midnight murderer;
Betrayers of their country, or their friend,
(And every guilty breaſt) fear endleſs torment,
Blue lakes of brimſtone, unextinguiſh'd fires,
Scorpions and whips, and all that guilt deſerves;
Let theſe, and only theſe, thus plague themſelves.
For though they fear what neither ſhall nor can be,
'Tis puniſhment enough it makes them live,
Live, to endure the dreadful apprehenſion
Of Death, to them ſo dreadful; but why dreadful,
At leaſt to virtuous minds?——To be at reſt,
To ſleep, and never hear of trouble more,
Say, is this dreadful? Heart, wouldſt thou be at quiet?
Doſt thou thus beat for reſt, and long for eaſe,
And not command thy friendly hand to help thee?
What hand can be ſo eaſy as thy own,
To apply the medicine that cures all diſeaſes!

AN EPISTLE* TO MR. OTWAY.

DEAR Tom, how melancholy I am grown
Since thou haſt left this learned dirty town †,
To thee by this dull letter be it known.
Whilſt all my comfort, under all this care,
Are duns, and puns, and logic, and ſmall beer.
Thou ſeeſt I 'm dull as Shadwell's men of wit,
Or the top ſcene that Settle ever writ:
The ſprightly Court that wander up and down
From gudgeons to a race, from town to town,
All, all are fled; but them I well can ſpare,
For I 'm ſo dull I have no buſineſs there.
I have forgot whatever there I knew,
Why men one ſtocking tye with ribbon blue:
Why others medals wear, a fine gilt thing,
That at their breaſts hang dangling by a ſtring;
(Yet ſtay, I think that I to mind recal,
For once ‡ a ſquirt was rais'd by Windſor wall.)
I know no officer of court; nay more,
No dog of court, their favourite before.
Should Veny fawn, I ſhould not underſtand her,
Nor who committed inceſt for Legander.
Unpoliſh'd thus, an arrant ſcholar grown,
What ſhould I do but ſit and coo alone,
And thee, my abſent mate, for ever moan.
Thus 'tis ſometimes, and ſorrow plays its part,
Till other thoughts of thee revive my heart.
For, whilſt with wit, with women, and with wine,
Thy glad heart beats, and noble face does ſhine,
Thy joys we at this diſtance feel and know;
Thou kindly wiſheſt it with us were ſo.

* In anſwer to one in Otway's Poems.

† Mr. Duke was then at Cambridge.

‡ Sir Samuel Morcland. DUKE.

Then thee we name; this heard, cries James, For him,
Leap up, thou ſparkling wine, and kiſs the brim:
Croſſes attend the man who dares to flinch,
Great as that man deſerves who drinks not Finch.
But theſe are empty joys, without you two,
We drink your names, alas! but where are you?
My dear, whom I more cheriſh in my breaſt
Than by thy own ſoft Muſe can be expreſt;
True to thy word, afford one viſit more,
Elſe I ſhall grow, from him thou lov'dſt before,
A greaſy blockhead fell w in a gown,
(Such as is, Sir, a couſin of your own;)
With my own hair, a band, and ten long nails,
And wit that a quibble never fails.

AD THOMAM OTWAY.

MUSARUM noſtrûmque decus, chariſſime Thoma,
O animæ melior pars, Otoæe, meæ;
Accipe quæ ſacri triſtes ad littora Cami
Avulſi veſtro flevimus à gremio.
Quot mihi tunc gemitus ex imo pectore ducti,
Perque meas lacrymæ quot cecidere genas,
Et ſalices teſtes, & plurima teſtis arundo,
Et Camus pigro triſtior amne fluens.
Audiit ipſe etenim Deus, & miſerata dolores
Lubrica pauliſper conſtitit unda meos.
Tunc ego; vos nymphæ viridi circumlita muſco
Atria quæ colitis, tuque, verende Deus,
Audite O qualem abſentem ploramus amicum,
Audite ut lacrymis auctior amnis eat.
Pectoris is candore nives, conſtantibus arcti
Stellam animis, certâ fata vel ipſa fide;
Ille & Amore columbas, ille & Marte leones
Vincit, Pierias ingenioque Deas,
Sive vocat jocus, & charites, & libera vini
Gaudia, cumque ſuâ matre ſonandus Amor.
Ille poteſt etiam numeros æquare canendo
Sive tuos, Ovidi, ſive, Catulle, tuos.
Sive admirantis moderatur fræna theatri,
Itque cothurnato Muſa ſuperba pede,
Fulmina vel Sophoclis Lycophrontæaſve tenebras,
Carminis aut faſtus, Æſchyle magne, tui,
Vincit munditiis & majeſtate decorâ,
Tam bene naturam pingere docta manus,
Hæc ego, cum ſpectans labentia flumina, verſus
Venere in mentem, magne poeta tui.

"Who for Preferments," &c. [ſee Otway's Poems.]

"Premia quis meritis ingratâ expectet ab Auli,
Omnis ubi exiguam raptat ſimul Aulicus eſcam
Gobio? quis piſcis ſapientior illa vadoſa
Fulminis anguſti coleret loca, piſciculorum
Eſurientem inter, trepidantemque inter acervos,
Qui dum quiſque micat, medicatam ut glutiat offam,
Trudunt, impellunt, truduntur, & impelluntur;
Nec potius, latum gremio quâ flumen aperto
Invitat, totis pinnarum remigat alis,
Et requiem, & muſcos virides, pulchramque vocatus
Ad libertatem prono delabitur alveo?"

Quos tibi pro tali perſolvam carmine grates,
O animi interpres, magne Poeta, mei!
Nos neque ſolicitæ Natura effinxit ad urbis
Officia, aut fraudes, Aula doloſa, tuas:
Nos procul à cœno, & ſtrepitu, fumoque remotis,
Cum Venere & Muſis myrtea ſcena tegat!
Nos paribus cantare animis permittat Apollo
Flammas meque tuas, teque, Otoæe, meas.
Ergone me penitus veſtris hærere medullis,
Ergone ſincerus me tibi junxit Amor?
Tu quoque, tu noſtris habitas, mea vita, medullis,
Teque meo æternus pectore figit Amor.

In another Place.

Qualia tu ſcribis, vel qualia Carolus ille
Noſter, amor Phœbi, Pieridumque decus.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM KING, LL. D.

STUDENT OF CHRIST-CHURCH, ADVOCATE OF DOCTORS COMMONS, &c. &c.

THE

ART OF COOKERY;

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

WITH SOME

LETTERS TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS,

occaſioned principally by the Title of a Book publiſhed by the DOCTOR, being the Works of APICIUS COELIUS, *concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients*. With an Extract of the greateſt Curioſities contained in that Book. Humbly Inſcribed to the Honourable BEEF-STEAK CLUB. Firſt printed in 1708.

OF Dr. Liſter's book only 120 copies were printed in 1705. It was reprinted at Amſterdam, in 09, by Theod. Janſ. Almeloveen, under the title of "Apicii Cœlii de Opſoniis & Condimentis, ſive Arte Coquinaria, Libri Decem. Cum Annotationibus Martini Liſter, è Medicis Domeſticis Sereniſſimæ Majeſtatis Reginæ Annæ, & Notis ſelectioribus, variiſque Lectionibus integris, Humelbergii, Barthii, Reineſii, A Van Der Linden, & aliorum, ut & variarum Lectionum Libello. Editio Secunda." Dr. Aſkew had a copy of each edition. N.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT is now-a-days the hard fate of ſuch as pretend to be Authors, that they are not permitted to be maſters of their own works; for, if ſuch papers (however imperfect) as may be called a *copy* of them, either by a ſervant or any other means, come to the hands of a Bookſeller, he never conſiders whether it be for the perſon's reputation to come into the world, whether it is agreeable to his ſentiments, whether to his ſtyle or correctneſs, or whether he has for ſome time looked over it; nor doth he care what name or character he puts to it, ſo he imagines he may get by it.

It was the fate of the following Poem to be ſo uſed, and printed with as much imperfection and as many miſtakes as a Bookſeller that has common ſenſe could imagine ſhould paſs upon the town, eſpecially in an age ſo polite and critical as the preſent.

Theſe following Letters and Poem were at the preſs ſome time before the other paper pretending to the ſame title was crept out: and they had elſe, as the Learned ſay, groaned under the preſs till ſuch time as the ſheets had one by one been peruſed and corrected, not only by the Author, but his friends; whoſe judgment as he is ſenſible he wants, ſo is he proud to own that they ſometimes condeſcend to afford him.

For many faults, that at firſt ſeem ſmall, yet create unpardonable errors. The number of the verſe turns upon the hariſhneſs of a ſyllable; and the laying a ſtreſs upon improper words will make the moſt correct piece ridiculous. Falſe concord, tenſes, and grammar, nonſenſe, impropriety, and confuſion, may go down with ſome perſons; but it ſhould not be in the power of a Bookſeller to lampoon an Author, and tell him, "You did write all this: I have got it; and you ſhall ſtand to the ſcandal, and I will "have the benefit." Yet this is the preſent caſe, notwithſtanding there are above threeſcore faults of this nature; verſes tranſpoſed, ſome added, others altered, or rather that ſhould have been altered, and near forty omitted. The Author does not value himſelf upon the whole; but, if he ſhews his eſteem for Horace, and can by any means provoke perſons to read ſo uſeful a treatiſe; if he ſhews his averſion to the introduction of luxury, which may tend to the corruption of manners, and declares his love to the old Britiſh hoſpitality, charity, and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muſkets, and halberts, hung up in the hall over the long table, and the marrow-bones lay on the floor, and "Chevy Chace" and "The old Courtier of the Queen's" were placed over the carved mantle-piece, and the beef and brown bread were carried every day to the poor; he deſires little farther, than that the Reader would for the future give all ſuch Bookſellers as are before ſpoken of no manner of encouragement.

LETTERS TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS.

LETTER I.

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

THE happineſs of hearing now and then from you extremely delights me; for, I muſt confeſs, moſt of my other friends are ſo much taken up with politicks or ſpeculations, that either their hopes or fears give them little leiſure to peruſe ſuch parts of learning as lay remote, and are fit only for the cloſets of the curious. How bleſt are you at London, where you have new books of all ſorts! whilſt we at a greater diſtance, being deſtitute of ſuch improvements, muſt content ourſelves with the old ſtore, and thumb the Claſſicks as if we were never to get higher than our Tully or our Virgil.

You tantalize me only, when you tell me of the edition of a book by the ingenious Dr. Liſter, which you ſay is a Treatiſe *De Condimentis & Opſoniis Veterum*, "Of the Sauces and Soups of the Ancients," as I take it. Give me leave to uſe an expreſſion, which, though vulgar, yet upon this occaſion is juſt and proper: You have made my mouth water, but have not ſent me wherewithal to ſatisfy my appetite.

I have raiſed a thouſand notions to myſelf, only from the title. Where could ſuch a treaſure lay hid? What Manuſcripts have been collated? Under what Emperor was it written? Might it not have been in the reign of Heliogabalus, who, though vicious and in ſome things fantaſtical, yet was not incurious in the grand affair of *eating*?

Conſider, dear ſir, in what uncertainties we muſt remain at preſent. You know my neighbour Mr. Greatrix is a learned Antiquary. I ſhewed him your letter; which

threw him into ſuch a dubiouſneſs, and indeed perplexity of mind, that the next day he durſt not put any *catchup* in his *fiſh-ſauce*, nor have his beloved *pepper*, *oil*, and *lemon*, with his *partridge*, leſt, before he had ſeen Dr. Liſter's Book, he might tranſgreſs in uſing ſomething not common to the Ancients.

Diſpatch it, therefore, to us with all ſpeed; for I expect wonders from it. Let me tell you; I hope, in the firſt place, it will, in ſome meaſure, remove the barbarity of our preſent education: for what hopes can there be of any progreſs in Learning, whilſt our Gentlemen ſuffer their ſons, at Weſtminſter, Eaton, and Wincheſter, to eat nothing but *ſalt* with their *mutton*, and *vinegar* with their *roaſt-beef*, upon holidays? what extenſiveneſs can there be in their ſouls; eſpecially when, upon their going thence to the Univerſity, their knowledge in *culinary matters* is ſeldom enlarged, and their diet continues very much the ſame; and as to *ſauces*, they are in profound ignorance?

It were to be wiſhed, therefore, that every family had a French tutor; for, beſides his being Groom, Gardener, Butler, and Valet, you would ſee that he is endued with a greater accompliſhment; for, according to our ancient Author, *Quot Galli, totidem Coqui*, "As many Frenchmen as you have, ſo many Cooks you may depend upon;" which is very uſeful, where there is a numerous iſſue. And I doubt not but, with ſuch tutors, and good houſe-keepers to provide *cake* and *ſweet-meats*, together with the tender care of an indulgent mother, to ſee that the children eat and drink every thing that they call for; I doubt not, I ſay, but we may have a warlike and frugal Gentry, a temperate and auſtere Clergy; and ſuch Perſons of Quality, in all ſtations, as may beſt undergo the *fatigues* of our *fleet* and *armies*.

Pardon me, Sir, if I break-off abruptly; for I am going to Monſieur D'Avaux, a perſon famous for eaſing the tooth-ach by *avulſion*. He has promiſed to ſhew me how to ſtrike a lancet into the jugular of a *carp*, ſo as the blood may iſſue thence with the greateſt effuſion, and then will inſtantly perform the operation of ſtewing it in its own blood, in the preſence of myſelf and ſeveral more Virtuoſi. But, let him uſe what *claret* he will in the performance, I will ſecure enough to drink your health and the reſt of your friends. I remain, Sir, &c.

LETTER II.

To Mr. ———

SIR,

I SHALL make bold to claim your promiſe, in your laſt obliging letter, to obtain the happineſs of my correſpondence with Dr. Liſter; and to that end have ſent you the incloſed, to be communicated to him, if you think convenient.

LETTER III.

To Dr. LISTER, PRESENT.

SIR,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never uſe compliments; but I muſt tell you that I have a great ambition to hold a correſpondence with you, eſpecially that I may beg you to communicate your remarks from the Ancients concerning *dentiſcalps*, vulgarly called *tooth-picks*. I take the uſe of them to have been of great antiquity, and the original to have come from the inſtinct of Nature, which is the beſt miſtreſs upon all occaſions. The Egyptians were a people excellent for their Philoſophical and Mathematical obſervations: they ſearched into all the ſprings of action; and, though I muſt condemn their ſuperſtition, I cannot but applaud their invention. This people had a vaſt diſtrict that worſhipped the *crocodile*, which is an animal, whoſe jaws, being very oblong, give him the opportunity of having a great many teeth; and, his habitation

and buſineſs lying moſt in the water, he, like our modern Dutch *whiſtlers* * in Southwark, had a very good ſtomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain that he had the water of Nile always ready, and conſequently the opportunity of waſhing his mouth after meals; yet he had farther occaſion for other inſtruments to cleanſe his teeth, which are ſerrate, or like a ſaw. To this end, Nature has provided an animal called the *ichneumon*, which performs this office, and is ſo maintained by the product of its own labour. The Egyptians, ſeeing ſuch an uſeful ſagacity in the *crocodile*, which they ſo much reverenced, ſoon began to imitate it, great examples eaſily drawing the multitude; ſo that it became their conſtant cuſtom to pick their teeth, and waſh their mouths, after eating. I cannot find in Marſham's "Dynaſties," nor in the "Fragments of Manethon," what year of the moon (for I hold the Egyptian years to have been *lunar*, that is, but of a month's continuance) ſo venerable an uſage firſt began: for it is the fault of great Philologers, to omit ſuch things as are moſt material. Whether Seſoſtris, in his large conqueſts, might extend the uſe of them, is as uncertain; for the glorious actions of thoſe ages lay very much in the dark. It is very probable that the public uſe of them came in about the ſame time that the Egyptians made uſe of *juries*. I find, in the Preface to the "Third Part of Modern Reports," that "the "Chaldees had a great eſteem for the number TWELVE, becauſe there were ſo many "ſigns of the Zodiack; from them this number came to the Egyptians, and ſo to "Greece, where Mars himſelf was tried for a murder, and was acquitted." Now it does not appear upon record, nor any *ſtone* that I have ſeen, whether the jury clubbed, or whether Mars treated them, at dinner, though it is moſt likely that he did; for he was a quarrelſome ſort of a perſon, and probably, though acquitted, might be as guilty as Count Koningſmark. Now the cuſtom of *juries* dining at an eating-houſe, and having glaſſes of water brought them with *tooth-picks* tinged with vermilion ſwimming at the top, being ſtill continued, why may we not imagine, that the *tooth-picks* were as ancient as the *dinner*, the *dinner* as the *juries*, and the *juries* at leaſt as the *grand-children* of Mitzraim? Homer makes his heroes feed ſo groſsly, that they ſeem to have had more occaſion for *ſkewers* than *gooſe-quills*. He is very tedious in deſcribing a Smith's forge and an anvil: whereas he might have been more polite, in ſetting out the *tooth-pick-caſe* or painted *ſnuff-box* of Achilles, if that age had not been ſo barbarous as to want them. And here I cannot but conſider, that Athens, in the time of Pericles, when it flouriſhed moſt in ſumptuous buildings, and Rome in its height of empire from Auguſtus down to Adrian, had nothing that equalled the Royal or New Exchange, or Pope's-head Alley, for curioſities and *toy-ſhops*; neither had their Senate any thing to alleviate their debates concerning the affairs of the univerſe like *raffling* ſometimes at Colonel Parſons's. Although the Egyptians often extended their conqueſts into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Cafre Blacks have very fine teeth; yet I cannot find that they made uſe of any ſuch inſtrument; nor does Ludolphus, though very exact as to the Abyſſinian empire, give any account of a matter ſo important; for which he is to blame, as I ſhall ſhew in my Treatiſe of "Forks and Napkins," of which I ſhall ſend you an Eſſay with all expedition. I ſhall in that Treatiſe fully illuſtrate or confute this paſſage of Dr. Heylin, in the Third Book of his "Coſmography," where he ſays of the Chineſe, "That they eat their meat with two ſticks of ivory, ebony, or the like; "not touching it with their hands at all, and therefore no great foulers of linen. The "uſe of ſilver forks with us, by ſome of our ſpruce gallants taken-up of late, came "from hence into Italy, and from thence into England." I cannot agree with this learned Doctor in many of theſe particulars. For, firſt, the uſe of theſe *ſticks* is not ſo much *to ſave linen*, as out of pure neceſſity; which ariſes from the length of their nails, which perſons of great quality in thoſe countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all poſſibility of working, or being ſerviceable to themſelves or others; and therefore, if they would, they could not eaſily feed themſelves with thoſe claws; and I

* Whoſe tenter-grounds are now almoſt all built upon.

have very good authority, that in the Eaſt, and eſpecially in Japan, the Princes have the meat put into their mouths by their attendants. Beſides, theſe ſticks are of no uſe but for *their* ſort of meat, which, being *pilau*, is all boiled to rags. But what would thoſe ſticks ſignify to carve a *turkey-cock*, or a *chine of beef?* therefore our *forks* are of quite different ſhape: the ſteel ones are bidental, and the ſilver generally reſembling tridents; which makes me think them to be as ancient as the Saturnian race, where the former is appropriated to Pluto, and the latter to Neptune. It is certain that Pedro Della Valle, that famous Italian Traveller, carried his *knife* and *fork* into the Eaſt Indies; and he gives a large account how, at the court of an Indian Prince, he was admired for his neatneſs in that particular, and his care in wiping *that* and his *knife* before he returned them to their reſpective repoſitories. I could wiſh Dr. Wotton, in the next edition of his "Modern Learning," would ſhow us how much we are improved ſince Dr. Heylin's time, and tell us the original of *ivory knives*, with which young heirs are ſuffered to mangle their own *pudding*; as likewiſe of *ſilver* and *gold knives*, brought in with the deſſert for carving of *jellies* and *orange-butter*; and the indiſpenſable neceſſity of a *ſilver knife* at the ſide-board, to mingle *ſallads* with, as is with great learning made out in a Treatiſe called Acetaria, concerning "Dreſſing of Sallads." A noble Work! But I tranſgreſs—

And yet, pardon me, good Doctor, I had almoſt forgot a thing that I would not have done for the world, it is ſo remarkable. I think I may be poſitive, from this verſe of Juvenal, where he ſpeaks of the Egyptians,

"Porrum et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morſu;"

that it was "ſacrilege to chop a leek, or bite an onion." Nay, I believe that it amounts to a demonſtration, that Pharaoh Necho could have no true *lenten porridge*, nor any *carrier's ſauce* to his mutton; the true receipt of making which ſauce I have from an ancient MS. remaining at the Bull-inn in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, which runs thus:

"Take ſeven ſpoonfuls of ſpring-water; ſlice two onions of moderate ſize into a large ſaucer, and put in as much ſalt as you can hold at thrice betwixt your fore-finger and thumb, if large, and ſerve it up." *Probatum eſt.*

HOBSON, Carrier to the Univerſity of Cambridge.

The effigies of that worthy perſon remains ſtill at that inn; and I dare ſay, not only Hobſon, but old Birch, and many others of that muſical and delightful profeſſion, would rather have been labourers at the pyramids with that *regale*, than to have reigned at Memphis, and have been debarred of it. I break off abruptly. Believe me an admirer of your worth, and a follower of your methods towards the increaſe of Learning, and more eſpecially your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. ———

SIR,

I AM now very ſeriouſly employed in a Work that, I hope, may be uſeful to the Publick, which is a Poem of the "Art of Cookery," in imitation of Horace's "Art of Poetry," inſcribed to Dr. Liſter, as hoping it may be in time read as a preliminary to his Works. But I have not vanity enough to think it will live ſo long. I have in the mean time ſent you an imitation of Horace's invitation of Torquatus to ſupper, which is the Fifth Epiſtle of his Firſt Book. Perhaps you will find ſo many faults in this, that you may ſave me the trouble of my other propoſal; but, however, take it as it is:

If Bellvill can his generous ſoul confine
To a ſmall room, few diſhes, and ſome wine,
I ſhall expect my happineſs at nine.

Two bottles of ſmooth Palm, or Anjou white,
Shall give a welcome, and prepare delight;
Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely aſk;
But the Champaigne is to each man his flaſk,
I tell you with what force I keep the field;
And, if you can exceed it, ſpeak; I'll yield.
The ſnow-white damaſk enſigns are diſplay'd,
And glittering ſalvers on the ſide-board laid.
Thus we'll diſperſe all buſy thoughts and cares,
The General's counſels, and the Stateſman's fears:
Nor ſhall ſleep reign in that precedent night,
Whoſe joyful hours lead on the glorious light,
Sacred to Britiſh worth in Blenheim's fight.
The bleſſings of good-fortune ſeem refus'd,
Unleſs ſometimes with generous freedom us'd.
'Tis madneſs, not frugality, prepares
A vaſt exceſs of wealth for ſquandering heirs.
Muſt I of neither wine nor mirth partake,
Leſt the cenſorious world ſhould call me rake?
Who, unacquainted with the generous wine,
E'er ſpoke bold truths, or fram'd a great deſign?
That makes us fancy every face has charms;
That gives us courage, and then finds us arms;
Sees care diſburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
The poor grown rich, and every wiſh enjoy'd.
This I 'll perform, and promiſe you ſhall ſee
A cleanlineſs from affectation free:
No noiſe, no hurry, when the meat 's ſet on,
Or, when the diſh is chang'd, the ſervants gone:
For all things ready, nothing more to fetch,
Whate'er you want is in the Maſter's reach.
Then for the company, I 'll ſee it choſe;
Their emblematic ſignal is the Roſe.
If you of Freeman's raillery approve,
Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love,
And Bellair's charming voice may be allow'd;
What can you hope for better from a crowd?
But I ſhall not preſcribe. Conſult your caſe,
Write back your men, and number, as you pleaſe:
Try your back-ſtairs, and let the lobby wait:
A ſtratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

LETTER V.

To Mr. ———

I HERE ſend you what I promiſed, "A Diſcourſe of Cookery," after the m
which Horace has taken in his "Art of Poetry," which I have all along kept i
view; for Horace certainly is an Author to be imitated in the delivery of a
for any art or *ſcience*. He is indeed ſevere upon OUR ſort of learning in ſo
his *Satires*; but even there he inſtructs, as in the Fourth Satire of the S
Book, ver. 13.

" Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
" Ut ſucci melioris, et ut magis alba rotundis,
" Ponere: namque marem cohibent calloſa vitellum."

" Chooſe eggs oblong; remember they 'll be found
" Of ſweeter taſte, and whiter than the round:
" The firmneſs of that ſhell includes the male."

m much of his opinion, and could only wiſh that the world was thoroughly in-med of two other truths concerning *eggs*. One is, how incomparably better *roaſted* s are than boiled; the other, never to eat any butter with *eggs* in the *ſhell*. You can-t imagine how much more you will have of their flavour, and how much eaſier they l ſit upon your ſtomach. The worthy perſon who recommended it to me made many ſelytes; and I have the vanity to think that I have not been altogether un-ceſsful.

I have in this Poem uſed a plain, eaſy, familiar ſtyle, as moſt fit for precept; neither ve I been too exact an Imitator of Horace, as he himſelf directs. I have not con-ted any of his Tranſlators; neither Mr. Oldham, whoſe copiouſneſs runs into Para-raſe; nor Ben Jonſon, who is admirable for his cloſe following of the original; nor the Lord Roſcommon, ſo excellent for the beauty of his language, and his pene-tion into the very deſign and ſoul of that Author. I conſidered that I went upon a v undertaking; and though I do not value myſelf upon it ſo much as Lucretius did, I dare ſay it is more innocent and inoffenſive.

Sometimes, when Horace's rules come too thick and ſententious, I have ſo far taken erty as to paſs over ſome of them; for I conſider the nature and temper of Cooks, o are not of the moſt patient diſpoſition, as their under-ſervants too often experience. viſh I might prevail with them to moderate their paſſions, which will be the greater nqueſt, ſeeing a continual heat is added to their native fire.

Amidſt the variety of directions that Horace gives us in his "Art of Poetry," which one of the moſt accurate pieces that he or any other Author has written, there is a ret connexion in reality, though he doth not expreſs it too plainly; and therefore s Imitation of it has many breaks in it. If ſuch as ſhall condeſcend to read this em would at the ſame time conſult Horace's original Latin, or ſome of the afore-ntioned Tranſlators, they would find at leaſt this benefit, that they would recollect ſe excellent inſtructions which he delivers to us in ſuch elegant language.

I could wiſh the Maſter and Wardens of the Cooks' Company would order this Poem be read with due conſideration; for it is not lightly to be run over, ſeeing it contains ny uſeful inſtructions for human life. It is true, that ſome of theſe rules may ſeem e principally to reſpect the Steward, Clerk of the Kitchen, Caterer, or perhaps the ler. But the Cook being the principal perſon, without whom all the reſt will be e regarded, they are directed to him; and the Work being deſigned for the univerſal d, it will accompliſh ſome part of its intent, if thoſe ſort of people will improve it.

t may happen, in this as in all works of Art, that there may be ſome terms not ob-s to common Readers; but they are not many. The Reader may not have a juſt a of a *ſwoled mutton*, which is a ſheep reaſted in its wool, to ſave the labour of flay-. *Bacon* and *filbert-tarts* are ſomething unuſual; but, ſince *ſprout-tarts* and *piſtachio-s* are much the ſame thing, and to be ſeen in Dr. Salmon's "Family Dictionary," ſe perſons who have a deſire for them may eaſily find the way to make them. As for *ut*, it is an old Daniſh diſh; and it is claimed as an honour to the ancient Family of igh, to carry a diſh of it up to the coronation. A *dwarf-pye* was prepared for King nes the Firſt, when Jeffery his dwarf roſe out of one armed with a ſword and buckler; l is ſo recorded in hiſtory, that there are few but know it. Though *marinated fiſh*, *ocrates*, and *ambigues*, are known to all that deal in Cookery; yet *terrenes* are not ſo al, being a ſilver veſſel filled with the moſt coſtly dainties, after the manner of an

eglio. A *ſurprize* is likewiſe a diſh not ſo very common; which, promiſing little from its firſt appearance, when open abounds with all ſorts of variety; which I cannot better reſemble than to the Fifth Act of one of our modern Comedies. Leſt *Monteth*, *Vinegar*, *Taliessin*, and *Boſſu*, ſhould be taken for diſhes of rarities; it may be known, that Monteth was a gentleman with a ſcalloped coat, that Vinegar keeps the ring at Lincoln's-inn-fields, Taliessin was one of the moſt ancient Bards amongſt the Britons, and Boſſu one of the moſt certain inſtructors in criticiſm that this latter age has produced.

I hope it will not be taken ill by the Wits, that I call my Cooks by the title of ingenious; for I cannot imagine why Cooks may not be as well read as any other perſons. I am ſure their *apprentices*, of late years, have had very great opportunities of improvement; and men of the firſt pretences to literature have been very liberal, and ſent in their contributions very largely. They have been very ſerviceable both to *ſpit* and *oven*; and for theſe twelve months paſt, whilſt Dr. Wotton with his "Modern Learning" was defending *pye-cruſt* from ſcorching, his dear Friend Dr. Bentley, with his "Phalaris, has been ſinging of *capons*. Not that this was occaſioned by any ſuperfluity or tedioufneſs of their writings, or mutual commendations; but it was found out by ſome worthy patriots, to make the *labours* of the *two Doctors*, as far as poſſible, to become uſeful to the publick.

Indeed, Cookery has an influence upon men's actions even in the higheſt ſtations of human life. The great Philoſopher Pythagoras, in his "Golden Verſes," ſhews himſelf to be extremely nice in eating, when he makes it one of his chief principles of morality to abſtain from *beans*. The nobleſt foundations of honour, juſtice, and integrity, were found to lie hid in *turnips*; as appears in that great Dictator, Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army; and, having brought home victory, retired to his cottage: for, when the Samnite ambaſſadors came thither to him with a large bribe, and found him dreſſing *turnips* for his repaſt, they immediately returned with this ſentence, "That it was impoſſible to prevail upon him that could be "contented with ſuch a *ſupper*." In ſhort, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made uſe of to Cooke; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemaigne, that the Great Cook of the Palace was one of the prime miniſters of ſtate, and conductor of armies: ſo true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman people, "that there was equal "ſkill required to bring an army into the field, and to ſet forth a magnificent entertain-"ment; ſince the one was as far as poſſible to annoy your enemy, and the other to "pleaſure your friend." In ſhort, as for all perſons that have not a due regard for the learned, induſtrious, moral, upright, and warlike profeſſion of Cookery, may they live as the ancient inhabitants of Puerte Ventura, one of the Canary Iſlands, where, they being ſo barbarous as to make the moſt *contemptible* perſon to be their *butcher*, they had likewiſe their *meat* ſerved up *raw*, becauſe they had no fire to dreſs it; and I take this to be a condition bad enough of all conſcience!

As this ſmall eſſay finds acceptance, I ſhall be encouraged to purſue a great deſign I have in hand, of publiſhing a Bibliotheca Culinaria, or the "Cook's Complete Li-"brary," which ſhall begin with a tranſlation, or at leaſt an epitome, of Athenæus, who treats of all things belonging to a Grecian Feaſt. He ſhall be publiſhed, with all his *comments*, *uſeful gloſſes*, and *indexes*, of a vaſt copiouſneſs, with cuts of the *frying-ladles*, *dripping-pans*, and *drudging-boxes*, &c. lately dug up at Rome, out of an old *ſubterranean ſcullery*. I deſign to have all Authors in all languages upon that ſubject; therefore pray communicate what Oriental Manuſcripts you have. I remember Erpenius, in his Notes upon Locman's Fables (whom I take to be the ſame perſon with Æſop), gives us an admirable receipt for making the *four mill*, that is, the *honey chicken*, of the Arabians. I ſhould be glad to know how Mahomet uſed to have his *ſhoulder of mutton* dreſſed. I have heard he was a great lover of that joint; and that a maid of an Inn poiſoned him with one, ſaying, "If he is a Prophet, he will diſcover it; if he is an "impoſtor, no matter what becomes of him." I ſhall have occaſion for the aſſiſtance

all my friends in this great work. I ſome poſts ago deſired a friend to enquire what anuſcripts Sol. Harding, a famous Cook, may have left behind him at Oxford. He 's, he finds among his executors ſeveral admirable *bills of fare* for *Ariſtotle* ſuppers, and tertainments of country ſtrangers, with certain prices, according to their ſeveral ſea-ns. He ſays, ſome pages have large black croſſes drawn over them; but for the greater rt the Books are fair and legible.

Sir, I would beg you to ſearch Cooks' Hall, what Manuſcripts they may have in eir Archives. See what in Guildhall: what account of *cuſtard* in the Sword-bearer's ice: how many tun He, a Common Cryer, or a Common Hunt, may eat in their e-time. But I tranſgreſs the bounds of a Letter, and have ſtrayed from my ſubject, hich ſhould have been, to beg you to read the following lines, when you are inclined be moſt favourable to your friend; for elſe they will never be able to endure your juſt nſure. I rely upon your good-nature; and I am

Your moſt obliged, &c.

LETTER VI.

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE reflected upon the diſcourſe I had with you the other day, and, upon ſe-ous conſideration, find that the true underſtanding of the whole "Art of Cookery" ll be uſeful to all perſons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and eſpecially to Poets.

I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the Cooks, but it is rather the fault of eir maſters, that Poets are not ſo well acquainted with good eating, as otherwiſe they ight be, if oftener invited. However, even in Mr. D'Urfey's preſence, this I would bound to ſay, "That a good dinner is brother to a good poem:" only it is ſome-ing more ſubſtantial; and, between two and three a clock, more agreeable.

I have known a ſupper make the moſt diverting part of a Comedy. Mr. Betterton, "The Libertine*," has ſet very gravely with the leg of a chicken: but I have ſeen como very merry, and eat very heartily of peaſe and buttered eggs, under the table. he Hoſt, in "The Villain†," who carries tables, ſtools, furniture, and proviſions, l about him, gives great content to the ſpectators, when from the crown of his hat he oduces his cold capon: ſo Armarillis (or rather Parthenope, as I take it) in "The chearſal," with her wine in her ſpear, and her pye in her helmet; and the Cook that obbers his beard with ſack-poſſet, in "The Man 's the Maſter‡;" have, in my opi-on, made the moſt diverting part of the action. Theſe embelliſhments we have re-ived from our imitation of the ancient Poets. Horace, in his Satires, makes Mæcenas ry merry with the recollection of the unuſual entertainments and diſhes given him by luſidienus; and with his raillery upon garlick in his Third Epode. The Supper of etronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the moſt lively deſcription of ero's luxury. Juvenal ſpends a whole Satire about the price and dreſſing of a ſingle ſh, with the judgment of the Roman Senate concerning it. Thus, whether ſerious r jocoſe, good eating is made the ſubject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

I think all Poets agree that Epiſodes are to be interwoven in their Poems with the reateſt nicety of art; and ſo it is the ſame thing at a good table: and yet I have ſeen very good Epiſode (give me leave to call it ſo) made by ſending out the leg of a gooſe, the gizzard of a turkey, to be broiled: though I know that Criticks with a good omach have been offended that the unity of action ſhould be ſo far broken. And yet, in our Plays, ſo at our common tables, many Epiſodes are allowed, as ſlicing of cu-mbers, dreſſing of ſallads, ſeaſoning the inſide of a ſurloin of beef, breaking lobſters' aws, ſtewing wild ducks, toaſting of cheeſe, legs of larks, and ſeveral others.

* A Tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, acted 1676.
† A Tragedy by Thomas Porter, acted 1663.
‡ A Comedy by Sir William Davenant, acted 1669.

A Poet, who, by proper expreſſions and pleaſing images, is to lead us into the knowledge of neceſſary truth, may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarouſly, unleſs he has ſome knowledge of this "Art of Cookery," and the progreſs of it. Would it not ſound ridiculous to hear Alexander the Great command his *cannon* to be mounted, and to throw red-hot bullets out of his *mortar-pieces?* or to have Statira talk of *tapeſtry-hangings*, which, all the Learned know, were many years after her death firſt hung up in the Hall of King Attalus? Should Sir John Falſtaff complain of having dirtied his *ſilk ſtockings*, or Anne of Boleyn call for her *coach*; would an audience endure it, when all the world knows that Queen Elizabeth was the firſt that had her *coach*, or wore *ſilk ſtockings?* Neither can a Poet put *hops* in an Engliſhman's drink before *hereſy* came in: nor can he ſerve him with a diſh of *carp* before that time: he might as well give King James the Firſt a diſh of *aſparagus* upon his firſt coming to London, which were not brought into England till many years after; or make Owen Tudor preſent Queen Catharine with a *ſugar-loaf*, whereas he might as eaſily have given her a diamond as large, ſeeing the *icing* of *cakes* at Wood-ſtreet Corner, and the *refining* of *ſugar*, was but an invention of two hundred years ſtanding, and before that time our Anceſtors ſweetened and garniſhed all with *honey*, of which there are ſome remains in *Windſor bowls*, *baron bracks*, and large *ſimnels*, ſent for preſents from Litchfield.

But now, on the contrary, it would ſhew his reading, if the Poet put a *hen-turkey* upon a table in a Tragedy; and therefore I would adviſe it in Hamlet, inſtead of their painted trifles; and I believe it would give more ſatisfaction to the actors. For Diodorus Siculus reports, how the ſiſters of Meleager, or Diomedes, mourning for their brother, were turned into *hen-turkeys*; from whence proceeds their ſtatelineſs of gait, reſtleſsneſs in converſation, and melancholy in the tone of their voice, and all their actions. But this would be the moſt improper meat in the world for a Comedy; for melancholy and diſtreſs require a different ſort of diet, as well as language: and I have heard of a fair lady, that was pleaſed to ſay, "that, if ſhe were upon a ſtrange road, "and driven to great neceſſity, ſhe believed ſhe might for once be able to ſup upon a "*ſack poſſet* and a *fat capon*."

I am ſure Poets, as well as Cooks, are for having all words nicely choſen and properly adapted; and therefore, I believe, they would ſhew the ſame regret that I do, to hear perſons of ſome rank and quality ſay, "Pray cut up that gooſe. Help me to "ſome of that chicken, hen, or capon, or half that plover;" not conſidering how indiſcreetly they talk, before *men of art*, whoſe proper terms are, "*Break that Goſling*"—"*ſruſt that Chicken*;"—"*ſpoil that Hen*;"—"*ſurce that Capon*;" "*unbrace that Peacock*." If they are ſo much out in common things, how much more will they be with *barons*, *terms*, *crimes*, and *peacocks*? But it is vain for us to complain of the faults and ſlips of the world, unleſs we lend our helping-hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greateſt Author of Dramatic Poetry, Mr. Dryden, has made uſe of the myſteries of this Art in the Prologues to two of his Plays, one a Tragedy, the other a Comedy; in which he has ſhewn his greateſt art, and proved himſelf maſter of it. I had not ſeen the Play for ſome years, before I hit upon almoſt the ſame words that he has in the following Prologue to "All for Love:"

"Poets may have leave to ſpeak all they can,
"As Lawyers uſe to plead to get a cauſe.
"Mine has a worſe, for little and to light,
"You ſcarce could know they love, but that they bite.
"Dare, as the laſt, when tir'd with daily fools,
"For changes, becauſe they are your ſeaſonal rules,
"I think I have one play of all yours plain from ſcene to ſcene,
"[illegible]
"[illegible]
"[illegible]
"[illegible]

" And, ſince that plenteous Autumn now is paſt,
" Whoſe grapes and peaches have indulg'd your taſte,
" Take in good part from our poor Poet's board
" Such ſhriveled fruit as Winter can afford."

ſops and *fleas* ſhould come together, I cannot eaſily account for; but I doubt
t his *ale*, *raiſher*, *grapes*, *peaches*, and *ſhriveled apples*, might " Pit, Box, and
," it well enough. His Prologue to " Sir Martin Mar-all" is ſuch an exquiſite
taken from the ſame Art, that I could wiſh it tranſlated into Latin, to be pre-
Dr. Liſter's Work. The whole is as follows:

PROLOGUE.

" Fools, which each man meets in his diſh each day,
" Are yet the great regalia of a play;
" In which to Poets you but juſt appear,
" To prize that higheſt which coſt them ſo dear.
" Fops in the town more eaſily will paſs,
" One ſtory makes a ſtatutable aſs:
" But ſuch in Plays muſt be much thicker ſown,
" Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
" Obſerving Poets all their walks invade,
" As men watch woodcocks gliding through a glade;
" And, when they have enough for Comedy,
" They 'ſtow their ſeveral bodies in a pye.
" The Poet 's but the Cook to faſhion it,
" For, Gallants, you yourſelves have found the wit.
" To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong:
" None welcome thoſe who bring their *cheer** along."

image (which is the great perfection of a Poet) is ſo extremely lively, and well
l, that methinks I ſee the whole audience with a diſh of buttered eggs in one
and a woodcock-pye in the other. I hope I may be excuſed, after ſo great an
e; for I declare I have no deſign but to encourage Learning, and am very far
ny deſigns againſt it. And therefore I hope the worthy gentleman, who ſaid that
Journey to London" ought to be burnt by the common hangman, as a Book,
received, would diſcourage ingenuity, would be pleaſed not to make his bonfire
upper end of Ludgate-ſtreet, for fear of endangering the Bookſellers' ſhops and
thedral.
ve abundance more to ſay upon theſe ſubjects; but I am afraid my firſt courſe is
ous, that you will excuſe me both the ſecond courſe and the deſſert, and call for
nd a candle. But conſider, the Papers come from an old Friend; and ſpare them
compaſſion to, Sir, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. ———

IR,

n no great lover of writing more than I am forced to, and therefore have not
d you with my Letters to congratulate your good fortune in London, or to be-
our unhappineſs in the loſs of you here. The occaſion of this is, to deſire your
ce in a matter that I am fallen into by the advice of ſome friends; but, unleſs
elp me, it will be impoſſible for me to get out of it. I have had the misfortune
ite; but, what is worſe, I have never conſidered whether any one would read.

* Some Criticks read it *Chair*. KING.

Nay, I have been ſo very bad as to deſign to print; but then a wicked thought came acroſs me with "Who will buy?" For, if I tell you the title, you will be of my mind, that the very name will deſtroy it: "The Art of Cookery, in Imitation of Horace's "Art of Poetry; with ſome familiar Letters to Dr. Liſter and others, occaſioned prin- "cipally by the Title of a Book, publiſhed by the Doctor, concerning the Soups and "Sauces of the Ancients." To this a Beau will cry, "Phough! what have I to do "with Kitchen-ſtuff?" To which I anſwer, "Buy it, and give it to your Servants." For I hope to live to ſee the day when every Miſtreſs of a family, and every Steward, ſhall call up their children and ſervants with, "Come, Miſs Betty, how much have you "got of your *Art of Cookery?*"—"Where did you leave off, Miſs Iſabel?"—"Miſs "Kitty, are you no farther than *King Henry and the Miller?*"—"Yes, Madam, I am "come to

"— His name ſhall be enroll'd
"In Eſtcourt's Book, whoſe gridiron 's fram'd of gold."

"Pray, Mother, is that our Maſter Eſtcourt?" "Well, child, if you mind this, you ſhall not be put to your *Aſſembly Catechiſm* next Saturday." What a glorious ſight it will be, and how becoming a great family, to ſee the Butler out-learning the Steward, and the painful Scullery-maid exerting her memory far beyond the mumping Houſe-keeper! I am told that, if a Book is any thing uſeful, the Printers have a way of pirat- ing on one another, and printing other perſons' copies; which is very barbarous. And then ſhall I be forced to come out with, "The True Art of Cookery is only to be had "at Mr. Pindar's, a Patten-maker's, under St. Dunſtan's Church, with the Author's "Seal at the Title-page, being Three Sauce-pans, in a Bend Proper, on a Cook's "Apron, Argent. Beware of Counterfeits." And be forced to put out Advertiſe- ments, with "Strops for Razors, and the beſt Spectacles, are to be had only at the "Archimedes, &c."

I deſign propoſals, which I muſt get delivered to the Cooks' Company, for the mak- ing an order that every apprentice ſhall have the "Art of Cookery" when he is bound, which he ſhall ſay by heart before he is made free; and then he ſhall have Dr. Liſter's Book of "Soups and Sauces" delivered to him for his future practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the kindneſs you may ſhew me, I ſhall always en- deavour to make what returns lay in my power. I am yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT but recommend to your peruſal a late exquiſite Comedy, called "The Lawyer's Fortune; or, Love in a Hollow Tree;" which piece has its peculiar embel- liſhments, and is a Poem carefully framed according to the niceſt rules of the "Art of Cookery;" for the Play opens with a ſcene of good Houſewifery, where Favourite the Houſe-keeper makes this complaint to Lady Bonona.

"Fav. The laſt mutton killed was lean, Madam. Should not ſome fat ſheep be "bought in?

"Bon. What ſay you, Let-acre, to it?

"Let. This is the worſt time of the year for ſheep. The freſh graſs makes them fall "away, and they begin to taſte of the wool; they muſt be ſpared a while, and Fa- "vourite muſt caſt to ſpend ſome ſalt-meat and fiſh. I hope we ſhall have ſome fat "calves ſhortly."

can be more agreeable than this to the "Art of Cookery," where our Author

"But though my edge be not too nicely fit,
"Yet I another's appetite may whet;
"May teach him when to buy, when ſeaſon paſt,
"What's ſtale, what 's choice, what 's plentiful, what waſte,
"And lead him through the various maze of taſte.

Second Act, Valentine, Mrs. Bonona's ſon, the conſummate character of the ving in the Firſt Act loſt his Hawk, and conſequently his way, *benighted and ſeeing a light in a diſtant houſe, comes to the thrifty widow Furioſa's* (which is ccording to the rule, "A Prince, who in a Foreſt rides aſtray!") *where he old gentlewoman carding, the fair Florida her daughter working on a parchment, n id is ſpinning. Peg reaches a chair; ſuck is called for; and in the mean time ld gentlewoman complains ſo of rogues, that ſhe can ſcarce keep a gooſe or a turkey for them. Then Florida enters, with a little white bottle about a pint, and an old-glaſs, fills and gives her mother; ſhe drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, ſhe to him to Furioſa, who ſets it down on the table. After a ſmall time, the old lady cries,* it is my bed-time; but my daughter will ſhew you the way to yours: for I you would willingly be in it." This was extremely kind! Now, upon her t, (ſee the great judgment of the Poet!) ſhe being an old gentlewoman that ed, he ſuits the following regale according to the age of the perſon. Had put to bed, it had been proper to have "laid the *gooſe* to the fire:" but here wiſe; for, after ſome intermediate diſcourſe, he is invited to a repaſt; when ly excuſes himſelf with, "Truly, Madam, I have no ſtomach to any meat, comply with you. You have, Madam, entertained me with all that is deſir-ready." *The Lady tells him,* "cold Supper is better than none;" *ſo he ſits at offers to eat, but cannot.* I am ſure, Horace could not have prepared himſelf ſtly; for (according to the rule, "A Widow has cold Pye"), though Valen-ig love-ſick, could not eat, yet it was his fault, and not the Poet's. But, entine is to return the civility, and to invite Madam Furioſa, and Madam with other good company, to his mother the hoſpitable Lady Bonona's (who, e, had called for two bottles of wine for Latitat her Attorney), then affludainties are to appear (according to this Verſe "Mangoes, Potargo, Cham-Caveare"); and Mrs. Favourite the houſe keeper makes theſe moſt important :

. Miſtreſs, ſhall I put any Muſhrooms, Mangoes, or Bamboons, into the ?
. Yes, I pr'ythee, the beſt thou haſt.
. Shall I uſe Ketch-up or Anchovies in the Gravy?
. What you will."

owever magnificent the Dinner might be, yet Mrs. Bonona, as the manner of ons is, makes her excuſe for it, with, "Well, Gentlemen, can ye ſpare a little take a ſhort dinner? I promiſe you, it ſhall not be long." It is very pro-ough the Author does not make any of the gueſts give a relation of it, that , being a great ſportſman, might furniſh the table with game and wild-fowl. s at leaſt one Pheaſant in the Houſe, which Valentine told his mother of the efore. "Madam, I had a good flight of a Pheaſant-cock, that, after my ſeized, made head as if he would have fought; but my Hawk plumed him ly." Now it is not reaſonable to ſuppoſe that, Vally lying abroad that night, entlewoman under that concern would have any ſtomach to it for her own. However, to ſee the fate of things, there is nothing permanent; for one Mrs.

Candia making (though innocently) a preſent of an Hawk to Valentine, Florida his miſtreſs grows jealous, and reſolves to leave him, and run away with an odd ſort of fellow, one Major Sly. Valentine, to appeaſe her, ſends a meſſage to her by a boy, who tells her, "His maſter, to ſhew the trouble he took by her miſapprehenſion, had "ſent her ſome viſible tokens, the Hawk torn to-pieces with his own hands;" *and then pulls out of the baſket the wings and legs of a fowl.* So we ſee the poor bird *demoliſhed*, and all hopes of wild-fowl deſtroyed for the future: and happy were it if misfortunes would ſtop here. But, the cruel Beauty refuſing to be appeaſed, Valentine takes a ſudden reſolution, which he communicates to Let-acre the Steward, to *bruſh-off*, and *quit his habitation.* However it was, whether Let-acre did not think his young Maſter real, and Valentine having threatened the Houſe-keeper to kick her immediately before for being too fond of him, and his boy being raw and unexperienced in travelling, it ſeems they made but ſlender proviſion for their expedition; for there is but one Scene interpoſed, before we find diſtreſſed Valentine in the moſt miſerable condition that the joint Arts of Poetry and Cookery are able to repreſent him. There is a Scene of the greateſt horror, and moſt moving to compaſſion, of any thing that I have ſeen amongſt the Moderns; "Talks of no pyramids of Fowl, or biſks of Fiſh," is nothing to it; for here we ſee an innocent perſon, unleſs puniſhed for his Mother's and Houſekeeper's extravagance, as was ſaid before, in their Muſhrooms, Mangoes, Bamboons, Ketchup, and Anchovies, reduced to the extremity of eating his *cheeſe without bread*, and having no other drink but water. *For he and his boy, with two ſaddles on his back and wallet, came into a walk of confuſed trees, where an owl hollows, a bear and leopard walk acroſs the deſert at a diſtance, and yet they venture in;* where Valentine accoſts his boy with theſe lines, which would draw tears from any thing that is not marble:

"Hang up thy wallet on that tree
"And creep thou in this hollow place with me,
"Let 's here repoſe our wearied limbs till they more wearied be!

"BOY. There is nothing left in the wallet but one piece of cheeſe. What ſhall we "do for bread?

"VAL. When we have ſlept, we will ſeek out
"Some roots that ſhall ſupply that doubt.

"BOY. But no drink, Maſter?

"VAL. Under that rock a ſpring I ſee,
"Which ſhall refreſh my thirſt and thee."

So the Act cloſes; and it is diſmal for the Audience to conſider how Valentine and the poor boy, who, it ſeems, had a coming ſtomach, ſhould continue there all the time the muſick was playing, and longer. But, to eaſe them of their pain, by an invention which the Poets call *cataſtrophe*, Valentine, though with a *long beard*, and very *weak* with faſting, is reconciled to Florida, who, embracing him, ſays, "I doubt "I have offended him too much; but I will attend him home, cheriſh him with "cordials, make him broths," (poor good-natured creature! I wiſh ſhe had Dr. Liſter's Book to help her!) "anoint his limbs, and be a nurſe, a tender nurſe to "him." Nor do bleſſings come alone; for the good Mother, having *refreſhed him with warm baths, and kept him tenderly in the houſe*, orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, "to get the beſt entertainment ſhe ever yet provided, to conſider what "ſhe has and what ſhe wants, and to get all ready in few hours." And ſo this moſt regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding-dinner. I cannot believe there was any thing ever more of a piece than the Comedy. Some perſons may admire your meagre Tragedies; but give me a Play where there is a proſpect of good meat or good wine ſtirring in every Act of it.

Though I am confident the Author had written this Play and printed it long before the "Art of Cookery" was thought of, and I had never read it till the other Poem was very nearly perfected; yet it is admirable to see how a true rule will be adapted to a good work, or a good work to a true rule. I should be heartily glad, for the sake of the publick, if our Poets, for the future, would make use of so good an example. I doubt not but, whenever you or I write Comedy, we shall observe it.

I have just now met with a surprizing happiness; a Friend that has seen two of Dr. Lister's Works, one "De Buccinis Fluviatilibus et Marinis Exercitatio," an Exercitation of Sea and River Shell-fish; in which, he says, some of the chiefest rarities are the *pizzle* and *spermatic vessels* of a Snail, delineated by a microscope, the *omentum* or *caul* of its throat, its *Fallopian tube*, and its *subcrocean testicle*; which are things Hippocrates, Galen, Celsus, Farnelius, and Harvey, were never masters of. The other curiosity is the admirable piece of Cœlius Apicius, "De Opsoniis & Condimentis, sive Arte Coquinaria, Libri decem," being Ten Books of Soups and Sauces, and the Art of Cookery, as it is excellently printed for the Doctor, who in this so important affair is not sufficiently communicative. My Friend says, he has a promise of leave to read it. What Remarks he makes I shall not be envious of, but impart to him I love as well as his

Most humble servant, &c.

THE

ART OF COOKERY,

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE's ART OF POETRY.

TO DR. LISTER.

INGENIOUS LISTER, were a picture drawn
With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like Brawn;
With wings of Turkey, and with feet of Calf;
Though drawn by Kneller, it would make you laugh!
Such is, good Sir, the figure of a Feaſt,
By ſome rich Farmer's wife and ſiſter dreſt;
Which, were it not for plenty and for ſteam,
Might be reſembled to a ſick man's dream,
Where all ideas huddling run ſo faſt,
That Syllabubs come firſt, and Soups the laſt.
Not but that Cooks and Poets ſtill were free,
To uſe their power in nice variety;
Hence Mackarel ſeem delightful to the eyes,
Though dreſs'd with incoherent Gooſeberries.
Crabs, Salmon, Lobſters, are with Fennel ſpread,
Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;
Yet no man lards ſalt Pork with Orange-peel,
Or garniſhes his Lamb with Spitchcock'd Eel.
A Cook perhaps has mighty things profeſs'd,
Then ſent up but two diſhes nicely dreſs'd:
What ſignify Scotcht-collops to a Feaſt?
Or you can make whipp'd Cream; pray what relief
Will that be to a Sailor who wants Beef;
Who, lately ſhipwreck'd, never can have eaſe,
Till re-eſtabliſh'd in his Pork and Peaſe?
When once begun, let induſtry ne'er ceaſe
Till it has render'd all things of one piece:
At your Deſſert bright Pewter comes too late,
When your firſt courſe was all ſerv'd up in Plate.
Moſt knowing Sir! the greateſt part of Cooks,
Searching for truth, are cozen'd by its looks.
One would have all things little; hence has tried
Turkey-poults freſh'd, from th' Egg in Batter fried:
Others, to ſhew the largeneſs of their ſoul,
Prepare you Muttons ſwol'd, and Oxen whole.
To vary the ſame things, ſome think is art:
By larding of Hogs-feet and Bacon-tart,
The taſte is now to that perfection brought,
That care, when wanting ſkill, creates the fault.
In Covent Garden did a Taylor dwell,
Who might deſerve a place in his own Hell.
Give him a ſingle coat to make, he'd do't;
A veſt, or breeches, ſingly: but the brute
Could ne'er contrive all three to make a ſuit:
Rather than frame a Supper like ſuch cloaths,
I'd have fine eyes and teeth without my noſe.

You that from Pliant Paſte would fabricks raiſe
Expecting thence to gain immortal praiſe,
Your knuckles try, and let your ſinews know
Their power to knead, and give the form to dough;
Chuſe your materials right, your ſeaſoning fit,
And with your Fruit reſplendent Sugar mix:
From thence of courſe the figure will ariſe,
And elegance adorn the ſurface of your Pies.
Beauty from order ſprings: the judging eye
Will tell you if one ſingle plate 's awry.
The Cook muſt ſtill regard the preſent time;
T' omit what 's juſt in ſeaſon is a crime.
Your infant Peaſe t' Aſparagus preſer,
Which to the Supper you may beſt defer.
Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,
Such alterations ſhould at leaſt be rare;
Yet credit to the Artiſt will accrue,
Who in known things ſtill makes th' appearance new.
Freſh dainties are by Britain's traffick known,
And now by conſtant uſe familiar grown.
What Lord of old would bid his Cook prepare
Mangoes, Potargo, Champignons, Caveare?
Or would our thrum-capp'd Anceſtors find fault,
For want of Sugar-tongs, or Spoons for Salt?
New things produce new words, and thus Moretti
Has by one veſſel ſav'd his name from death.
The Seaſons change us all. By Autumn's froſt,
The ſhady leaves of trees and fruit are loſt.
But then the Spring breaks forth with freſh ſupplies,
And from the teeming Earth new buds ariſe.
So Stubble-geeſe at Michaelmas are ſeen
Upon the ſpit; next May produces Green.
The fate of things lies always in the dark:
What Cavalier would know St. James's Park*?
For Locket's ſtands where gardens once did ſpring,
And Wild-ducks quack where Graſshoppers did ſing;
A Princely Palace on that ſpace does riſe,
Where Sedley's noble Muſe found Mulberries†.

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* In the time of king Henry VIII. the Park was a wild wet field; but that prince on building St. James's palace, incloſed it, laid it out in walks, and, collecting the waters together, gave to the new-incloſed ground and new-raiſed building the name of St. James. It was much enlarged by Charles II.; who added to it ſeveral fields, planted it with rows of lime-trees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal, with a decoy, and other parts, for water-fowl. The "Lime-trees or Tilia," whoſe bloſſoms are incomparably fragrant, were probably planted in conſequence of a ſuggeſtion of Mr. Evelyn, in his "Fumifugium," publiſhed in 1661.—The improvements lately made ſeem in ſome meaſure to have brought it into the ſtate it was in before the Reſtoration; at leaſt, the Wild-ducks have in their turn given way to the Graſshoppers. N.

† A comedy called, "The Mulberry Garden." N.

i alter thus, what conſtant thought
arious diſhes can be taught?
ends too much, or is a fool,
thoſe things where Faſhion is a rule.
ardicnute, midſt Danes and Saxons
t,
nut-brown Ale, and din'd on Grout;
its priſtine honour ſtill retains,
i each Prince is crown'd, in ſplendour
ns.
iern cuſtom, duty was expreſs'd,
departed, by their Funeral Feaſt.
ve conſulted Holinſhed and Stow,
y difficult to know
freſh th' attendants to a grave,
t firſt or Naples-biſcuit gave.
from Quince and Apples firſt did frame
ich ſtill retains his proper name:
mmon grown, yet, with white Sugar
w'd,
'd right, its goodneſs is allow'd.
lth flow'd in, and Plenty ſprang from
ce,
our reign'd, and Pleaſures found in-
ſe.
l then the banquet to prolong
's charm, and ſome delightful ſong;
ry youth in pleaſing accents ſtrove
ſtratagems and cares of Love;
ſucceſsful were, how others croſt;
: ſparkling glaſs would give his toaſt,
om did moſt in his opinion ſhine,
oth the Muſick and the Wine.
I ſtyl'd a Cook, if I 'm ſo loth
te my Fiſh, or ſeaſon Broth,
what I roaſt with pleaſing froth;
ſter's *guſto* won't diſcern,
gh my baſhful folly, ſcorn to learn?
among friends good-humour takes its
h,
tedious Feaſt prolongs the mirth;
: reaſon therefore you ſhould ſpare,
their future Burgeſs, you prepare
orporation and their Mayor.
ſhould find their room in proper place;
adorns this treat, would that diſgrace.
the vulgar will of mirth partake,
exceſſive doings at their wake:
ors at their yearly Feaſts look great,
eir Cucumbers are turn'd to Meat.
who in a foreſt rides aſtray,
y, to ſome cottage finds the way,
o pyramids of Fowl, or biſks of Fiſh,
y, ſups his Cream ſerv'd up in earthen
;
his thirſt with Ale in nut-brown bowls,
the haſty Raſher from the coals:
King Henry with the Miller free,
ght himſelf as good a man as he.
eme ſweetneſs at the bottom lie,
for all the crinkling of the Pye?
ould have me merry with your cheer,
ſelf, or ſo at leaſt appear.
ngs we eat by various juice control
wneſs or largeneſs of our ſoul.

Onions will make ev'n Heirs or Widows weep;
The tender Lettuce brings on ſofter ſleep;
Eat Beef or Pye-cruſt if you'd ſerious be;
Your Shell-fiſh raiſes Venus from the Sea;
For Nature, that inclines to ill or good,
Still nouriſhes our paſſions by our food.
Happy the man that has each fortune tried,
To whom ſhe much has given, and much denied:
With abſtinence all delicates he ſees,
And can regale himſelf with Toaſt and Cheeſe:
Your Betters will deſpiſe you, if they ſee
Things that are far ſurpaſſing your degree;
Therefore beyond your ſubſtance never treat;
'Tis plenty, in ſmall fortune, to be neat.
'Tis certain that a Steward can't afford
An entertainment equal with his Lord.
Old age is frugal; gay youth will abound
With heat, and ſee the flowing cup go round.
A Widow has cold Pye; Nurſe gives you Cake;
From generous Merchants Ham or Sturgeon take.
The Farmer has brown Bread as freſh as day,
And Butter fragrant as the dew of May.
Cornwall Squab-pye, and Devon White-pot brings;
And Leiceſter Beans and Bacon, food of Kings!
At Chriſtmas-time, be careful of your fame,
See the old Tenants' table be the ſame;
Then, if you would ſend up the Brawner's head,
Sweet Roſemary and Bays around it ſpread:
His foaming tuſks let ſome large Pippin grace,
Or midſt thoſe thundering ſpears an Orange place;
Sauce like himſelf, offenſive to its foes,
The roguiſh Muſtard, dangerous to the noſe.
Sack and the well-ſpic'd Hippocras the Wine,
Waſſail the bowl with ancient ribbands fine,
Porridge with Plums, and Turkeys with the Chine.
If you perhaps would try ſome diſh unknown,
Which more peculiarly you'd make your own,
Like ancient ſailors ſtill regard the coaſt,
By venturing out too far you may be loſt.
By roaſting that which your Forefathers boil'd,
And boiling what they roaſted, much is ſpoil'd.
That Cook to Britiſh palates is complete,
Whoſe ſavoury hand gives turns to common meat.
Though Cooks are often men of pregnant wit,
Through niceneſs of their ſubject, few have writ.
In what an aukward ſound that Ballad ran,
Which with this bluſtering paragraph began:
THERE WAS A PRINCE OF LUSBERLAND,
A POTENTATE OF HIGH COMMAND,
TEN THOUSAND BAKERS DID ATTEND HIM,
TEN THOUSAND BREWERS DID BEFRIEND HIM:
THESE BROUGHT HIM KISSING-CRUSTS, AND THOSE
BROUGHT HIM SMALL-BEER, BEFORE HE ROSE.
The Author raiſes mountains ſeeming full,
But all the *cry* produces little *wool*:
So, if you ſue a Beggar for a houſe,
And have a verdict, what d'ye gain? A Louſe!
Homer, more modeſt, if we ſearch his Books,
Will ſhew us that his Heroes all were Cooks;

How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins,
To quarter out the Ox, and ſpit the loins.
Oh could that Poet live! could he rehearſe
Thy Journey, LISTER, in immortal verſe!
  MUSE, SING THE MAN THAT DID TO PARIS GO,
THAT HE MIGHT TASTE THEIR SOUPS, AND MUSHROOMS KNOW!
  Oh, how would Homer praiſe their dancing Dogs,
Their ſtinking Cheeſe, and Fricaſee of Frogs!
He 'd raiſe no fables, ſing no flagrant lye,
Of Boys with Cuſtard choak'd at Newberry;
But their whole courſes you 'd entirely ſee,
How all their parts from firſt to laſt agree.
  If you all ſorts of perſons would engage,
Suit well your Eatables to every age.
  The favourite Child, that juſt begins to prattle,
And throws away his Silver Bells and Rattle,
Is very humourſome, and makes great clutter,
Till he has Windows on his Bread and Butter:
He for repeated Supper-meat will cry,
But won't tell Mammy what he'd have, or why.
  The ſmooth-fac'd Youth, that has new Guardians choſe,
From Play-houſe ſteps to Supper at the Roſe,
Where he a main or two at random throws:
Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice,
His eating muſt be little, coſtly, nice.
  Maturer Age, to this delight grown ſtrange,
Each night frequents his club behind the 'Change,
Expecting there frugality and health,
And honour riſing from a Sheriff's wealth:
Unleſs he ſome Inſurance-dinner lacks,
'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.
But then old age, by ſtill intruding years,
Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears:
Moroſe, perverſe in humour, diffident,
The more he ſtill abounds, the leſs content;
His Larder and his Kitchen too obſerves,
And *now*, leſt he ſhould want hereafter, ſtarves;
Thinks ſcorn of all the preſent age can give,
And none theſe threeſcore years knew how to live.
But now the Cook muſt paſs through all degrees,
And by his art diſcordant tempers pleaſe,
And miniſter to Health and to Diſeaſe.
  Far from the Parlour have your Kitchen plac'd,
Dainties may in their working be diſgrac'd.
In private draw your Poultry, clean your Tripe,
And from your Eels their ſlimy ſubſtance wipe.
Let cruel offices be done by night,
For they who like the thing abhor the ſight.
  Next, let diſcretion moderate your coſt,
And, when you treat, three courſes be the moſt.
Let never freſh machines your Paſtry try,
Unleſs Grandees or Magiſtrates are by:
Then you may put a Dwarf into a Pye.
Or, if you 'd fright an Alderman and Mayor,
Within a Paſty lodge a living Hare;
Then midſt their graveſt Furs ſhall mirth ariſe,
And all the Guild purſue with joyful cries.
  Crowd not your table: let your number be
Not more than ſeven, and never leſs than three.

'Tis the Deſſert that graces all the Feaſt,
For an ill end diſparages the reſt:
A thouſand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces obligation by that blot.
Make your tranſparent Sweet-meats truly nice,
With Indian Sugar and Arabian Spice:
And let your various Creams incircled be
With ſwelling Fruit juſt raviſh'd from the tree.
Let Plates and Diſhes be from China brought,
With lively paint and earth tranſparent wrought.
The Feaſt now done, diſcourſes are renew'd,
And witty arguments with mirth purſued.
The cheerful Maſter, 'midſt his jovial friends,
His glaſs "to their beſt wiſhes" recommends.
The Grace-cup follows to his Sovereign's health,
And to his Country, "Plenty, peace, and wealth."
Performing then the piety of *grace*,
Each man that pleaſes re-aſſumes his place;
While at his gate, from ſuch abundant ſtore,
He ſhowers his god-like bleſſings on the poor.
  In days of old, our Fathers went to war,
Expecting ſturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their Beef they often in their murrions ſtew'd,
And in their Baſket-hilts their Beverage brew'd.
Some Officer perhaps might give conſent,
To a large cover'd Pipkin in his tent,
Where every thing that every Soldier got,
Fowl, Bacon, Cabbage, Mutton, and what not,
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.
But, when our conqueſts were extenſive grown,
And through the world our Britiſh worth was known,
Wealth on Commanders then flow'd in apace,
Their Champaign ſparkled equal with their Lace;
Quails, Beccoficos, Ortolans, were ſent
To grace the levee of a General's tent;
In their gilt Plate all delicates were ſeen,
And what was Earth before became a rich Terrene.
  When the young Players once get to Iſlington,
They fondly think that all the world 's their own:
Prentices, Pariſh-clerks, and Hectors meet;
He that is drunk, or bullied, pays the Treat.
Their talk is looſe; and o'er the bouncing Ale
At Conſtables and Juſtices they rail;
Not thinking Cuſtard ſuch a ſerious thing,
That Common-council-men 'twill thither bring;
Where many a man, at variance with his wife,
With ſoftening Mead and Cheeſe-cake ends the ſtrife.
Ev'n Squires come there, and, with their mean diſcourſe,
Render the Kitchen, which they ſit in, worſe.
Midwives demure, and Chamber-maids moſt gay,
Foremen that pick the box and come to play,
Here find their entertainment at the height,
In Cream and Codlings revelling with delight.
What theſe approve the great men will diſlike:
But here 's the art, if you the palate ſtrike;
By management of common things ſo well,
That what was thought the meaneſt ſhall excel;
While others ſtrive in vain, all perſons own
Such diſhes could be dreſs'd by you alone.
  When ſtraiten'd in your time, and ſervants few,
You 'll rightly then compoſe an *ambigue*:

firſt and ſecond Courſe, and your Deſſert,
ne ſingle table have their part.
uch a vaſt confuſion 'tis delight,
l the jarring elements unite,
iſe a ſtructure grateful to the ſight.
ot too far by old example led,
aution now we in their footſteps tread:
'ench our reliſh help, and well ſupply
ant of things too groſs by decency.
ithers moſt admir'd their Sauces ſweet,
ften aſk'd for Sugar with their Meat;
butter'd Currants on fat Veal beſtow'd,
umps of Beef with Virgin-honey ſtrew'd.
Taſte, old Friend, to them who Paris know,
Rocombole, Shallot, and the rank Garlick, grow.
1 Bold did firſt begin the ſtrolling mart,
rove about his Turnips in a cart;
mes his Wife the Citizens would pleaſe,
om the ſame machine ſell Pecks of Peaſe;
Pippins did in Wheel-barrows abound,
'ranges in Whimſey-boards went round;
oy firſt found it troubleſome to bawl,
ierefore plac'd her Cherries on a ſtall;
urrants there and Gooſeberries were ſpread,
he enticing gold of Ginger-bread:
lounders, Sprats, and Cucumbers, were cried,
very ſound and every voice was tried.
the Law this hideous din ſuppreſs'd,
rder'd that the Sunday ſhould have reſt;
iat no Nymph her noiſy food ſhould ſell,
it were new Milk or Mackarel.
re is no diſh but what our Cooks have made,
ierited a charter by their trade.
'ench Kickſhaws, or Oglio's brought from Spain,
have found improvement from their brain;
ıdding, Brawn, and White-pots, own'd to be
ſects of native ingenuity.
Britiſh Fleet, which now commands the main,
glorious wreaths of victory obtain,
they take time; would they with leiſure work,
:are would ſalt their Beef, and cure their Pork;
boil their liquor well whene'er they brew,

CONQUEST HALF IS TO THE VICTUALLER DUE.

ıuſe that thrift and abſtinence are good,
ny things if rightly underſtood;
'oſs condemns all perſons to be Fops,
an't regale themſelves with Mutton-chops.
en for ſtuft Beef to Bedlam runs,
ıe clean Rummer, as the Peſt-houſe, ſhuns.
mes Poor Jack and Onions are his diſh,
hen he ſaints thoſe Fryars who ſtink of Fiſh.
myſelf, I take him to abſtain,
as good meat, with decency, though plain:
ıough my edge be not too nicely ſet,
ınother's appetite may whet;
May teach him when to buy, when ſeaſon 's paſt,
What 's ſtale, what choice, what plentiful, what waſte,
And lead him through the various maze of taſte.
The fundamental principle of all
Is what ingenious Cooks THE RELISH call;
For, when the market ſends in loads of food,
They all are taſteleſs till *that* makes them good.
Beſides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
To know for whom it is you would prepare:
You 'd pleaſe a Friend, or reconcile a Brother,
A teſty Father, or a haughty Mother;
Would mollify a Judge, would cram a Squire,
Or elſe ſome ſmiles from Court you may deſire?
Or would, perhaps, ſome haſty Supper give,
To ſhew the ſplendid ſtate in which you live.
Purſuant to that intereſt you propoſe,
Muſt all your Wine and all your Meat be choſe.
Let men and manners every diſh adapt:
Who 'd force his Pepper where his gueſts are *clapt?*
A cauldron of fat Beef and ſtoop of Ale
On the huzzaing mob ſhall more prevail,
Than if you give them with the niceſt art
Ragouts of Peacocks brains, or Filbert-tart.
The French by Soups and *Haut-gouts* glory raiſe,
And their deſires all terminate in praiſe.
The thrifty maxim of the wary Dutch
Is, to ſave all the money they can touch:
" Hans," cries the Father, " ſee a Pin lies there;
" A Pin a day will fetch a Groat a year.
" To your Five Farthings join Three Farthings
" more;
" And they, if added, make your Halfpence
" Four!"
Thus may your ſtock by management increaſe,
Your wars ſhall gain you more than Britain's peace.
Where love of wealth and ruſty coin prevail,
What hopes of Sugar'd Cakes or Butter'd Ale?
Cooks garniſh out ſome tables, ſome they fill,
Or in a prudent mixture ſhew their ſkill:
Clog not your conſtant meals; for diſhes few
Increaſe the appetite, when choice and new.
Ev'n they, who will Extravagance profeſs,
Have ſtill an inward hatred for Exceſs:
Meat, forc'd too much, untouch'd at table lies,
Few care for carving trifles in diſguiſe,
Or that fantaſtic diſh ſome call *ſurprize.*
When pleaſures to the eye and palate meet,
That Cook has render'd his great work complete:
His glory far, like SUR-LOIN'S KNIGHTHOOD, flies;
Immortal made, as KIT-CAT by his Pies.
Good-nature muſt ſome failings overlook,
Not wilfulneſs, but errors of the Cook.
A ſtring wen't always give the ſound deſign'd
By the Muſician's touch and heavenly mind:
Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow
Still to the deſtin'd point directly go.
Perhaps no Salt is thrown about the diſh,
Or no fried Parſley ſcatter'd on the Fiſh;
Shall I in paſſion from my dinner fly,
And hopes of pardon to my Cook deny,
For things which careleſs neſs might overſee,
And all mankind commit as well as he?

I with compaſſion once may overlook
A Skewer ſent to table by my Cook:
But think not therefore tamely I 'll permit
That he ſhould daily the ſame fault commit,
For fear the Raſcal ſend me up the Spit!
Poor Roger Fowler had a generous mind,
Nor would ſubmit to have his hand confin'd,
But aim'd at all; yet never could excel
In any thing but ſtuffing of his Veal:
But, when that diſh was in perfection ſeen,
And that alone, would it not move your ſpleen?
'Tis true, in a long work, ſoft ſlumbers creep,
And gently ſink the Artiſt into ſleep.
Ev'n Lamb himſelf, at the moſt ſolemn feaſt,
Might have ſome chargers not exactly dreſt.
Tables ſhould be like pictures to the light,
Some diſhes caſt in ſhade, ſome ſpread in light,
Some at a diſtance brighten, ſome near hand,
Where eaſe may all their *delicate* command:
Some ſhould be mov'd when broken; others laſt
Through the whole treat, incentive to the taſte.
Locket, by many labours feeble grown,
Up from the Kitchen call'd his eldeſt Son:
"Though wiſe thyſelf," ſays he, "though taught
"by me,
"Yet fix this ſentence in thy memory:
"There are ſome certain things that don't excel,
"And yet we ſay are *tolerably well*:
"There 's many worthy men a Lawyer prize,
"Whom they diſtinguiſh as of *middle* ſize,
"For pleading well at Bar, or turning Books;
"But this is not, my Son, the fate of Cooks,
"From whoſe myſterious art true pleaſure
ſprings
"To *ſtall* of Garter, and to *throne* of Kings.
"A ſimple ſcene, a diſobliging ſong,
"Which no way to the main deſign belong,
"Or were they abſent never would be miſs'd,
"Have made a well-wrought Comedy be hiſs'd:
"So in a Feaſt no intermediate fault
"Will be allow'd; but, if not beſt, 'tis naught."
He that of feeble nerves and joints complains,
From Nine-pins, Coits, and from Trap-ball, abſtains;
Cudgels avoids, and ſhuns the Wreſtling-place,
Leſt Vinegar reſound his loud diſgrace.
But every one to Cookery pretends;
Nor Maid nor Miſtreſs e'er conſult their friends.
But, Sir, if you would roaſt a Pig, be free:
Why not with Brawn, with Locket, or with me?
We 'll ſee when 'tis enough, when both eyes
out,
Or if it wants the nice concluding bout:
But, if it lies too long, the crackling 's pall'd,
Not by the Drudging-box to be recall'd.
Our Cambrian Fathers, ſparing in their Food,
Firſt broil'd their hunted Goats on bars of wood.
Sharp Hunger was their ſeaſoning, or they took
Such Salt as iſſued from the native rock.
Their Sallading was never far to ſeek,
The poignant Water-graſs, or ſavoury Leek;
Until the Britiſh Bards adorn'd this Iſle,
And taught them how to roaſt, and how to boil:
Then Talieſſin roſe, and ſweetly ſtrung
His Britiſh Harp, inſtructing whilſt he ſung:
Taught them that honeſty they ſtill poſſeſs,
Their truth, their open heart, their modeſt dreſs,
Duty to kindred, conſtancy to friends,
And inward worth, which always recommends;
Contempt of wealth and pleaſure, to appear
To all mankind with hoſpitable cheer.
In after-ages, Arthur taught his Knights
At his Round Table to record their fights,
Cities eraz'd, encampments forc'd in field,
Monſters ſubdued, and hideous tyrants quell'd,
Inſpir'd that Cambrian ſoul which ne'er can
yield.
Then Guy, the pride of Warwick, truly great,
To future Heroes due example ſet,
By his capacious cauldron made appear,
From whence the ſpirits riſe, and ſtrength of war.
The preſent age, to gallantry inclin'd,
Is pleas'd with vaſt improvements of the mind.
He that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er Beef-ſteaks;
His name may be to future times enroll'd
In Eſtcourt's Book *, whoſe Gridiron's fram'd of
Gold.
Scorn not theſe lines, deſign'd to let you know
Profits that from a well-plac'd Table flow.
'Tis a ſage queſtion, if the Art of Cooks
Is lodg'd by Nature, or attain'd by Books:
That man will never frame a noble treat,
Whoſe whole dependence lies in ſome Receipt:
Then by pure Nature every thing is ſpoil'd,
She knows no more than ſtew'd, bak'd, roaſt, and
boil'd.
When Art and Nature join, th' effect will be
Some nice *Ragout*, or charming *Fricaſſee*.
The lad that would his genius ſo advance,
That on the rope he might ſecurely dance,
From tender years enures himſelf to pains,
To Summer's parching heat, and Winter's rains,
And from the fire of Wine and Love abſtains;
No Artiſt can his Hautboy's ſtops command,
Unleſs ſome ſkilful Maſter form his hand:
But Gentry take their Cooks though never tried;
It ſeems no more to them than up and ride.
Preferments granted thus ſhew him a fool,
That dreads a parent's check, or rods at ſchool.
Ox-cheek when hot, and Wardens bak'd, ſome
cry;
But 'tis with an intention men ſhould buy.
Others abound with ſuch a plenteous ſtore,
That, if you 'll let them treat, they 'll aſk no more:

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* That is, "be admitted a member of The "Beef-ſteak Club."—Richard Eſtcourt, who was a Player and Dramatic Writer, is celebrated in the Spectator, as poſſeſſed of a ſprightly wit, and an eaſy and natural politeneſs. His company was much coveted by the great, on account of his qualifications as a boon companion. When the famous Beef-ſteak Club was firſt inſtituted, he had the office of Providore aſſigned him; and, as a mark of diſtinction, uſed to wear a ſmall gridiron of gold hung about his neck with a green ſilk ribband. He died in the year 1713. N.

:he vaſt ambition of their ſoul,
eir Port admir'd, and Table full.
amidſt that cringing fawning crowd,
ſo very much, and laugh ſo loud,
ı ſuch grace his Honour's actions praiſe,
l he fences, dances, ſings, and plays;
his Livery 's rich, his Chariot 's fine,
ice his Meat, and delicate his Wine;
:d thus, how ſhould the Youth deſcry
ineſs of Friendſhip from a Lye?
& with cautious temper when ſincere;
ring Impudence is void of care:
lriſh Funeral appears
f Drabs with mercenary tears;
'inging oft' their hands, with hideous
oan,
: his name for whom they ſeem to groan;
ıl Grief with ſilent ſteps proceeds,
e unfeign'd with inward paſſion bleeds.
:e of Wealth! Were Lords as Butchers
iſe,
n their meat would baniſh all the *Flies!*
ıan Kings, with Wine and maſſy Bowl,
:o the dark receſſes of the ſoul;
aid open, no one might pretend,
man of worth, to be their Friend.
the Gueſts their Patrons undermine;
ler them, for giving them their Wine.
ı have dearly thus companions bought:
theſe inſtructions they 'll be taught,
ead the net, and will themſelves be
ught.
Horace, that great Maſter, now alive,
/ith wit and judgment he 'd contrive.
—Suppoſing that you would rehearſe
d Work, and every Diſh a Verſe;
', "Mend this, and t'other Line, and
is"
rial it were ſtill amiſs,
you give it a new turn of face,
ne Diſh more curious in its place.
fiſt, he would not ſtrive to move
ſo delightful as Self-love.
ould ſubmit our Treats to Criticks' view,
y prudent Cook ſhould read Boſſu.
provides the Meat in ſeaſon fit,
the genius dreſt, its ſauce is Wit.
f for Men, Pudding for Youth and Age,
to the decorum of the Stage.

The Critick ſtrikes out all that is not juſt,
And 'tis ev'n ſo the Butler chips his cruſt.
Poets and Paſtry-cooks will be the ſame,
Since both of them their images muſt frame.
Chimæras from the Poet's fancies flow:
The Cook contrives his ſhapes in real Dough.
When Truth commands, there 's no man can offend,
That with a modeſt love corrects his Friend,
Though 'tis in toaſting Bread, or buttering Peaſe,
So the reproof has temper, kindneſs, eaſe.
But why ſhould we reprove when faults are ſmall?
Becauſe 'tis better to have none at all.
There 's often weight in things that ſeem the leaſt,
And our moſt trifling follies raiſe the jeſt.
'Tis by his cleanlineſs a Cook muſt pleaſe;
A Kitchen will admit of no diſeaſe.
The Fowler and the Huntſman both may run
Amidſt that dirt which he muſt nicely ſhun.
Empedocles, a Sage of old, would raiſe
A Name immortal by unuſual ways;
At laſt his fancies grew ſo very odd,
He thought by *roaſting* to be made a God.
Though fat, he leapt with his unwieldy ſtuff
In Ætna's flames, ſo to have Fire enough.
Were my Cook fat, and I a ſtander-by,
I'd rather than himſelf his Fiſh ſhould fry.
There are ſome perſons ſo exceſſive rude,
That to your private Table they 'll intrude.
In vain you fly, in vain pretend to faſt;
Turn like a Fox, they 'll catch you at the laſt.
You muſt, ſince bars and doors are no defence,
Ev'n quit your houſe as in a peſtilence.
Be quick, nay very quick, or he 'll approach,
And, as you 're ſcampering, ſtop you in your Coach.
Then think of all your ſins, and you will ſee
How right your guilt and puniſhment agree:
Perhaps no tender pity could prevail,
But you would throw ſome debtor into gaol.
Now mark th' effect of this prevailing curſe,
You are detain'd by ſomething that is worſe.
Were it in my election, I ſhould chuſe,
To meet a ravenous Wolf or Bear got looſe.
He 'll eat and talk, and talking ſtill will eat,
No quarter from the Paraſite you 'll get;
But, like a Leech well fix'd, he 'll ſuck what 's good,
And never part till ſatisfied with Blood.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

I MUST communicate my happineſs to you, becauſe you are ſo much my Friend as to rejoice at it. I ſome days ago met with an old Acquaintance, a curious perſon, of whom I enquired if he had ſeen the Book concerning Soups and Sauces. He told me he had; but that he had but a very ſlight view of it, the perſon who was maſter of it not being willing to part with ſo valuable a rarity out of his cloſet. I deſired him to give me what account he could of it. He ſays, that it is a very handſome Octavo; for, ever ſince the days of Ogilby, good paper, and good print, and fine cuts, make a book become ingenious, and brighten up an Author ſtrangely; that there is a copious Index; and at the end a Catalogue of all the Doctor's Works, concerning Cockles, Engliſh Beetles, Snails, Spiders that get up into the air and throw us down Cobwebs, a Monſter vomited up by a Baker, and ſuch like; which, if carefully peruſed, would wonderfully improve us. There is, it ſeems, no manuſcript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; ſo that this impreſſion is from one of Humelbergius, who, as my Friend ſays, he does not believe contrived it himſelf, becauſe the things are ſo very much out of the way, that it is not probable any Learned Man would ſet himſelf ſeriouſly to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the Editor, "That, whatever Manuſcripts there might have been, they muſt have "been extremely vicious and corrupt, as being written out by the Cooks themſelves, "or ſome of their Friends or Servants, who are not always the moſt accurate." And then, as my Friend obſerved, if the Cook had uſed it much, it might be ſullied; the Cook, perhaps, not always licking his fingers when he had occaſion for it. I ſhould think it no improvident matter for the State to order a ſelect Scrivener to tranſcribe Receipts, leſt ignorant women and Houſekeepers ſhould impoſe upon future ages by ill-ſpelt and uncorrected Receipts for potting of Lobſters, or pickling of Turkeys. Cælius Apicius, it ſeems, paſſes for the Author of this Treatiſe; whoſe ſcience, learning, and diſcipline, were extremely contemned, and almoſt abhorred, by Seneca and the Stoicks, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans; and ſo lay neglected till the inferior ages; but then were introduced, as being a help to Phyſick, to which a Learned Author, called Donatus, ſays, that "the Kitchen is a Handmaid." I remember in our days, though we cannot in every reſpect come up to the Ancients, that by a very good Author an old gentleman is introduced as making uſe of three Doctors, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merriman. They are reported to be excellent Phyſicians; and, if kept at a conſtant penſion, their fees will not be very coſtly.

It ſeems, as my Friend has learnt, there were two perſons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the Republick, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny, "to have had a great deal of wit and judgment in all affairs that related to "Eating," and conſequently has his name affixed to many ſorts of Aumulets and Pancakes. Nor were Emperors leſs contributors to ſo great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius Julianus, and Varius Heliogabalus, whoſe Imperial names are prefixed to manifold receipts; the laſt of which Emperors had the peculiar glory of firſt making Sauſages of Shrimps, Crabs, Oyſters, Sprawns, and Lobſters. And theſe Sauſages being mentioned by the Author which the Editor publiſhes, from that and many other arguments the Learned Doctor irrefragably maintains, that the Book, as now printed, could not be tranſcribed till after the time of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the Titles of Apicius and Vitellius, more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, auſtere, and ſolid virtue. And, it ſeems, under his adminiſtration, a perſon that found out a new Soup might have as great a reward as Drake

or Dampier might expect for finding a new Continent. My Friend ſays, the Editor tells us of unheard of-dainties; how, "Æſopus had a ſupper of the tongues of Birds that could ſpeak;" and that "his daughter regaled on Pearls," though he does not tell us how ſhe dreſſed them; how "Hortenſius left ten thouſand Pipes of Wine in "his Cellar, for his Heir's drinking;" how "Vedius Pollio fed his Fiſh-ponds with "Man's Fleſh;" and how "Cæſar bought ſix thouſand weight of Lampreys for his Triumphal Supper." He ſays, the Editor proves equally to a demonſtration, by the proportions and quantities ſet down, and the nauſeouſneſs of the ingredients, that the Dinners of the Emperors were ordered by their Phyſicians; and that the *Recipe* was taken by the Cook, as the Collegiate Doctors would do their Bills, to a modern Apothecary; and that this cuſtom was taken from the Egyptians; and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals over-ran the Weſtern Empire; and that they, by uſe, exerciſe, and neceſſity of abſtinence, introduced the eating of Cheeſe and Veniſon without thoſe additional Sauces, which the Phyſicians of old found out to reſtore the depraved appetites of ſuch great men as had loſt their ſtomachs by an exceſs of luxury. Out of the ruins of Eraſiſtratus's Book of *Endive*, Glaucus, Lorrenſis of *Cow-heel*, Mithæcus of *Hot-pots*, Dionyſius of *Sugar ſops*, Agis of *Pickled Broom-buds*, Epinetus of *Sack-poſſet*, Euthedemus of *Apple-dumplings*, Hegeſippus of *Black-pudding*, Crito of *Sowced Mackarel*, Stephanus of *Lemon-cream*, Archites of *Hog's harſlet*, Aceſtius of *Quince-marmalade*, Hickeſius of *Potted Pigeons*, Diocles of *Sweet-breads*, and Philiſtion of *Oat cakes*, and ſeveral other ſuch Authors, the great Humelbergius compoſed his annotations upon Apicius; whoſe Receipts, when part of Tully, Livy, and Tacitus, have been neglected and loſt, were preſerved in the utmoſt parts of Tranſylvania, for the peculiar palate of the ingenious Editor. Latinus Latinius finds fault with ſeveral diſhes of Apicius, and is pleaſed to ſay they are naufeous; but our Editor defends that great perſon, by ſhewing the difference of our cuſtoms; how Plutarch ſays, "the Ancients uſed no Pepper," whereas all, or at leaſt five or ſix hundred, of Apicius's Delicates were ſeaſoned with it. For we may as well admire that ſome Weſt Indians ſhould abſtain from Salt, as that we ſhould be able to bear the bitterneſs of Hops in our common drink: and therefore we ſhould not be averſe to Rue, Cummin, Parſley-ſeed, Marſh-mallows, or Nettles, with our common Meat; or to have Pepper, Honey, Salt, Vinegar, Raiſins, Muſtard and Oil, Rue, Maſtick, and Cardamums, ſtrown promiſcuouſly over our Dinner when it comes to table. My Friend tells me of ſome ſhort obſervations he made out of the Annotations, which he owes to his memory; and therefore begs pardon if in ſome things he may miſtake, becauſe it is not wilfully, as, that Papirius Petus was the great patron of Cuſtard: that the "*Tetrapharmacon*, a diſh much admired by the Emperors Adrian and Alexander "Severus, was made of Pheaſant, Peacock, a wild Sow's Hock and Udder, with a "Bread Pudding over it; and that the name and reaſon of ſo odd a diſh are to be "ſought for amongſt the Phyſicians."

The Work is divided into Ten Books; of which the Firſt treats of Soups and Pickles, and amongſt other things ſhews that Sauce-pans were tinned before the time of Pliny; that Gordian uſed a glaſs of Bitter in a Morning; that the Ancients ſcalded their Wine; and that burnt Claret, as now practiſed, with Spice and Sugar, is pernicious; that the Adulteration of Wine was as ancient as Cato; that *Brawn* was a Roman Diſh, which Apicius commends as *wonderful*; its Sauce then was Muſtard and Honey, before the frequent uſe of Sugar: nor were Sowced Hogs-feet, Cheeks, and Ears, unknown to thoſe ages. It is very probable, they were not ſo ſuperſtitious as to have ſo great a delicate only at Chriſtmas. It were worth a diſſertation between two learned perſons, ſo it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or whether Cæſar introduced it into Britain: and it is ſtrange he ſhould take no notice of it; whereas he has recorded that they did not eat Hare's fleſh; that the Ancients uſed to *marinate* their Fiſh, by frying them in Oil, and, the moment they were taken out, pouring boiling Vinegar upon them. The Learned Annotator obſerves, that the beſt way of keeping the Liquor in Oyſters

is, by laying the deep ſhell downwards; and by this means Apicius conveyed Oyſters to Tiberius when in Parthia; a noble invention, ſince made uſe of at Colcheſter with moſt admirable ſucceſs! What eſtates might Brawn or Locket have got in thoſe days, when Apicius, only for boiling Sprouts after a new faſhion, deſervedly came into the good graces of Druſus, who then commanded the Roman armies!

The Firſt Book having treated of Sauces or ſtanding Pickles for Reliſh, which are uſed in moſt of the ſucceeding Receipts; the Second has a glorious ſubject, of Sauſages, both with ſkins and without, which contains matters no leſs remarkable than the former. The Ancients that were delicate in their Eating prepared their own Muſhrooms with an Amber, or at leaſt a Silver Knife; where the Annotator ſhews elegantly, againſt Hardouinus, that the whole Knife, and not only the Handle, was of Amber or Silver, leſt the ruſtineſs of an ordinary Knife might prove infectious. This is a nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the Britons, though not very forward in inventions, yet are out-done by no nations in imitation or improvements.

The Third Book is of ſuch Edibles as are produced in Gardens. The Romans uſed *Nitre*, to make their Herbs look green; the Annotator ſhews our Salt-petre at preſent to differ from the ancient *Nitre*. Apicius had a way of mincing them firſt with Oil and Salt, and ſo boiling them; which Pliny commends. But the preſent Receipt is, To let the Water boil well; throw in Salt and a bit of Butter; and ſo not only Sprouts but Spinage will be green. There is a moſt extraordinary obſervation of the Editor's, to which I cannot but agree; that it is a vulgar error, that Walnut-trees, like Ruſſian Wives, thrive the better for being beaten; and that long poles and ſtones are uſed by boys and others to get the fruit down, the Walnut-tree being ſo very high they could not otherwiſe reach it, rather cut of kindneſs to themſelves, than any regard to the Tree that bears it. As for Aſparagus, there is an excellent remark, that, according to Pliny, they were the great care of the ancient Gardeners, and that at Ravenna three weighed a Pound; but that in England it was thought a rarity when a Hundred of them weighed thirty: that Cucumbers are apt to riſe in the Stomach, unleſs pared, or boiled with Oil, Vinegar, and Honey; that the Egyptians would drink hard without any diſturbance, becauſe it was a rule for them to have always boiled Cabbage for their firſt diſh at Supper: that the beſt way to roaſt Onions is in Colewort Leaves, for fear of burning them: that Beets are good for Smiths, becauſe they, working at the fire, are generally coſtive: that Petronius has recorded a little old Woman, who ſold the *Agreſte Olus* of the Ancients; which honour I take to be as much due to thoſe who in our days cry Nettle-tops, Elder-buds, and Cliver, in ſpringtime very wholeſome.

The Fourth Book contains the univerſal Art of Cookery. As Matthæus Sylvaticus compoſed the Pandects of Phyſic, and Juſtinian thoſe of Law; ſo Apicius has done the Pandects of his Art, in this book which bears that inſcription. The Firſt Chapter contains the admirable Receipt of a *Sninacaaby* of Apicius. Bruiſe in a Mortar Parſley-ſeed, dried Peneryal, dried Mint, Ginger, green Coriander, Raiſins ſtoned, Honey, Vinegar, Oil, and Wine; put them into a *Cucabulum*; three Cruſts of Pycentine Bread, the Fleſh of a Pullet, Goat Stones, Veſtine Cheeſe, Pine Kernels, Cucumbers, dried Onions minced ſmall; pour a Soup over it, garniſh it with Snow, and ſend it up in the *Cucabulum*. This *Cucabulum* being an unuſual veſſel, my Friend went to his Dictionary, where, finding an odd interpretation of it, he was eaſily perſuaded, from the whimſicalneſs of the compoſition, and the fantaſticalneſs of Snow for its garniture, that the propereſt veſſel for a Phyſician to preſcribe, to ſend to table upon that occaſion, might be a Bedſpan. There are ſome admirable Remarks in the Annotations to the Second Chapter, concerning the Dialogue of Aſellius Sabinus, who introduces a combat between Muſhrooms, *Oxes*, or *Beccaſico's*, Oyſters, and Redwings; a Work that ought to be publiſhed: for the ſame Annotator obſerves, that this Iſland is not deſtitute of Redwings, though coming to us only in the hardeſt weather, and therefore ſeldom brought fat to our tables; that

he *Chats* come to us in April and breed, and about Autumn return to Africk; that xperience ſhews us they may be kept in cages, fed with Beef or Wether Mutton, Figs, Grapes, and minced Filberds, being dainties not unworthy the care of ſuch as would preſerve our Britiſh diſhes; the firſt delighting in Hodge-podge, Gallimaufreys, Forced Meats, Juſſels, and Salmagundies; the latter in Spear-ribs, Surloins, Chines nd Barons; and thence our terms of Art, both as to Dreſſing and Carving, become ery different; for they, lying upon a ſort of Couch, could not have carved thoſe liſhes which our Anceſtors when they ſat upon Forms uſed to do. But, ſince the ſe of Cuſhions and Elbow-chairs, and the Editions of good Books and Authors, it nay be hoped in time we may come up to them. For indeed hitherto we have been omething to blame; and I believe few of us have ſeen a diſh of Capon-ſtones at table Lamb-ſtones is acknowledged by the learned Annotator that we have): for the art of naking Capons has long been buried in oblivion. Varro, the great Roman Antiquary, ells us how to do it by burning of their ſpurs; which, occaſioning their ſterility, nakes them Capons in effect, though thoſe parts thereby became more large and ender.

The Fifth Book is of Peaſe-porridge; under which are included, Frumetary, Watergruel, Milk-porridge, Rice-milk, Flumary, Stir-about, and the like. The Latin or rather Greek name is *Auſprios*; but my Friend was pleaſed to entitle it *Pantagruel*, a Name uſed by Rabelais, an eminent Phyſician. There are ſome very remarkable things in it; as, The Emperor Julianus had ſeldom any thing but Spoon-meat at Supper: that the Herb Fenugreek, with Pickles, Oil, and Wine, was a Roman Dainty; upon which the Annotator obſerves, that it is not uſed in our Kitchens, for a certain ungrateful bitterneſs that it has; and that it is plainly a Phyſical Diet, that will give a ſtool; and that, mixed with Oats, it is the beſt Purge or Horſes: an excellent invention for frugality, that nothing might be loſt; for what he Lord did not eat, he might ſend to his Stable!

The Sixth Book treats of Wild-fowl; how to dreſs Oſtridges (the biggeſt, groſſeſt, nd moſt difficult of digeſtion, of any Bird), Phœnicoptrices, Parrots, &c.

The Seventh Book treats of things *ſumptuous*. and *coſtly*, and therefore chiefly concerning *Hog meat*; in which the Romans came to that exceſs, that the Laws forbad he uſage of Hogs-harſlet, Sweet-breads, Cheeks, &c. at their public Suppers; and Cato, when Cenſor, ſought to reſtrain the extravagant uſe of Brawn, by ſeveral of his orations. So much regard was had then to the Art of Cookery, that we ſee it took lace in the thoughts of the wiſeſt men, and bore a part in their moſt important ouncils. But, alas! the degeneracy of our preſent age is ſuch, that I believe few eſides the Annotator know the excellency of a Virgin Sow, eſpecially of the *black* kind brought from China; and how to make the moſt of her Liver, Lights, Brains, nd Pettitoes; and to vary her into thoſe fifty diſhes which, Pliny ſays, were uſually nade of that delicious Creature. Beſides, Galen tells us more of its excellencies: 'That fellow that eats Bacon for two or three days before he is to box or wreſtle, 'ſhall be much ſtronger than if he ſhould eat the beſt Roaſt Beef or Bag Pudding 'in the Pariſh."

The Eighth Book treats of ſuch Dainties as *fourfooted* Beaſts afford us; as, 1. the *Wild Boar*, which they uſed to boil with all its briſtles on. 2. The *Deer*, dreſſed with Broth made with Pepper, Wine, Honey, Oil, and ſtewed Damſons, &c. 3. The *Wild Sheep*, of which there are "innumerable in the Mountains of Yorkſhire and 'Weſtmorland, that will let nobody handle them;" but, if they are caught, they are to be ſent up with an "elegant Sauce, preſcribed after a phyſical manner, in form of 'an Electuary, made of Pepper, Rue, Parſley-ſeed, Juniper, Thyme dried, Mint, 'Peneryal, Honey, &c." with which any Apothecary in that country can furniſh you. 4. *Beef*, with Onion Sauce, and commended by Celſus, but not much approved by Hippocrates, becauſe the Greeks ſcarce knew how to *make Oxen*, and *Powdering-tubs* were in very few Families: for Phyſicians have been very peculiar in their Diet in all ages; otherwiſe Galen would ſcarce have found out that young Foxes were in ſeaſon

in Autumn. 5. The *Sucking Pig* boiled in Paper. 6. The *Hare*, the chief of the Roman *dainties*; its Blood being the ſweeteſt of any Animal, its natural fear contributing to that excellence. Though the Emperors and Nobility had Parks to fatten them in; yet in the time of Didianus Julianus, if any one had ſent him one, or a Pig, he would make it laſt him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which muſt have been a great expence, and is very remarkable. But the moſt exquiſite Animal was reſerved for the laſt Chapter; and that was the *Dormouſe*, a harmleſs creature, whoſe innocence might at leaſt have defended it both from Cooks and Phyſicians. But Apicius found out an odd ſort of fate for thoſe poor creatures; ſome to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into *Hog's-gut*, and ſo boiled for Sauſages. In ancient times, people made it their buſineſs to fatten them: Ariſtotle rightly obſerves, that ſleep fattened them; and Martial from thence too poetically tells us that ſleep was their only nouriſhment. But the Annotator has cleared that point; he, good man, has tenderly obſerved one of them for many years, and finds that it does not ſleep all the Winter, as falſely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repaſt then rolls itſelf up in a ball to ſleep. This Dormouſe, according to the Author, did not drink in three years time; but whether other Dormice do ſo, I cannot tell, becauſe Bambouſelbergius's Treatiſe "of Fattening Dormice" is loſt. Though very coſtly, they became a common diſh at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd Receipt for dreſſing them, and ſerving them up with Poppies and Honey; which muſt be a very ſoporiferous dainty, and as good as Owl pye to ſuch as want a nap after dinner. The fondneſs of the Romans came to be ſo exceſſive towards them, that, as Pliny ſays, "the Cenſorian Laws, and Marcus Scaurus in his Conſul-"ſhip, got them prohibited from public entertainments." But Nero, Commodus, and Heliogabalus, would not deny the liberty, and indeed property, of their ſubjects in ſo reaſonable an enjoyment; and therefore we find them long after brought to table in the times of Ammianus Marcellinus, who tells us likewiſe, that "*ſcales* were brought to "table in thoſe ages, to weigh curious Fiſhes, Birds, and Dormice," to ſee whether they were at the ſtandard of excellence and perfection, and ſometimes, I ſuppoſe, to vie with other pretenders to magnificence. The Annotator takes hold of this occaſion, to ſhew "of how great uſe ſcales would be at the tables of our Nobility," eſpecially upon the bringing up of a diſh of Wild-fowl: "For, if twelve Larks (ſays he) ſhould weigh "below twelve ounces, they would be very lean, and ſcarce tolerable; if twelve, and "down-weight, they would be very well; but, if thirteen, they would be fat to per-"fection." We ſee upon how nice and exact a balance the happineſs of Eating depends!

I could ſcarce forbear ſmiling, not to ſay worſe, at ſuch exactneſs and ſuch dainties: and told my Friend, that thoſe ſcales would be of extraordinary uſe at Dunſtable; and that, if the Annotator had not preſcribed his Dormouſe, I ſhould upon the firſt occaſion be glad to viſit it, if I knew its viſiting-days and hours, ſo as not to diſturb it.

My Friend ſaid, there remained but Two Books more, one of Sea and the other of River Fiſh, in the account of which he would not be long, ſeeing his memory began to fail him almoſt as much as my patience.

> "'Tis true, in a long work, ſoft ſlumbers creep,
> "And gently ſink the Artiſt into ſleep*;'

eſpecially when treating of Dormice.

The Ninth Book is concerning Sea Fiſh, where, amongſt other learned Annotations, is recorded that famous Voyage of Apicius, who, having ſpent many millions, and being retired into Campania, heard that there were Lobſters of a vaſt and unuſual bigneſs in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on ſhipboard the ſame day; and, having ſuffered much at ſea, came at laſt to the coaſt. But the fame of ſo great a man's coming had landed before him, and all the Fiſhermen ſailed out to meet him, and preſented

* Art of Cookery, ver. 449.

him with their faireſt Lobſters. He aſked, if they had no larger. They anſwered, "Their ſea produced nothing more excellent than what they had brought." This honeſt freedom of theirs, with his diſappointment, ſo diſguſted him, that he took pet, and bade the Maſter return home again immediately; and ſo, it ſeems, Africa loſt the breed of one monſter more than it had before *. There are many Receipts in the Book, to dreſs Cramp-fiſh, that numb the hands of thoſe that touch them; the Cuttle-fiſh, whoſe blood is like ink; the Pourcontrel, or Many-feet; the Seaurchin, or Hedge-hog; with ſeveral others, whoſe Sauces are agreeable to their natures. But, for the comfort of us Moderns, the Ancients often ate their Oyſters alive, and ſpread hard Eggs minced over their Sprats as we do now over our Salt-fiſh. There is one thing very curious concerning Herrings: It ſeems, the Ancients were very fantaſtical, in making one thing paſs for another; ſo, at Petronius's Supper, the Cook ſent up a fat Gooſe, Fiſh, and Wild-fowl of all ſorts to appearance, but ſtill all were made out of the ſeveral parts of one ſingle Porker. The great Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, had a very delightful deception of this nature put upon him by his Cook: the King was extremely affected with freſh Herrings; (as indeed who is not?) but, being far up in Aſia from the ſea-coaſt, his whole wealth could not have purchaſed one; but his Cook contrived ſome ſort of meat, which, put into a frame, ſo reſembled a Herring, that it was extremely ſatisfactory both to this Prince's eyes and *guſto*. My Friend told me, that, to the honour of the City of London, he had ſeen a thing of this nature there; that is, a Herring, or rather a Salmogundy, with the head and tail ſo neatly laid, that it ſurprized him. He ſays, many of the *ſpecies* may be found at the Sugar Loaf in Bell Yard, as giving an excellent reliſh to Burton Ale, and not coſting above ſix-pence, an inconſiderable price for ſo imperial a dainty!

The Tenth Book, as my Friend tells me, is concerning *Fiſh Sauces*, which conſiſt of variety of ingredients, amongſt which is generally a kind of Frumetary. But it is not to be forgotten by any perſon who would boil Fiſh exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at preſent is ſaid to be a Dutch Receipt, but was derived from the Romans. It ſeems, Seneca the Philoſopher (a man from whoſe moroſe temper little good in the Art of Cookery could be expected), in his Third Book of Natural Queſtions, correcting the luxury of the times, ſays, the Romans were come to that daintineſs, that they would not eat a Fiſh unleſs upon the ſame day it was taken, "that "it might taſte of the Sea," as they expreſſed it; and therefore had them brought by perſons who rode poſt, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to give them the road. It was an uſual expreſſion for a Roman to ſay, "In other "matters I may confide in you; but in a thing of this weight, it is not conſiſtent with "my gravity and prudence. I will truſt nothing but my own eyes. Bring the Fiſh "hither, let me ſee him breathe his laſt." And, when the poor Fiſh was brought to table ſwimming and gaſping, would cry out, "Nothing is more beautiful than a dying "Mullet!" My Friend ſays, the Annotator looks upon theſe "as jeſts made by the "Stoicks, and ſpoken abſurdly and beyond nature;" though the Annotator at the ſame time tells us, that it was a law at Athens, that the Fiſhermen ſhould not waſh their Fiſh, but bring them as they came out of the ſea. Happy were the Athenians in good Laws, and the Romans in great Examples! But I believe our Britons need wiſh their Friends no longer life, than till they ſee London ſerved with live Herrings and gaſping Mackarel. It is true, we are not quite ſo barbarous but that we throw our Crabs alive into ſcalding water, and tie our Lobſters to the ſpit to hear them ſqueak when they are roaſted; our Eels uſe the ſame periſtaltic motion upon the gridiron, when their ſkin is off and their guts are out, as they did before; and our Gudgeons, taking opportunity of jumping after they are flowered, give occaſion to the admirable remark of ſome perſons' folly, when, to avoid the danger of the frying-pan, they leap into the fire. My Friend ſaid, that the mention of Eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the Annotator, "That they who amongſt the Sybarites would fiſh for Eels, or ſell them,

* Lord Lyttleton's Nineteenth "Dialogue of the Dead" (perhaps the moſt humourous in that admirable collection) ſeems to have been entirely founded on the hints ſuggeſted by Dr. King. N.

"should be free from all taxes." I was glad to hear of the word *conclude*; and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the mention of the Sybarites, of whom I shortly intend a History, shewing how they deservedly banished Cocks for waking them in a morning, and Smiths for being useful; how one cried out because one of the Rose-leaves he lay on was rumpled; how they taught their Horses to dance; and so their enemies, coming against them with *guitars* and *harpsichords*, set them so upon their *Round O's* and *Minuets*, that the form of their battle was broken, and three hundred thousand of them slain, as Gouldman, Littleton, and several other good Authors, affirm. I told my Friend, I had much overstayed my hour; but if, at any time, he would find Dick Humelbergius, Caspar Barthius, and another Friend, with himself, I would invite him to dinner of a few but choice Dishes to cover the Table at once, which, except they would think of any thing better, should be a Salacacaby, a Dish of Fenugreek, a Wild-sheep's head and appurtenance with a suitable Electuary, a *ragout* of Capon's Stones, and some Dormouse Sausages.

If, as Friends do with one another at a Venison-pasty, you should send for a plate, you know you may command it; for what is mine is yours, as being entirely your, &c.

THE

ART OF LOVE:

IN IMITATION OF

OVID DE ARTE AMANDI.

BY W. KING, LL. D.

The virtuous diſpoſition of our Author is no where more remarkably diſtinguiſhed than in this piece; wherein both the ſubject and the example ſo naturally lead into ſome leſs chaſte images, ſome looſer love which ſtands in need of a remedy. BIOG. BRIT.

TO THE

LORD HERBERT*,

Eldeſt Son of his Excellency the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery; Baron Herbert of Caerdiff, Roſs of Kendal, Parr, Fitzhugh Marmion, St. Quintin, and Herbert of Shutland; Knight of the Garter, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

THE following lines are written on a ſubject that will naturally be protected by the goodneſs and temper of your Lordſhip: for, as the advantages of your mind nd perſon muſt kindle the flames of Love in the coldeſt breaſt; ſo you are of an age oſt ſuſceptible of them in your own. You have acquired all thoſe accompliſhments t home, which others are forced to ſeek abroad; and have given the world aſſurance, y ſuch beginnings, that you will ſoon be qualified to fill the higheſt Offices of the rown with the ſame univerſal applauſe that has conſtantly attended your illuſtrious ather in the diſcharge of them. For the good of your Poſterity, may you ever be appy in the choice of what you love! And though theſe rules will be of ſmall uſe o you that can frame much better; yet let me beg leave that, by dedicating them o your ſervice, I may have the honour of telling the world, that I am obliged to your ordſhip; and that I am moſt entirely

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt faithful humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

* Henry Lord Herbert ſucceeded to his father's titles in 1732, and died in 1749. N.

PREFACE.

IT is endeavoured, in the following Poems, to give the Readers of both ſex ideas of the Art of Love; ſuch a Love as is innocent and virtuous, and deſires terminate in preſent happineſs and that of poſterity. It would be in think of doing it without help from the Ancients, amongſt whom none has touch paſſion more tenderly and juſtly than Ovid. He knew that he bore the maſte that Art; and therefore, in the Fourth Book De Triſtibus, when he would gi account of himſelf to future ages, he calls himſelf "Tenerorum Luſor Amorum, he gloried principally in the deſcriptions he had made of that paſſion.

The preſent imitation of him is at leaſt ſuch a one as Mr. Dryden mentions, "an endeavour of a later Poet to write like one who has written before him "ſame ſubject; that is, not to tranſlate his words, or be confined to his ſenſe, t "to ſet him as a pattern, and to write as he ſuppoſes that Author would hav "had he lived in our age and in our country. But he dares not ſay that Sir Jol "ham*, or Mr. Cowley, have carried this Libertine way, as the latter calls it "as this definition reaches." But, alas! the preſent Imitator has come up t not perhaps exceeded it. Sir John Denham had Virgil, and Mr. Cowley had to deal with, who both wrote upon laſting foundations: but the preſent ſubject Love, it would be unreaſonable to think of too great a confinement to be lai And though the paſſion and grounds of it will continue the ſame through all ag there will be many little modes, faſhions, and graces, ways of complaiſance a dreſs, entertainments and diverſions, which time will vary. Since the world pect new things, and perſons will write, and the Ancients have ſo great a Learning; whom can the Moderns take better to copy than ſuch originals? It likely they may not come up to them; but it is a thouſand to one but their imit better than any clumſy invention of their own. Whoever undertakes this way o ing, has as much reaſon to underſtand the true ſcope, genius, and force of the ſions of his Author, as a literal Tranſlator: and, after all, he lies under this tune, that the faults are all his own; and, if there is any thing that may ſeem p able, the Latin † at the bottom ſhews to whom he is engaged for it. An Imitat his Author ſtand much upon the ſame terms as Ben does with his Father in the Com

"What thof he be my Father, I an't bound Prentice to 'en."

There were many reaſons why the Imitator tranſpoſed ſeveral Verſes of Ovid, a divided the whole into Fourteen Parts, rather than keep it in Three Books. may be too tedious to be recited; but, among the reſt, ſome were, that matters ſame ſubject might lie more compact; that too large a heap of precepts together appear too burthenſome; and therefore (if ſmall matters may allude to grea Virgil in his "Georgicks," ſo here moſt of the parts end with ſome remarkable which carries with it ſome Moral: yet, if any perſons pleaſe to take the Six firſt as the Firſt Book, and divide the Eight laſt, they may make Three Books of them There have by chance ſome twenty lines crept into the Poem out of the "Rem "Love," which (as inanimate things are generally the moſt wayward and prow ſince they would ſtay, have been ſuffered to ſtand there. But as for the Lov mentioned, it being all prudent, honourable, and virtuous, there is no need of a medy to be preſcribed for it, but the ſpeedy obtaining of what it deſires. Shou Imitator's ſtyle ſeem not to be ſufficiently reſtrained, ſhould he not have afforded for review or correction, let it be conſidered, that perhaps even in that he deſi imitate his Author, and would not peruſe them; leſt, as ſome of Ovid's Works ſo theſe might be committed to the flames. But he leaves that for the Reader if he pleaſes, when he has bought them.

* Dryden alludes to "The Deſtruction of Troy, &c." N.

† In the firſt editions of the "Art of Cookery," and of the "Art of Love," Dr. King the original under the reſpective pages of his tranſlations. N.

‡ Congreve's Love for Love. N.

THE

T OF LOVE.

PART I.

VER knows not what it is TO LOVE,
him but read theſe verſes, and improve.
are rul'd by art, and oars, and ſails:
our chariots; Wit o'er Love prevails.
with reins let looſe could fly;
Argo's ſhip cut waves and ſky.
irs I 'm charioteer of Truth,
ilot to incautious youth.
unruly, eager to enjoy;
nſider he is but a boy.
pleaſing harp Achilles tam'd,
gh manners with ſoft muſick fram'd:
'd in council ſtorm, in battle rage,
ecret reverence for age.
mand with ſtrict obedience ties
grm by which brave Hector dies:
task, but fiercer Love is mine:
re boys, and ſprung from race divine.
k'd bull does to the yoke ſubmit,
ſt fiery courſer champs the bit.
ll yield. I own, I 've been his ſlave;
'd where my enemy was brave:
darts his flames without a wound,
whiſtling arrows die in ſound.
aiſe my fame by hidden art;
ach, ſound reaſon ſhall have part:
paſſion cannot be deſtroy'd,
n Virtue's path when well employ'd.
ill be convenient to remove
and plagues of vulgar love.
Chaſtity, grave matron's pride,
wiſh, and bluſhes of a bride,
Work; ſo guard it, that no rhyme
r thought may vent a crime!
, that Love's armour would defy,
greateſt courage is to fly:
y's amorous glances parley beat,
iqueſt then is to retreat:
reacherous Fair pretend to yield,
death unleſs you quit the field.
and vanity would make you range,
ne beauty may prevent your change:
falling ſkies are never caught;
s is found but what is ſought.
an learns where does trip o'er the
,
the foaming boar ſecures his brawn.
low-bell robs the lark of ſleep;
o hope for fiſh muſt ſearch the deep:
t fuel ſeeks for chaſte deſire,
where Virtue may that flame inſpire.
arts there is no need to roam:
may be met with nearer home.
me, others from neighbouring France,
ſkins, and puppets that can dance.
Britiſh Empire does contain
o'er the conquer'd globe will reign.
elds with plenty bleſs the ſight,
ilky way adorns the night;

So *that* does with thoſe graceful nymphs abound,
Whoſe dove-like ſoftneſs is with roſes crown'd.
There tendereſt blooms inviting ſoftneſs ſpread,
Whilſt by their ſmalleſt twine the captive 's led.
There youth advanc'd in majeſty does ſhine,
Fit to be mother to a race divine.
No age in matrons, no decay appears;
By prudence only there you gueſs at years.
Sometimes you 'll ſee theſe Beauties ſeek the ſhade,
By lofty trees in royal gardens made;
Or at St. James's, where a noble care
Makes all things pleaſing like himſelf appear;
Or Kenſington, ſweet air and bleſt retreat
Of him, that owns a Sovereign, though moſt great *.
Sometimes in wilder groves, by chariots drawn,
They view the noble ſtag and tripping fawn.
On Hyde-Park's circles if you chance to gaze,
The lights revolving ſtrike you with amaze.
To Bath and Tunbridge they ſometimes retreat,
With waters to diſpel the parching heat:
But youth with reaſon there may oft' admire
That which may raiſe in him a nobler fire;
Till the kind Fair relieves what he endures,
Caus'd at that water which all others cures.
Sometimes at marriage rites you may eſpy
Their charms protected by a mother's eye,
Where to bleſt muſick they in dances move,
With innocence and grace commanding love.
But yearly when that ſolemn night returns,
When grateful incenſe on the altar burns,
For cloſing the moſt glorious day e'er ſeen,
That firſt gave light to happy Britain's Queen;
Then is the time for noble youth to try
To make his choice with a judicious eye.
Not truth of foreign realms, not fables told
Of Nymphs ador'd, and Goddeſſes of old,
Equal thoſe beauties who that circle frame;
A ſubject fit for never-dying fame:
Whoſe gold, pearl, diamonds, all around them thrown,
Yet ſtill can add no luſtre to their own.
But when their Queen does to the Senate go,
And they make up the grandeur of the ſhow;
Then guard your hearts, ye makers of our laws,
For fear the judge be forc'd to plead his cauſe;
Leſt the ſubmiſſive part ſhould fall to you,
And they who ſuppliants help be forc'd to ſue.
Then may their yielding hearts compaſſion take,
And grant your wiſhes, for your country's ſake:
Eaſe to their beauties' wounds may goodneſs give;
And, ſince you make all happy, let you live.
Sometimes theſe Beauties on Newmarket plains,
Ruling their gentle pads with ſilken reins,

* George Prince of Denmark, conſort to the Queen, greatly admired theſe fine gardens.—They were purchaſed by King William from Lord Chancellor Finch; were enlarged by Queen Mary; and improved by Queen Anne, who was ſo pleaſed with the place, that ſhe frequently ſupped during the ſummer in the Green-houſe. Queen Caroline extended the gardens to their preſent ſize, three miles and a half in compaſs. N.

Behold the conflicts of the generous ſteeds,
Sprung from true blood, and well-atteſted breeds.
There youth may juſtly with diſcerning eye
Through riding Amazonian habit ſpy
That which his ſwifteſt courſer cannot fly.
It is no treacherous or baſe piece of art,
T'approve the ſide with which the Fair takes part:
For equal paſſion equal minds will ſtrike,
Either in commendation or diſlike.
For, when two fencers ready ſtand to fight,
And we're ſpectators of the bloody fight,
Our nimble paſſion Love has ſoon deſign'd
The man to whom we muſt and will be kind.
We think the other is not fit to win:
This is our conqueror ere fight begin.
If danger dares approach him, how we ſtart!
Our frighted blood runs trembling to our heart:
He takes the wounds, but we endure the ſmart.
And Nature by ſuch inſtances does prove,
That we fear moſt for that which moſt we love.
Therefore, if chance ſhould make her ſaddle ſlide,
Or any thing ſhould ſlip, or be untied,
Oh, think it not a too officious care
With eagerneſs to run and help the Fair.
We offer ſmall things to the powers above?
'Tis not our merit that obtains their love.
So when Eliza, whoſe propitious days
Revolving Heaven does ſeem again to raiſe;
Whoſe ruling genius ſhew'd a maſter-ſtroke
In every thing ſhe did, and all ſhe ſpoke;
Was ſtepping o'er a paſſage, which the rain
Had fill'd, and ſeem'd as ſtepping back again;
Young Raleigh ſcorn'd to ſee his Queen retreat,
And threw his velvet-cloak beneath her feet.
The queen approv'd the thought, and made him great *.
Mark when the Queen her thanks divine would give
Midſt acclamations, that ſhe *long may live*;
To whom kind Heaven the bleſſing has beſtow'd,
To let her arms ſucceed for Europe's good;
No tyranny throughout the triumph reigns,
Nor are the captives dragg'd with ponderous chains;
But all declare the Britiſh ſubjects' eaſe,
And that their war is for their neighbours' peace.
Then, whilſt the pomp of Majeſty proceeds
With ſtately ſteps, and eight well-choſen ſteeds,
From every palace Beauties may be ſeen,
That will acknowledge none but Her for Queen.
Then, if kind chance a lovely Maid has thrown
Next to a Youth with graces like her own,
Much ſhe would learn, and many queſtions aſk;
The anſwers are the Lover's pleaſing taſk.
" Is that the *man* who made the French to fly?
" What place is Blenheim? is the Danube nigh?
" Where was't that he with ſword victorious ſtood,
" And made their trembling ſquadrons chuſe the flood?
" What is the *gold* adorns this royal ſtate?
" Is it not hammer'd all from Vigo's plate?
" Don't it require a moſt prodigious care
" To manage treaſures in the height of war?
" Muſt he not be of calmeſt truth poſſeſt,
" Preſides o'er councils of the Royal breaſt?
" Sea-fights are ſurely diſmal ſcenes of war!
" Pray, Sir, were ever you at Gibraltar?
" Has not the Emperor got ſome Envoy here?
" Won't Daniſh, Swediſh, Pruſſian Lords appear?
" Who repreſents the Line of Hanover?
" Don't The States General aſſiſt them all?
" Should we not be in danger, if they fall?
" If Savoy's Duke and Prince Eugene could meet
" In this ſolemnity, 'twould be complete.
" Think you that Barcelona could have ſtood
" Without the hazard of our nobleſt blood?
" At Ramilies what enſigns did you get?
" Did many towns in Flanders then ſubmit?
" Was it the Conqueror's buſineſs to deſtroy,
" Or was he met by all of them with joy?
" Oh, could my wiſh but fame eternal give,
" The laurel on thoſe brows ſhould ever live!"
The Britiſh worth in nothing need deſpair,
When it has ſuch aſſiſtance from the Fair.
As Virtue merits, it expects regard:
And Valour flies, where Beauty 's the reward.

* Sir Walter Raleigh is well known to have been indebted to this little mark of gallantry for his riſe at court. N.

PART II.

IN Love-affairs the Theatre has part,
That wiſe and moſt inſtructing ſcene of art,
Where Vice is puniſh'd with a juſt reward,
And Virtue meets with ſuitable regard;
Where mutual Love and Friendſhip find return,
But treacherous Inſolence is hiſs'd with ſcorn,
And Love's unlawful wiles in torment burn.
This without bluſhes whilſt a virgin ſees,
Upon ſome brave ſpectator Love may ſeize,
Who, till *ſhe* ſends it, never can have eaſe.
As things that were the beſt at firſt
By their corruption grow the worſt;
The modern Stage takes liberties
Unſeen by our forefathers' eyes.
As bees from hive, from mole-hill ants;
So ſwarm the females and gallants,
All crowding to the Comedy,
For to be ſeen, and not to ſee.
But, though theſe females are to blame,
Yet ſtill they have ſome native ſhame:
They all are ſilent till they 're aſk'd;
And ev'n their impudence is maſk'd:
For Nature would be modeſt ſtill,
And there's reluctancy in will.
Sporting and Plays had harmleſs been,
And might by any one be ſeen,
Till Romulus began to ſpoil them,
Who kept a Palace, call'd Asylum;
Where Baſtards, Pimps, and Thieves, and Pandars,
Were lifted all to be commanders.
But then the raſcals were ſo poor,
They could not change a Rogue for Whore;

neighbouring Jades reſolv'd to tarry,
:r than with ſuch Scrubs they 'd marry.
for to cheat them, and be wiv'd,
knaviſhly a farce contriv'd.
ilded pillars there were ſeen,
was the cloth they trod on green.
ſhoſts came from the cellar crying,
Angels from the garret flying.
Houſe was made of ſticks and buſhes,
all the Floor was ſtrew'd with ruſhes:
Seats were rais'd with turf and ſods,
nce Heroes might be view'd, and Gods.
and Helen was the Play,
how both of them ran away.
ulus bade his varlets go
e the Sabines to his ſhow.
this Opera no rate is;
all were free to come in *gratis*:
they, as girls will ſeldom miſs
erry meeting, came to this.
'e was much wiſhing, ſighing, thinking,
without whiſpering, and winking.
r pipes had then no ſhaking touch:
r ſong and dance were like the Dutch:
whole performance was by men,
uſe they had no Eunuchs then.
whilſt the muſick briſkly play'd,
ulus at his cue diſplay'd,
ſign for each man to his maid.
izza!" they cry; then ſeize: ſome tremble
al fact, though moſt diſſemble.
: are attempting an eſcape,
others ſoftly cry, "A rape!"
lſt ſome bawl out, "That they had rather
ıan twenty pound loſe an old father."
ook extremely pale, and others red,
wiſh they 'd ne'er been born, or now
were dead,
hers fairly wiſh themſelves a-bed.
: rant, tear, run; whilſt ſome ſit ſtill,
v they 're raviſh'd much againſt their will.
: Rome began; and now at laſt,
r ſo many ages paſt,
r rapes and lewdneſs without ſhame;
r vice and villainy's the ſame.
ıeir fate who would corrupt the Stage,
oil the true corrector of the age!

PART III.

V learn thoſe arts which teach you to obtain
ɔeauties which you ſee divinely reign.
ıgh they by Nature are tranſcendent bright,
ould be ſeen ev'n through the gloom of night;
:y their greateſt luſtre ſtill diſplay,
meridian pitch of calmeſt day.
:n we purple view, and coſtly gem,
ith more admiration gaze on them.
ſeek the dark; they who by moon-light woo,
nd their Fair-one as inconſtant too.
n Modeſty ſupported is by Truth,
is a boldneſs that becomes your youth.

In gentle ſounds diſcloſe a Lover's care,
'Tis better than your ſighing and deſpair.
Birds may abhor their groves, the flocks the plain,
The Hare grown bold may face the Dogs again,
When Beauty don't in Virtue's arms rejoice,
Since Harmony in Love is Nature's voice.
But harden'd Impudence ſometimes will try
At things which Juſtice cannot but deny.
Then, what that ſays is Inſolence and Pride,
Is Prudence, with firm Honour for its guide.
The Lady's counſels often are betray'd
By truſting ſecrets to a ſervile Maid,
The whole intrigues of whoſe inſidious brain
Are baſe, and only terminate in gain.
Let them take care of too diffuſive mirth;
Suſpicions thence, and thence attempts, take birth.
Had Ilium been with gravity employ'd,
By Sinon's craft it had not been deſtroy'd.
A vulgar air, mean ſongs, and free diſcourſe,
With fly inſinuations, may prove worſe
To tender Females than the Trojan Horſe.
Take care how you from Virtue ſtray;
For Scandal follows the ſame way,
And more than Truth it will deviſe.
Old Poets did delight in lies,
Which modern ones now call *ſurprize*.
Some ſay that Myrrha lov'd her Father,
That Byblis lik'd her Brother rather.
And in ſuch tales old Greece did glory:
Amongſt the which, pray take this Story.
Crete was an Iſle, whoſe fruitful nations
Swarm'd with an hundred corporations,
And there upon Mount Ida ſtood
A venerable ſpacious wood,
Within whoſe centre was a grove
Immortalized by birth of Jove:
In vales below a Bull was fed,
Whom all the Kine obey'd as head;
Betwixt his horns a tuft of black did grow,
But all the reſt of him was driven ſnow.
(Our tale to truth does not confine us.)
At the ſame time one Juſtice Minos,
That liv'd hard-by, was married lately;
And, that his bride might ſhew more ſtately,
When through her pedigree he run,
Found ſhe was daughter to the Sun.
Her name Paſiphaë was hight,
And, as her Father, ſhe was bright.
This Lady took up an odd fancy,
That with this Bull ſhe fain would dance ye.
She'd mow him graſs, and cut down boughs,
On which his ſtatelineſs might browſe.
Whilſt thus ſhe hedges breaks and climbs,
Sure Minos muſt have happy times!
She never car'd for going fine,
She'd rather trudge among the Kine.
Then at her Toilet ſhe would ſay,
"Methinks I look *bizarre* to-day.
"Surely my glaſs lies, I'm not ſo fair:
"Oh, were this face o'ergrown with hair!
"I never was for top-knots born;
"My favourites ſhould each be horn.
"But now I'm liker to a Sow
"Than, what I wiſh to be, a Cow—
"What would I give that I could lough!

"My Bull-y cares for none of thoſe
"That are afraid to ſpoil their cloaths:
"Did he but love me, he'd not fail
"To take me with my draggle-tail."
Then tears would fall, and then ſhe'd run,
As would the Devil upon Dun.
When ſhe ſome handſome Cow did ſpy,
She'd ſcan her form with jealous eye;
Say, "How ſhe friſks it o'er the plain,
"Runs on, and then turns back again!
"She ſeems a Bear reſolv'd to prance,
"Or a She-aſs that tries to dance.
"In vain ſhe thinks herſelf ſo fine:
"She can't pleaſe Bull-y, for he's mine.
"But 'tis revenge alone aſſuages
"My envy when the paſſion rages.
"Here, Raſcal, quickly yoke that Cow,
"And ſee the ſhrivel'd carrion plough.
"But ſecond counſel's beſt: ſhe dies:
"I'll make immediate ſacrifice,
"And with the victim feaſt my eyes.
"'Tis thus my Rivals I'll remove
"Who interpoſe 'twixt me and what I love.
"So in Egypt 's worſhip'd now,
"Since Jove tranſform'd her to a Cow.
"'Twas on a Bull Europa came
"To that bleſt land which bears her name.
"Who knows what Fate 's ordain'd for me
"The languiſhing Paſiphaë,
"Had I a Bull as kind as ſhe!"
When madneſs rages with unuſual fire,
'Tis not in Nature's power to quench deſire;
Then Vice tranſforms man's reaſon into beaſt,
And ſo the monſter's made the Poet's jeſt.

PART IV.

LET Youth avoid the noxious heat of Wine:
Bacchus to Cupid bears an ill deſign.
The grape, when ſcatter'd on the wings of Love,
So clogs the down, the feathers cannot move.
The boy, who otherwiſe would fleeting ſtray,
Reels, tumbles, lies, and is enforc'd to ſtay.
Then courage riſes, when the ſpirit 's fir'd,
And rages to poſſeſs the thing deſir'd:
Care vaniſhes through the exalted blood,
And ſorrow paſſes in the purple flood;
Laughter proceeds; nor can he want a ſoul,
Whoſe thoughts in fancied heaps of plenty roll.
Uncommon freedom lets the lips impart
Plain ſimple truth from a diſſembling heart.
Then to ſome wanton paſſion he muſt run,
Which his diſcreeter hours would gladly ſhun;
Where he the time in thoughtleſs eaſe may paſs,
And write his *billet-doux* upon the glaſs;
Whilſt ſinking eyes with languiſhment profeſs
Follies his tongue refuſes to confeſs.
Then his good nature will take t'other ſup,
If ſhe'll firſt kiſs, that he may kiſs the cup.
Then ſomething nice and coſtly he could eat,
Suppoſing ſtill that ſhe will carve the meat.
But, if a Brother or a Huſband 's by,
Whom the ill-natur'd world may call a ſpy,
He thinks it not below him to pretend
The open-heartedneſs of a true friend;
Gives him reſpect ſurpaſſing his degree:
The perſon that is meant by all is ſhe.
'Tis thought the ſafeſt way to hide a paſſion,
And therefore call'd the friendſhip now in faſhion
By ſecret ſigns and enigmatic ſtealth,
She is the toaſt belongs to every health:
And all the Lover's buſineſs is to keep
His thoughts from anger, and his eyes from ſleep
He 'll laugh ye, dance ye, ſing ye, vault, be gay,
And ruffle all the Ladies in his play.
But ſtill the Gentleman 's extremely fine;
There 's nothing apiſh in him but the wine.
Many a mortal has been bit
By marrying in the drunken fit.
To lay the matter plain before ye,
Pray hearken whilſt I tell my ſtory.
It happen'd about break of day
Gnoſſis a girl had loſt her way,
And wander'd up and down the Strand,
Whereabouts now York Buildings ſtand:
And half-awak'd ſhe roar'd as bad
As if ſhe really had been mad;
Unlac'd her boddice, and her gown
And petticoats hung dangling down:
Her ſhoes were ſlipt, her ancles bare,
And all around her flew her yellow hair.
Oh, cruel Theſeus! can you go,
And leave your little Gnoſſis ſo?
Yon in your ſcull' did promiſe carriage,
And gave me proofs of future marriage;
But then laſt night away did creep,
And baſely left me faſt aſleep.
Then ſhe is falling in a fit:
But don't grow uglier one bit.
The flood of tears rather ſupplies
The native rheum about her eyes.
The bubbles then are beat again:
Women in paſſion feel no pain.
What will become of me? oh, what
Will come of me? oh, tell me that!
Bacco was Drawer at the Sun,
And had his belly like his tun:
For blubber-lips and cheeks all bloated,
And friz'zled pate, the youth was noted.
He, as his cuſtom was, got drunk,
And then went ſtrolling for a punk.
Six links and lanterns, 'cauſe 'twas dark wet,
He preſs'd from Covent-Garden Market.
Then his next captives were the Waits,
Who play'd leſt he ſhould break their pates.
But, as long in ſtate he paſſes,
He met a fellow driving aſſes:
For there are ſeveral folks, whoſe trade is
To milk them for conſumptive ladies.
Nothing would ſerve but get aſtride,
And the old Bell-man too muſt ride.
What with their hooting ſhouting yell,
The ſcene had ſomething in 't of hell.
And who ſhould all this rabble meet,
But Gnoſſy drabbling in the ſtreet?
The fright deſtroy'd her ſpeech and colour,
And all remembrance of her ſculler.
Her conduct thrice bade her be flying:
Her fears thrice hinder'd her from trying.

Like bullruſhes on ſide of brook,
Or aſpin leaves, her joints all ſhook.
Bacco cry'd out, "I'm come, my dear;
"I 'll ſoon diſperſe all thoughts of fear:
"Nothing but joys ſhall revel here."
Then, hugging her in brawny arm,
Proteſted, "She ſhould have no harm:
"But rather would aſſure her, he
"Rejoic'd in opportunity
"Of meeting ſuch a one as ſhe:
"And that, encircled all around
"With glaſs and candles many a pound,
"She ſhould with bells command the bar,
"And call her rooms Sun, Moon, and Star:
"That the good company were met,
"And ſhould not want a wedding treat."
In ſhort, they married, and both made ye,
He a free Landlord, ſhe a kind Landlady.
The Spartan Lords their Villains would invite
To an exceſs of drink in children's ſight.
The parents thus their innocence would ſave,
And to the load of Wine condemn the ſlave.

PART V.

THE ſeaſon muſt be mark'd for nice addreſs:
A grant ill-tim'd will make the favour leſs.
Not the wiſe Gardener more diſcretion needs
To manage tender plants and hopeful ſeeds,
To know when rain, when warmth, muſt guard his flowers,
Than Lovers do to watch their moſt auſpicious hours.
As the judicious pilot views from far
The influences of each riſing ſtar,
Where ſigns of future calms or ſtorms appear,
When fitting to be bold, and when to fear;
So Love's attendant by long art deſcries
The riſe of growing paſſion from the eyes.
Love has its Feſtival as well as Faſt,
Nor does its Carnival for ever laſt.
What was a viſit, now is to intrude;
What 's civil now, to-morrow will be rude.
Small ſigns denote great things: the happy man
That can retrieve a Glove, or falling Fan,
With grateful joy the benefit receives,
Whilſt with deſponding care his Rival grieves.
Whene'er it may ſeem proper you ſhould write,
Let Ovid the prevailing words indite:
By Scrope *, by Duke, by Mulgrave, then be taught,
And Dryden's equal numbers tune your thought.

Submiſſive voice and words do beſt agree
To their hard fortune who muſt ſuppliants be.
It was by ſpeech like this great Priam won
Achilles' ſoul, and ſo obtain'd his ſon.
Hope is an uſeful Goddeſs in your caſe,
And will increaſe your ſpeed in Cupid's race.
Though in its promiſes it fail ſometimes,
Yet with freſh reſolution ſtill it climbs,
Though much is loſt at play; yet Hope at laſt
Drives on, and meets with ſome ſucceſsful caſt.
Why then make haſte; on paper ting'd with gold,
By quill of dove, thy love-ſick tale unfold.
Move ſprightly, knowing 'tis for life you puſh:
Your Letter will not, though yourſelf might bluſh.
'Tis no ignoble maxim I would teach
The Britiſh Youth—to ſtudy rules of ſpeech:
That governs cities, that enacts our laws,
Gives ſecret ſtrength to juſtice in a cauſe.
To that the crowd, the judge, the ſenate, yield:
'Gainſt that ev'n Beauty can't maintain the field.
Conceal your art, and let your words appear
Common, not vulgar; not too plain, though clear.
Shew not your eloquence at the firſt ſight;
But from your ſhade riſe by degrees of light.
Dreſs thoughts as if Love's ſilence firſt were broke,
And wounded heart with trembling paſſion ſpoke.
Suppoſe that your firſt Letter is ſent back;
Yet ſhe may yield upon the next attack.
If not; by art a Diamond rough in hue
Shall brighten up all-glorious to the view.
Soft water-drops the marble will deſtroy,
And ten years' ſiege prove conqueror of Troy.
Suppoſe ſh' has read, but then no anſwer gave:
It is ſufficient ſhe admits her ſlave.
Write on; for time the freedom may obtain
Of having mutual love ſent back again.
Perhaps ſhe writes, but 'tis to bid you ceaſe,
And that your lines but diſcompoſe her peace;
This is a ſtratagem of Cupid's war:
She 'd, like a Parthian, wound you from afar,
And by this art your conſtancy would try:
She 's neareſt much when ſeeming thus to fly.
Purſue the fair diſdain through every place
That with her preſence ſhe vouchſafes to grace.
If to the Play ſhe goes, be there, and ſee
How Love rewarded makes the Comedy.
Fly to the Park, if thither ſhe 'd retire;
Perhaps ſome gentle breeze may fan the fire.
But if to Court, then follow, where you 'll find
Majeſtic Truth with ſacred Hymen join'd.
It is in vain ſome ſtudy to profeſs
Their inclination by too nice a dreſs,
As not content with manly cleanlineſs.
Mien, ſhape, or manner, no addition needs:
There 's ſomething careleſs that all art exceeds.
Adonis from his lonely ſolitudes,
Rough Theſeus landing from the briny floods,
Hippolitus freſh hunting from the woods,
O'er Heroines of race divine prevail'd,
Where powder'd wig and ſnuff-box might have fail'd.

* Sir Car Scrope, one of thoſe writers in the reign of King Charles the Second, that Mr. Pope calls
"The mob of Gentlemen who write with eaſe."
He was created a Baronet, January 16, 1666. The greater part of his writings conſiſt of Tranſlations from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace, with ſome Love Songs and Lampoons. Some ſpecimens of them are to be found in the "Select Collection of Miſcellany Poems, 1780." He died ſome time in the year 1680. N.

No youth that 's wiſe will to his figure truſt,
As if ſo fine to be accoſted firſt.
Diſtreſs muſt aſk, and gratefully receive:
'Tis Heaven and Beauty's honour, they can give.
There 's ſome have thought that looking pale and wan,
With a ſubmiſſion that is leſs than man,
Might gain their end; but ſunk in the attempt,
And found, that which they merited, contempt.
Gain but admittance, half your ſtory 's told:
There 's nothing then remains but to be bold.
Venus and Fortune will aſſiſt your claim;
And Cupid dart the breaſt at which you aim.
No need of ſtudied ſpeech, or ſkilful rules:
Love has an eloquence beyond the ſchools;
Where ſofteſt words and accents will be found
All flowing in, to form the charming ſound.
Of her you love bright images you 'll raiſe:
When juſt, they are not flattery, but praiſe.
What can be ſaid too much of what is good,
Since an immortal fame is Virtue's food?
For nine years' ſpace Egypt had fruitleſs ſtood,
Without the aid of Nile's prolific flood:
When Thraſius ſaid, "That bleſſing to regain,
"The Gods require a ſtranger ſhould be ſlain."
"Be thou the man," (the fierce Buſiris cries:)
"I 'll make th' adviſer his own ſacrifice;
"Nor can he blame the voice by which he dies."
Perillus, firſt and laſt of 's trade,
For Phalaris a Bull had made:
With fire beneath, and water hot,
He put the braſier in the pot,
And gave him, like an honeſt fellow,
Precedence in his Bull to bellow.
The Tyrants both did right: 'No law more juſt
Than, "'He that thinks of ill, ſhould feel it firſt."
Curſt be their arts, unſtudied be their trade,
Who female truth by falſehood would invade:
That can betray a friend or kinſman's names,
And by that covert hide unlawful flames:
Whoſe eager paſſion finds its ſure relief,
When terminating in another's grief!
Careleſs hereafter what they promiſe now,
To the Æolian winds commit their vow;
Then cite th' example of the faithleſs Jove,
Who laughs, they ſay, at perjury in Love.
They think they have a thouſand ways to pleaſe,
Ten thouſand more to rob the mind of eaſe.
For, as the earth in various birth abounds,
Their humour dances in fantaſtic rounds;
Like Proteus, can be Lion, River, Bear,
A Tree, or any thing that 's fram'd of air.
Thus they lay ſnares, thus they ſet off their bait
With all the fine allurements of deceit.
But they, who through this courſe of miſchief run,
Will find that fraud is various, Virtue ONE.
Achilles, a gigantic boy,
Was wanted at the ſiege of Troy:
His country's danger did require him,
And all the generals did deſire him:
For Diſcord, you muſt know, had thrown
An Apple where 'twas two to one;
But, if a ſtir was made about it,
Two of the three muſt go without it:
And ſo it was; for Paris gave it
To Venus, who reſolv'd to have it.
(The ſtory here would be too long.
But you may find it in the Song.)
Venus although not over-virtuous,
Yet ſtill deſigning to be courteous,
Reſolved to procure the varlet
A flaming and triumphant harlot;
Firſt ſtol'n by one ſhe would not ſtay with,
Then married to be run away with.
Her Paris carried to his mother;
And thence in Greece aroſe that pother,
Of which old Homer, Virgil, Dante,
And Chaucer, make us ſuch a cant.
It was a juſt and noble cauſe,
The breach of hoſpitable laws:
Though done to one, yet common grief
Made all unite to ſeek relief.
But, when they ſought the country round,
There 's no Achilles could be found.
His mother was afraid t' have loſt him.
And therefore thus ſhe did accoſt him.
"My pretty dear, let me perſuade ye
"This once for to become a lady.
"This petticoat and mantua take,
"And wear this nightrail for my ſake.
"I 've made your knots all of the ſmalleſt,
"Becauſe you 're ſomething of the talleſt.
"I 'd have you never go unlac'd,
"For fear of ſpoiling of your waiſt.
"Now languiſh on me—ſcorn me now—
"Smile—frown—run—laugh—I ſee 'twill do
"You'd perfect all you now begin,
"Only for poking out your chin."
Him thus inſtructed ſoon ſhe ſends
To Lycomede, and there pretends
It was a daughter of a Friend's,
Who, grown full large by country feeding,
Was ſent to her, to mend her breeding.
Herſelf had now no child, nor no man
To truſt but him, poor lonely woman!
That might reward him well hereafter,
If he would uſe her as his daughter.
In choice of names, as Iris, Chloe,
Pſyche and Phillis, ſhe took Zoe.
Th' old man receiv'd her, and expreſt
Much kindneſs for his topping gueſt:
Shew'd her his girls; ſaid, "Whilſt ſhe'd ſtay,
"His Zoe ſhould be us'd as they."
At firſt there much reſerv'dneſs paſt:
But, when acquaintance grew at laſt,
They'd jeſt, and every one would ſhew
Her works, which ſhe could never do.
One ſaid, her fingers were moſt fitting
For the moſt fiddling work of knitting.
Then one her wedding-bed would make,
And all muſt help her for love's ſake.
Zoe, undreſt in night-gown tawdry,
With clumſy fiſt muſt work embroidery;
Whilſt others try her greaſy clunches
With ſtoning currants in whole bunches.
But there was one, call'd Dedamy,
Miſtruſted ſomething by the by,

sg, thus one night she said,
:oe may n't we go to bed?"
you please, good Mistress Ded."
ting months soon roll about;
when murder all must out.
ar of the old man,
ny quickly ran;
the slitting of his nose,
:hanging of her cloaths.
hilst we Glory's dictates shun,
ures of Vice we run;
t should his country serve,
by his worth deserve,
ftness wanton stays,
ie should adore betrays.

PART VI.

O happy Youth, thy prize is found
rishes with success are crown'd.
, when Apollo 's prais'd;
:o victorious Grecians rais'd;
ons of exalted Rome.
Peace with her Augustus home;
ight a brave and generous mind,
you to see a Beauty kind:
ie with gratitude you 'll give,
nd like Homer make me live.
n triumphant chariot brought
with his life's danger bought.
ius Jason, rich with golden fleece,
cal timber sail'd to Greece.
ond Youth; the danger is not past:
rriv'd in port, nor anchor cast:
heart may still more bays deserve,
you gain'd, by me you shall preserve.
conquest is the glory less,
one on that which you possess.
divinest, softest Muse,
and office both do Love infuse,
at design: If Venus' Son,
d, would from his mother run,
th soaring wings and body light,
vast world's extent would take his

ls let me secure his stay.
universal power obey.
my art would thus improve,
thought to shackle Love,
irs that were standing by,
oth with jealousy,
is in vain to try.
gan his tale, as thus:
ps you 've heard of Dædalus,
linos would have made him stay,
ough the clouds he found his way.
workman wise and good,
was what he understood.
he house where we act Plays,
: a turning winding maze,
o harbour acts of sin,
a Whore and Bastard in.
one your work; and now my trust
is,
', that you will do me justice.

" 'Tis true I hither fled for murther;
" Let my misfortunes go no further;
" Some end all punishments should have,
" Birth to the wretch my country gave:
" Let it afford me now a grave.
" Dismiss my son; at least, if rather
" You 'd keep the boy, dismiss his Father.
" This he might say, and more, or so;
" But Minos would not let him go.
" At this he was enrag'd, and cried,
" It is in danger wit is tried:
" Minos possesses Earth and Sea;
" The sky and fire are left for me.
" Pardon my fond attempt, great Jove,
" If I approach your seats above.
" It is necessity that draws
" A new-invented rule for Nature's laws.
" Thus he began: Full many a feather
" With twine of thread he stitch'd together:
" (Abundance more than are enough
" To make your wife and mine a muff.)
" Thus he frames wings, and nothing lacks
" To fix the whole, but melted wax:
" That was the work of the young boy,
" Pleas'd at the fancy of the toy;
" Not guessing, ere he was much older,
" He should have one upon each shoulder.
" To whom his Father: Here's the Ship
" By which we must from Minos slip.
" Child, follow me, just as I fly on,
" And keep your eye fix'd on Orion:
" I 'll be your guide; and never fear,
" Conducted by a Father's care.
" The Virgin and Bootes shun.
" Take heed lest you approach the Sun;
" His flaming influence will be felt,
" And the diffusive wax will melt.
" The sea by rising fogs discover;
" O'er that, be sure, you never hover:
" It would be difficult to drag
" Your wetted pinions, should they flag.
" Between them both the sky is fair,
" No winds or hurricanes are there,
" But you may fan the fleeting air.
" Thus speaking, he with whipcord-strings
" Fastens, and then extends, the wings:
" And, when the youth 's completely dress't,
" Just as the Eagle from her nest
" By gentle flights her Eaglet tries
" To dare the sun, and mount the skies;
" The Father so his Boy prepares,
" Not without kiss and falling tears.
" In a large plain, a rising height
" Gives some assistance to their flight.
" With a quick spring and fluttering noise,
" They in the sky their bodies poise.
" Back on his Son the Father looks,
" Praising his swift and even strokes.
" Now dreadless, with bold art supplied,
" He does on airy billows ride,
" And soar with an ambitious pride.
" Mortals, who by the limpid flood
" With patient angle long have stood,
" On the smooth water's shining face
" See the amazing creatures pass,

" Look up aſtoniſh'd, whilſt the reed
" Drops from the hand whoſe ſenſe is dead,
" Roll'd by the wind's impetuous haſte
" They Samos now and Naxos paſt,
" Paros, and Delos bleſt abode
" And parent of the Clarian God:
" Lebinthus on their right hand lies,
" And ſweet Calydne's Groves ariſe,
" And fam'd Aſtypalæa's Fens
" Breed ſhoals of fiſh in owzy dens:
" When the unwary Boy, whoſe growing years
" Ne'er knew the worth of cautious fears,
" Mounts an æthereal hill, whence he might ſpy
" The lofty regions of a brighter ſky;
" Far from his Father's call and aid
" His wings in glittering fire diſplay'd,
" Whoſe ambient heat their plume involves,
" And all their liquid bands diſſolves.
" He ſees his looſen'd pinions drop;
" On naked arms lies all his hope.
" From the vaſt concave precipice he finds
" A ſwift deſtruction, ſinking with the winds.
" Beneath him lies a gaping deep,
" Whoſe womb is equally as ſteep.
" Then, " Father! Father!" he 'd have cried:
" Tempeſts the trembling ſounds divide,
" Whilſt diſmal fear contracts his breath,
" And the rough wave completes his death.
" My Son! my Son!" long might the Father cry:
" There is no track to ſeek him in the ſky.
" By floating wings his body found
" Is cover'd with the neighbouring ground.
" His art, though not ſucceſsful, has its fame,
" And the Icarian ſeas preſerve his name."
If men from Minos could eſcape,
And into Birds transform their ſhape,
And there was nothing that could hold them,
Provided feathers might be ſold them;
The thought from madneſs ſurely ſprings
To fix a God that 's born with wings.
Quoth t 'other man, " Sir, if you 'll tarry,
" I 'll tell you a tale of my Boy Harry,
" Would make a man afraid to marry.
" This Boy does oft' from paper white
" In miniature produce a Kite.
" With tender hands the wood he bends,
" On which the body he extends:
" Paſte made of flour with water mix'd
" Is the cement by which 'tis fix'd:
" Then ſciſſars from the maid he 'll borrow,
" With promiſe of return to-morrow.
" With thoſe he paper nicely cuts,
" Which on the ſides for wings he puts.
" The tail, that 's an eſſential part,
" He manages with equal art;
" With paper ſhreds at diſtance tied,
" As not too near, nor yet too wide,
" Which he to fitting length extends,
" Till with a tuft the fabrick ends.
" Next packthread of the eveneſt twine,
" Or ſometimes ſilk, he 'll to it join,
" Which, by the guidance of his hand,
" Its riſe or downfall may command;
" Or carry meſſengers to ſee
" If all above in order be.
" Then wanton Zephyrs fan it till it riſe,
" And through æthereal rills ploughs up the azure
" ſkies.
" Sometimes in ſilent ſhade of night
" He 'll make it ſhine with wondrous light
" By lantern with tranſparent folds,
" Which flaming wax in ſafety holds.
" This glittering with myſterious rays
" Does all the neighbourhood amaze.
" Then comes the Conjurer o' th' place.
" With legs aſquint and crooked face,
" Who with his ſpying pole from far
" Pronounces it a Blazing-ſtar:
" That wheat ſhall fall, and oats be dear,
" And barley ſhall not ſpring that year:
" That murrain ſhall infect all kine,
" And meaſles will deſtroy the ſwine:
" That fair maids' ſweethearts ſhall fall dead
" Before they loſe their maidenhead;
" And widows ſhall be forc'd to tarry
" A month at leaſt before they marry.
" But, whilſt the fool his thought enjoys,
" The whole contrivance was my Boy's.
" Now, mark me, 'twas from ſuch-like things
" The Poet fram'd out Cupid's wings.
" If a Child's nature thus can ſoar,
" And all this lies within his power,
" His mother ſurely can do more.
" Pray tell me what is to be done,
" If ſhe 'll with Cuckold-makers run.
" No watchful care of jealous eye
" Can hinder, if eſcape ſhe 'll try;
" The Kite will to her carrion fly."
Where native Modeſty the mind ſecures,
The Huſband has no need of locks and doors;
The ſpecious Comet, fram'd by Jealouſy,
Will prove deluſion all, and all a lye.

PART VII.

NOT all the Herbs by ſage Medea found,
Not Marſan drugs, though mixt with magick ſound,
Not philtres ſtudied by Theſſalian art,
Can fix the mind, and conſtancy impart.
Could theſe prevail, Jaſon had felt their charms;
Ulyſſes ſtill had died in Circe's arms.
Continue lovely, if you 'll be belov'd:
Virtue from Virtue's bands is ne'er remov'd.
Like Nireus beautiful, like Hylas gay;
By Time the blooming outſide will decay.
See Hyacinth again of form bereft,
And only thorns upon the roſe-tree left.
Then lay up ſtores of learning and of wit,
Whoſe fame ſhall ſcorn the Acherontic pit,
And, whilſt thoſe fleeting ſhadows vainly fly,
Adorn the better part which cannot die.
Ulyſſes had no magick in his face;
But then his eloquence had charming grace,
Such as could force itſelf to be believ'd,
And all the watery Goddeſſes deceiv'd:
To whom Calypſo from her widow'd ſhore
Sends him theſe ſighs, which furious tempeſts bore.
" Your paſſage often I by art delay'd
" Oblig'd you more, the more to be betray'd.

rou have often on this rolling ſand
b'd your ſcene of war with ſlender wand.
s Troy, and this circumference its walls
ſimois gently in the ocean falls:
lies my camp: theſe are the ſpacious fields
: to this ſword the crafty Dolon yields.
f Sithonian Rheſus is the tent.—
th the pleaſing tale your language went,
a tenth wave did with one flaſh deſtroy
atform of imaginary Troy.
r like this I would enforce your ſtay,
what names the waters toſs'd away.
you caſt up helpleſs by the ſea:
inds of happy hours you paſs'd with me:
ntion made of old Penelope.
imant our wrongs we all engrave,
rite our benefits upon the wave.
hen be gone, the ſeas uncertain truſt;
ound *you*, ſo may you find them juſt.
Calypſo muſt be left behind,
ll your vows be wafted with the wind."
re the hopes he ſhould be conſtant now,
is tendereſt part had broke his vow.
charms the Miſtreſs ſtrives in vain
: inconſtant wanderer to gain.
her entrance, and her end is pain.

PART VIII.

LGENCE ſoon takes with a noble mind:
be harſh, that ſees another kind?
es the greateſt art is to comply
ig that which juſtice might deny.
our tender plants by ſoft degrees,
a warping ſtem raiſe ſtately trees.
' oppoſing waves, we ſtrive in vain;
e riſe with them, and fall again,
'd for land with eaſe we may attain.
plaiſance will a rough humour bend;
ling to one failure ſave a friend.
and temper have a force divine,
ev'n paſſion with their nature join.
k we hate, as living ſtill in arms,
ves aſſiduous in the Shepherd's harms.
l Swallow has no fears:
towers the Dove her neſt prepares,
of them live free from human ſnares.
loud rage and echoing noiſe of fights
ſt Love in gentle ſound delights.
mirth, bright ſmiles, calm peace, and
owing joy,
ompanions of the Paphian boy:
hen Hymen firſt his mantle ſpread
he ſacred down which made the bridal
d.
ndiſhments keep Love upon the wing,
nce freſh, and always in the ſpring:
es a proſpect endleſs to the view,
it that riſes ſtill, and ſtill is new;
pproach, find every thing ſerene,
ios honour'd by the Cyprian Queen,
gs along her daughter Harmony,
uſes ſprung from Jove, and Graces
hree.

Birds ſhot by you, Fiſh by your angle caught,
The Golden Apples from Heſperia brought,
The bluſhing Peach, the fragrant Nectareens,
Laid in freſh beds of flowers and ſcented greens,
Fair Lilies ſtrew'd with bloody Mulberries,
Or Grapes whoſe juice made Bacchus reach the ſkies,
May oftentimes a grateful preſent make,
Not for the value, but the giver's ſake.
Perhaps ſhe may at vacant hours peruſe
The happy product of your eaſy Muſe.
Far from intrigue and ſcandal be your verſe;
But praiſe of virgin-modeſty rehearſe;
Mauſolus by his conſort deified;
How for Admetus bleſt Alceſtis died.
Since Overbury's "Wife*," no Poets ſeem
T' have choſe a wiſer or a nobler theme.
You 'd help a neighbour, would a friend prefer;
Pardon a ſervant, let all come from her.
Thus what you grant if ſhe muſt recommend,
'Twill make a mutual gift and double friend.
So, when pale Want is craving at the door,
We ſend our favourite ſon to help the poor;
Pleas'd with their grateful prayers that he may live,
And find what heavenly pleaſure 'tis to give.
Praiſe all her actions, think her dreſs is fine;
Embroideries with gold, pearl, diamonds, join;
Your wealth does beſt, when plac'd on beauty, ſhine.
If ſhe in tabby waves encircled be,
Think Amphytrite riſes from the ſea.
If by her the purpureal velvet 's worn,
Think that ſhe riſes like the bluſh of morn.
And, when her ſilks afar from Indus come,
Wrought in Chineſe or in the Perſian loom,
Think that ſhe then like Pallas is array'd,
By whoſe myſterious art the wheel was made.
Each day admire her different graceful air,
In which ſhe winds her bright and flowing hair.
With her when dancing, let your genius fly:
When in her ſong the note expires, then die.
If in the Autumn, when the waſting year
Its plenty ſhews, that ſoon muſt diſappear;
When ſwelling Grape and Peach with lovely hue,
And Pear and Apple, freſh with fragrant dew,
By tempting look and taſte perhaps invite
That which we ſeldom rule, our appetite;
When noxious heat and ſudden cold divides
The time o'er which bale influence preſides;
Her feveriſh blood ſhould pulſe unuſual find,
Or vaporous damps of ſpleen ſhould ſink her mind;
Then is the time to ſhew a Lover's cares:
Sometimes enlarge her hopes, contract her fears;
Give the ſalubrious draughts with your own hand;
Perſuaſion has the force of a command.

* This poem, ſuppoſed to have been written for the Earl of Somerſet, is the character of a good woman, juſt the reverſe of the lady that his friend married. It is printed with his Characters, &c. and had gone through ſixteen editions in 1638. N.

Watch, and attend; then your reward will prove,
When ſhe recovers, full increaſe of Love.
Far from this Love is haughty pride,
Which ancient Fables beſt deride;
Women imperious, void of ſhame,
And careleſs of their Lovers' fame,
Who of tyrannic follies boaſt,
Tormenting him that loves them moſt.
When Hercules, by labours done,
Had prov'd himſelf to be Jove's ſon,
By peace which he to Earth had given,
Deſerv'd to have his reſt in Heaven;
Envy, that ſtrives to be unjuſt,
Reſolv'd to mortify him firſt;
And, that he ſhould enamour'd be
Of a proud jilt call'd Omphalé,
Who ſhould his Heroſhip expoſe
By ſpinning hemp in women's cloaths,
Her mind ſhe did vouchſafe one day
Thus to her Lover to diſplay:
" Come quickly, Sir, off with this Skin:
" Think you I 'll let a Tanner in?
" If you of Lions talk, or Boars,
" You certainly turn out of doors.
" Your club 's abundantly too thick
" For one ſhall move a fiddle-ſtick.
" What ſhould you do with all theſe arrows?
" I will have nothing kill'd but Sparrows.
" Heccy, this day you may remember;
" For you ſhall ſee a Lady's chamber.
" Let me be rightly underſtood:
" What I intend is for your good.
" In boddice I deſign to lace ye.
" And ſo among my Maids I 'll place ye.
" When you 're genteeler grown, and thinner,
" May be I 'll call you up to dinner.
" With arms ſo brawny, fiſts ſo red,
" You 'll ſcrub the rooms, or make the bed.
" You can't ſtick pins, or frieze my hair.
" Bleſs me! you 've nothing of an air.
" You 'll ne'er come up to working point:
" Your fingers all ſeem out of joint.
" Then, beſides, Heccy, I muſt tell ye,
" An idle-hand has empty belly:
" Therefore this morning I 'll begin,
" Try how your cleanlineſs will ſpin.
" You are my ſhadow, do you ſee:
" Your hope, your thought, your wiſh, all be
" Invented and control'd by me.
" Look up whene'er I laugh; look down
" With trembling horror, if I frown.
" Say as I ſay: ſervants can't lie.
" Your truth is my propriety.
" Nay, you ſhould be to torture brought,
" Were I but jealous you tranſgreſt in thought;
" Or if from Jove your ſingle wiſh ſhould crave
" The fate of not continuing ſtill my ſlave.
" There is no Lover that is wiſe
" Pretends to win at cards or dice.
" 'Tis for his Miſtreſs all is thrown:
" Th' ill-fortune his, the good her own.
" Melanion, whilom lovely youth,
" Fam'd for his valour and his truth,
" Whom every beauty did adorn
" Freſh as Aurora's bluſhing morn,
" Into the horrid woods is run,
" Where he ne'er ſees the ray of ſun,
" Nor to his palace dares return,
" Where he for Pſyche's love did burn,
" And found correction at her hands
" For diſobeying juſt commands;
" But muſt his ſilent penance do
" For once not buckling of her ſhoe:
" A good example, child, for you.
" Which ſhews you, when we have our fool,
" We 've policy enough to rule:
" I might have made you ſuch a fellow,
" As ſhould have carried my umbrella,
" Or bore a flambeau by my chair,
" And bade the mob not come too near;
" Or lay the cloth, or wait at table;
" Nay, been a helper in the ſtable.
" To my commands obedience pay
" At dead of night, or break of day.
" Speed is your province; if 'tis I
" That bid you run, you ought to fly.
" He that Love's nimble paſſion feels
" Will ſoon outſtrip my chariot wheels.
" Through Dog-ſtar's heat he 'll tripping go,
" Nor leaves he print upon the ſnow.
" The wind itſelf to him is ſlow.
" He that in Cupid's wars would fight,
" Grief, winter, dirty roads, and night,
" A bed of earth midſt ſhowers of rain,
" After no ſupper, are his gain.
" Bright Phœbus took Admetus' pay,
" And in a little cottage lay:
" All this he did for fear of Jove;
" And who would not do more for Love?
" If entrance is by locks denied,
" Then through the roof or window ſlide.
" Leander each night ſwam the ſeas,
" That he might thereby Hero pleaſe.
" Perhaps I may be pleas'd to ſee
" Your life in danger, when for me.
" You 'll find my ſervants in a row;
" Remember then you make your bow;
" For they are your ſuperiors now.
" No matter if you do engage
" My Porter, Woman, favourite Page,
" My Dog, my Parrot, Monkey, Black,
" Or any thing that does partake
" Of that admittance which you lack.
" But after all you may n't prevail,
" And your moſt glittering hopes may fail:
" For Ceres does not always yield
" The crop entruſted to the field.
" Fair gales may bring you to a coaſt
" Where you 'll by hidden rocks be loſt.
" Love is tenacious of its joys,
" Gives ſmall reward for great employs;
" But has as many griefs in ſtore
" As ſhells by Neptune caſt on ſhore;
" As Athos Hares, as Hybla Bees,
" Olives on the Palladian trees.
" And, when his angry arrows fall,
" They 're not found ting'd with common gall.
" You 're told I 'm not at home, 'tis true:
" I may be there, but not for you;
" And I may let you ſee it too.

ips I bid you come at night:
door's ſhut, ſtay till 'tis light.
ips my maid ſhall bid you go:
ng ſhe knows you dare not do.
rival ſhall admiſſion gain,
laugh to ſee his foe in pain.
iis and more you muſt endure,
i from me expect a cure.
itting I ſhould ſearch the wound,
all your danger be not found."
:aſy fondneſs meets with women's pride,
which *that* can aſk muſt be denied,
ajoy'd the names of great and brave
to ſeem a female and a ſlave:
, number'd with the gods before,
i'd as to be man no more.

PART IX.

y the ſail with which you put to ſea
vhere Thetis ſwells conducted be;
ne port you 'll different paſſage find,
our ſheets ev'n with contrarious wind.
d the Fawn, now grown Stag wondrous
g,
beneath the ſhade you knew a twig.
ling ſpring, increas'd by floods and rain,
i impetuous ſtream, and foams the main:
ugments in juſt degrees; at length
ıental fires it gains its ſtrength.
midnight let kind looks or ſong,
f love, the pleaſing hours prolong.
ıeſs upon their bliſs attends
arriage-vows have render'd more than
ends.
ıels, of equal mates poſſeſt,
ngenial heat, and downy reſt,
inceſſant hover o'er their neſt:
ım their eggs (ſmall worlds whence all
ings ſpring)
race by nature taught to ſing;
r to this harmonious air had come,
parental love ſtray'd far from home.
: abſence mutual joys increaſe:
the toils of war we value peace.
'e a while the fruitful ſhower reſtrains,
on his return a brighter verdure gains.
grief too much diſturb thoſe hearts,
a while the war or buſineſs parts.
'd to let Proteſilaus go,
his death by oracles foreknow.
ade indeed a tedious ſtay,
y winter's abſence was delay;
neſs revives with his return,
ıen's altars with freſh incenſe burn:
ıis ſhip, her web, they both recount;
at their wedlock faith all dangers could
rmount.
thou ſpeed back; haſte to her longing
ms:
ıave real or impending harms.
no minutes in a Lover's fears:
ıſure all their time by months and years.
s are always Virtue's friends,
ıat their Muſe ſtill recommends:

But then the fatal track it ſhows
Where devious vice through trouble goes.
They tell us, how a huſband's care
Neglected leaves a wife too fair
In hands of a young ſpark, call'd Paris;
And how the beauteous truſt miſcarries.
With kindneſs he receives the youth,
Whoſe modeſt looks might promiſe truth:
Then gives him opportunity
To throw the ſpecious vizard by.
The man had things to be adjuſted,
With which the wife ſhould not be truſted:
And, whilſt he gave himſelf the looſe,
Left her at home to keep the houſe.
When Helen ſaw his back was turn'd,
The devil a bit the Gipſy mourn'd.
Says ſhe, "'Tis his fault to be gone;
"It ſha'n't be mine to lie alone.
"A vacant pillow 's ſuch a jeſt,
"That with it I could never reſt.
"He ne'er conſider'd his own danger,
"To leave me with a handſome ſtranger.
"Wolves would give good account of Sheep,
"Left to their vigilance to keep.
"Pray who, except 'twere Geeſe or Widgeons,
"Would hire a Hawk to guard their Pidgeons?
"Suppoſing then it might be ſaid
"That Menelaus now were dead:
"A pretty figure I ſhould make
"To go in mourning for his ſake.
"She that in widow's garb appears,
"Eſpecially when at my years,
"May ſeem to be at her laſt prayers.
"But I 'll ſtill have my heart divided
"'Twixt one to loſe, and one provided.
"He that is gone, is gone: leſs fear
"Of wanting him that I have here."
The ſequel was the Fire of Troy
Brought to deſtruction by this Boy.
They tell us, how a Wife provok'd,
And to a brutiſh Huſband yok'd,
Who, by diſtracting paſſion led,
Scorns all her charms, and flies her bed,
When on her Rival ſhe has ſeiz'd,
Seems with a ſecret horror pleas'd.
They then deſcribe her like ſome Boar
Plunging his tuſk in Maſtiff's gore;
Or Lioneſs, whoſe raviſh'd whelp
Roars for his Mother's furious help;
Or Baſiliſk when rouz'd, whoſe breath,
Teeth, ſting, and eye-balls, all are death;
Like franticks ſtruck by magick rod
Of ſome deſpis'd avenging God:
Make her through blood for vengeance run,
Like Progne ſacrifice her ſon;
And like Medea dart thoſe fires
By which Creüſa's ghoſt expires.
Then let her with exalted rage
Her grief with the ſame crimes aſſuage.
To heighten and improve the curſe,
Becauſe he 's bad, they make her worſe.
So Tyndaris diſſolves in tears,
When firſt ſhe of Chryſeïs hears;
But, when Lyrneſſis captive 's led,
And raviſh'd to defile her bed,

Her patience leſſens by degrees;
But, when at laſt ſhe Priameis ſees,
Revenge does to Ægyſtus fly for eaſe;
In his adulterous arms does plots diſcloſe,
Which fill Mycenæ with ſtupendous woes,
And parricide and hell around her throws.
Ye Heavenly Powers! the female truth preſerve,
And let it not from native goodneſs ſwerve;
And let no wanton toys become the cauſe
Why men ſhould break Hymen's eternal laws;
But let ſuch fables and ſuch crimes remain
Only as fictions of the Poets brain;
Yet marks ſet up to ſhun thoſe dangerous ſhelves
On which deprav'd mankind might wreck themſelves!

PART X.

AT firſt, the ſtars, the air, the earth and deep,
Lay all confus'd in one unorder'd heap;
Till Love Eternal did each being ſtrike
With voice Divine, to march, and ſeek its Like.
Then ſeeds of Heavens, then Air of vaporous ſound,
Then fertile Earth circled with Waters round,
On which the Bird, the Beaſt, the Fiſh, might move,
All center'd in that univerſal Love.
Then Man was fram'd with ſoul of godlike ray,
And had a nobler ſhare of Love than they:
To him was Women, crown'd with virtue, given,
The moſt immediate work and care of Heaven.
Whilſt thus my darling thoughts in rapture ſung,
Apollo to my ſight in viſion ſprung.
His lyre with golden ſtrings his touch commands,
And wreaths of laurel flouriſh in his hands.
Says he, "You Bard that of Love's precepts treat,
"Your art at Delphi you will beſt complete.
"There 's a ſhort maxim, prais'd when underſtood,
"Uſeful in practice, and divinely good,
"LET EACH MAN KNOW HIMSELF: ſtrive to excel:
"The pleaſure of the bleſt is doing well.
"'Tis wiſdom to diſplay the ruling grace.
"Some men are happy in a charming face:
"Know it, but be not vain. Some manly ſhow
"By the exploded gun and nervous bow.
"There let them prove their ſkill; perhaps ſome heart
"May find that every ſhot is Cupid's dart.
"The prudent Lover, if his talent lies
"In eloquence, e'nt talkative, but wiſe;
"So mixes words delicious to the ear,
"That all muſt be perſuaded who can hear.
"He that can ſing, let him with pleaſing ſound,
"Though 'tis an air that is not mortal, wound.
"Let not a Poet my own art refuſe:
"I 'll come, and bring aſſiſtance to his Muſe."
But never by ill means your fortune puſh,
Nor raiſe your credit by another's bluſh.
The ſecret rites of Ceres none profane,
Nor tell what Gods in Samo-thracia reign.
'Tis virtue by grave ſilence to conceal
What talk without diſcretion would reveal.
For fault like this now Tantalus does lie
In midſt of fruits and water, ſtarv'd and dry.
But Cytherea's modeſty requires
Moſt care to cover all her lambent fires.
Love has a pleaſing turn, makes that ſeem beſt,
Of which our lawful wiſhes are poſſeſt.
Andromeda, of Libyc hue and blood,
Was chain'd a prey to monſters of the flood:
Wing'd Perſeus ſaw her beauty through that cloud.
Andromache had large majeſtic charms;
Therefore was fitteſt grace to godlike Hector's arms.
Beauties in ſmaller airs bear like commands,
And wondrous Magick acts by ſlendereſt wands.
Like Cybele ſome bear a mother's ſway,
Whilſt infant Gods and Heroines obey.
Some rule like ſtars by guidance of their eyes,
And others pleaſe when like Minerva wiſe.
Love will from Heaven, Art, Nature, Fancy, raiſe
Something that may exalt its Conſort's praiſe.
There will be little jealouſies,
By which Love's art its ſubjects tries.
They think it languiſhes with reſt,
But riſes, like the palm, oppreſt.
And as too much proſperity
Often makes way for luxury,
Till we, by turn of fortune taught,
Have wiſdom by experience bought:
So, when the hoary aſhes grow
Around Love's coals, 'tis time to blow:
And then its craftineſs is ſhewn,
To raiſe your cares, to hide its own;
And have you by a rival croſt,
Only in hopes you may n't be loſt.
Sometimes they ſay that you are faulty,
And that they know where you were naughty;
And then perhaps your eyes they 'd tear,
Or elſe dilacerate your hair,
Not ſo much for revenge as fear.
But ſhe perhaps too far may run,
And do what ſhe would have you ſhun,
Of which there 's a poetic ſtory
That, if you pleaſe, I 'll lay before you.
Old Juno made her Jove comply
For fear, not aſking when or why,
Unto a certain ſort of matter,
Marrying her ſon unto his daughter:
And ſo to bed the couple went,
Not with their own, but friends' conſent.
This Vulcan was a Smith, they tell us,
That firſt invented tongs and bellows;
For breath and fingers did their works
(We 'd fingers long before we 'd forks);
Which made his hands both hard and brawny,
When waſh'd, of colour orange-tawny.
His whole complexion was a fallow,
Where black had not deſtroy'd the yellow.
One foot was clump'd, which was the ſtrongeſt,
T'other ſpiny, though much longer;
So both to the proportion come
Of the fore-finger and the thumb.
In ſhort, the whole of him was naſty,
Ill-natur'd, vain, imperious, haſty:

ity alike took place
his manner and his face.
ıad perfect ſhape and ſize;
n ſhe was not over-wiſe:
ietimes ſhe her knee is crimping,
ate th' old man in limping.
nes his dirty paws ſhe ſcorns,
ıer fair fingers ſhew his horns.
rs, the Bully of the place is
eſeſt ſpark in her good graces.
they 're ſhy, at laſt grow bolder,
njugal affection colder.
r'd not what was ſaid or done,
ıudence defy'd the Sun.
ın was told of this; quoth he,
re ſuch roguery? I 'll ſee!'
ı an iron net prepar'd,
he to the bed's teſter rear'd;
when a pully gave a ſnap,
fall, and make a cuckold's trap.
ːe he plac'd in the beſt room,
ign'd that he muſt go from home;
at Lemnos forges had,
ne but he to mind the trade.
was too eager to beware
ng into any ſnare.
ːent to bed and ſo were caught;
en they of repentance thought.
ıw being ready to begin,
would call his neighbours in.
ould be there, that does make bold
uno, that notorious ſcold;
ıe, firſt Bargeman on the water;
the Oyſter-woman's daughter;
that Chimney-ſweeping ſloven;
'roſerpine hot from her oven;
ſercury, that 's ſharp and cunning
ing cuſtoms and in running;
y the Midwife, though a Virgin;
ſculapius, the Surgeon;
who might be Phyſician,
e them elſe for a Muſician;
per Pan, to play her up;
ıcchus, with his chirping cup;
ercules ſhould bring his club in,
e the Rogue a luſty drubbing;
l the Cupids ſhould be by,
their Mother's infamy.
Momus cried, "You 're hugely pleas'd;
e your mind will ſoon be eas'd:
when ſo publickly you find it,
le, you know, will little mind it.
love to tell what no one knows,
they themſelves only ſuppoſe.
ːvery huſband can afford
ː a Cuckold on record;
hould he be a Cuckold ſtyl'd,
once or ſo has been beguil'd,
's he makes it demonſtration,
puts it in ſome proclamation,
general voice of all the nation."
npany were come, when Vulcan hopping,
ıis key in left-ſide pocket groping,
Tis but opening of that door,
ːe myſelf a Cuckold, her a Whore."

They all deſir'd his leave that they might go;
They were not curious of ſo vile a ſhow:
Perſons concern'd might one another ſee,
And they 'd believe ſince witneſſes were three.
And they, thus prov'd to be ſuch fooliſh elves,
Might hear, try, judge, and e'en condemn themſelves.
Diſcretion covers that which it would blame,
Until ſome ſecret bluſh and hidden ſhame
Have cur'd the fault without the noiſe of fame.
The work is done: and now let Ovid have
Some gratitude attending on his grave;
Th' aſpiring palm, the verdant laurel ſtrow,
And ſweets of myrtle-wreaths around it throw.
In Phyſick's Art as Podalirius ſkill'd,
Neſtor in Court, Achilles in the Field;
As Ajax had in ſingle Combat force,
And as Automedon beſt rul'd the Horſe;
As Chalcas vers'd in Prophecies from Jove;
So Ovid has the Maſterſhip of Love.
The Poet's honour will be much the leſs
Than that which by his means you may poſſeſs
In choice of Beauty's laſting happineſs.
But, when the Amazonian quits the field,
Let this be wrote on the triumphant ſhield,
That ſhe by Ovid's Art was brought to yield.
When Ovid's thoughts in Britiſh ſtyle you ſee,
Which mayn't ſo ſounding as the Roman be;
Yet then admittance grant: 'tis fame to me.

PART XI.

I WHO the art of war to Danaans gave,
Will make Pentheſilea's force as brave;
That both, becoming glorious to the fight,
With equal arms may hold a dubious fight.
What though 'twas Vulcan fram'd Achilles' ſhield,
My Amazonian darts ſhall make him yield.
A myrtle-crown with victory attends
Thoſe who are Cupid's and Dione's friends.
When Beauty has ſo many arms in ſtore,
(Some men will ſay) why ſhould you give it more?
Tell me who, when Penelope appears
With conſtancy maintain'd for twenty years,
Who can the fair Laodamia ſee
In her Lord's arms expire as well as he:
Can view Alceſtis, who with joy removes
From earth, inſtead of him ſhe ſo much loves;
Can hear of bright Evadne, who, in fires
For her lov'd Capaneus prepar'd, expires;
When Virtue has itſelf a female name,
So Truth, ſo Goodneſs, Piety, and Fame,
Would headſtrong fight, and would not conquer'd be,
Or ſtoop to ſo much generoſity?
'Tis not with ſword, or fire, or ſtrength of bow,
That Female Warriors to their battle go:
They have no ſtratagem, or ſubtile wile;
Their native innocence can n'er beguile
The Fox's various maze, Bear's cruel den,
They leave to fierceneſs and the craft of men.
'Twas Jaſon that transferr'd his broken vows
From kind Medea to another ſpouſe:
Theſeus left Gnoſſis on the ſands, to be
Prey to the birds, or monſters of the ſea:

Demophoon, nine times recall'd, forbore
Return, and let his Phyllis name the ſhore.
Æneas wreckt, and hoſpitably us'd,
Fam'd for his piety, yet ſtill refus'd
To ſtay where lov'd, but left the dangerous ſword
By which ſhe died to whom he broke his word.
Piteous examples! worthy better fate,
If my inſtructions had not come to late:
For then their art and prudence had retain'd
What firſt victorious rays of beauty gain'd.
Whilſt thus I thought, not without grief to find
Defenceleſs Virtue meet with fate unkind,
Bright Cytherea's ſacred voice did reach
My tingling ears, and thus ſhe bade me teach:
"What had the harmleſs maid deſerv'd from thee?
" Thou haſt given weapons to her enemy;
" Whilſt in the field ſhe muſt defenceleſs ſtand,
" With want of ſkill, and more unable hand.
" Steſichorus, who would no ſubject find
" But harm to maids, was by the Gods ſtruck blind:
" But, when his ſong did with their glories riſe,
" He had his own reſtor'd, to praiſe their eyes.
" Be rul'd by me, and arms defenſive give;
" 'Tis by the Ladies' favours you muſt live."
She then one myſtic leaf with berries four
(Pluckt from her myrtle-crown) bade me with ſpeed devour.
I find the power inſpir'd; through purer ſky
My breath diſſolves in verſe, to make young Lovers die.
Here Modeſty and Innocence ſhall learn
How they may truth from flattering ſpeech diſcern.
But come with ſpeed; loſe not the flying day.
See how the crowding waves roll down away,
And neither, though at Love's command, will ſtay.
Theſe waves and time we never can recall;
But, as the minutes paſs, muſt loſe them all.
Nor like what 's paſt are days ſucceeding good,
But ſlide with warmth decay'd and thicker blood.
Flora, although a Goddeſs, yet does fear
The change that grows with the declining year;
Whilſt gliſtering ſnakes, by caſting off their ſkin,
Freſh courage gain, and life renew'd begin.
The Eagles caſt their bills, the Stag its horn;
But Beauty to that bleſſing is not born.
Thus Nature prompts its uſe to forward Love,
Grac'd by examples of the Powers above.
Endymion pierc'd the chaſte Diana's heart,
And cool Aurora felt Love's fiery dart.

PART XII.

A PERSON of ſome quality
Happen'd, they ſay, in Love to be
With one who held him by delay,
Would neither ſay him No or Ay;
Nor would ſhe have him go his way.
This Lady thought it beſt to ſend
For ſome experienc'd truſty friend,
To whom ſhe might her mind impart,
T' unchain her own, and bind his heart;
A Tire-woman by occupation,
A uſeful and a choice vocation.
She ſaw all, heard all, never idle;
Her fingers or her tongue would fiddle;
Diverting with a kind of wit,
Aiming at all, would ſometimes hit;
Though in her ſort of rambling way
She many a ſerious truth would ſay.
Thus in much talk among the reſt
The oracle itſelf expreſt:
" I 've heard ſome cry, Well, I profeſs
" There 's nothing to be gain'd by dreſs!
" They might as well ſay that a field,
" Uncultivated, yet would yield
" As good a crop as that which ſkill
" With utmoſt diligence ſhould till;
" Our vintage would be very fine,
" If nobody ſhould prune their vine!
" Good ſhape and air, it is confeſt,
" Is given to ſuch as Heaven has bleſt;
" But all folks have not the ſame graces:
" There is diſtinction in our faces.
" There was a time I 'd not repine
" For any thing amiſs in mine,
" Which, though I ſay it, ſtill ſeems fair
" Thanks to my art as well as care!
" Our grandmothers, they tell us, wore
" Their Fardingale and their Bandore,
" Their Pinners, Forehead-cloth, and R
" Content with their own cloth and ſtuff
" With Hats upon their pates like Hives
" Things might become ſuch Soldiers wi
" Thought their own faces ſtill would laſ
" In the ſame mould which Nature caſt t
" Dark Paper Buildings then ſtood thick;
" No Palaces of Stone or Brick:
" And then, alas! were no Exchanges:
" But ſee how time and faſhion changes!
" I hate old things and age. I ſee,
" Thank Heaven, times good enough fo
" Your Goldſmiths now are mighty neat
" I love the air of Lombard-ſtreet.
" Whate'er a Ship from India brings,
" Pearls, Diamonds, Silks, are pretty th
" The Cabinet, the Screen, the Fan,
" Pleaſe me extremely, if Japan:
" And, what affects me ſtill the more,
" They had none of them heretofore.
" When you 're unmarried, never load y
" With Jewels; they may incommode y
" Lovers mayn't dare approach; but no
" They 'll fear when married you 'll be
" Fine Rings and Lockets beſt are tried,
" When given to you as a Bride.
" In the mean time you ſhew your ſenſe
" By going fine at ſmall expence,
" Sometimes your Hair you upwards ſur
" Sometimes lay down in favourite curl:
" All muſt through twenty fiddlings paſs
" Which none can teach you but your gl
" Sometimes they muſt diſhevel'd lie
" On neck of poliſh'd ivory:
" Sometimes with ſtrings of pearl the
" fix'd,
" And the united beauty mix'd;
" Or, when you won't their grace unfold
" Secure them with a bar of gold.

our and fashions change each day;
irds in forests, flowers in May,
d sooner number'd be than they.
is a sort of negligence,
n some esteem as excellence,
art with so much art to hide,
nothing of it be descried;
ake your careless tresses flow
so much air, that none should know
ner they had been comb'd or no.
n this so neglected Hair,
a Heart has found its share.
e indeed has kindly sent
ny things; more we invent;
enough, as I may say,
ep our Beauty from decay.
ves that with fierce winds engage,
urling tresses fall with age.
ien by German herbs we find
r, for locks to grey inclin'd.
imes we purchase Hair; and why?
all *that* our own we buy?
dy it publickly, say they:
tell us that, when we don't pay.
ench *pomades* the town is full:
Heaven, no want of Spanish Wool!
them look flusht, let them look
dead,
can't afford the White and Red.
vent Garden you buy posies,
we our Lilies and our Roses.
would a charming Eyebrow lack,
can get any thing that 's black?
ot these boxes open lie:
folks are too much given to pry.
ot dissembled would disgrace
urchas'd beauties of our face:
f such persons should discover,
uld rather lose than gain a Lover.
is there now but-understands
oths to flea the face or hands?
gh the idea 's not so taking,
he skin seems but odd in making,
when 'twill with fresh lustre shine,
ark will tell you 'tis divine.
Picture there your eye does strike;
ie work of great Van Dyck.
n by a Roman would be fainted:
was 't but canvas till 'twas painted?
's several things should not be known
hese there is a curtain drawn,
is their season to be shown.
door on fit occasions keep
ut: who knows but you 're asleep?
our teeth, colour, hair, and eyes,
vhat else at the toilet lies,
ll put on, we 're said to rise.
ere was a Lady whom I knew,
must be nameless 'cause 'tis true,
had the dismalest mischance
eard of since I was in France:
rotest, the thoughts of it
almost put me in a fit.
ady Meanwell's chamber-door,
n the stairs of the first floor,

" Stood open: and pray who should come,
" But Knowall flouncing in the room?
" No single hair upon her head:
" I thought she would have fell down dead.
" At last she found a cap of hair,
" Which she put on with such an air,
" That every lock was out of place,
" And all hung dangling down her face.
" I would not mortify one so,
" Except some twenty that I know.
" Her carelessness and her defect
" Were laid to Mistress Prue's neglect;
" And much ill-nature was betray'd,
" By noise and scolding with the maid.
" The young look on such things as stuff,
" Thinking their bloom has art enough.
" When smooth, we matter it not at all;
" 'Tis when the Thames is rough, we squall.
" But, whate'er 'tis may be pretended,
" No face or shape but may be mended.
" All have our faults, and must abide them,
" We therefore should take care to hide them.
" You 're short; sit still, you 'll taller seem:
" You 're only shorter from the stem.
" By looser garb your leanness is conceal'd;
" By want of stays the grosser shape 's reveal'd.
" The more the blemishes upon the feet,
" The greater care the lace and shoes be neat.
" Some backs and sides are wav'd like billows:
" These holes are best made up with pillows.
" Thick fingers always should command
" Without the stretching out the hand.
" Who has bad teeth should never see
" A play, unless a Tragedy:
" For we can teach you how to simper,
" And when 'tis proper you should whimper.
" Think that your grace and wit is now
" Not in your laughing at a thing, but how.
" Let room for something more than breath
" Just shew the ends of milk-white teeth.
" There is a *je n'sçai quoi* is found
" In a soft smooth affected sound:
" But there 's a shrieking crying tone,
" Which I ne'er lik'd, when all is done:
" And there are some, who laugh like men,
" As ne'er to shut their mouths again;
" So very loud and *mal-propos*,
" They seem like hautboys to a show.
" But now for the reverse: 'tis skil
" To let your tears flow when you will.
" It is of use when people die;
" Or else to have the spleen, and cry,
" Because you have no reason why.
" Now for your talk—Come, let me see:
" Here lose your *H*, here drop your *T*;
" Despise that *R*: your speech is better
" Much for destroying of one letter.
" Now lisp, and have a sort of pride
" To seem as if your tongue were tied:
" This is such a becoming fault,
" Rather than want, it should be taught.
" And now that you have learnt to talk,
" Pray let me see if you can walk.
" There 's many dancing-masters treat
" Of managements of ladies feet,

" There 's ſome their mincing gait have choſe,
" Treading without their heel or toes.
" She that reads Taſſo, or Malherbe*,
" Chuſes a ſtep that is *ſuperbe*.
" Some giddy creatures, as if ſhunning
" Something diſlik'd, are always running.
" Some prance like Frenchwomen, who ride
" As our Life-guard-men, all aſtride.
" But each of theſe have decoration
" According to their affectation.
" That dance is graceful, and will pleaſe,
" Where all the motions glide with eaſe.
" We to the ſkilful theatre
" This ſeeming want of art prefer.
" 'Tis no ſmall art to give direction
" How to ſuit knots to each complexion,
" How to adorn the breaſt and head,
" With blue, white, cherry, pink, or red.
" As the morn riſes, ſo that day
" Wear purple, ſky-colour, or grey:
" Your black at Lent, your green in May;
" Your ſilamot when leaves decay.
" All colours in the ſummer ſhine:
" The nymphs ſhould be like gardens fine.
" It is the faſhion now-a-days,
" That almoſt every Lady plays.
" Baſſet and Piquet grow to be
" The ſubject of our Comedy:
" But whether we diverſion ſeek
" In theſe, in Comet, or in Gleek,
" Or Ombre, where true judgement can
" Diſcloſe the ſentiments of man;
" Let 's have a care how we diſcover,
" Eſpecially before a Lover,
" Some paſſions which we ſhould conceal,
" But heats of play too oft' reveal;
" For, be the matter ſmall or great,
" There 's like abhorrence for a cheat.
" There 's nothing ſpoils a Woman's graces
" Like peeviſhneſs and making faces:
" Then angry words and rude diſcourſe,
" You may be ſure, become them worſe.
" With hopes of gain when we 're beſet,
" We do too commonly forget
" Such guards as ſcreen us from thoſe eyes
" Which may obſerve us, and deſpiſe.
" I 'd burn the cards, rather than know
" Of any of my friends did ſo:
" I 've heard of ſome ſuch things; but I,
" Thanks to my ſtars, was never by.
" Thus we may paſs our time: the men
" A thouſand ways divert their ſpleen,
" Whilſt we ſit peeviſhly within;
" Hunting, cocking, racing, joking,
" Fuddling, ſwimming, fencing, ſmoaking;
" And little thinking how poor we
" Muſt vent our ſcandal o'er our tea,

" I ſee no reaſon but we may
" Be briſk, and equally as gay.
" Whene'er our Gentlemen would rang
" We 'll take our chariot for the 'Chan
" If they 're diſpoſing for the Play,
" We 'll haſten to the Opera:
" Or when they 'll luſtily carouſe,
" We 'll ſurely to the Indian Houſe:
" And at ſuch coſt whilſt thus we roam
" For cheapneſs ſake they 'll ſtay at hon
" Few wiſe men's thoughts e'er ye
" ſued
" That which their eyes had never view
" And ſo our never being ſeen
" Is the ſame thing as not t' have been.
" Grandeur itſelf and Poverty
" Were equal if no witneſs by:
" And they who always ſing alone
" Can ne'er be prais'd by more than o
" Had Danae been ſhut up ſtill,
" She 'd been a Maid againſt her will,
" And might have grown prodigious o
" And never had her ſtory told.
" 'Tis fit fair Maids ſhould run a-gaddi
" To ſet the amorous Beaux a-madding
" To many a Sheep the Wolf has gone
" Ere it can neatly ſeize on one;
" And many a Partridge ſcapes away
" Before the Hawk can pounce its prey
" And ſo, if pretty Damſels rove,
" They 'll find out *one* perhaps may love
" If they no diligence will ſpare,
" And in their dreſſing ſtill take care.
" The Fiſher baits his hook all night,
" In hopes by chance ſome Eel may bite
" Each with their different grace appear
" Virgins with bluſh, Widows with tea
" Which gain new Huſbands tender-be
" To think how ſuch a couple parted.
" But then there are ſome foppiſh Beau
" Like us in all things but their cloaths
" That we may ſeem the more robuſt,
" And fitteſt to accoſt them firſt:
" With powder, paint, falſe locks, and
" They give themſelves a female air;
" Who, having all their tale by rote,
" And harping ſtill on the ſame note,
" Will tell us that, and nothing more
" Than what a thouſand heard before.
" Though they all marks of Love pret
" There 's nothing which they leſs inte
" And, 'midſt a thouſand hideous oaths
" With jewels falſe and borrow'd cloath
" Our eaſineſs may give belief
" To one that is an errant thief."
The ſpark was coming; ſhe, undreſt,
Scuttles away as if poſſeſt.
The Governeſs cries, " Where d'ye run
" Why, Madam, I 've but juſt begun,'
She bawls; the other nothing hears,
But leaves her prattling to the chairs.
Virtue, without theſe little arts,
At firſt ſubdues, then keeps, our hearts
And though more gracefully it ſhows
When it from lovely perſons flows;

* By the manner in which Taſſo and Malherbe are mentioned by Dr. King, they ſeem not to have been the moſt faſhionable authors of that age. Our author has tranſlated what he calls " an admirable Ode of Malherbe." N.

ten Goodneſs moſt prevails,
Beauty in perfection fails.
gh every feature mayn't be well,
l together may excel.
's nothing but will eaſy prove,
all the reſt 's made up by Love.

PART XIII.

INS ſhould not unſkill'd in Muſic be;
it 's more like themſelves than Harmony?
Vice uſe it only to betray,
is by their Songs entice their prey.
th ſenſe, with voice, and beauty join,
to eyes and ear, and to the Mind Divine:
: 's a double grace when pleaſing ſtrings
h'd by her that more delightful ſings.
pheus did the rage of deſerts quell,
m'd the monſtrous inſtruments of Hell.
ls to Thebes Amphion thus began,
› the work officious marble ran.
h his harp and voice Arion rode
ute Fiſh ſafe through the rolling flood.
e the eſſays of the Female wit
ming in the verſes they have writ.
ient ages, Love has found the way
l thoughts by Letters to convey;
metimes run in ſuch engaging ſtrain,
r makes the Fair write back again.
thus intended, ſome ſmall time delay:
›n ſtrengthens rather by our ſtay.
h a cautious wit your pen with-hold,
› free expreſſion make him bold.
mixture 'twixt his hope and fear,
eproof let tenderneſs appear.
ſerves it, give him hopes of life:
Miſtreſs makes a froward Wife.
t foreign words: Love will impart
ſtyle more excellent than art.
lines flow on with ſo much eaſe,
who writes like them muſt ſurely pleaſe.
t works, with courtly graces ſtor'd,
ſe in nice expreſſions will afford:

Whilſt Chudleigh's * words ſeraphic thoughts expreſs
In lofty grandeur, but without exceſs.
Oh, had not Beauty parts enough to wound,
But it muſt pierce us with Poetic ſound;
Whilſt Phœbus ſuffers female powers to tear
Wreaths from his Daphne, which they juſtly wear!
If greater things to leſſer we compare,
The ſkill of Love is like the art of war.
The General ſays, "Let him the Horſe command:
"You by that Enſign, you that Cannon ſtand:
"Where danger calls, let t'other bring ſupplies."
With pleaſure all obey, in hopes to riſe.
So, if you have a ſervant ſkill'd in Laws,
Send him with moving ſpeech to plead your cauſe.
He that has native unaffected voice,
In ſinging what you bid him, will rejoice.
And wealth, as beauty orders it beſtow'd,
Would make ev'n Miſers in expences proud.
But they, o'er whom Apollo rules, have hearts
The moſt ſuſceptible of Lovers' ſmarts,
And, like their God, ſo they feel Cupid's darts:
The Gods and Kings are by their labours prais'd;
And they again by them to honour rais'd:
For none to Heaven or Majeſty expreſt
Their duty well, but in return were bleſt.
Nor did the mighty Scipio think it ſcorn,
That Ennius, in Calabrian mountains born,
His wars, retirements, councils, ſhould attend,
In all diſtinguiſh'd by the name of Friend.
He that, for want of worlds to conquer, wept,
Without conſulting Homer never ſlept.
The Poet's cares all terminate in fame;
As they obtain, they give, a laſting name.
Thus from the dead Lucrece and Cynthia riſe,
And Berenice's hair adorns the ſkies.
The ſacred Bard no treacherous craft diſplays,
But virtuous actions crowns with his own bays.
Far from Ambition and Wealth's ſordid care,
In him good-nature and content appear:
And far from Courts, from ſtudious parties free,
He ſighs forth Laura's charms beneath ſome tree;
Deſpairing of the valued prize he loves,
Commits his thoughts to winds and echoing groves.
Poets have quick deſire and paſſion ſtrong;
Where once it lights, there it continues long.
They know that Truth is the perpetual band,
By which the world and heaven of Love muſt ſtand.

---

ime aſſumed by Mrs. Aphra Behn, a lady wn in the gay and poetical world in the › reign of King Charles II. She was 's of ſeventeen Plays, two volumes of everal Tranſlations, and many Poems. N.

poetical name of Mrs. Catharine Philips. the daughter of John Fowler, merchant, in London 1631; was married to James of the Priory of Cardigan, eſq. about 1647; and died in Fleet-ſtreet, in the of June 1664. Her poems have been mes printed. She was alſo the writer of e of Letters, publiſhed many years after , to Sir Charles Cotterel, intituled, "Letters Orinda to Poliarchus;" which have been —Mrs. Philips was as much famed for idſhip, as for her poetry; and had the tune to be equally eſteemed by the beſt poet and the beſt divine of her age. Dr. Jeremy Taylor addreſſed his diſcourſe "on the nature "and effects of friendſhip" to this lady; and Mr. Cowley has celebrated her memory, in an elegant Ode preſerved amongſt his Works. N.

* This lady was daughter to Richard Lee, of Winſlade, in the county of Devon, eſq. She was born in the year 1656; became the wife of Sir George Chudleigh, of Aſhton, in the ſame county, bart.; and died Dec. 15, 1710. Her Poems were twice printed in her lifetime in one volume, 8vo. the ſecond edition in 1709. She alſo publiſhed a volume of Eſſays upon ſeveral ſubjects in Proſe and Verſe, 1710. N.

The Poet's art ſoftens their tempers ſo,
That manners eaſy as their verſes flow.
Oh could they but juſt retribution find,
And as themſelves what they adore be kind!
In vain they boaſt of their celeſtial fire,
Whilſt there remains a Heaven to which they can't aſpire!
Apelles firſt brought Venus to our view,
With blooming charms and graces ever new,
Who elſe unknown to mortals might remain,
Hid in the caverns of her native main:
And with the Painter now the Poets join
To make the Mother and her Boy divine.
Therefore attend, and from their muſick learn
That which their minds inſpir'd could beſt diſcern.
First ſee how Sidney, then how Cowley mov'd,
And with what art it was that Waller lov'd.
Forget not Dorſet, in whoſe generous mind
Love, ſenſe, wit, honour, every grace combin'd;
And if for me you one kind wiſh would ſpare,
Anſwer a Poet to his friendly prayer.
Take Stepney's verſe, with candour ever bleſt;
For Love will there ſtill with his aſhes reſt.
There let warm ſpice and fragrant odours burn,
And everlaſting ſweets perfume his urn.
Not that the living Muſe is to be ſcorn'd:
Britain with equal worth is ſtill adorn'd.
See Halifax, where ſenſe and honour mixt
Upon the merits juſt reward have fixt:
And read their works who, writing in his praiſe,
To their own verſe immortal laurels raiſe.
Learn Prior's lines; for they can teach you more
Than ſacred Ben, or Spenſer, did before:
And mark him well that uncouth Phyſick's art
Can in the ſofteſt tune of Wit impart.
See Paſtorella o'er Florello's grave,
See Tamerlane make Bajazet his ſlave;
And Phædra with her ancient vigour rave.
Through Rapin's nurſeries and gardens walk,
And find how Nymphs transform'd by amorous colours talk.
Pomona ſee with Milton's grandeur riſe,
The moſt delicious fruit of Paradiſe,
With Apples might the firſt-born man deceive,
And more perſuaſive voice than tempting Eve,
Not to confine you here; for many more
Britain's luxuriant wealth has ſtill in ſtore,
Whom would I number up, I muſt outrun
The longeſt courſe of the laborious ſun.

PART XIV.

OUR manners like our countenance ſhould be;
They always candid, and the other free:
But, when our mind by anger is poſſeſt,
Our noble manhood is transform'd to beaſt.
No feature then its wonted grace retains,
When the blood blackens in the ſwelling veins:
The eye hails ſhot out fiery darts, would kill
Th' oppoſer, if the Gorgon had its will.
When Pallas in a river ſaw the flute
Deform'd her cheeks, ſhe let the reed be mute.
Anger no more will mortify the face,
Which in that paſſion once conſults her glaſs.
Let Beauty ne'er be with this torment ſeiz'd
But ever reſt ſerene, and ever pleas'd.
A dark and ſullen brow ſeems to reprove
The firſt advances that are made to Love,
To which there 's nothing more averſe than pride.
Men without ſpeaking often are denied:
And a diſdainful look too oft' reveals
Thoſe ſeeds of hatred which the tongue conceals.
When eyes meet eyes, and ſmiles to ſmiles return,
'Tis then both hearts with equal ardour burn,
And by their mutual paſſion ſoon will know
That all are darts, and ſhot from Cupid's bow.
But, when ſome lovely form does ſtrike your eyes,
Be cautious ſtill how you admit ſurprize.
What you would love, with quick diſcretion view:
The object may deceive by being new.
You may ſubmit to a too haſty fate,
And would ſhake off the yoke when 'tis too late:
We often into our deſtruction ſink,
By not allowing time enough to think.
Reſiſt at firſt: for help in vain we pray,
When ills have gain'd full ſtrength by long delay.
Be ſpeedy; leſt perhaps the growing hour
Put what is now within, beyond our power.
Love, as a fire in cities finds increaſe,
Proceeds, and till the whole 's deſtroy'd won't ceaſe,
It with allurements does, like rivers, riſe
From little ſprings, enlarg'd by vaſt ſupplies.
Had Mirrha kept this guard, ſhe had not ſtood
A monumental crime in weeping wood.
Becauſe that Love is pleaſing in its pain,
We not without reluctance health obtain.
Phyſick may tarry till to-morrow's ſun,
Whilſt the curs'd poiſons through the vitals run.
The tree not to be ſhook has pierc'd the ground,
And death muſt follow the neglected wound.
O'er different ages Love bears different ſway,
Takes various turns to make all ſorts obey.
The Colt unback'd we ſooth with gentle trace;
We feed the Runner deſtin'd for the race;
And 'tis with time and maſters we prepare
The manag'd Courſers ruſhing to the war.
Ambitious Youth will have ſome ſparks of pride,
And not without impatience be denied.
If to his Love a Rival you afford,
You then preſent a trial for his ſword:
His eager warmth diſdains to be perplext,
And rambles to the beauty that is next.
Maturer years proceed with care and ſenſe,
And, as they ſeldom give, ſo ſeldom take offence:
For he that knows reſiſtance is in vain,
Knows likewiſe ſtruggling will increaſe his pain.
Like wood that 's lately cut in Paphian Grove,
Time makes him a fit ſacrifice for Love.
By ſlow degrees he fans the gentle fire,
Till perſeverance makes the flame aſpire.
This Love 's more ſure, the other is more gay;
But then he roves, whilſt this is forc'd to ſtay.
There are ſome tempers which you muſt oblige,
Not by a quick ſurrender, but a ſiege;
That moſt are pleas'd, when driven to deſpair
By what they 're pleas'd to call a cruel fair.
They think, unleſs their uſage has been hard,
Their conqueſt loſes part of its reward.

raiſe ſpleen from their abounding
lth,
l with ſweets, from acids ſeek their
th.
a boat does its deſtruction find
canty ſails, too full of wind.
it treachery to declare
le parts we have in war?
folly to afford
ny a naked ſword?
ıy weakneſs to confeſs
ts men often in diſtreſs:
it is ſuch Beaux * as be
'ith ſo much vanity,
that whereſoe'er they turn,
r looks on them muſt burn.
:y deſire they think is true,
all encouragement from you.
ll a ſingle look improve,
: civilities for love.
all expected you at play:
not a Miſtreſs made you ſtay?"
u is fir'd, cries, "Now I find
f pity muſt be kind:
h'd, impatient till I came."
aring to the lively flame,
he vain ambitious Fly
ay wings, then unregarded die.
ſexes have their jealouſy,
s to gain their ends thereby,
ıtimes too quick belief
:n a ſudden vent to grief,
'd by ſome perſons lying,
n eaſy wife a-crying:
:cris long ago, alas!
ıc'd this unhappy caſe.
is a Mount, Hymettus ſtyl'd,
'inks and Roſemary are wild,
ıtrawberries and Myrtles grow,
ılets make a purple ſhow;
he ſweet Bays and Laurel ſhine,
ed by the lofty Pine;
Zephyrs, with their wanton motion,
the leaves at their devotion.
phalus, who Hunting lov'd,
ɔgs and men were both remov'd,
his duſty labour done,
ıeridian of the ſun,
ıe ſecret hedge would creep,
g, and hum himſelf aſleep.
monly being hot and dry,
would for ſome cooler cry;
ow, if ſome
ıler would come!
Deareſt, rareſt,
.oveliеſt, faireſt,
ıler, come!
)h, AIR,
ſh and rare;

bvious that this word conveys at preſent
:rent idea from its original ſignification;
plainly that of *an accompliſhed gentleman.*

"Deareſt, rareſt,
"Loveliеſt, faireſt,
"Cooler, come; Cooler come; Cooler, come!"
A Woman, that had heard him ſing,
Soon had her malice on the wing:
For Females uſually don't want
A Fellow-goſſip that will cant;
Who ſtill is pleas'd with others ails,
And therefore carries ſpiteful tales.
She thought that ſhe might raiſe ſome ſtrife
By telling ſomething to his Wife:
That once upon a time ſhe ſtood
In ſuch a place, in ſuch a wood,
On ſuch a day, and ſuch a year,
There did, at leaſt there did appear
('Cauſe for the world ſhe would not lye,
As ſhe muſt tell her by the bye)
Her Huſband; firſt more loudly bauling,
And afterwards more ſoftly calling
A perſon not of the beſt fame,
And Miſtreſs Cooler was her name.
"Now, Goſſip, why ſhould ſhe come thither?
"But that they might be naught together?"
When Cris heard all, her colour turn'd,
And though her heart within her burn'd,
And eyeballs ſent forth ſudden flaſhes,
Her cheeks and lips were pale as aſhes.
Then, "Woe the day that ſhe was born!"
The nightrail innocent was torn:
Many a thump was given the breaſt,
"And ſhe, oh, ſhe ſhould never reſt!
"She ſtrait would heigh her to the wood,
"And he 'd repent it—that he ſhould."
With eager haſte away ſhe moves,
Never regarding ſcarf or gloves:
Into the grotto ſoon ſhe creeps,
And into every thicket peeps,
And to her eyes there did appear
Two prints of bodies—that was clear:
"And now (ſhe cries) I plainly ſee
"How time and place, and all agree:
"But here 's a covert, where I 'll lie,
"And I ſhall have them by and by."
'Twas noon; and Cephalus, as laſt time,
Heated and ruffled with his paſtime,
Came to the very ſelf-ſame place
Where he was us'd to waſh his face:
And then he ſung, and then he hum'd,
And on his knee with fingers thrum'd.
When Criſſy found all matters fair,
And that he only wanted Air,
Saw what device was took to fool her,
And no ſuch one as Miſtreſs Cooler;
Miſtruſting then no future harms,
She would have ruſh'd into his arms;
But, as the leaves began to ruſtle,
He thought ſome beaſt had made the buſtle.
He ſhot, then cried, "I 've kill'd my Deer."
"Ay, ſo you have," (ſays Cris) "I fear."—
"Why, Criſſy, pray what made you here?"
"By Goſſip Trot, I underſtood
"You kept a ſmall Girl in this wood."
Quoth Ceph, "'Tis pity thou ſhould'ſt die
"For this thy fooliſh jealouſy:

" For 'tis a paſſion that does move
" Too often from exceſs of love."
But, when they fought for wound full ſore,
The petticoat was only tore,
And ſhe had got a luſty thump,
Which in ſome meaſure bruis'd her rump.
Then home moſt lovingly they went:
Neither had reaſon to repent.
Their following years paſs'd in content;
And Criſſy made him the beſt wife
For the remainder of his life.
The Muſe has done, nor will more laws obtrude,
Leſt ſhe, by being tedious, ſhould be rude.
Unbrace Love's ſwans, let them unharneſs'd ſtray,
And eat Ambroſia through the milky way.
Give liberty to every Paphian Dove,
And let them freely with the Cupids rove.
But, when the Amazonian trophies riſe
With monuments of their paſt victories;
With what diſcretion and what art they fought;
Let them record, " They were by OVID taught."

AN

INCOMPARABLE ODE OF MALHERBE'S*,

WRITTEN BY HIM WHEN THE MARRIAGE WAS ON FOOT BETWEEN THE KING OF FRANCE† AND ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

Cette Anne ſi belle,
Qu'on vante ſi fort,
Pourquoy ne vient elle?
Vrayment, elle a tort!
Son Louis ſoûpire
Apres ſes appas:
Que veut elle dire,
Que elle ne vient pas?
Si il ne la poſſéde,
Il s'en va mourir;
Donnons y remédе,
Allons la querir.

Tranſlated by a great Admirer of the Eaſi French Poetry.

This Anna ſo fair,
So talk'd of by fame,
Why don't ſhe appear?
Indeed, ſhe 's to blame!
Lewis ſighs for the ſake
Of her charms, as they ſay;
What excuſe can ſhe make
For not coming away?
If he does not poſſeſs,
He dies with deſpair;
Let 's give him redreſs,
And go find out the Fair.

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* The Tranſlator propoſed to turn this Ode with all imaginable exactneſs; and he hopes he has been pretty juſt to Malherbe: only i ſixth line he has made a ſmall addition of three words, " as they ſay;" which he thi excuſeable, if we conſider the French Poet talks a little too familiarly of the king's pa as if the king himſelf had owned it to him. Tranſlator thinks it more mannerly and reſp in Malherbe to pretend to have the account only by hearſay. KING.

† Lewis the Fourteenth.

THE FURMETARY;

A VERY INNOCENT AND HARMLESS POEM*,

IN THREE CANTO'S.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1699.

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Poem may be thought to write for fame, and the applauſe of the town: but he wholly diſowns it; for he writes only for the ublic good, the benefit of his country, and the manufacture of England. It is well nown, that *grave Senators* have often, at the Palace-yard, refreſhed themſelves with arley-broth in a morning, which has had a very ſolid influence on their counſels; it therefore hoped that other perſons may uſe it with the like ſucceſs. No man can e ignorant, how of late years Coffee and Tea in a morning has prevailed; nay, Cold Vaters have obtained their commendation; and Wells are ſprung up from Acton to ſlington, and croſs the water to Lambeth. Theſe liquors have ſeveral eminent champions of all profeſſions. But there have not been wanting perſons, in all ages, that ave ſhewn a true love for their country, and the proper diet of it, as Water-gruel, ilk-porridge, Rice-milk, and eſpecially Furmetry both with Plums and without. To his end, ſeveral worthy perſons have encouraged the eating ſuch wholeſome diet in the morning; and, that the poor may be provided, they have deſired ſeveral Matrons to tand at Smithfield-bars, Leadenhall-market, Stocks-market, and divers other noted laces in the City, eſpecially at Fleet-ditch; there to *diſpenſe* Furmetry to labouring eople, and the poor, at reaſonable rates, at three-half-pence and two-pence a diſh, hich is not dear, the plums being conſidered.

The places are generally ſtyled Furmetaries, becauſe that food has got the general teem; but that at Fleet-ditch I take to be one of the moſt remarkable, and therefore have ſtyled it, "The Furmetary;" and could eaſily have had a certificate of the efulneſs of this Furmetary, ſigned by ſeveral eminent Carmen, Gardeners, Journeyen-taylors, and Baſket-women, who have promiſed to contribute to the maintenance f the ſame, in caſe the Coffee-houſes ſhould proceed to oppoſe it.

I have thought this a very proper ſubject for an Heroic Poem; and endeavoured to as ſmooth in my verſe, and as inoffenſive in my characters, as was poſſible. It is my fe with Lucretius, that I write upon a ſubject not treated of by the Ancients. But, the greater labour, the greater glory."

Virgil had a Homer to imitate; but I ſtand upon my own legs, without any ſupport from abroad. I therefore ſhall have more occaſion for the Reader's favour, who, om the kind acceptance of this, may expect the deſcription of other Furmetaries out this City, from his moſt humble ſervant,

AND PER SE AND.

* Written to pleaſe a Gentleman who thought nothing ſmooth or lofty could be written upon a an ſubject; but had no intent of making any reflection upon "The Diſpenſary," which has ſervedly gained a laſting reputation. KING.

THE FURMETARY.

IN THREE CANTO'S.

CANTO I.

NO ſooner did the grey-ey'd Morning peep,
And yawning mortals ſtretch themſelves from ſleep;
Finders of gold were now but newly paſt,
And baſket-women did to Market haſte;
The Watchmen were but juſt returning home,
To give the thieves more liberty to roam;
When from a hill, by growing beams of light,
A ſtately pile was offer'd to the ſight;
Three ſpacious doors let paſſengers go through,
And diſtant ſtones did terminate their view:
Juſt here, as ancient Poets ſing, there ſtood
The noble palace of the valiant Lud;
His image now appears in Portland ſtone,
Each ſide ſupported by a god-like ſon *:
But, underneath, all the three heroes ſhine,
In living colours, drawn upon a ſign,
Which ſhews the way to Ale, but not to Wine.
Near is a place enclos'd with iron-bars,
Where many mortals curſe their cruel ſtars,
When brought by Uſurers into diſtreſs,
For having little ſtill muſt live on leſs:
Stern Avarice there keeps the relentleſs door,
And bids each wretch eternally be poor.
Hence Hunger riſes, diſmally he ſtalks,
And takes each ſingle priſoner in his walks:
This duty done, the meagre monſter ſtares,
Holds up his bones, and thus begins his prayers:
" Thou, Goddeſs Famine, that canſt ſend us blights,
" With parching heat by day, and ſtorm by nights,
" Aſſiſt me now: ſo may all lands be thine,
" And ſhoals of orphans at thy altars pine!

* As Dr. King's deſcription of Ludgate, though familiar to the preſent age, will be leſs intelligible to the riſing generation, it may not be improper to obſerve, that its name, which Geoffry of Monmouth has aſcribed to King Lud, was with greater propriety derived from its ſituation near the rivulet Flud, or Fleet, which ran near it —So early as 1373, Ludgate was conſtituted a priſon for poor debtors who were free of the city; and was greatly enlarged in 1454, by Sir Stephen Forſter, who, after having been himſelf confined there, became lord mayor of London, and eſtabliſhed ſeveral benevolent regulations for its government.—The old gate becoming ruinous, an elegant building, as above deſcribed by Dr. King, was erected in 1586, with the ſtatue of Queen Elizabeth on the Weſt front, and thoſe of the pretended King Lud and his two ſons on the Eaſt. This was pulled down in 1760, and the ſtatue of Elizabeth placed againſt the church of St. Dunſtan in the Weſt. Since that time, the city debtors have been confined in a part of the London workhouſe in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet. N.

" Long may thy reign continue on each ſhore,
" Where-ever Peace and Plenty reign'd before!
" I muſt confeſs, that to thy gracious hand
" I widows owe, that are at my command;
" I joy to hear their numerous children's cries;
" And bleſs thy power, to find they 've no ſup-
" plies.
" I thank thee for thoſe Martyrs, who would
" flee
" From ſuperſtitious rites and tyranny,
" And find their fullneſs of reward in me.
" But 'tis with much humility I own,
" That generous favour you have lately ſhown,
" When men, that bravely have their country
" ſerv'd,
" Receiv'd the juſt reward that they deſerv'd
" And are preferred to me, and ſhall be ſtarv'd.
" I can, but with regret, I can deſpiſe
" Innumerable of the London cries,
" When Peaſe, and Mackarel, with their harſher
" ſound,
" The tender organs of my ears confound;
" But that which makes my projects all miſcarry,
" Is this inhuman, fatal FURMETARY.
" Not far from hence, juſt by the Bridge of
" Fleet,
" With Spoons and Porringers, and Napkin neat,
" A faithleſs Syren does entice the ſenſe,
" By fumes of viands, which ſhe does diſpenſe
" To mortal ſtomachs, for rewarding pence;
" Whilſt each man's earlieſt thoughts would
" baniſh me,
" Who have no other ogle but thee."

CANTO II.

WHILST ſuch-like prayers keen Hunger would advance,
Fainting and weakneſs threw him in a trance:
Famine took pity on her careful ſlave,
And kindly to him this aſſiſtance gave.
She took the figure of a thin parch'd Maid,
Who many years had ſor a Huſband ſtaid;
And, coming near to Hunger, thus ſhe ſaid:
" My darling ſon, whilſt Peace and Plenty
ſmile,
" And Happineſs would over-run this iſle,
" I joy to ſee, by this thy preſent care,
" I 've ſtill ſome friends remaining ſince the
" war:
" In ſpite of us, A does on Veniſon feed,
" And Bread and Butter is for B decreed;
" C D combines with E F 's generous ſoul,
" To paſs their minutes with the ſparkling bowl;
" H I 's good-nature, from his endleſs ſtore,
" Is ſtill conferring bleſſings on the poor,
" For none, except 'tis K, regards them more.
" L, M, N, O, P, Q, is vainly great,
" And ſquanders half his ſubſtance in a treat.
" Nice eating by R, S, is underſtood;
" T's ſupper, though but little, yet is good;
" U's converſation 's equal to his wine,
" You ſup with W, whene'er you dine:
" X, Y, and Z, hating to be confin'd,
" Ramble to the next Eating-houſe they find;

good-humour'd, beautiful, and gay,
s with muſick, and ſometimes with
ıy,
ıeir pleaſures till th' approaching day.
ss And alone, as Poets uſe,
ing dictates of my rules purſues;
ing coachman does afore him ſhine,
e any conſtant place to dine,
s notions of a meal are mine.
ſte, to him, a bleſſing give from me,
ım write ſharp things on Furmetry.
ıld have thee to Coffedro go,
'obacco too thy buſineſs know;
ous Teedrums in this caſe adviſe,
agoe, who is always wiſe.
ch counſel, baniſh all deſpair;
you ſhall ſucceed in this affair:
e& which they Furmetary call,
rt Breakfaſt-time ſhall ſurely fall!"
ſhe quickly vaniſh'd in a wind
ithin her body been confin'd.
les, when he his miſtreſs found,
ıer by her ſcent, and by her ſound.

CANTO III.

R rejoic'd to hear the bleſt command,
ETARY ſhould no longer ſtand;
he to Coffedro's manſion flies,
e pale-fac'd mortal quickly riſe.
my friend; for upon thee do wait
ents and prodigies of Fate!
t of day, thy footy broth prepare,
ıy other liquors for a war:
Tobacco, whoſe delicious ſight,
'd round with beams of light,
ıpatient mind will cauſe delight.
he conquer noſtrils that preſume
th' attack of his impetuous fume!
ome Teedrums too be call'd to arms,
s courage in the midſt of charms:
h counſel fills his wakeful brains,
his wiſdom countervails his pains;
all be your guide, he ſhall effect
ious conqueſt which we all expect.
e Hectorvus ſhall command this
rce;
et Tubcarrio's Foot, or, which is
orſe,
e fury of Carmanniel's Horſe.
ward, this he ſhall have each day,
ee, then ſtrut out, and never pay."
t long ere the Grandees were met,
news papers in full order ſet.
, riſing, ſaid, "I hope you hear
advice with an obedient ear;
deſign admits of no delay,
mmands, and we muſt all obey:
en which does Furmetary keep
e is riſen from the bands of ſleep;
ns and Porringers, with art diſplay'd,
Hunger's ſubjects have betray'd."
ns," Hectorvus cried: "Coffedro ſtout,
ı liquor from thy ſcalding ſpout!"

Great One-and all-i gives the firſt alarms;
Then each man ſnatches up offenſive arms.
To Ditch of Fleet courageouſly they run,
Quicker than thought; the battle is begun:
Hectorvus firſt Tubcarrio does attack,
And by ſurprize ſoon lays him on his back;
Thirſto and Drowtho then, approaching near,
Soon overthrow two magazines of Beer.
The innocent Syrena little thought
That all theſe arms againſt herſelf were brought;
Nor that in her defence the drink was ſpilt:
How could ſhe fear, that never yet knew guilt?
Her fragrant Juice, and her delicious Plums,
She does *diſpenſe* (with gold upon her thumbs):
Virgins and Youths around her ſtood; ſhe ſate,
Environ'd with a Wooden-chair of ſtate.
In the mean time, Tobacco ſtrives to vex
A numerous ſquadron of the tender ſex;
What with ſtrong ſmoak, and with his ſtronger breath,
He ſunks Baſketia and her ſon to death.
Coffedro ſees, with Teedrums and the band
Who carried ſcalding liquors in their hand,
Throw watery ammunition in their eyes;
On which Syrena's party frighten'd flies:
Carmannio ſtraight drives up a bulwark ſtrong,
And horſe oppoſes to Coffedro's throng.
Coledrivio ſtands for bright Syrena's guard,
And all her rallied Forces are prepar'd;
Carmannio then to Teedrum's ſquadron makes,
And the lean mortal by the buttons takes;
Not Teedrums' arts Carmannio could beſeech,
But his rough valour throws him in the ditch.
Syrena, though ſurpriz'd, reſolv'd to be
The great Bonduca of her Furmetry:
Before her throne courageouſly ſhe ſtands,
Managing ladles-full with both her hands.
The numerous Plums like hail-ſhot flew about,
And Plenty ſoon diſpers'd the *meagre* rout.
So have I ſeen, at Fair that 's nam'd from Horn,
Many a Ladle's blow by Prentice borne;
In vain he ſtrives their paſſions to aſſuage,
With threats would frighten, with ſoft words engage;
Until, through Milky gauntlet ſoundly beat,
His prudent heels ſecure a quick retreat.
"Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
"Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas!"

MULLY OF MOUNTOWN*.

FIRST PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1704.

I.

MOUNTOWN†! thou ſweet retreat from Dublin cares,
Be famous for thy Apples and thy Pears;

* It was taken for a State Poem, and to have many myſteries in it; though it was only made, as well as "Orpheus and Eurydice," for country diverſion. King.

† A pleaſant villa to the South of Dublin, near the ſea.

" E'en go to Hell yourſelf, and try
" Th' effect of Muſick's harmony;
" For you will hardly find a friend,
" Whom you in ſuch a caſe might ſend:
" Beſides, their Proſerpine has been
" The briſkeſt dancer on the green,
" Before old Pluto raviſh'd her,
" Took her to Hell—and you may ſwear,
" She had but little Muſick there;
" For, ſince ſhe laſt beheld the ſun,
" Her merry dancing days are done:
" She has a colt's-tooth ſtill, I warrant,
" And will not diſapprove your errand.
" Then your requeſt does reaſon ſeem,
" For what 's one ſingle ghoſt to them?
" Though thouſand *phantoms* ſhould invade ye,
" Paſs on—Faint Heart ne'er won fair Lady!
" The bold a way will find, or make;
" Remember, 'tis for Dicé's ſake."
Nothing pleas'd Orpheus half ſo well,
As news that he muſt go to Hell
Th' impatient wight long'd to be going,
As moſt folks ſeek their own undoing;
Ne'er thought of what he left behind;
Never conſider'd he ſhould find
Scarce any paſſenger beſide
Himſelf, nor could he hire a guide.
" Will Muſick do 't?" cried he. " Ne'er
" heed:
" My harp ſhall make the marble bleed;
" My harp all dangers ſhall remove,
" And dare all flames, but thoſe of Love."
Then kneeling begs, in terms moſt civil,
Urganda's paſſport to the Devil.
Her paſs ſhe kindly to him gave,
Then bade him 'noint himſelf with ſalve;
Such as thoſe hardy people uſe,
Who walk on fire without their ſhoes,
Who, on occaſion, in a dark hole,
Can gormandize on lighted Charcoal,
And drink eight quarts of flaming Fuel,
As men in flux do Water-gruel.
She bade him then go to theſe caves,
Where Conjurers keep Fairy ſlaves,
Such ſort of creatures as will baſte ye
A Kitchen-wench, for being naſty,
But, if ſhe neatly ſcour her pewter,
Give her the money that is due t' her.
Orpheus went down a narrow hole,
That was as dark as any coal;
He did at length ſome glimmering ſpy,
By which, at leaſt, he might deſcry
Ten thouſand little Fairy elves,
Who there were ſolacing themſelves.
All ran about him, cried, " Oh, dear!
" Who thought to have ſeen Orpheus here?
" 'Tis that Queen's birth-day which you ſee,
" And you are come as luckily:
" You had no Ballad but we bought it,
" Paid Dicé when ſhe little thought it;
" When you beneath the yew tree ſat,
" We 've come, and all danc'd round your
" Hat;
" But whereabouts did Dicé leave ye?
" She had been welcome, Sir, believe me."

" Theſe little chits would make one ſ
Quoth Orpheus, 'twixt diſdain and fear.
" And dare theſe Urchins jeer my croſſe
" And laugh at mine and Dicé's loſſes?
" Hands off—the monkeys hold the faſte
" Sirrahs, I 'm going to your Maſter"
" Good words," quoth Oberon: " don'
" For, every time you ſtir, I 'll pinch;
" But, if you decently ſit down,
" I 'll firſt equip you with a crown;
" Then for each dance, and for each ſon
" Our pence apiece the whole night long
Orpheus, who found no remedy,
Made virtue of neceſſity;
Though all was out of tune, their dance
Would only hinder his advance.
Each note that from his finger fell
Seem'd to be Dicé's paſſing-bell;
At laſt, night let him eaſe his crupper,
Get on his legs, to go to ſupper.
Quoth Nab, " We here have ſtrangers
" But, Sir, to what we have you 're wel
" Madam, they ſeem of light digeſtio
" Is it not rude to aſk a queſtion,
" What they may be, fiſh, fleſh, or fruit
" For I ne'er ſaw things ſo minute."

" SIR,
" A roaſted ant, that 's nicely done,
" By one ſmall atom of the ſun.
" Theſe are flies' eggs, in moon-ſhine po
" This a flea's thigh in collops ſcotch'd,
" 'Twas hunted yeſterday i' th' Park,
" And like t' have 'ſcap'd us in the dark.
" This is a diſh entirely new,
" Butterflies' brains diſſolv'd in dew;
" Theſe lovers' vows, theſe courtiers' he
" Things to be eat by microſcopes;
" Theſe ſucking mites, a glow-worm's h
" This a delicious rainbow-tart!"
" Madam, I find, they 're very nice,
" And will digeſt within a trice;
" I ſee there's nothing you eſteem,
" That 's half ſo groſs as our whipt-crea
" And I infer, from all theſe meats,
" That ſuch light ſuppers keep clean ſhee
" But, Sir," ſaid ſhe, " perhaps you 're
Then, ſpeaking to a Fairy by,
" You 've taken care, my dear Endia,
" All 's ready for my Ratifia."

" SIR,
" A drop of water, newly torn
" Freſh from the roſy finger'd Morn;
" A pearl of milk, that 's gently preſt
" From blooming Hebe's early breaſt;
" With half a ene of Cupid's tears,
" When he in infancy firſt appears;
" And honey from an infant bee:
" Makes liquor for the Gods and Me "
" Madam," ſays he, " an 't pleaſe your
" I 'm going to a droughty place;
" And, if I an't too bold, pray charge he
" The draught I have be ſomewhat larger
" Fetch me," ſaid ſhe, " a mighty bow
" Like Oberon's capacious ſoul,

" And then fill up the burniſh'd gold
" With juice that makes the Britons bold,
" This from ſeven barley corns I drew,
" Its years are ſeven, and to the view
" 'Tis clear, and ſparkles fit for you.
" But ſtay—
" When I by Fate was laſt time hurl'd,
" To act my pranks in t' other world,
" I ſaw ſome ſparks as they were drinking,
" With mighty mirth and little thinking,
" Their jeſts were *ſupernaculum*,
" I ſnatch'd the rubies from each thumb,
" And in this cryſtal have them here,
" Perhaps you 'll like it more than Beer."
Wine and lite hours diſſolv'd the feaſt,
And Men and Fairies went to reſt.
The bed where Orpheus was to lie
Was all ſtuff'd full of Harmony:
Purling ſtreams and amorous rills,
Dying ſound that never kills,
Zephyrus breathing, Love delighting,
Joy to ſlumber ſoft inviting.
Trembling ſounds that make no noiſe,
And ſongs to pleaſe without a voice,
Were mixt with down that fell from Jove,
When he became a Swan for love.
'Twas night, and Nature's ſelf lay dead,
Nodding upon a feather bed;
The mountains ſeem'd to bend their tops,
And ſhutters clos'd the millineers' ſhops,
Excluding both the punks and fops,
No ruffled ſtreams to mill do come,
The ſilent fiſh were ſtill more dumb;
Look in the chimney, not a ſpark there,
And darkneſs did itſelf grow darker.
But Orpheus could not ſleep a wink,
He had too many things to think:
But, in the dark, his harp he ſtrung,
And to the liſtening Fairies ſung.
Prince Prim, who pitied ſo much youth
Join'd with ſuch conſtancy and truth,
Soon gave him thus to underſtand;
" Sir, I laſt night receiv'd command
" To ſee you out of Fairy Land,
" Into the Realm of Nolnotbocai;
" But let not fear of ſulphur choak ye;
" For he 's a Fiend of ſenſe and wit,
" And has got many rooms to lett."
As quick as thought, by glow-worm glimpſe,
Out walk the Fidler and the Prince.
They ſoon arrive; find Bocai brewing
Of Claret for a Vintner's ſtewing.
" I come from Oberon," quoth Prince Prim.
" 'Tis well," quoth Bocai: " what from him?"
" Why, ſomething ſtrange; this honeſt man
" Had his wife died; now, if he can,
" He ſays, he 'd have her back again."
Then Bocai, ſmiling, cried, " You ſee,
" Orpheus, you 'd better ſtay with me,
" For, let me tell you, Sir, this place,
" Although it has an ugly face,
" If to its value it were ſold,
" Is worth ten thouſand ton of gold;
" And very famous in all ſtory,
" Call'd by the name of Purgatory.
" For, when ſome ages ſhall have run,
" And Truth by Falſehood be undone
" Shall riſe the Whore of Babylon;
" And this ſame Whore ſhall be a Man,
" Who, by his lies and cheating, can
" Be ſuch a trader in all evil,
" As to outdo our friend the Devil:
" He and his pimps ſhall ſay, that when
" A man is dying, thither then
" The Devil comes to take the ſoul,
" And carry him down to this hole;
" But, if a man have ſtore of wealth,
" To get ſome prayers for his ſoul's health,
" The Devil has then no more to do,
" But muſt be forc'd to let him go.
" But we are no more fools than they,
" Thus to be bubbled of our prey.
" By theſe ſame pious Frauds and Lyes,
" Shall many Monaſteries riſe:
" Friars ſhall get good meat and beer,
" To pray folks out that ne'er came here;
" Pans, pots, and kettles, ſhall be given,
" To fetch a man from hence to Heaven.
" Suppoſe a man has taken purſes,
" Or ſtolen ſheep, or cows, or horſes,
" And chances to be hang'd; you 'd cry,
" Let him be hang'd, and ſo good-by.
" Hold, ſays the Friar; let me alone,
" He 's but to Purgatory gone;
" And, if you 'll let our Convent keep
" Thoſe purſes, cows, horſes, and ſheep,
" The fellow ſhall find no more pain,
" Than if he were alive again."
Here Orpheus ſigh'd, began to take on,
Cried, " Could I find the Whore you ſpake on,
" I 'd give him my beſt flitch of bacon:
" I 'd give him cake and ſugar'd ſack,
" If he would bring my Dicé back:
" Rather than ſhe ſhould longer ſtay,
" I 'd find ſome lufty man to *pray*.
" And then poor Dicé, let him try her,
" I dare ſay, would requite the Friar."
Great Nolnotbocai ſmil'd to ſee
Such goodneſs and ſimplicity.
Then kindly led them to a cell,
An outward granary of Hell;
A filthy place, that 's ſeldom ſwept,
Where ſeeds of villainy are kept.
" Orpheus," ſaid he, " I 'd have you take
" Some of theſe ſeeds here, for my ſake;
" Which, if they are diſcreetly hurl'd
" Throughout the parts of t' other world,
" They may oblige the Fiend you ſue to,
" And fill the palace of old Pluto.
" Sow *pride-ſeed* uppermoſt; then above
" *Envy* and *ſcandal* plant *ſelf-love*.
" Here take *revenge*, and *malice without cauſe*,
" And here *contempt of honeſty and laws*;
" This hot ſeed 's *anger*, and this hotter *luſt*,
" Beſt ſown with *breach of friendſhip*, and *of truſt*:
" Theſe *ſtorm*, *hail*, *plague*, and *tempeſt* ſeeds;
" And this a quinteſſence of weeds;
" This the worſt ſort of artichoke,
" A plant that Pluto has himſelf beſpoke,

" Nouriſh it well, 'tis uſeful *treachery*;
" This is a choice though little ſeed, a *lye*:
" Here take ſome now from theſe prodigious loads,
" Of tender things that look like Toads:
" In future times, theſe, finely dreſt,
" Shall each invade a Prince's breaſt:
" 'Tis *flattery* ſeed; though thinly ſown,
" It is a mighty plant when grown,
" When rooted deep, and fully blown;
" Now ſee theſe things like bubbles fly;
" Theſe are the ſeeds of *vanity*.
" Take *tyrant acorns*, which will beſt advance,
" If ſown in Eaſtern climates, or in France;
" But theſe are things of moſt prodigious hopes,
" They 're *Jeſuit bulbs* tied up with ropes;
" And theſe the Devil's grafts for future popes.
" Which with Fanaticiſm are join'd ſo clean,
" You 'd ſcarce believe a knife had paſs'd between.
" *Falſe-witneſs* ſeed had almoſt been forgot,
" 'Twill be your making, ſhould there be a plot.
" And now, dear Orpheus, ſcatter theſe but well;
" And you 'll deſerve the gratitude of Hell."
Quoth Orpheus, " You ſhall be obey'd
" In every thing that you have ſaid,
" For miſchief is the Poet's trade:
" And whatſoever they ſhall bring,
" You may aſſure yourſelf, I 'll ſing.
" But pray what Poets ſhall we have,
" At my returning from the grave?"
" Sad dogs!" quoth Bocai,—" let me ſee—
" But, ſince what I ſay cannot ſhame them,
" I 'll e'en reſolve to never name them."
" But now," ſays Bocai, " Sir, you may
" Long to be going on your way,
" Unleſs you 'll drink ſome Arſenick Claret
" 'Tis burnt, you ſee: but Sam can ſpare it,"
Orpheus replied, " Kind Sir, 'tis neither;
" Brandy nor whets that brought me hither;
" But Love, and I an inſtance can be,
" Love is as hot as pepper'd brandy;
" Yet, gentle Sir, you may command
" A tune from a departing hand;
" The ſtyle and paſſion both are good,
" 'Tis *The Three Children in the Wood*."
He ſang; and pains themſelves found eaſe;
For griefs, when well expreſs'd, can pleaſe.
When he deſcrib'd the children's loſs,
And how the Robins cover'd them with moſs;
To hear the pity of thoſe birds,
Ev'n Bocai's tears fell down with Orpheus' words.
&c.

RUFINUS;

OR,

THE FAVOURITE*.

IMITATED FROM CLAUDIAN.

OFT, as I wondering ſtand, a ſecret doubt
Puzzles my reaſon, and diſturbs my thought,
Whether this lower world by Chance does move,
Or guided by the guardian hand of Jove.
When I ſurvey the world's harmonious frame,
How Nature lives immutably the ſame;
How ſtated bounds and ambient ſhores reſtrain
The rolling ſurges of the briny main;
How conſtant Time revolves the circling year;
How Day and night alternately appear:
Then am I well convinc'd ſome ſecret ſoul,
Some Firſt Informing Power directs the whole;
Some Great Intelligence, who turns the Spheres,
Who rules the ſteady motion of the Stars,
Who decks with *borrow'd light* the waning Moon,
And fills with *native light* th' unchanging Sun,
Who hangs the Earth amidſt ſurrounding ſkies,
And bids her various Fruits in various Seaſons riſe.
But, ſoon as I reflect on human ſtate,
How blind, how unproportion'd, is our fate;
How *ill men*, crown'd with bleſſings, ſmoothly paſs
A golden circle of delightful days;
How *good men* bear the rugged paths of life,
Condemn'd to endleſs cares, to endleſs ſtrife;
Then am I loſt again; Religion fails;
Then Epicurus' bolder *ſcheme* prevails,
Which through the void makes wandering *atoms* dance,
And calls the medley world the work of Chance,
Which God's eternal Providence denies,
And feigns him nodding in the diſtant ſkies.
At length RUFINUS' fate my doubt removes,
And God's *exiſtence* and his *juſtice* proves.
Nor do I longer undeceiv'd complain,
The Wicked flouriſh, and triumphant reign;
Since they to Fortune's heights are rais'd alone,
To ruſh with greater ruin headlong down.
But here inſtruct thy Bard, Pierian Dame,
Whence, and of whom, the dire contagion came.
Alecto's breaſt with rage and envy glows,
To ſee the world poſſeſs'd of ſweet repoſe.
Down to the dreary realms below ſhe bends,
There ſummons a *cabal* of Siſter Fiends;
Thither unnumber'd Plagues direct their flight,
The curſed progeny of Hell and Night
Firſt, Diſcord rears her head, the nurſe of War;
Next, Famine fiercely ſtalks with haughty air;
Then Age ſcarce drags her limbs, ſcarce draws her breath,
But, tottering on, approaches neighbouring Death;
Here grows Diſeaſe, with imbred tortures worn;
There Envy ſnarls, and others' good does mourn;
There Sorrow ſighs, her robe to tatters torn;
Fear ſkulks behind, and trembling hides her face.
But Raſhneſs headlong thruſts her front of braſs;
Then Luxury, wealth's bane, profuſely ſhines,
Whilſt Want, attending in a *cloud*, repines.
A train of ſleepleſs ſelf-tormenting cares,
Daughters of meagre Avarice, appears;
Who, as around her wither'd *neck* they cling,
Confeſs the parent *beg* from whence they ſpring.

* The Eſſay, to which this Poem was originally annexed, was written in 1711, as a harſh ſatire on the Duke of Marlborough, dictated perhaps rather by party rage than truth. It is printed in Dr. King's Works, vol. ii. p. 280. N.

of each malignant kind resort,
nd monsters guard the dreadful court.
t th' *infernal crowd*, Alecto stands,
ep silence awfully commands;
tumultuous terms like these, express'd
long had swell'd within her breast:
l we supine permit these *peaceful days*,
oth, so gay, so undisturb'd, to pass?
ity melt, shall Clemency control,
's fierce and unrelenting *soul*?
lo our iron whips, our brands avail;
all the horrid implements of Hell;
nighty Jove debars us of his *skies*,
Theodosius too his *earth* denies?
ere the days, and so their tenor ran,
the first happy Golden Age began:
and Concord, with their heavenly train,
Piety and Faith, securely reign;
ustice, in imperial pomp array'd,
explores this everlasting shade;
, insulting, menaces and awes;
is the world, and vindicates her laws.
all we then, neglected and forlorn,
very region banish'd, idly mourn?
yourselves; know what, and whence,
ou are:
pt some glorious mischief worth your
are;
e the Universe in endless war.
hat I could in Stygian vapour rise,
the *sun*, pollute the balmy *skies*;
ise the *rivers*, deluge every plain,
down the *barriers* of the roaring main,
natter Nature into Chaos once again!"
'd the Fiend, and toss'd her *vipers* round,
issing p ur'd their poison on the ground.
ur through the jarring audience rung,
resolves from different reasons sprung
the fury of the storm is past,
e rough winds in softer murmurs waste;
s, so fluctuates, the troubled sea,
spiring *tempests* plows its way.
ra, rising then, address'd the throng,
n Sedition, Tumult, Rage, belong:
od is entrails of the guiltless dead,
ink is children's blood by parents shed.
h'd Alcides with a frantic flame,
e the bow, the savage world did tame;
'd the arm, she flung the deadly dart,
thamas transfix'd Learchus' heart:
pted Agamemnon's monstrous Wife
ner injur'd Lord's devoted life:
th'd revenge and rage into the Son,
e Mother's blood the Sire's atone:
led Oedipus with kindred charms,
m incestuous to a Mother's arms:
Thyestes, and his fury fed;
t him to pollute a Daughter's bed.
her dreadful speech:
r *schemes* not practical nor lawful are,
leaven and Jove to wage unequal war:
the peace of Man you would invade,
the ravag'd Earth *destruction* spread;
hall RUFINUS, fram'd for every *ill*,
our own vengeance execute your will;

" A prodigy from savage parents sprung,
" Impetuous as a Tigress new with young;
" Fierce as the Hydra, fickle as the Flood,
" And keen as meagre Harpies for their food.
" Soon as the infant drew the vital air,
" I first receiv'd him to my nursing care;
" And often he, when tender yet and young,
" Cried for the teat, and on my bosom hung:
" Whilst my *born'd serpents* round his *visage* play'd,
" His features form'd, and there their *venom* shed;
" Whilst I, infusing, breath'd into his heart
" *Deceit* and *craft*, and every hurtful art;
" Taught him t' involve his soul in secret clouds,
" With false dissembling smiles to veil his frauds.
" Not dying patriots' tortures can assuage
" His inborn cruelty, his native rage:
" Not Tagus' yellow torrent can suffice
" His boundless and unfated *avarice*:
" Nor all the metal of Pactolus' streams,
" Nor Hermus glittering as the solar beams.
" If you the stratagem propos'd approve,
" Let us to Court this *bane* of *crowns* remove.
" There shall he soon, with his intriguing art,
" Guide uncontrol'd the willing Prince's *heart*.
" Not Numa's wisdom shall that *heart* defend,
" When the false *Favourite* acts the faithful *Friend*."
Soon as she ended, the surrounding crowd
With peals of joy the black design applaud.
Now with an *adamant* her hair she bound,
With a blue *serpent* girt her vest around;
Then hastes to Phlegethon's impetuous stream,
Whose pitchy waves are flakes of rolling flame;
There lights a torch, and straight, with wings display'd,
Shoots swiftly through the *dun* Tartarian glade.
A place on Gallia's utmost verge there lies,
Extended to the sea and Southern skies;
Where once Ulysses, as old Fables tell,
Invok'd and rais'd th' inhabitants of Hell;
Where oft', with staring eyes, the : mbling *bird*
Sees airy *phantoms* skim before the wind:
Hence springs the Fury into upper skies,
Infecting all the region as she flies:
She roars, and shakes the atmosphere around,
And Earth and Sea rebellow to the sound.
Then straight transform'd her snakes to silver hairs,
And like an old decrepid *sage* appears;
Slowly she creeps along with trembling gait,
Scarce can her languid limbs sustain her weight.
At length, arriving at RUFINUS' cell,
Which, from his monstrous birth, she knew so well,
She mildly thus Hell's *darling hope* address'd,
Sooth'd his ambition, and inflam'd his breast:
" Can Sloth dissolve RUFINUS; canst thou pass
" Thy sprightly youth in lost inglorious ease?
" Know, that thy better Fate, thy kinder Star,
" Does more exalted paths for thee prepare.
" If thou an *old* man's counsel canst obey,
" The subject world shall own thy sovereign sway:
" For my enlighten'd soul, my conscious breast,
" Of Magic's *secret science* is possess'd.
" Oft' have I forc'd, with *mystic midnight* spells,
" Pale *spectres* from their subterranean cells:
" Old Hecaté attends my powerful song,
" Powerful to hasten fate, or to prolong;

" Powerful the rooted ſtubborn oak to move,
" To ſtop the thunder burſting from above,
" To make the rapid flood's deſcending ſtream
" Flow backward to the fountain whence it came.
" Nor doubt my truth—behold, with juſt ſurprize,
" An effort of my art—a *palace riſe*"
She ſaid; and, lo! a *palace* towering ſeems,
With Parian pillars and metallic beams.
RUFINUS, raviſh'd with the vaſt delight,
Gorges his *avarice*, and gluts his ſight.
Such was his tranſport, ſuch his ſudden pride,
When Midas firſt his *golden wiſh* enjoy'd:
But, as his ſtiffening food to metal turn'd,
He found his raſhneſs, and his ruin mourn'd.
" Be thou or Man or God," Rufinus ſaid,
" I follow whereſoe'er thy dictates lead."
Then from his *but* he flies, aſſumes the ſtate
Propounded by the Fiend, prepar'd by Fate.
Ambition ſoon began to lift her head,
Soaring, ſhe mounts with reſtleſs pinion ſpread;
But Juſtice, conſcious, ſhuns the poiſon'd air,
Where only *proſtituted tools* repair;
Where STILICO and Virtue not avail;
Where *royal favours* ſtand expos'd to ſale;
Where now RUFINUS, ſcandalouſly great,
Loads labouring nations with oppreſſive weight;
Keeps the obſequious world depending ſtill
On the proud dictates of his lawleſs will;
Advances thoſe, whoſe fierce and factious zeal
Prompts ever to *reſiſt*, and to *rebel*;
But thoſe *impeaches*, who their Prince commend,
Who, dauntleſs, dare his *ſacred rights* defend;
Expounds ſmall *riots* into *higheſt crimes*,
Brands *loyalty* as *treaſon* to the *times*.
An *haughty Minion*, mad with *empire* grown,
Enſlaves the *ſubjects*, and inſults the *Throne*.
A thouſand diſemboguing *rivers* pay
Their everlaſting homage to the *ſea*;
The Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Thames,
Pour conſtant down their tributary ſtreams:
But yet the *ſea* confeſſes no increaſe.
For all is ſwallow'd in the deep abyſs.
In craving, ſtill RUFINUS' ſoul remains,
Though fed with ſhowers of gold, and floods of gains;
For he deſpoils and ravages the land,
No ſtate is free from his rapacious hand;
Treaſures immenſe he hoards; erects a tower,
To lodge the plunder'd world's collected ſtore:
Unmeaſur'd is his wealth, unbounded is his power.
Oh! whither would'ſt thou rove, *miſtaken man?*
Vain are thy hopes, thy acquiſitions vain:
For now, ſuppoſe thy *avarice* poſſeſs'd
Of all the ſplendour of the glittering Eaſt,
Of CROESUS' maſs of wealth, of CYRUS' crown,
Suppoſe the ocean's treaſure all thy own;
Still would thy ſoul repine, ſtill aſk for more,
Unbleſt with plenty, with abundance poor.
FABRICIUS, in himſelf, in virtue great,
Diſdain'd a monarch's bribe, deſpis'd his ſtate.
SERRANUS, as he grac'd the Conſul's chair,
So could he guide the plough's laborious ſhare.
The fam'd, the warlike, CURII deign'd to dwell
In a poor lonely cot and humble cell.
Such a retreat to me 's more glorious far,
Than all thy pomp, than all thy triumphs are:
Give me my ſolitary native home,
Take thou thy riſing tower, thy lofty *dome*:
Though there thy furniture of radiant dye
Abſtracts and raviſhes the curious eye;
Though each apartment, every ſpacious room,
Shines with the glories of the Tyrian *loom*;
Yet here I view a more delightful ſcene,
Where Nature's freſheſt bloom and beauties *reign*;
Where the warm Zephyr's genial balmy wing,
Playing, diffuſes an eternal ſpring:
Though there thy lewd laſcivious limbs are laid
On a rich downy couch, or *golden bed*;
Yet here, extended on the flowery graſs,
More free from care, my guiltleſs hours I paſs:
Though there thy *ſycophants*, a ſervile race,
Cringe at thy levees, and reſound thy praiſe;
Yet here a murmuring ſtream, or warbling bird,
To me does ſweeter harmony afford
NATURE on all the power of bliſs beſtows,
Which from her bounteous ſource perpetual flows.
But he alone with happineſs is bleſt,
Who knows to uſe it rightly when poſſeſt:
A doctrine, if well poiz'd in Reaſon's ſcale,
Nor Luxury nor Want would thus prevail;
Nor would our fleets ſo frequent plow the main,
Nor our embattled *armies* ſtrew the plain.
But, oh! RUFINUS is to reaſon blind!
A ſtrange hydropic thirſt inflames his mind.
No *bribes* his growing appetite can ſate;
For new poſſeſſions new deſires create.
No ſenſe of ſhame, no modeſty, reſtrains,
Where Avarice or where Ambition reigns.
When with ſtrict *oaths* his proffer'd faith he binds,
Falſe are his vows, and treacherous his deſigns.
Now, ſhould a Patriot riſe, his power oppoſe,
Should he aſſert a ſinking *nation*'s cauſe,
He ſtirs a vengeance nothing can controul,
Such is the rancour of his haughty ſoul;
Fell as a lioneſs in Libya's plain,
When tortur'd with a javelin's pointed pain;
Or a ſpurn'd ſerpent, as ſhe ſhoots along,
With lightning in her eyes, and poiſon in her tongue.
Nor will thoſe ſam'lies eraz'd ſuffice;
But provinces and cities he deſtroys:
Urg'd on with blind revenge and ſettled hate,
He labours the confuſion of the *ſtate*:
Subverts the nation's old-eſtabliſh'd frame,
Explodes her laws, and tramples on her fame.
If e'er in *mercy* he pretends to ſave
A man, purſu'd by *faction*, from the *grave*;
Then he invents new puniſhments, *new pains*,
Condemns to *ſilence*, and from *truth* reſtrains*;
Then *racks* and *pillories*, and *bonds* and *bars*,
Then *ruin* and *impeachments* he prepares.

* Alluding to the ſentence then recently paſſed on Dr Sacheverell, for whom our Author was a profeſſed Advocate. N.

dful mercy! more than death ſevere!
oubly tortures whom it ſeems to ſpare!
ſeem enſlav'd, all bow to him alone;
re their hate their juſt reſentments own;
ward grieve, their ſighs and pangs confin'd,
with *convulſive ſorrow* tear the *mind.*
s mute—'tis treaſon to diſcloſe
neful ſource of their eternal woes.
STILICO's ſuperior ſoul appears
k'd, unmov'd, by baſe ignoble fears.
he Polar Star, directs the *ſtate*,
parties rage, and *public tempeſts* beat;
He is the ſafe *retreat*, the ſweet repoſe,
Can ſooth and calm afflicted Virtue's *woes;*
He is the ſolid, firm, unſhaken force,
That only knows to ſtem th' invader's courſe.
So when a river, ſwell'd with Winter's rains,
The limits of its wonted ſhore diſdains;
Bridges, and ſtones, and trees, in vain oppoſe;
With unreſiſted rage the torrents flows:
But as it, rolling, meets a mighty rock,
Whoſe fix'd foundations can repel the ſhock,
Elided *ſurges* roar in *eddies* round,
The rock, *unmov'd*, reverberates the ſound.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN*,

AN APOLOGUE;

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL OF ÆSOP, WRITTEN TWO THOUSAND YEARS SINCE, AND NOW RENDERED IN FAMILIAR VERSE BY H. G. L. MAG.

GOOD precepts and true gold are more valuable for their antiquity. And here I preſent my good reader with one, delivered by the firſt founder of mythology, himſelf. Maximus Planudes takes notice of it, as a very excellent part of his ction; and Phædrus, Camerarius, and others, ſeem to agree, that his Eagle, and hers not yet tranſlated, are equal to any of his that are handed down to us. gh Mr. Ogleby and Sir Roger L'Eſtrange had the unhappineſs to be unac- ed with them, yet I had the good fortune to diſcover them by the removal of d library, which has made me amends for the trouble of getting to where I now

They were written, or dictated at leaſt, by Æſop, in the fifty-fourth Olym- and though I deſigned them chiefly for the uſe of my ſchool (this being tranſ- by a youth deſigned for a Greek profeſſor,), yet no man is ſo wiſe as not to need ction, aye, and by the way of fable too; ſince the Holy Scriptures themſelves, eſt inſtructors, teach us by way of parable, ſymbol, image, and figure; and was more moved with Nathan's "Thou art the man," than all the moſt rigid es in the world would have done. Whoever will be at the trouble of comparing erſion with the original, let them begin at the tenth line, and they will find it hraſtically done, *verbum verbo*, as the beſt way of juſtice to the author. Thoſe re meer adorers of φιλοι λόγοι will not be angry that it is in this ſort of metre, for I gave leave, the lad having a turn to this ſort of meaſure, which is pleaſant and ble, though not lofty. For my own part, I concur with my maſter Ariſtotle, θμὸς καὶ ἁρμονία are very far from being unneceſſary or unpleaſant. May this be to thee; and it will pleaſe thine in all good wiſhes,

HORAT. GRAM.

he political moral of this little apologue is too evident to need any other comment, than barely ning that the lady was Queen Anne; deſiring the reader to recollect the change which ſhe her miniſtry in 1709. the year in which this poem was written; and referring to "Rufinus." N.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN.

A LADY liv'd in former days,
That well deſerv'd the utmoſt praiſe;
For greatneſs, birth, and juſtice fam'd,
And every virtue could be nam'd;
Which made her courſe of life ſo even,
That ſhe 's a Saint (if dead) in Heaven.
This Lady had a little ſeat
Juſt like a palace, 'twas ſo neat,
From aught (but goodneſs) her retreat.
One morning, in her giving way,
As was her cuſtom every day,
To cheer the poor, the ſick, and cold,
Or with apparel, food, or gold,
There came a gazing ſtranger by,
On whom ſhe quickly caſt an eye.
The man admiring, made a ſtand;
He had a bird upon his hand:
"What 's that, ſays ſhe, that hangs its head,
Sinking and faint? 'Tis almoſt dead."
"Madam, a Red-breaſt that I found,
By this wet ſeaſon almoſt drown'd."
"Oh! bring him in, and keep him warm;
Robins do never any harm."
They ſoon obey'd, and chopt him meat,
Gave him whatever he would eat;
The Lady care herſelf did take,
And made a neſt for Robin's ſake:
But he perkt up into her chair,
In which he plenteouſly did fare,
Aſſuming quite another air.
The neighbours thought, when this they ſpy'd,
The world well mended on his ſide.
With well-tun'd throat he whiſtled long,
And every body lik'd his ſong.
"At laſt, ſaid they, this little thing
Will kill i ſelf, ſo long to ſing;
We 'll cloſet him among the reſt
Of thoſe my Lady loves the beſt."
They little thought, that ſaw him come,
That Robins were ſo quarrelſome:
The door they open'd, in he pops,
And to the higheſt perch he hops;
The party-colour'd birds he choſe,
The Gold-finches, and ſuch as thoſe;
With them he 'd peck, and bill, and feed,
And very well (at times) agreed:
Canary-birds were his delight,
With them he 'd *tête-à-tête* all night;
But the brown Linnets went to pot,
He kill'd them all upon the ſpot.
The ſervants were employ'd each day,
Inſtead of work, to part ſome fray,
And wiſh'd the aukward fellow curſt
That brought him to my Lady firſt.
At laſt they all reſolv'd upon 't,
Some way to tell my Lady on 't.
Meanwhile he 'd had a noble ſwing,
And rul'd juſt like the Gallic king;
Having kill'd or wounded all,
Unleſs the Eagle in the hall;
With whom he durſt but only jar,
He being the very ſoul of war,
But hated him for his deſert,
And bore him malice at his heart.
This Eagle was my Lady's pride,
The guardian ſafety of her ſide:
He often brought home foreign prey,
Which humbly at her feet he lay.
For colour, pinions, and ſtature,
The faireſt workmanſhip of nature;
'Twould do one good to ſee him move,
So full of grandeur, grace, and love:
He was indeed a bird for Jove.
He ſoar'd aloft in Brucum's field,
And thouſand Kites and Vultures kill'd;
Which made him dear to all that flew,
Unleſs to Robin and his crew.
One day poor Bob, puff'd up with pride,
Thinking the combat to abide,
A gooſe-quill on for weapon ty'd,
Knowing by uſe, that, now and then,
A ſword leſs hurt does than a pen.
As for example—What at home
You 've well contriv'd to do at Rome,
A pen blows up—before you come.
You are ſuppos'd to undermine
The foe—in ſome immenſe deſign.
A pen can bite you with a line;
There 's forty ways to give a ſign.
Well—all on fire away he ſtalk'd,
Till come to—where the Eagle walk'd.
Bob did not ſhill-I ſhall-I go,
Nor ſaid one word of friend or foe;
But flirting at him made a blow,
As game-cocks with their gauntlets do.
At which the Eagle gracefully
Caſt a diſdaining, ſparkling eye;
As who ſhould ſay—What 's this, a flie?
But no revenge at all did take,
He ſpar'd him for their Lady's ſake,
Who ponder'd theſe things in her mind,
And took the conduct of the Eagle kind.
Upon reflection now—to ſhew
What harm the leaſt of things may do,
Mad Robin, with his curſed flirt,
One of the Eagle's * eyes had hurt;
Inflam'd it, made it red and ſore:
But the affront inflam'd it more.
Oh, how the family did tear!
To fire the houſe, could ſcarce forbear:
With ſcorn, not pain, the Eagle fir'd,
Murmur'd diſdain, and ſo retir'd.
Robin, to offer ſome relief,
In words like theſe would heal their grief:
"Should th' Eagle die (which Heaven forbid!)
We ought ſome other to provide.
I do not ſay that any now
Are fit, but in a year or two:
And ſhould this mighty warrior fall,
They ſhould not want a General."
As men have long obſerv'd, that one
Misfortune ſeldom comes alone;

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* Οφθαλμος, amongſt the Greeks, ſignifies "Honour as tender as the eye." King.

ıment this was done,
foes in fight were come:
Kites, and birds of prey,
ick—they darken'd day.
rted force and ſtrong,
l kinds made the throng;
the faction join'd,
heir approach to ground.
and, from common fame,
face of danger came.
What help now—who can tell?
Eagle 's here, and well!"
ıf breath with fear,
ſands more near ſea appear;
our Chicken from the door;
re ſo ſet before:
he Eagle will forget,
lers kill or beat."
ıd great, his noble mind,
y things inclin'd,
thoughts of any thing,
Lady's peace could bring:
im firſt, and bade him do
nt, and beat the foe.
d reſtleſs as the ſun,
ing work was done;
talons, ſtretch'd his wings,
darts, and terror flings;
a flight into the ſky,
monſters to deſcry,
nquer, or to die.
that ſo far was come,
he Eagle was at home:
danger us'd in field,
: 'd quickly make them yield:
nce he was near,
aint, and dead with fear,
ith hurry towards the lakes;
ıions o'er them ſhakes.
(with ſuch horror fill'd)
o let one be kill'd:
d left no foe behind,
the fleeting wind:
by water took
g Merlins and a Rook.
had now repoſe:
'un the Eagle roſe;
ıird purſu'd the foe,
ı reſt inur'd to know,
way to Latian land,
ıs hatch'd this murdering band;
th where'er he came,
dying at his name.
foe—a fatal pledge,
:ore through every hedge:
hriek, and caw, and hiſs;
ı decays, and fears increaſe:
hevaliers the Geeſe.
hter'd fowl there was,
block'd up the ways;
ove, half ſpent, pell-mell,
/alls of Pontifell.
me, though mad to hear
onquer every where,
hus with fear:

"Ungrateful I, that ſo have ſtirr'd
Againſt this generous, noble bird,
Waſt thou not firſt by him preferr'd?
Let 's leave him in his gall to burn,
And back to Pontifell return."
There ſome to chimney-tops aſpire,
To turrets ſome that could fly higher;
Some 'above a hundred miles were gone,
To rooſt them at Byzantium.
Alas! in vain was their pretence,
He broke through all their ſtrong defence:
Down went their fences, wires, and all;
Perches and birds together fall.
None hop'd his power to withſtand,
But gave the neſt to his command:
They told him of ten thouſand more,
In flocks along the Ganges' ſhore,
Safe in their furrows, free from trouble,
Like Partridges among the ſtubble.
He ſpreads himſelf, and cuts the air,
And ſteady flight ſoon brought him there.
Lord, how deceiv'd and vex'd he was!
To find they were but meer Jackdaws.
A hundred thouſand all in light,
They all could chatter, not one fight.
"I'll deal by them as is their due:
"Shough! cry'd the Eagle; off they flew."
His flaſhing eye their hearts confounds,
Though by their flight ſecure from wounds,
Which was a ſignal, fatal baulk
To a late ſwift Italian Hawk.
The Eagle would no reſt afford,
Till he had ſent my Lady word;
Who when ſhe heard the dear ſurprize,
Wonder and joy ſtood in her eyes.
"My faithful Eagle, haſt thou then
My mortal foes deſtroy'd again?
Return, return, and on me wait;
Be thou the guardian of my gate;
Thee and thy friends are worth my care,
Thy foes (if any ſuch there are)
Shall my avenging anger ſhare."
So—leſt new ills ſhould intervene,
She turn'd the Robin out again.
The Samians now, in vaſt delight,
Bleſs their good lady day and night;
Wiſh that her life might ne'er be done,
But everlaſting as the ſun.
The Eagle high again did ſoar;
The Lady was diſturb'd no more,
But all things flouriſh'd as before.

ROBIN RED BREAST, WITH THE BEASTS,

AN OLD CAT'S PROPHECY;

TAKEN OUT OF AN OLD COPY OF VERSES SUPPOSED TO BE WRIT BY JOHN LIDGATE, A MONK OF BURY.

ONE that had in her infant ſtate,
While playing at her Father's gate,

Seen and was moſt hugely ſmitten
With young Dog and dirty Kitten,
Had took them up and lug'd them in,
And made the ſervants waſh them clean *.
When ſhe to a fit age was grown,
To be ſole Miſtreſs of her own,
Then to her favour and ſtrange truſt
She rais'd theſe two; in rank the firſt
The Dog: who, with gilt collar grac'd,
Strutted about. The cat was plac'd
O'er all the houſe to domineer,
And kept each wight of her in fear;
While he o'er all the plains had power,
That ſavage Wolves might not devour
Her flocks. She gave him charge great care
To take: but beaſts uncertain are!
Now ſee by theſe what troubles riſe
To thoſe who in their choice unwiſe
Put truſt in ſuch; for he ſoon join'd
With beaſt of prey the Dog combin'd;
Who kill'd the Sheep, and tore the Hind;
While he would ſtand, and grin, and bark,
Concealing thus his dealings dark.
A Wolf, or ſo, ſometimes he 'd take,
And then, O what a noiſe he 'd make!
But with wild beaſts o'er-run yet are
The plains: ſome die for want of fare,
Or torn, or kill'd; the ſhepherds find
Each day are loſt of every kind.
The ſilly Sheep lament in vain;
Of their hard fate, not him, complain.
The ſhepherds, and the ſervants all,
Againſt the traitor loudly bawl:
But there was none that dar'd to tell
Their Lady what to them befel;
For Puſs a Fox of wondrous art
Brought-in, to help, and take their part,
By whoſe aſſiſtance to deceive,
She made her every lye believe.
One lucky day, when ſhe was walking
In her woods, with ſervants talking,
And ſtepp'd to hear how very well
A Red-breaſt ſung, then him to dwell
With her ſhe call'd: he came, and took
His place next to a favourite Rook;
Where Robin ſoon began to ſing
Such ſongs as made the houſe to ring;
He ſung the loſs and death of Sheep,
In notes that made the Lady weep:
How for his charge the Dog unfit,
Took part with foes, and ſhepherds bit;
Ev'n from his birth he did him trace,
And ſhew him cur of ſhabby race;
The firſt by wandering beggars fed,
His ſire, advanc'd, turn'd ſpit for bread;
Himſelf each truſt had ſtill abus'd;
To ſteal what he ſhould guard, was us'd
From puppy: known where-e'er he came
Both vile and baſe, and void of ſhame.

The Cat he ſung, that none could match
For venom'd ſpite, or cruel ſcratch;
That from a Witch transform'd ſhe came,
Who kitten'd three of equal fame:
This firſt, one dead, of tabby fur
The third ſurvives, much noiſe of her
Had been: a Cat well known, with eaſe
On errands dark, o'er land and ſeas,
She 'd journies take to cub of Bear,
From theſe intriguing beaſts, who ſwear
They 'll bring him to defend the wrong
That they have done. Again he ſung,
How Tabby once, in moon-light night,
Trotted with letter Fox did write;
In which he ſends his beſt reſpects
To the She-bear, and thus directs:
" Madam, ſaid he, your cub ſafe ſend,
" None ſhall his worſhip ſoon offend;
" It 's all I can at preſent do
" To ſerve him, as his friends well know."
At this the beaſts grew in ſuch rage,
That none their fury could aſſuage;
Nay, Puſs her Lady would have ſcratch'd,
And tore her eyes, but ſhe was watch'd;
For ſhe 'd ſet up her back and mew,
And thrice ev'n in her face ſhe flew.
The Dog, like an ungrateful ſpark,
At her would dare to ſnarl and bark.
Her tenants wondering ſtood to hear
That ſhe their inſolence would bear;
And offer'd their aſſiſtance to
Soon make them better manners know:
But ſhe, to avoid all farther rout,
Her window opening, turn'd Bob out;
Hoping that then her beaſts would live
In peace, and no diſturbance give.
Yet nothing ſhe can do avails,
Their rage againſt her ſtill prevails;
Though Puſs was warn'd to fear their fate
In lines (by old prophetic Cat
Writ before her tranſformation,
When ſhe was in the Witch's ſtation)
Foretelling thus: " When beaſts are grown
" To certain heights, before unknown
" Of human race, ſome ſhall aloud
" Inflame and arm a dreadful crowd,
" Who in vaſt numbers ſhall advance,
" And to new tunes ſhall make them dance:
" When this begins, no longer hope,
" For all remains is ax and rope."
But, not deterr'd by this, they dar'd,
With ſome who of their plunder ſhar'd,
T' affront their Lady, and conſpire
To many with her money hire;
Contemning her, to pay undue
Regards unto this beſtial crew:
Though theſe reſembled human ſhapes,
They were indeed no more than Apes;
Who ſome in houſe, and ſome in wood,
And others in high boxes ſtood,
That chattering made ſuch noiſe and ſtir,
How all was due to Fox and Cur;
Till, by their falſe deluding way,
She found her flocks begin to ſtray.

* The political drift of this pretended prophecy is ſtill more evident than that of the preceding poem; the ſatire being abundantly more perſonal. N.

ɔin does for her his care
xpreſs; on whom yet are
its all fix'd. On her he dreams
. Her praiſes are his themes
l day. Now perch'd on tree,
mſelf ſecure and free,
hakes his little wings,
throat: again he ſings,
had left no other way
r flocks, and end this fray,
ɔ her aſſiſtance take
ould make theſe monſters ſhake;
ɔwn huntſman, who has ſkill
t beaſts to tame or kill:
ɪmand he 'd come, and he
ke her great, and ſet them free;
ıld theſe beaſts ſome evil day
into her grounds, ſhe may
at not herſelf they 'll ſpare,
ſult her now they dare:
beſt can hope for then,
e ſhut up in don;
ıre ſigns all theſe ingrate,
n to bear her deadly hate."
; his ſong, and prays to Heaven
ıay have the wiſdom given,
ıe too late, to take
ıtions as may make
and that theſe beaſts no more
in the plains have power.

TAIN's PALLADIUM;

OR,

OLINGBROKE's WELCOME FROM FRANCE *.

ure, et fidibus juvat
care, et vituli ſanguine debito
des Numidæ Deos."

HOR. lib. I. Od. xxxvi. ad Pomponium Numidam, ob cujus ex Hiſpaniâ redditum gaudio exultat.

.T noiſe is this, that interrupts my ſleep?
hat echoing ſhouts riſe from the briny deep?
. ſolemn feſtival prepares,
: through all his flowing orb declares:
dful trident, which he us'd to ſhake,
th's foundations and Jove's palace quake,
ıis ſide, on ouzy couch reclin'd,
ıooth ſurface and a gentle wind:
ɔle Tritons lead the way,
ls of Nereids round his chariot play.

The ancient Sea-gods with attention wait,
To learn what 's now the laſt reſult of Fate;
What earthly Monarch Neptune now decrees
Alone his great vicegerent of the ſeas.
By an auſpicious gale, Britannia's fleet
On Gallia's coaſt this ſhining triumph meet;
Theſe pomps divine their mortal ſenſe ſurprize,
Loud to the ear, and dazzling to the eyes:
Whilſt ſcaly Tritons, with their ſhells, proclaim
The names that muſt ſurvive to future fame;
And Nymphs their diadems of pearl prepare
For monarchs who, to purchaſe peace, make war:
Then Neptune his majeſtic ſilence broke,
And to the trembling ſailors mildly ſpoke:
" Throughout the world Britannia's flag diſplay;
" 'Tis my command, that all the globe obey;
" Let Britiſh ſtreamers wave their heads on high,
" And dread no foe beneath Jove 's azure ſky;
" The reſt let Nereus tell"—
" If I have truth," ſays Nereus, " and foreſee
" The intricate deſigns of Deſtiny;
" I, that have view'd whatever fleets have rode
" With ſharpen'd keels to cut the yielding flood;
" I, that could weigh the fates of Greece and Rome,
" Phœnician wealth, and Carthaginian doom;
" Muſt ſurely know what, in the womb of time,
" Was fore-ordain'd for Britain's happy clime;
" How wars upon the watery realm ſhall ceaſe,
" And Anna give the world a glorious peace;
" Reſtore the ſpicy traffick of the Eaſt,
" And ſtretch her empire to the diſtant Weſt:
" Her fleets deſcry Aurora's purple bed,
" And Phœbus' ſteeds after their labours fed.
" The Southern coaſts, to Britain ſcarcely known,
" Shall grow as hoſpitable as their own:
" No monſters ſhall be feign'd, to guard their ſtore,
" When Britiſh trade ſecures their golden ore:
" The fleecy product of the Cotſwold field
" Shall equal what Peruvian mountains yield:
" Iron ſhall their intrinſic value ſhow,
" And by Vulcanian art more precious grow.
" Britannia's royal fiſhery ſhall be
" Improv'd by a kind guardian deity;
" That mighty taſk to Glaucus we aſſign,
" Of more importance than the richeſt mine;
" He ſhall direct them how to ſtrike the Whale,
" How to avoid the danger, when prevail;
" What treaſure lies upon the frozen coaſt
" Not yet explor'd, not negligently loſt.
" In vaſt Acadia's plains, new theme for fame,
" Towns ſhall be built, ſacred to Anna's * name;
" The ſilver fir and lofty pine ſhall riſe
" From Britain's own united Colonies;
" Which to the maſt ſhall canvaſs-wings afford,
" And pitch, to ſtrengthen the unfaithful board:
" Norway may then her naval ſtores withhold,
" And proudly ſtarve for want of Britiſh gold.
" O happy iſle! to ſuch advantage plac'd,
" That all the world is by thy counſels grac'd;
" Thy nation's genius, with induſtrious arts,
" Renders thee lovely to remoteſt parts.

Bolingbroke ſet out for France (accompanied by Mr. Hare, one of his under-ſecretaries, [illegible], and the Abbé Gualtier) Aug. 2; and returned again in London, Aug. 21, 1712. N.

* Annapolis, the capital of Nova Scotia.

" Eliza firſt the fable ſcene withdrew,
" And to the ancient world diſplay'd the new;
" When Burleigh at the helm of ſtate was ſeen,
" The trueſt ſubject to the greateſt Queen;
" The Indians, from the Spaniſh yoke made free,
" Bleſs'd the effects of Engliſh liberty;
" Drake round the world his Sovereign's honour ſpread,
" Through ſtraights and gulphs immenſe her fame convey'd;
" Nor reſts enquiry here; his curious eye
" Deſcries new conſtellations in the ſky,
" In which vaſt ſpace, ambitious mariners
" Might place their names on high, and chuſe their ſtars.
" Raleigh, with hopes of new diſcoveries fir'd,
" And all the depths of human wit inſpir'd,
" Row'd o'er the Weſtern world in ſearch of fame,
" Adding freſh glory to Eliza's name;
" Subdued new empires that will records be
" Immortal of a Queen's virginity *.
" But think not, Albion, that thy ſons decay,
" Or that thy princes have leſs power to ſway;
" Whatever in Eliza's reign was ſeen,
" With a re-doubled vigour ſprings again:
" Imperial Anna ſhall the ſeas control,
" And ſpread her naval laws from Pole to Pole:
" Nor think her conduct or her counſels leſs,
" In arts of war, or treaties for a peace;
" In thrifty management of Britain's wealth,
" Embezzled lately, or purloin'd by ſtealth,
" No nation can fear want, or dread ſurprize,
" Where Oxford's prudence Burleigh's loſs ſupplies;
" On him the publick moſt ſecurely leans,
" To eaſe the burthen of the beſt of Queens:
" On him the merchants fix their longing eyes,
" When war ſhall ceaſe, and Britiſh commerce riſe.
" Alcides' ſtrength and Atlas' firmer mind
" To narrow ſtreights of Europe were confin'd.
" The Britiſh Sailors, from their Royal Change,
" May find a nobler liberty to range.
" Oxford ſhall be their Pole-ſtar to the South,
" And there reward the efforts of their youth:
" Whence, through his conduct, traffick ſhall increaſe,
" Ev'n to thoſe Seas which take their *name* from *peace* †.
" Peace is the ſound muſt glad the Britons' ears:
" But ſee! the noble Bolingbroke appears;
" Geſture compos'd and looks ſerene declare
" Th' approaching iſſue of a doubtful war.
" Now my cærulean race, ſafe in the deep,
" Shall hear no cannons' roar diſturb their ſleep;
" But ſmootheſt tides and the moſt halcyon gales
" Shall to their port direct Britannia's ſails.
" Ye Tritons, ſons of Gods! 'tis my command,
" That you ſee Bolingbroke in ſafety land;
" Your concave ſhells for ſofteſt notes prepare,
" Whilſt Echo ſhall repeat the gentleſt air.

" The River-gods ſhall there your triumphs meet,
" And, in old Ocean mix'd, your hero greet;
" Thames ſhall ſtand wondering, Iſis ſhall rejoice,
" And both in tuneful numbers raiſe their voice.
" The rapid Medway, and the fertile Trent,
" In ſwifteſt ſtreams, confeſs their true content.
" Avon and Severn ſhall in raptures join,
" And Fame convey them to the Northern Tine.
" Tweed then no more the Britons ſhall divide,
" But Peace and Plenty flow on either ſide;
" Triumphs proclaim, and mirth and jovial feaſts,
" And all the world invite for welcome gueſts."
Faction, that through the land ſo fatal ſpread,
No more ſhall dare to raiſe her Hydra's head;
But all her votaries in ſilence mourn
The happineſs of Bolingbroke's return;
Far from the common pitch, he ſhall ariſe,
With great deſigns, to dazzle Envy's eyes;
Search deep, to know of Whiggiſh plots the ſource,
Their ever-turning ſchemes, and reſtleſs courſe.
Who ſhall hereafter Britiſh annals read,
But will reflect with wonder on this deed?
How artfully his conduct overcame
A ſtubborn race, and quench'd a raging flame;
Retriev'd the Britons from unruly fate,
And overthrew the Phaëtons of ſtate!
Theſe wiſe exploits through Gallia's nation ran,
And fir'd their ſouls, to ſee the wondrous man:
The aged counſellors, without ſurprize,
Found wit and prudence ſparkling in his eyes;
Wiſdom that was not gain'd in courſe of years,
Or reverence owing to his hoary hairs,
But ſtruck by force of genius; ſuch as drove
The Goddeſs Pallas from the brain of Jove.
The youth of France, with pleaſure, look'd to ſee
His graceful mien and beauteous ſymmetry:
The virgins ran, as to unuſual ſhow,
When he to Paris came, and Fontainbleau;
Viewing the blooming miniſter deſir'd,
And ſtill, the more they gaz'd, the more admir'd.
Nor did the Court, that beſt true grandeur knows,
Their ſentiments by leſſer facts diſcloſe,
By common pomp, or ceremonious train,
Seen heretofore, or to be ſeen again;
But they deviſ'd new honours, yet unknown,
Or paid to any ſubject of a crown.
The Gallic King, in age and counſels wiſe,
Sated with war, and weary of diſguiſe,
With open arms ſalutes the Britiſh Peer,
And gladly owns his Prince and character.
As Hermes from the throne of Jove deſcends,
With grateful errand, to Heaven's choiceſt friends;
As Iris from the bed of Juno flies,
To bear her Queen's commands through yielding ſkies,
Whilſt o'er her wings freſh beams of glory flow,
And blended colours paint her wondrous bow;
So Bolingbroke appears in Louis' ſight,
With meſſage heavenly; and, with equal light,
Diſpels all clouds of doubt, and fear of wars,
And in his Miſtreſs' name for Peace declares:
Accents divine! which the great King receives
With the ſame grace that mighty Anna gives.
Let others boaſt of blood, the ſpoil of foes,
Rapine and murder, and of endleſs woes,

* Alluding to the firſt ſettlement of Virginia.

† The Pacific Ocean.

ed pomp! and trophies gain'd from far,
pangled enſigns, ſtreaming in the air;
how they made Bavarian ſubjects feel
ge of fire, and edge of harden'd ſteel;
ffects of foul inſatiate pride;
lcal their wounds alike on either ſide,
its ſet to their ambitious ends;
ho bounds them, no longer can be friends.
ſecret methods Bolingbroke ſhall raiſe
owing honours and immortal praiſe.
fir'd with glory and the public good,
t the people and their danger ſtood:
with convincing truths, he did appear;
ll he ſaid was ſparkling, bright, and clear.
ſtening Senate with attention heard,
me admir'd, while others trembling fear'd;
om the tropes of formal eloquence,
emoſthenic ſtrength, and weight of ſenſe,
s fond Oxford to her Son ſupplied,
'd her own, as well as Britain's pride;
leſs beholden to the ancient ſtrains,
ſhew a nobler blood in Engliſh veins;
whatever Homer ſweetly ſung
ſtor's counſels, or Ulyſſes' tongue.
all ye Nymphs, whilſt time and youth allow,
e the Roſe and Lily for his brow.
he has done, but ſtill has more in view;
ma's intereſt and his country true.
I could propheſy; but muſt refrain:
ruths would make another mortal vain!

TO THE

DUKE OF BEAUFORT*.

RAPHRASE ON NAUDÆUS'S ADDRESS TO CARDINAL DE BAGNI.

E time will come (if Fate ſhall pleaſe to give
his feeble thread of mine more ſpace to live)
I ſhall you and all your acts rehearſe,
uch loftier and more fluent verſe;
nges' banks, and China farther Eaſt,
rolina, and the diſtant Weſt.
name ſhall fly, and every where be bleſt;
gh Spain and tracts of Lybian ſands ſhall go
iffian limits, and to Zembla's ſnow.
ſhall my eager Muſe expand her wing,
ove of juſtice and your goodneſs ſing;
greatneſs, equal to the ſtate you hold;
nſel wiſe, in execution bold;
here appears, in all that you diſpenſe,
, good-nature, and the ſtrength of ſenſe.
let the world admire.—From you a ſmile
e than a reward of all my toil.

r. King dedicated his Engliſh verſion of that
o the duke of Beaufort.

MISCELLANY POEMS.

SONG.

YOU ſay you love; repeat again,
Repeat th' amazing ſound,
Repeat the eaſe of all my pain,
The cure of every wound.

What you to thouſands have denied,
To me you freely give;
Whilſt I in humble ſilence died,
Your mercy bids me live.

So upon Latmos' top each night,
Endymion ſighing lay;
Gaz'd on the Moon's tranſcendent light,
Deſpair'd, and durſt not pray.

But divine Cynthia ſaw his grief,
Th' effect of conquering charms:
Unaſk'd the Goddeſs brings relief,
And falls into his arms.

SONG.

TO CÆLIA.

THE cruel Cælia loves, and burns
In flames ſhe cannot hide;
Make her, dear Thyrſis, cold returns,
Treat her with ſcorn and pride.

You know the captives ſhe has made,
The torment of her chain:
Let her, let her be once betray'd,
Or rack her with diſdain!

See tears flow from her piercing eyes,
She bends her knee divine;
Her tears, for Damon's ſake, deſpiſe;
Let her kneel ſtill, for mine.

Purſue thy conqueſt, charming youth,
Her haughty beauty vex,
Till trembling virgins learn this truth—
Men can revenge their ſex!

THE LAST BILLET.

SEPTEMBER and November now were paſt,
When men in bonfires did their firing waſte;
Yet ſtill my monumental log did laſt:
To begging boys it was not made a prey
On the King's birth or coronation day.
Why with thoſe oaks, under whoſe ſacred ſhade
Charles was preſerv'd, ſhould any fire be made?
At laſt a froſt, a diſmal froſt, there came,
Like that which made a market upon Thame:

Unruly company would then have made
Fire with this log, whilſt thus its owners pray'd:
" Then that art worſhip'd in Dodona's grove,
" From all thy ſacred trees fierce flames remove:
" Preſerve this groaning branch, O hear my
" prayer,
" Spare me this one, this one poor Billet ſpare;
" That, having many fires and flames withſtood,
" Its ancient teſtimonial may laſt good,
" In future times to prove, I once had Wood!"

TO LAURA.

IN IMITATION OF PETRARCH.

AT ſight of murder'd Pompey's head
Cæſar forgets his ſex and ſtate,
And, whilſt his generous tears are ſhed,
Wiſhes he had at leaſt a milder fate.

At Abſalom's untimely fall,
David with grief his conqueſt views:
Nay, weeps for unrelenting Saul,
And in ſoft verſe the mournful theme purſues.

The mightier Laura, from Love's darts ſecure,
Beholds the thouſand deaths that I endure,
Each death made horrid with moſt cruel pain;
Yet no frail pity in her looks appears;
Her eyes betray no careleſs tears,
But perſecute me ſtill with anger and diſdain.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LATE EARL OF ——*,

UPON HIS DISPUTING PUBLICKLY AT CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

MUSE, to thy maſter's lodgings quickly fly,
Entrance to thee his goodneſs won't deny;
With due ſubmiſſion, tell him you are mine,
And that you trouble him with this deſign,
Exactly to inform his noble youth
Of what you heard juſt now from vanquiſh'd
" Truth:
" Conquer'd, undone! 'Tis ſtrange that there
" ſhould be
" In this confeſſion pleaſure ev'n to me.
" With well-wrought terms my hold I ſtrongly
" barr'd,
" And rough diſtinctions were my ſurly guard.
" Whilſt I, ſure of my cauſe, this ſtrength poſſeſs;
" A noble youth, advancing with addreſs,
" Led glittering Falſehood on with ſo much art,
" That I ſoon felt ſad omens in my heart.
" Words with that grace," ſaid I, " muſt n
" perſuade;
" I find myſelf inſenſibly betray'd.
" Whilſt he purſues his conqueſt, I retreat,
" And by that name would palliate my defeat.
" But here methinks I do the proſpect ſee
" Of all thoſe triumphs he prepares for me,
" When Virtue or when Innocence oppreſt
" Fly for ſure refuge to his generous breaſt;
" When with a noble mien his youth appears,
" And gentle voice perſuades the liſtening peer
" Judges ſhall wonder when he clears the laws
" Diſpelling miſts, which long have hid th
" cauſe:
" Then, by his aid, aid that can never fail,
" Ev'n I, though conquer'd now, ſhall ſure p
" vail:
" Thouſands of wreaths to me he ſhall repay,
" For that one laurel Error wears to-day."

* Probably James the third earl of Angleſea. N.

A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE

WHEN your kind wiſhes firſt I ſought,
'Twas in the dawn of youth:
I toaſted you, for you I fought,
But never thought of truth.

You ſaw how ſtill my fire increas'd;
I griev'd to be denied:
You ſaid, " till I to wander ceas'd,
" You 'd guard your heart with pride."

I, that once feign'd too many lies,
In height of paſſion ſwore,
By you and other deities,
That I would range no more.

I 've ſworn, and therefore now am fix'd,
No longer falſe and vain:
My paſſion is with honour mix'd,
And both ſhall ever reign.

THE MAD LOVER.

I'LL from my breaſt tear fond deſire,
Since Laura is not mine:
I 'll ſtrive to cure the amorous fire,
And quench the flame with wine.

Perhaps in groves and cooling ſhade
Soft ſlumbers I may find:
There all the vows to Laura made,
Shall vaniſh with the wind.

The ſpeaking ſtrings and charming ſong
My paſſion may remove:
Oh, Muſick will the pain prolong,
And is the food of Love.

I 'll ſearch heaven, earth, hell, ſeas, and air,
And that ſhall ſet me free:
Oh, Laura's image will be there
Where Laura will not be.

ſtill endure the pain,
eſh torment rave:
:ver break the chain
ras Laura's ſlave.

SOLDIER's WEDDING.

UY BY NAN THRASHERWELL.

OF A PLAY CALLED "THE NEW TROOP."

Thraſherwell, you 're gone to ſea,
pineſs muſt ever baniſh'd be
:-bed, our garret, and from me!
n land at Portſmouth now
:s of ſome Hampſhire Sow,
'anton pat, cries, "Now, my Dear,
ing for ſome Wapping doxy here."
all! but moſt on bouncing Nan,
the torments of my life began:
'r one!"—You lye, you Rogue;
cherous, falſe, ungrateful dog.
you up without a ſhirt?
e hand that ſcrubb'd off all your

tereſt liſt you in the Guard?
ou ten ſhillings, my reward?
, before the Serjeant's face,
m, Will, and Martin, with diſgrace?
well before all others chuſe,
ie whole Regiment to louſe.
lay when you produc'd your ſword,
iger of your injur'd word!
outh round in a circle ſtood,
looks of love, and itching blood:
ie oaths that ſignified conſent,
is Nan's!" and o'er the ſword you

ome more modeſty would ſtep:
ump'd my bum, and made me leap.
; and you prevailing men
wer of leaping back again.

E OLD CHEESE.

louch the Farmer had a jolly Wife,
ew all the conveniencies of life,
ce and cleanlineſs ſupplied
Nature had to him denied:
ad a tongue that would be heard,
etter man than Slouch afeard.
ſorious perſons of the town
ould hardly call his ſoul his own:
it abroad too much, ſhe 'd uſe
lippers, and lock up his ſhoes.
r'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
: was diſturb'd or contradicted:

Yet ſtill into his ſtory ſhe would break
With, "'Tis not ſo—pray give me leave to
"ſpeak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling of him fool;
Told him, he muſt exert himſelf, and be
In fact the maſter of his family.
He ſaid, "That the next Tueſday noon would
"ſhow
"Whether he were the lord at home, or no;
"When their good company he would intreat
"To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely,
"meat."
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his raſh act diſcloſe,
And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at leaſt,
He might appear as maſter of the feaſt.
"I 'll grant your wiſh," cries ſhe, "that you
"may ſee
"'Twere wiſdom to be govern'd ſtill by me."
The gueſts upon the day appointed came,
Each bowſy Farmer with his ſimpering dame.
"Ho! Sue!" cries Slouch, "why doſt not thou
"appear!
"Are theſe thy manners when Aunt Snap is
"here?"
"I pardon aſk," ſays Sue; "I 'd not offend
"Any my dear invites, much leſs his friend."
Slouch by his kinſman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His ſaying, "There was nothing fit to eat:
"The boil'd Pork ſtinks, the roaſt Beef's not
"enough,
"The Bacon 's ruſty, and the Hens are tough;
"The Veal 's all rags, the Butter 's turn'd to oil;
"And thus I buy good meat for ſluts to ſpoil.
"'Tis we are the firſt Slouches ever ſate
"Down to a Pudding without Plums or Fat.
"What Teeth or Stomach 's ſtrong enough to
"feed
"Upon a Gooſe my Grannum kept to breed?
"Why muſt old Pigeons, and they ſtale, be
"dreſt,
"When there 's ſo many ſquab ones in the neſt?
"This Beer is ſour; this muſty, thick, and ſtale,
"And worſe than any thing, except the Ale."
Sue all this while many excuſes made:
Some things ſhe own'd; at other times ſhe laid
The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid.
Then Cheeſe was brought. Says Slouch, "This
"e'en ſhall roll:
"I 'm ſure 'tis hard enough to make a Bowl:
"This is Skim-milk, and therefore it ſhall go;
"And this, becauſe 'tis Suffolk, follow too."
But now Sue's patience did begin to waſte;
Nor longer could diſſimulation laſt.
"Pray let me riſe," ſays Sue, "my dear; I 'll
"find
"A Cheeſe perhaps may be to Lovy's mind."
Then in an entry, ſtanding cloſe, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends, might ſee;
And brandiſhing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough on this occaſion ſmelt;

" I 'll try, my joy!" ſhe cried, " if I can pleaſe
" My Deareſt with a taſte of his Old Cheeſe!"
Slouch turn'd his head, ſaw his wife 's vigorous hand
Wielding her oaken ſapling of command,
Knew well the twang: " Is 't the Old Cheeſe, my Dear?
" No need, no need of Cheeſe," cries Slouch: " I 'll ſwear,
" I think I 've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor!"

THE SKILLET.

TWO neighbours, Clod and Jolt, would married be;
But did not in their choice of Wives agree.
Clod thought a Cuckold was a monſtrous beaſt,
With two huge glaring eyes and ſpreading creſt:
Therefore, reſolving never to be ſuch,
Married a Wife none but himſelf could touch.
Jolt, thinking marriage was decreed by Fate,
Which ſhews us whom to love, and whom to hate,
To a young, handſome, jolly laſs, made court,
And gave his friends convincing reaſons for 't,
That, ſince in life ſuch miſchief muſt be had,
Beauty had ſomething ſtill that was not bad.
Within two months, Fortune was pleas'd to ſend
A Tinker to Clod's houſe, with " Braſs to mend."
The good old wife ſurvey'd the brawny ſpark,
And found his chine was large, though countenance dark,
Firſt ſhe appears in all her airs, then tries
The ſquinting efforts of her amorous eyes.
Much time was ſpent, and much deſire expreſt:
At laſt the Tinker cried, " Few words are beſt:
" Give me that Skillet then; and, if I 'm true,
" I dearly earn it for the work I do."
They 'greed; they parted. On the Tinker goes,
With the ſame ſtroke of pan, and twang of noſe,
Till he at Jolt's beheld a ſprightly dame
That ſet his native vigour all on flame.
He looks, ſighs, faints, at laſt begins to cry,
" And can you then let a young Tinker die?"
Says ſhe, " Give me your Skillet then, and try."
" My Skillet! Both my heart and Skillet take;"
" I wiſh it were a Copper for your ſake."
After all this, not many days did paſs,
Clod, ſitting at Jolt's houſe, ſurvey'd the Braſs
And glittering Pewter ſtanding on the ſhelf;
Then, after ſome gruff muttering with himſelf,
Cried, " Pr'ythee, Jolt, how came that Skillet thine?"
" You know as well as I," quoth Jolt; " 't'en't mine;
" But I 'll aſk Nan." 'Twas done; Nan told the matter
In truth as 'twas; then cried, " You 've got the better:
" For, tell me, Deareſt, whether you would chuſe
" To be a gainer by me, or to loſe.
" As for our Neighbour Clod, this I dare ſay,
" We 've Beauty and a Skillet more than they."

THE FISHERMAN.

TOM BANKS by native induſtry was taught
The various arts how Fiſhes might be caught.
Sometimes with trembling reed and ſingle hair,
And bait conceal'd, he 'd for their death prepare,
With melancholy thoughts and downcaſt eyes,
Expecting till deceit had gain'd its prize.
Sometimes in rivulet quick, and water clear,
They 'd meet a fate more generous from his ſpear.
To baſket oft' he 'd pliant oziers turn,
Where they might entrance find, but no return.
His net well pois'd with lead he 'd ſometimes throw,
Encircling thus his captives all below.
But, when he would a quick deſtruction make,
And from afar much larger booty take,
He 'd through the ſtream, where moſt deſcending, ſet
From ſide to ſide his ſtrong capacious net;
And then his ruſtic crew with mighty poles
Would drive his prey out from their ooxy holes,
And ſo purſue them down the rolling flood,
Gaſping for breath, and almoſt choak'd with mud,
Till they, of farther paſſage quite bereft,
Were in the maſh with gills entangled left.
Trot, who liv'd down the ſtream, ne'er thought his beer
Was good, unleſs he had his water clear.
He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale:
" Lord! if you knew but how the people rail!
" They cannot boil, nor waſh, nor rinſe, they ſay,
" With water ſometimes ink, and ſometimes whey,
" According as you meet with mud or clay.
" Beſides, my wife theſe ſix months could not brew,
" And now the blame of this all 's laid on you:
" For it will be a diſmal thing to think
" How we old Trots muſt live, and have no drink:
" Therefore, I pray, ſome other method take
" Of fiſhing, were it only for our ſake."
Says Banks, " I 'm ſorry it ſhould be my lot
" Ever to diſoblige my goſſip Trot:
" Yet 't'en't my fault; but ſo 'tis Fortune tries one,
" To make his meat become his neighbour's poiſon;
" And ſo we pray for winds upon this coaſt,
" By which on t'other navies may be loſt.
" Therefore in patience reſt, though I proceed:
" There 's no ill-nature in the caſe, but need.
" Though for your uſe this water will not ſerve,
" I 'd rather you ſhould choak, than I ſhould ſtarve."

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

OLD Paddy Scot, with none of the beſt face,
Had a moſt knotty pate at ſolving caſes;
In any point could tell you, to a hair,
When was a grain of honeſty to ſpare.

'd, after prayers, one certain night,
ıe had occaſion for a light
ócinus, Leſſius, Eſcobar,
varruvias, and the great Navarre:
:fore, as he from the chapel came,
ıing a yellow taper's flame,
juſt now he had devoutly pray'd,
l remnant to his ſleeve convey'd.
)pen'd a Phyſician to be by,
her came but only as a ſpy,
ut others' faults, but let alone
ce for the crimes that were his own.
octor follow'd Paddy; ſaid, "He lack'd
w what made a ſacrilegious fact."
with ſtudied gravity replies,
as the place or as the matter lies:
a place unſacred you ſhould take
d thing, this ſacrilege would make;
ınſacred thing from ſacred place,
would be nothing different in the caſe;
both thing and place ſhould ſacred be,
height of ſacrilege, as Doctors all agree."
)," ſays the Doctor, "for more light in
" this,
a ſpecial caſe, were not amiſs.
: a man ſhould take a Common Prayer
a Chapel where there 's ſome to ſpare?"
Common Prayer!" ſays Paddy, "that
" would be
lege of an intenſe degree."
oſe that one ſhould in theſe holidays
ıence a bunch of Roſemary or Bays?"
not be too cenſorious in that caſe,
would be ſacrilege ſtill from the place."
t if a man ſhould from the Chapel take
's end: ſhould he a ſcruple make,
eward to his chambers he ſhould go,
er 'twere theft, or ſacrilege, or no?"
inſinuation was perceiv'd:
ly, "Doctor, you may be deceiv'd,
in caſes you diſtinguiſh right;
s may be reſolv'd at the firſt ſight.
he taper, it could be no theft,
ıad done its duty, and was left:
crilege in having it is none,
that in my ſleeve I now have one."

HE CONSTABLE.

ight a fellow wandering without fear,
void of money as he was of care,
ıg both were waſh'd away with beer,
p the Conſtable by Fortune meets,
ıterns glare in the moſt ſilent ſtreets.
patient any one ſhould be
to be drunk that night but he:
who goes there," cries Strap, "at hours
ſo late?
. Your name; or elſe have at your pate."
nt ſtand, 'cauſe I can 't. Why muſt you
" know
whence it is I come, or where I go?"
" See here my ſtaff," cries Strap; "trem
" behold
" Its radiant paint, and ornamental gold:
" Wooden authority when thus I wield,
" Perſons of all degrees obedience yield.
" Then, be you the beſt man in all the city,
" Mark me! I to the Counter will commit
" You! kiſs, and ſo forth. For that
ſpare:
" If that be all, commit me if you dare:
" No perſon yet, either through fear or ſhar
" Durſt commit me, that once had heard
" name."—
" Pray then, what is 't?"—" My name
" ADULTERY;
" And, faith, your future life would pleaſant
" Did your wife know you once committed *m*

LITTLE MOUTHS.

FROM London Paul the Carrier coming
To Wantage, meets a beauty of the tow
They both accoſt with ſalutation pretty,
As, "How do'ſt, Paul?"—"Thank you:
" how do'ſt, Betty?"
" Didſt ſee our Jack, nor Siſter? No, yo
" ſeen,
" I warrant, none but thoſe who ſaw the Qu
" Many words ſpoke in jeſt," ſays Pa
it are true,
" I came from Windſor*; and, if ſome fol
" knew
" As much as I, it might be well for you."
" Lord, Paul! what is 't?"—" Why give
" ſomething for 't,
" This kiſs; and this. The matter then is ſh
" The Parliament have made a proclamation
" Which willthis week be ſent all round the na
" That Maids with *little mouths* do all prepar
" On Sunday next to come before the Mayo
" And that all Batchelors be likewiſe there:
" For Maids with little mouths ſhall, if
" pleaſe,
" From out of theſe young men chooſe two api
Betty, with bridled chin, extends her face,
And then contracts her lips with ſimpering g
Cries, "Hem! pray what muſt all the huge
" do
" For huſbands, when we little mouths have tw
" Hold, not ſo faſt," cries he; "pray pa
" me:
" Maids with huge, gaping, *wide mouths*,
" have three."
Betty diſtorts her face with hideous ſquall,
And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl,
" Oh! ho! is 't ſo?. The caſe is alter'd, Pau
" Is that the point? I wiſh the three were te
" I warrant I 'd find *mouth*, if they 'll find *m*

* Where Queen Anne and her
quently reſided.

HOLD FAST BELOW.

THERE was a lad, th' unluckieſt of his crew,
Was ſtill contriving ſomething bad, but new.
His comrades all obedience to him paid,
In executing what deſigns he laid:
'Twas they ſhould rob the orchard, he 'd retire,
His foot was ſafe whilſt theirs was in the fire.
He kept them in the dark to that degree,
None ſhould preſume to be ſo wiſe as he;
But, being at the top of all affairs,
The profit was his own, the miſchief theirs.
There fell ſome words made him begin to doubt,
The rogues would grow ſo wiſe to find him out;
He was not pleas'd with this, and ſo next day
He cries to them, as going juſt to play,
" What a fine Jack-daw's neſt is there! look up,
" You ſee 'tis almoſt at the ſteeple's top."
" Ah," ſays another, " we can have no hope
" Of getting thither to 't without a rope."
Says then the fleering ſpark, with courteous grin,
By which he drew his infant cullies in;
" Nothing more eaſy; did you never ſee
" How, in a ſwarm, bees, hanging bee by bee,
" Make a long ſort of rope below the tree.
" Why mayn't we do the ſame, good Mr. John?
" For that contrivance pray let me alone.
" Tom ſhall hold Will, you Will, and I 'll hold
" you;
" And then I warrant you the thing will do.
" But, if there 's any does not care to try,
" Let us have no Jack-daws, and what care I!"
That touch'd the quick, and ſo they ſoon complied,
No argument like that was e'er denied,
And therefore inſtantly the thing was tried.
They hanging down on ſtrength above depend:
Then to himſelf mutters their truſty friend,
" The dogs are almoſt uſeleſs grown to me,
" I ne'er ſhall have ſuch opportunity
" To part with them; and ſo e'en let them go."
Then cries aloud, " So ho! my lads! ſo ho!
" You 're gone, unleſs ye all hold faſt below.
" They 've ſerv'd my turn, ſo 'tis fit time to drop
" them;
" The Devil, if he wants them, let him ſtop them."

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

A GENTLEMAN in hunting rode aſtray,
More out of choice, than that he loſt his way:
He let his company the Hare purſue,
For he himſelf had other game in view:
A Beggar by her trade; yet not ſo mean,
But that her cheeks were freſh, and linen clean.
" Miſtreſs," quoth he, " and what if we two
" ſhou'd
" Retire a little way into the wood?"
She needed not much courtſhip to be kind,
He ambles on before, ſhe trots behind;
For little Bobby, to her ſhoulders bound,
Hinders the gentle dame from ridding ground.
He often aſk'd her to expoſe; but ſhe
Still fear'd the coming of his company.
Says ſhe, " I know an unfrequented place,
" To the left hand, where we our time may paſs,
" And the mean while your horſe may find
" ſome graſs."
Thither they come, and both the horſe ſecure;
Then thinks the Squire, I have the matter ſure.
She 's aſk'd to ſit: but then excuſe is made,
" Sitting," ſays ſhe, " 's not uſual in my trade:
" Should you be rude, and then ſhould throw
" me down,
" I might perhaps break more backs than my
" own."
He ſmiling cries, " Come, I 'll the knot untie,
" And, if you mean the Child's, we 'll lay it by."
Says ſhe, " That can't be done, for then 'twill
" cry.
" I 'd not have us, but chiefly for your ſake,
" Diſcover'd by the hideous noiſe 'twould make.
" Uſe is another nature, and 'twould lack,
" More than the breaſt, its cuſtom to the back."
" Then," ſays the Gentleman, " I ſhould be loth
" To come ſo far and diſoblige you both:
" Were the child tied to me, d 'ye think 'twould
" do?"
" Mighty well, Sir! Oh, Lord! if tied to you."
With ſpeed incredible to work ſhe goes,
And from her ſhoulder ſoon the burthen throws;
Then mounts the infant with a gentle toſs
Upon her generous friend, and, like a croſs,
The ſheet ſhe with a dextrous motion winds,
Till a firm knot the wandering fabrick binds.
The Gentleman had ſcarce got time to know
What ſhe was doing; ſhe, about to go,
Cries, " Sir, good b'ye; ben't angry that we part,
" I truſt the child to you with all my heart:
" But, ere you get another, 't'en't amiſs
" To try a year or two how you 'll keep this."

THE VESTRY.

WITHIN the Shire of Nottingham there lies
A pariſh fam'd, becauſe the men were wiſe:
Of their own ſtrain they had a teacher ſought,
Who all his life was better fed than taught.
It was about a quarter of a year
Since he had ſuor'd, and eat, and fatten'd there;
When he the houſe keepers, their wives, and all,
Did to a ſort of Pariſh-meeting call;
Promiſing ſomething, which, well underſtood,
In little time would turn to all their good.
When met, he thus harangues: " Neighbours,
" I find,
" That in your principles you 're well inclin'd:
" But then you 're all ſolicitous for Sunday;
" None ſeem to have a due regard for Monday,
" Moſt people then their dinners have to ſeek,
" As if 'twere not the firſt day of the week;

ı you have haſh'd meat and nothing
re,
:urſe the day that went before.
ıy all folks dine by one conſent:
ıeſdays only faſt by Parliament,
g ſure by Nature ne'er was meant.
:et will for Thurſday find a diſh,
ıy is a proper day for fiſh;
Saturday requires ſome Meat;
/ you 're obliged by law to treat;
ıme law ordains a Pudding then,
ın grateful, nor unfit for men.
s, Geeſe, Turkies, then, or ſomething
ht,
:eir legs, if broil'd, will ſerve at night,
e I find that roaſt Beef makes you
ep,
ittle more, and ſo 'twill keep.
ı Monday, pity it ſhould be ſpoil'd;
ay Mutton either roaſt or boil'd.
:ſday ſhould be ſome variety,
Breaſt of Veal, and Pigeon-pye.
day each man of his diſh make choice,
Market-days we all rejoice.
on Friday, as I ſaid before,
ve a diſh of Fiſh, and one diſh more.
lay ſtew'd Beef, with ſomething nice,
quick, and toſs'd up in a trice,
ıat in the afternoon, you know,
ı, we muſt to the Ale-houſe go;
ow ſhould our houſes e'er be clean,
: gave ſome time to do it then?
:nce, unleſs we value not our lives,
without remembring firſt our Wives.
are ſtanding rules for every day,
good ones, as I ſo may ſay:
ı meal, let 's take a hearty cup;
e we dine, 'tis fitting that we ſup.
r the application, and the uſe:
our care for Sunday an abuſe:
be aſking, Pray, Sir, where d' you
ıe?
oaſt Beef, choice Veniſon, Turkey,
ine:
's hawling me. Then ſay poor I,
:r buſineſs to deny;
is 't cares for fourteen meals a day,
own part, I had rather ſtay,
them now and then,—and here and
:re,—
; to my preſent bill of fare.
/ I 'm ſingle: if you all agree
ıy turns, each will be ſure of me."
y all applauded with a hum,
:n wiſeſt of them bad him come.

HE MONARCH.

N the young people ride the Skim-
nington,
eneral trembling in a town:
Not only he for whom the perſon rides
Suffers, but they ſweep other doors beſides;
And by that hieroglyphic does appear
That the good woman is the maſter there.
At Jenny's door the barbarous Heathens ſwept,
And his poor wife ſcolded until ſhe wept;
The mob ſwept on, whilſt ſhe ſent forth in vain
Her vocal thunder and her briny rain.
Some few days after, two young ſparks came
there,
And whilſt ſhe does her Coffee freſh prepare,
One for diſcourſe of news the maſter calls,
T'other on this ungrateful ſubject falls.
" Pray, Mrs. Jenny, whence came this report,
" For I believe there 's no great reaſon for 't,
" As if the folks t' other day ſwept your door,
" And half a dozen of your neighbours more?"
" There 's nothing in 't," ſays Jenny; " that is
" done
" Where the wife rules, but here I rule alone,
" And, gentlemen, you 'd much miſtaken be,
" If any one ſhould not think that of me.
" Within theſe walls, my ſuppliant vaſſals know
" What due obedience to their prince they owe,
" And kiſs the ſhadow of my papal toe.
" My word 's a law; when I my power advance,
" There 's not a greater Monarch ev'n in France.
" Not the Mogul or Czar of Muſcovy,
" Not Preſter John, or Cham of Tartary,
" Are in their houſes Monarch more than I.
" My Houſe my Caſtle is, and here I 'm King,
" I 'm Pope, I 'm Emperor, Monarch, every thing.
" What though my wife be partner of my bed,
" The Monarch's Crown ſits only on this head."
His wife had plaguy ears, as well as tongue,
And, hearing all, thought his diſcourſe too long:
Her conſcience ſaid, he ſhould not tell ſuch lyes,
And to her knowledge ſuch; ſhe therefore cries,
" D' ye hear—you—Sirrah—Monarch—there?—
" Come down
" And grind the Coffee——or I 'll crack your
" Crown."

JUST AS YOU PLEASE;

OR,

THE INCURIOUS.

A VIRTUOSO had a mind to ſee
One that would never diſcontented be,
But in a careleſs way to all agree.
He had a Servant, much of Æſop's kind,
Of perſonage uncouth, but ſprightly mind:
" Humpus," ſays he, " I order that you find
" Out ſuch a man, with ſuch a character,
" As in this paper now I give you here;
" Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
" Or rather you ſhall meet with a worſe fate,
" For I will break your back, and ſet you ſtrait.

" Bring him to dinner." Humpus ſoon withdrew,
Was ſafe, as having ſuch a one in view
At Covent Garden dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtleſs air and look profound,
Who, ſolitary gaping without care,
Seem'd to ſay, " Who is't? wilt go any where?"
Says Humpus, " Sir, my Maſter bade me pray
" Your company to dine with him to-day."
He ſnuffs; then follows; up the ſtairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his ſhoes,
But, looking round him, ſaw a handſome room,
And did not much repent that he was come;
Cloſe to the fire he draws an elbow-chair,
And, lolling eaſy, doth for ſleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he ſits ſtill,
Thinks, " Let them take the other chairs that
" will!"
The Maſter thus accoſts him, " Sir, you 're wet,
" Pray have a cuſhion underneath your feet."
Thinks he, " If I do ſpoil it, need I care?
" I ſee he has eleven more to ſpare."
Dinner 's brought up; the Wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end muſt be his ſeat.
" This is not very uſual," thinks the Clown:
" But is not all the family his own?
" And why ſhould I, for contradiction's ſake,
" Loſe a good dinner, which he bids me take?
" If from his table ſhe diſcarded be,
" What need I care! there is the more for me."
After a while, the Daughter's bid to ſtand,
And bring him whatſoever he 'll command.
Thinks he, " The better from the fairer hand!"
Young Maſter next muſt riſe, to fill him wine,
And ſtarve himſelf, to ſee the booby dine:
He does. The Father aſks, " What have you
" there?
" How dare you give a ſtranger Vinegar?"
" Sir, 'Twas Champagne I gave him."—" Sir,
" indeed
" Take him and ſcourge him till the raſcal bleed;
" Don't ſpare him for his tears or age: I 'll try
" If Cat-of-nine-tails can excuſe a lye."
Thinks the Clown, " That 'twas wine, I do
" believe;
" But ſuch young rogues are apteſt to deceive:
" He 's none of mine, but his own fleſh and
" blood,
" And how know I but 't may be for his good?"
When the deſſert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the diſmal ſcene of finding fault:
They were ſuch hideous, filthy, poiſonous ſtuff,
Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
Humpus was aſk'd who made them. Trembling he
Said, " Sir, it was my Lady gave them me."—
" No more ſuch Poiſon ſhall ſhe ever give,
" I 'll burn the witch; 't'ent fitting ſhe ſhould
" live:
" Set faggots in the court, I 'll make her fry;
" And pray, good Sir, may't pleaſe you to be by?"
Then, ſmiling, ſays the Clown, " Upon my
" life,
" A pretty fancy this, to burn one's Wife!
" And, ſince I find 'tis really your deſign,
" Pray let me juſt ſtep home, and fetch you mine."

OF DREAMS.

" For a Dream cometh through the multitude of
" Buſineſs." ECCLES. v. 4.

" Somnia, quæ ludunt mente volitantibus umbris,
" Non deluſa deûm nec ab æthere numina mit-
" tunt,
" Sed ſibi quiſque facit," &c. PETRONIUS.

THE flitting Dreams, that play before the wind,
Are not by Heaven for Propheſies deſign'd;
Nor by æthereal Beings ſent us down,
But each man is creator of his own:
For, when their weary limbs are ſunk in eaſe,
The ſouls eſſay to wander where they pleaſe;
The ſcatter'd images have ſpace to play,
And Night repeats the labours of the Day.

THE ART OF MAKING PUDDINGS.

I. HASTY PUDDING.

I SING of FOOD, by Britiſh Nurſe deſign'd,
To make the Stripling brave, and Maiden kind.
Delay not, Muſe, in numbers to rehearſe
The pleaſures of our life, and ſinews of our verſe.
Let PUDDING's diſh, moſt wholeſome, be thy theme,
And dip thy ſwelling plumes in fragrant Cream.
Sing then that Diſh ſo fitting to improve
A tender modeſty and trembling love;
Swimming in Butter of a golden hue,
Garniſh'd with drops of Roſe's ſpicy dew.
Sometimes the frugal Matron ſeems in haſte,
Nor cares to beat her Pudding into Paſte:
Yet Milk in proper Skillet ſhe will place,
And gently ſpice it with a blade of Mace;
Then ſet ſome careful Damſel to look to't,
And ſtill to ſtir away the Biſhop's-foot;
For, if burnt Milk ſhould to the bottom ſtick,
Like over-heated zeal, 'twould make folks ſick.
Into the Milk her Flour ſhe gently throws,
As Valets now would powder tender Beaux:
The liquid forms in HASTY MASS unite
Forms equally delicious, as they 're white.
In ſhining diſh the HASTY MASS is thrown,
And ſeems to want no graces but its own.
Yet ſtill the Houſewife brings in freſh ſupplies,
To gratify the taſte, and pleaſe the eyes.
She on the ſurface lumps of Butter lays,
Which, melting with the heat, its beams diſplays;
From whence it cauſes, wondrous to behold,
A Silver foil bedeck'd with ſtreams of Gold!

II. A HEDGE-HOG *after a* QUAKING-PUDDING.

AS Neptune, when the three-tongu'd fork he takes,
With ſtrength divine the globe terreſtrial ſhakes,

eſt Hills, Nature's ſtupendous Piles,
:h the force, and quiver into iſles;
.e ruins grow the lofty Pines,
v unmelted in the vallies ſhines:
vhen the Dame her HEDGE-HOG-PUDNG breaks,
indents irreparable ſtreaks.
bling lump, with Butter all around,
perceive its fall, and then be drown'd;
he tops appear, whilſt Almonds thick
ght Loaf-ſugar on the ſurface ſtick.

DINGS *of* VARIOUS COLOURS *in a Diſh.*

Painter-like, now variegate the ſhade,
from PUDDINGS there's a Landſcape
ade.
: and London *, when they would diſpoſe
:r-greens into well-order'd rows,
ieir colours, that each different plant
it and ſhadow as the others want.

ling of a GOOD PUDDING *gets a* GOOD HUSBAND.

rgins, as theſe lines you kindly take,
ou ſtill ſuch glorious Pudding make,
ds of Youth may ever be at ſtrife,
he ſweet compoſer for his wife!

K *and* SUGAR *to* QUAKING-PUDDING.

" Oh, Delicious!"

vhere muſt our Confeſſion firſt begin,
id Sugar once be thought a Sin?

VI. BROILED PUDDING.

the dark, we mortals ſeldom know
nce the ſource of happineſs may flow:
Broil'd Pudding would their thoughts
ve bent
ht PEWTERIA's love-ſick diſcontent?
vas, PEWTERIA felt Love's heat
lames than thoſe which roaſt her meat.
ng's loſt, but may with freſh delight
fried next day, or *broil'd* at night.

VII. MUTTON PUDDING.

Mutton, thou moſt nouriſhing of meat,
gle joint † may conſtitute a treat;
ie a Pudding, you excel the reſt
s That of other Food is beſt!

VIII. OATMEAL PUDDING.

s decorticated take two pound,
w milk enough the ſame to drown;
of the Sun, ſton'd, ounces eight;
ts, cleanly pick'd, an equal weight;
inely ſlic'd, an ounce at leaſt;
gs, newly taken from the neſt:

Seaſon this mixture well with ſalt and ſpice;
'Twill make a Pudding far exceeding rice;
And you may ſafely feed on it like farmers,
For the receipt is learned Dr. Harmer's.

IX. A SACK-POSSET.

FROM far Barbadoes, on the Weſtern Main,
Fetch ſugar, half a pound; fetch ſack, from Spain,
A pint; then fetch, from India's fertile coaſt,
Nutmeg, the glory of the Britiſh toaſt.

UPON A GIANT's ANGLING.

HIS angle-rod made of a ſturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in ſtorms ne'er broke,
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And ſate upon a Rock and bobb'd for whale.

ADVICE TO HORACE,

TO TAKE HIS LEAVE OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

HORACE, you now have long enough
At Cambridge play'd the fool:
Take back your criticizing ſtuff
To Epicurus' School.

But, in excuſe of this, you 'll ſay,
You 're ſo unwieldy grown,
That, if amongſt that herd you lay,
You ſcarcely ſhould be known.

How many butter'd cruſts you 've toſt
Into your weem ſo big,
That you 're more like (at College coſt)
A *porpoiſe* than a *pig*.

But you from head to foot are *brawn*,
And ſo from ſide to ſide:
You meaſure (were a circle drawn)
No longer than you 're wide.

Then bleſs me, Sir, how many craggs
You 've drunk of potent ale!
No wonder if the belly ſwaggs,
That 's rival to a *whale*.

E'en let the Fellows take the reſt,
They 've had a jolly taſter:
But no great likelihood to feaſt,
'Twixt Horace and the Maſter!

INDIAN ODE.

DARCO.

CÆSAR, poſſeſs'd of Ægypt's Queen,
And Conqueror of her charms,
Would envy, had he Darco ſeen
When lock'd in Zabra's arms.

:wo royal gardeners. KING.
:in. KING.

ZABRA.

Should Memnon that fam'd Black revive,
Aurora's darling Son,
For Zabra's heart in vain he 'd ſtrive,
Where Darco reigns alone.

DARCO.

Freſh Mulberries new-preſs'd diſcloſe
A blood of purple hue;
And Zabra's lips, like crimſon Roſe,
Swell with a fragrant dew.

ZABRA.

The amorous Sun has kiſs'd his face;
And, now thoſe beams are ſet,
A lovely night aſſumes the place,
And tinges all with jet.

DARCO.

Darkneſs is myſtic prieſt to Love,
And does its rites conceal;
O'erſpread with clouds, ſuch joys we 'll prove
As day ſhall ne'er reveal.

ZABRA.

In gloom of night, when Darco's eyes
Are guides, what heart can ſtray?
Whoever views his teeth, deſcries
The bright and milky way.

DARCO.

Though born to rule fierce Libya's ſands,
That with gold's luſtre ſhine,
With eaſe I quit thoſe high commands
Whilſt Zabra thus is mine.

ZABRA.

Should I to that bleſt world repair,
Where Whites no portion have;
I 'd ſoon, if Darco were not there,
Fly back, and be a Slave.

EPIGRAM.

WHO could believe that a fine needle's ſmart
Should from a finger pierce a virgin's heart;
That, from an orifice ſo very ſmall
The ſpirits and the vital blood ſhould fall?
Strephon and Phaon, I 'll be judg'd by you,
If more than this has not been found too true.
From ſmaller darts, much greater wounds ariſe,
When ſhot by Cynthia's or by Laura's eyes.

EPIGRAM.

SAM WILLS had view'd Kate Bets, a ſmiling laſs;
And for her pretty Mouth admir'd her face.
Kate had lik'd Sam, for Noſe of Roman ſize,
Not minding his complexion or his eyes.
They met—ſays Sam, Alas, to ſay the truth,
I find myſelf deceiv'd by that ſmall Mouth!
Alas, cries Kate, could any one ſuppoſe,
I could be ſo deceiv'd by ſuch a Noſe!
But I henceforth ſhall hold this maxim juſt,
To have experience firſt, and then to truſt!

TO MR. CARTER,

STEWARD TO THE LORD CARTERET.

ACCEPT of health from one who, writing this
Wiſhes you in the ſame that now he is,
Though to your perſon he may be unknown,
His wiſhes are as hearty as your own.
For Carter's drink, when in his Maſter's hand,
Has pleaſure and good-nature at command.
What though his Lordſhip's lands are in your truſt,
'Tis greater to his Brewing to be juſt.
As to that matter, no one can find fault,
If you ſupply him ſtill with well-dried Malt.
Still be a ſervant conſtant to afford
A liquor fitting for your generous Lord;
Liquor, like him, from ſeeds of worth in light,
With ſparkling atoms ſtill aſcending bright.
May your accompts ſo with your Lord ſtand clear,
And have your reputation like your Beer;
The main perfection of your life purſue,
In March, October, every month, ſtill brew,
And get the character of "Who but You?"

NERO.

A SATIRE.

WE know how ruin once did reign,
When Rome was fir'd, and Senate ſlain;
The Prince, with Brother's gore imbrued;
His tender Mother's life purſued;
How he the carcaſe, as it lay,
Did without tear or bluſh ſurvey,
And cenſure each majeſtic grace
That ſtill adorn'd that breathleſs face:
Yet he with ſword could domineer
Where dawning light does firſt appear
From rays of Phœbus; and command
Through his whole courſe, ev'n to that ſtrand
Where he, abhorring ſuch a ſight,
Sinks in the watery gloom of night:
Yet he could death and terror throw,
Where Thulé ſtarves in Northern ſnow;
Where Southern heats do fiercely paſs
O'er burning ſands that melt to glaſs.
Fond hopes! Could height of Power aſſuage
The mad exceſs of Nero's rage?
Hard is the fate, when ſubjects find
The Sword unjuſt to Poiſon join'd!

AD AMICUM.

MUS ab Angliacis, Carolinæ Tyntus* in oras,
ias artes ſecum, cytharamque ſonantem
t; aſt illi comites Parnaſſido una
iunt, autorque viæ conſultus Apollo:
:m ſparſos longè latèque colonos
is in cœtus æquis, atque oppida cogit;
ominum molliri animos, hinc mercibus optis
re divitias et ſurgere tecta deorum.
s auſpiciis doctæ conduntur Athenæ,
ſa ingentem Didonis crevit in urbem
go regum domitrix; ſic aurea Roma
riumphato nitidum caput intulit aſtris.

TEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

NTE was the man who firſt, from Britiſh ſhore,
an arts to Carolina bore;
ieful harp attending Muſes ſtrung,
hœbus' ſkill inſpir'd the lays he ſung.
towers and palaces their riſe began,
lening ſtones to ſacred fabricks ran.
vs were taught, and curious arts of peace,
ade 's briſk current flow'd with wealth's increaſe.
h foundations learned Athens roſe;
o's thong did Carthage firſt incloſe:
ne was taught *old* Empires to ſubdue,
ite creates and governs, now, the *new*.

LYSSES AND TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

.L me, old Prophet, tell me how,
ſtate when ſunk, and pocket low,
ubtle arts, what ſecret ways,
e deſponding fortune raiſe?
igh: thus Miſery is ſcorn'd!

TIRESIAS.

'tis enough, you are return'd
by your Wit, and view again
arm of Ithac, and Wife Pen.

ULYSSES.

friend, whoſe word 's a law to me,
nt and nakedneſs you ſee:
rks, who made my wife ſuch offers,
ſt me nothing in my coffers;
e kill'd my oxen, ſheep, and geeſe,
my bacon and my cheeſe,
: and virtue, at this puſh,
t the *gelt*, 's not worth a ruſh.

TIRESIAS.

Why, not to mince the matter more,
You are averſe to being poor;
Therefore find out ſome rich old cuff,
That never thinks he has enough:
Have you a Swan, a Turkey-pye,
With Woodcocks, thither let them fly,
The Firſt-fruits of your early Spring,
Not to the Gods, but to Him bring.
Though he a foundling Baſtard be,
Convict of frequent perjury;
His hands with brother's blood imbrued,
By juſtice for that crime purſued;
Never the wall, when aſk'd, refuſe,
Nor loſe your friend to ſave your ſhoes.

ULYSSES.

'Twixt Damas and the kennel go!
Which is the filthieſt of the two?
Before Troy-town it was not ſo.
There with the beſt I us'd to ſtrive.

TIRESIAS.

Why, by that means you 'll never thrive.

ULYSSES.

It will be very hard, that 's true:
Yet I 'll my generous mind ſubdue.

TRANSLATION FROM TASSO.

CANTO III. ST. 3.

SO when bold Mariners, whom hopes of ore
Have urg'd to ſeek ſome unfrequented ſhore:
The ſea grown high, and pole unknown, do find
How falſe is every wave, and treacherous every wind!
If wiſh'd-for land ſome happier ſight deſcries,
Diſtant huzzas, ſaluting clamours, riſe:
Each ſtrives to ſhew his mate th' approaching bay,
Forgets paſt danger, and the tedious way.

FROM HESIOD.

WHEN Saturn reign'd in Heaven, his ſubjects here
Array'd with godly virtues did appear;
Care, Pain, Old Age, and Grief, were baniſh'd far,
With all the dread of Laws and doubtful War:
But chearful Friendſhip, mix'd with Innocence,
Feaſted their underſtanding and their ſenſe;
Nature abounded with unenvied ſtore,
Till their diſcreteſt wits could aſk no more;
And when by fate, they came to breathe their laſt,
Diſſolv'd in ſleep their flitting vitals paſs'd.
Then to much happier manſions they remov'd,
There prais'd their God, and were by him belov'd.

* Major Tynte, Governor of Carolina.

THE

POEMS

OF

DR. THOMAS SPRAT,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

TO

THE REVEREND DR. WILKINS,

WARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE IN OXFORD.

SIR,

SEEING you are pleaſed to think fit that theſe papers ſhould come into the publick, which were at firſt deſigned to live only in a deſk, or ſome private friend's hands; I humbly take the boldneſs to commit them to the ſecurity which your name and protection will give them with the moſt knowing part of the world. There are two things eſpecially in which they ſtand in need of your defence: one is, that they fall ſo infinitely below the full and lofty genius of that excellent poet, who made this way of writing free of our nation: the other, that they are ſo little proportioned and equal to the renown of that prince on whom they were written. Such great actions and lives deſerving rather to be the ſubjects of the nobleſt pens and divine fancies, than of ſuch ſmall beginners and weak eſſayers in poetry as myſelf. Againſt theſe dangerous prejudices, there remains no other ſhield, than the univerſal eſteem and authority which your judgment and approbation carries with it. The right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the account of the relation you had to this great perſon, nor of the general favour which all arts receive from you; but more particularly by reaſon of that obligation and zeal with which I am bound to dedicate myſelf to your ſervice: for having been a long time the object of your care and indulgence towards the advantage of my ſtudies and fortune, having been moulded as it were by your own hands, and formed under your government, not to entitle you to any thing which my meanneſs produces, would not only be injuſtice, but ſacrilege: ſo that if there be any thing here tolerably ſaid, which deſerves pardon, it is yours, Sir, as well as he, who is,

Your moſt devoted,

and obliged ſervant,

THO. SPRAT.

TO THE

HAPPY MEMORY OF THE LATE

LORD PROTECTOR.

I.

'TIS true, great name, thou art ſecure
From the forgetfulneſs and rage
Of death, or envy, or devouring age;
Thou canſt the force and teeth of time endure:
Thy fame, like men, the elder it doth grow,
Will of itſelf turn whiter too,
Without what needleſs art can do;
Will live beyond thy breath, beyond thy hearſe,
Though it were never heard or ſung in verſe.
Without our help thy memory is ſafe;
They only want an epitaph,
That do remain alone
Alive in an inſcription
Remember'd only on the braſs, or marble-ſtone.
'Tis all in vain what we can do:
All our roſes and perfumes
Will but officious folly ſhow,
And pious nothings to ſuch mighty tombs.
All our incenſe, gums and balm,
Are but unneceſſary duties here:
The poets may their ſpices ſpare,
Their coſtly numbers, and their tuneful feet:
That need not be embalm'd, which of itſelf is ſweet.

II.

We know to praiſe thee is a dangerous proof
Of our obedience and our love:
For when the ſun and fire meet,
The one 's extinguiſh'd quite:
And yet the other never is more bright.
So they that write of thee, and join
Their feeble names with thine;
Their weaker ſparks with thy illuſtrious light,
Will loſe themſelves in that ambitious thought;
And yet no fame to thee from hence be brought.
We know, bleſs'd ſpirit, thy mighty name
Wants no addition of another's beam;
It 's for our pens too high, and full of theme:
The Muſes are made great by thee, not thou by them,
Thy fame's eternal lamp will live,
And in thy ſacred urn ſurvive,
Without the food of oil, which we can give.
'Tis true; but yet our duty calls our ſongs;
Duty commands our tongues:
Though thou want not our praiſes, we
Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee;
For ſo men from religion are not freed,
But from the altars clouds muſt riſe,
Though heaven itſelf doth nothing need,
And though the gods don't want an earthly ſacrifice.

III.

Great life of wonders, whoſe each year
Full of new miracles did appear!
Whoſe every month might be
Alone a chronicle, or hiſtory!
Others great actions are
But thinly ſcatter'd here and there;
At beſt, but all one ſingle ſtar;
But thine the milky-way,
All one continued light, of undiſtinguiſh'd day;
They throng'd ſo cloſe, that nought elſe could be ſeen,
Scarce any common ſky did come between:
What ſhall I ſay, or where begin?
Thou may'ſt in double ſhapes be ſhown
Or in thy arms, or in thy gown;
Like Jove, ſometimes with warlike thunder, and
Sometimes with peaceful ſceptre in his hand;
Or in the field, or on the throne.
In what thy head, or what thy arm hath done,
All that thou didſt was ſo refin'd,
So full of ſubſtance, and ſo ſtrongly join'd,
So pure, ſo weighty gold,
That the leaſt grain of it,
If fully ſpread and beat,
Would many leaves and mighty volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy name was publiſh'd, and whilſt yet
Thou only to thyſelf wert great,
Whilſt yet the happy bud
Was not quite ſeen or underſtood,
It then ſure ſigns of future greatneſs ſhew'd:
Then thy domeſtic worth
Did tell the world what it would be,
When it ſhould fit occaſion ſee,
When a full ſpring ſhould call it forth:
As bodies in the dark and night
Have the ſame colours, the ſame red and white,
As in the open day and light;
The ſun doth only ſhew
That they are bright, not make them ſo.
So whilſt but private walls did know
What we to ſuch a mighty mind ſhould owe,
Then the ſame virtues did appear,
Though in a leſs and more contracted ſphere,
As full, though not as large as ſince they were:
And like great rivers fountains, though
At firſt ſo deep thou didſt not go:
Though then thine was not ſo enlarg'd a flood;
Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

V.

'Tis true thou was not born unto a crown,
Thy ſceptre 's not thy father's, but thy own:
Thy purple was not made at once in haſte,
But after many other colours paſt,
It took the deepeſt princely dye at laſt.
Thou didſt begin with leſſer cares,
And private thoughts took up thy private years:
Thoſe hands which were ordain'd by fates
To change the world and alter ſtates,
Practis'd at firſt that vaſt deſign
On meaner things with equal mien.
That ſoul which ſhould ſo many ſceptres ſway,
To whom ſo many kingdoms ſhould obey,
Learn'd firſt to rule in a domeſtic way:
So government itſelf began
From family, and ſingle man,

Thou him to bear thy burden choſe,
Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loſs;
Nor hadſt thou him deſign'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy blood, but virtue kin,
Not only heir unto thy throne, but mind:
'Tis he ſhall perfect all thy cares,
And with a finer thread weave out thy loom:
So one did bring the choſen people from
Their ſlavery and fears,
Led them through their pathleſs road;
Guided himſelf by God,
H'as brought them to the borders; but a ſecond hand
Did ſettle and ſecure them in the promis'd land.

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

(MR. EDWARD HOWARD),

UPON HIS

INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE POEM,

INTITULED

"THE BRITISH PRINCES."

YOUR book our old knight-errants fame revives,
Writ in a ſtyle agreeing with their lives.
All rumours ſtrength their proweſs did out-go,
All rumours ſkill your verſes far out-do:
To praiſe the Welſh the world muſt how combine,
Since to their leeks you do your laurel join:
Such lofty ſtrains your country's ſtory fit,
Whoſe mountain nothing equals but your wit.
Bonduca, were ſhe ſuch as here we ſee
(In Britiſh paint), none could more dreadful be:
With naked armies ſhe encounter'd Rome,
Whoſe ſtrength with naked nature you o'ercome.
Nor let ſmall critics blame this mighty queen,
That in king Arthur's time ſhe here is ſeen:
You that can make immortal by your ſong,
May well one life four hundred years prolong.
Thus Virgil bravely dar'd for Dido's love,
The ſettled courſe of time and years to move,
Though him you imitate in this alone,
In all things elſe you borrow help from none:
No antique tale of Greece or Rome you take,
Their fables and examples you forſake.
With true heroic glory you diſplay
A ſubject new, writ in the neweſt way.
Go forth, great author, for the world's delight
Teach it, what none e'er taught you, how to write
They talk ſtrange things that ancient poets did,
How trees and ſtones they into buildings led:
For poems to raiſe cities, now, 'tis hard,
But yours, at leaſt, will build half Paul's church yard.

ON

HIS MISTRESS DROWN'D.

SWEET ſtream, that doſt with equal pace
Both thyſelf fly and thyſelf chace,
Forbear awhile to flow,
And liſten to my woe.

Then go and tell the ſea that all its brine
Is freſh, compar'd to mine:
Inform it that the gentler dame,
Who was the life of all my flame,
I' th' glory of her bud
Has paſs'd the fatal flood,
Death by this only ſtroke triumphs above
The greateſt power of love:
Alas, alas! I muſt give o'er,
My ſighs will let me add no more.
Go on, ſweet ſtream, and henceforth reſt
No more than does my troubled breaſt;
And if my ſad complaints have made thee ſtay,
Theſe tears, theſe tears, ſhall mend thy way.

THE

PLAGUE OF ATHENS,

WHICH HAPPENED

IN THE SECOND YEAR OF THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR:

FIRST DESCRIBED IN GREEK BY THUCYDIDES;

THEN IN LATIN BY LUCRETIUS.

TO MY WORTHY AND LEARNED FRIEND,

DR. WALTER POPE,

LATE PROCTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

SIR,

I KNOW not what pleaſure you could take in beſtowing your commands ſo unprofitably, unleſs it be that for which nature ſometimes cheriſhes and allows monſters, the love of variety. This only delight you will receive by turning over this rude and unpoliſhed copy, and comparing it with my excellent patterns, the Greek and Latin. By this you will ſee how much a noble ſubject is changed and disfigured by an ill hand, and what reaſon Alexander had to forbid his picture to be drawn but by ſome celebrated pencil. In Greek, Thucydides ſo well and ſo livelily expreſſes it, that I know not which is more a poem, his deſcription or that of Lucretius. Though it muſt be ſaid, that the hiſtorian had a vaſt advantage over the poet; he, having been preſent on the place, and aſſaulted by the diſeaſe himſelf, had the horror familiar to his eyes, and all the ſhapes of the miſery ſtill remaining on his mind, which muſt needs make a great impreſſion on his pen and fancy; whereas the poet was forced to follow his footſteps, and only work on that matter he allowed him. This I ſpeak, becauſe it may in ſome meaſure too excuſe my own defects: for being ſo far removed from the place whereon the diſeaſe acted his tragedy, and time having denied us many of the circumſtances, cuſtoms of the country, and other ſmall things which would be of great uſe to any one who did intend to be perfect on the ſubject; beſides only writing by an idea of that which I never yet ſaw, nor care to feel (being not of the humour of the painter in Sir Philip Sidney, who thruſt himſelf into the midſt of a fight, that he might the better delineate it). Having, I ſay, all theſe diſadvantages, and many more for which I muſt only blame myſelf, it cannot be expected that I ſhould come near equaling him, in whom none of the contrary advantages were wanting. Thus then, Sir, by emboldening me to this raſh attempt, you have given opportunity to the Greek and Latin to triumph over our mother-tongue. Yet I would not have the honour of the countries or languages engaged in the compariſon, but that the inequality ſhould reach no farther than the authors. But I have much reaſon to fear the juſt indignation of that excellent perſon (the preſent ornament and honour of our nation) whoſe way of writing I imitate: for he may think himſelf as much injured by my following him, as were the heavens by that bold man's counterfeiting the ſacred and untimiable noiſe of thunder, by the ſound of braſs and horſes hoofs. I ſhall only ſay

for myſelf, that I took Cicero's advice, who bids us, in imitation, propoſe the nobleſt pattern to our thoughts; for ſo we may be ſure to be raiſed above the common level, though we come infinitely ſhort of what we aim at. Yet I hope that renowned poet will have none of my crimes any way reflect on himſelf; for it was not any fault in the excellent muſician, that the weak bird, endeavouring by ſtraining its throat to follow his notes, deſtroyed itſelf in the attempt. Well, Sir, by this, that I have choſen rather to expoſe myſelf than to be diſobedient, you may gueſs with what zeal and hazard I ſtrive to approve myſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt humble and

affectionate ſervant,

THOMAS SPRAT.

THUCYDIDES, LIB. II.

AS IT IS EXCELLENTLY TRANSLATED BY MR. HOBBES.

IN the very beginning of ſummer, the Peloponneſians, and their confederates, with two-thirds of their forces, as before, invaded Attica, under the conduct of Archidamus, the ſon of Zeuxidamas, king of Lacedæmon: and after they had encamped themſelves, waſted the country about them.

They had not been many days in Attica, when the plague firſt began amongſt the Athenians, ſaid alſo to have ſeized formerly on divers other parts, as about Lemnos, and elſewhere; but ſo great a plague, and mortality of men, was never remembered to have happened in any place before. For at firſt neither were the phyſicians able to cure it, through ignorance of what it was, but died faſteſt themſelves, as being the men that moſt approached the ſick, nor any other art of man availed whatſoever. All ſupplications to the gods, and enquiries of oracles, and whatſoever other means they uſed of that kind, proved all unprofitable, inſomuch as, ſubdued with the greatneſs of the evil, they gave them all over. It began (by report) firſt in that part of Æthiopia that lieth upon Ægypt, and thence fell down into Ægypt, and Africk, and into the greateſt part of the territories of the king. It invaded Athens on a ſudden, and touched firſt upon thoſe that dwelt in Pyræus, inſomuch as they reported that the Peloponneſians had caſt poiſon into their wells; for ſprings there were not any in that place. But afterwards it came up into the high city, and then they died a great deal faſter. Now let every man, phyſician or other, concerning the ground of this ſickneſs, whence it ſprung, and what cauſes he thinks able to produce ſo great an alteration, ſpeak, according to his own knowledge; for my own part, I will deliver but the manner of it, and lay open only ſuch things as one may take his mark by to diſcover the ſame if it come again, having been both ſick of it myſelf, and ſeen others ſick of the ſame. This year, by confeſſion of all men, was of all other, for other diſeaſes, moſt free and healthful. If any man were ſick before, his diſeaſe turned to this; if not, yet ſuddenly, without any apparent cauſe proceeding, and being in perfect health, they were taken firſt with an extreme ache in their heads, redneſs and inflammation in the eyes; and then inwardly their throats and tongues grew preſently bloody, and their breath noiſome and unſavoury. Upon this followed a ſneezing and hoarſeneſs, and not long after, the pain, together with a mighty cough, came down into the breaſt. And when once it was ſettled in the ſtomach, it cauſed vomit, and with great torment came up all manner of bilious purgation that phyſicians ever named. Moſt of them had alſo the hickyexe, which brought with it a ſtrong convulſion, and in ſome ceaſed

quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Their bodies outwardly to the touch were neither very hot nor pale, but reddiſh, livid, and beflowered with little pimples and whelks; but ſo burned inwardly, as not to endure any the lighteſt cloaths or linen garment to be upon them; nor any thing but mere nakedneſs, but rather moſt willingly to have caſt themſelves into the cold water. And many of them that were not looked to, poſſeſſed with inſatiate thirſt, ran unto the wells; and to drink much or little was indifferent, being ſtill from eaſe and power to ſleep as far as ever.

As long as the diſeaſe was at the height, their bodies waſted not, but reſiſted the torment beyond all expectation, inſomuch as the moſt of them either died of their inward burning in nine or ſeven days, whilſt they had yet ſtrength; or if they eſcaped that, then, the diſeaſe falling down in their bellies, and cauſing there great exulcerations and immoderate looſeneſs, they died many of them afterwards through weakneſs: for the diſeaſe (which firſt took the head) began above, and came down, and paſſed through the whole body: and he that overcame the worſt of it was yet marked with the loſs of his extreme parts; for, breaking out both at their privy members, and at their fingers and toes, many with the loſs of theſe eſcaped. There were alſo ſome that loſt their eyes, and many that preſently upon their recovery were taken with ſuch an oblivion of all things whatſoever, as they neither knew themſelves nor their acquaintance. For this was a kind of ſickneſs which far ſurmounted all expreſſion of words, and both exceeded human nature in the cruelty wherewith it handled each one, and appeared alſo otherwiſe to be none of thoſe diſeaſes that are bred among us, and that eſpecially by this: for all, both birds and beaſts, that uſe to feed on human fleſh, though many men lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or taſting, periſhed. An argument whereof, as touching the birds, was the manifeſt defect of ſuch fowl, which were not then ſeen, either about the carcaſes, or any where elſe; but by the dogs, becauſe they are familiar with men, this effect was ſeen much clearer. So that this diſeaſe (to paſs over many ſtrange particulars of the accidents that ſome had differently from others) was in general ſuch as I have ſhewn; and for other uſual ſickneſſes at that time, no man was troubled with any. Now they died, ſome for want of attendance, and ſome again with all the care and phyſic that could be uſed. Nor was there any, to ſay, certain medicine, that applied muſt have helped them; for if it did good to one, it did harm to another; nor any difference of body for ſtrength or weakneſs that was able to reſiſt it; but carried all away, what phyſic ſoever was adminiſtered. But the greateſt miſery of all was, the defection of mind, in ſuch as found themſelves beginning to be ſick (for they grew preſently deſperate, and gave themſelves over without making any reſiſtance); as alſo their dying thus like ſheep, infected by mutual viſitation: for if men forbore to viſit them for fear, then they died forlorn, whereby many families became empty, for want of ſuch as ſhould take care of them. If they forbore not, then they died themſelves, and principally the honeſteſt men: for out of ſhame they would not ſpare themſelves, but went in unto their friends, eſpecially after it was come to that paſs, that even their domeſtics, wearied with the lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the greatneſs of the calamity, were no longer moved therewith. But thoſe that were recovered, had much compaſſion both on them that died, and on them that lay ſick, as having both known the miſery themſelves, and now no more ſubject to the like danger; for this diſeaſe never took a man the ſecond time ſo as to be mortal. And theſe men were both by others counted happy; and they alſo themſelves, through exceſs of preſent joy, conceived a kind of light hope never to die of any other ſickneſs hereafter. Beſides the preſent affliction, the reception of the country people and of their ſubſtance into the city, oppreſſed both them, and much more the people themſelves that ſo came in: for, having no houſes, but dwelling at that time of the year in ſtifling booths, the mortality was now without all form; and dying men lay tumbling one upon another in the ſtreets, and men half dead about every conduit through deſire of water. The temples alſo where they dwelt in tents were all full of the dead that died within them; for, oppreſſed with the violence of the calamity, and not knowing

what to do, men grew careleſs, both of holy and profane things alike. And the laws which they formerly uſed touching funerals were all now broken, every one burying where he could find room. And many for want of things neceſſary, after ſo many deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the funerals of their friends. For when one had made a funeral pile, another getting before him would throw on his dead, and give it fire. And when one was in burning, another would come, and, having caſt thereon him whom he carried, go his way again. And the great licentiouſneſs, which alſo in other kinds was uſed in the city, began at firſt from this diſeaſe. For that which a man before would diſſemble, and not acknowledge to be done for voluptuouſneſs, he durſt now do freely, ſeeing before his eyes ſuch quick revolution, of the rich dying and men worth nothing inheriting their eſtates; inſomuch as they juſtified a ſpeedy fruition of their goods, even for their pleaſure, as men that thought they held their lives but by the day. As for pains, no man was forward in any action of honour, to take any, becauſe they thought it uncertain whether they ſhould die or not before they atchieved it. But what any man knew to be delightful, and to be profitable to pleaſure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither the fear of the gods, nor laws of men, awed any man. Not the former, becauſe they concluded it was alike to worſhip or not worſhip, from ſeeing that alike they all periſhed: nor the latter, becauſe no man expected that his life would laſt till he received puniſhment of his crimes by judgment. But they thought there was now over their heads ſome far greater judgment decreed againſt them; before which fell, they thought to enjoy ſome little part of their lives.

THE

PLAGUE OF ATHENS.

UNHAPPY man! by nature made to ſway,
And yet is every creature's prey,
Deſtroy'd by thoſe that ſhould his power obey.
Of the whole world we call mankind the lords,
Flattering ourſelves with mighty words;
Of all things we the monarchs are,
And ſo we rule, and ſo we domineer;
All creatures elſe about us ſtand
Like ſome prætorian band,
To guard, to help, and to defend;
Yet they ſometimes prove enemies,
Sometimes againſt us riſe;
Our very guards rebel, and tyrannize.
Thouſand diſeaſes ſent by fate
(Unhappy ſervants!) on us wait;
A thouſand treacheries within
Are laid, weak life to win;
Huge troops of maladies without
(A grim, a meagre, and a dreadful rout!)
Some formal ſieges make,
And with ſure ſlowneſs do our bodies take;
Some with quick violence ſtorm the town,
And throw all in a moment down:
Some one peculiar ſort aſſail,
Some by general attempts prevail.
Small herbs, alas, can only us relieve,
And ſmall is the aſſiſtance they can give:
How can the fading offspring of the field
Sure health and ſuccour yield?
What ſtrong and certain remedy,
What firm and laſting life can ours be,
When that which makes us live doth every winter die?

II.

Nor is this all: we do not only breed
Within ourſelves the fatal ſeed
Of change, and of decreaſe in every part,
Head, belly ſtomach, and root of life, the heart;
Not only have our autumn, when we muſt
Of our own nature turn to duſt,
When leaves and fruit muſt fall;
But are expos'd to mighty tempeſts too,
Which do at once what they would ſlowly do,
Which throw down fruit and tree of life withal.
From ruin we in vain
Our bodies by repair maintain,
Bodies compos'd of ſtuff
Mouldering and frail enough;
Yet from without as well we fear
A dangerous and deſtructive war.
From heaven, from earth, from ſea, from air,
We like the Roman empire ſhall decay,
And our own force would melt away
By the inteſtine jar
Of elements, which on each other prey,
The Cæſars and the Pompeys which within we bear:
Yet are (like that) in danger too
Of foreign armies, and external foe.
Sometimes the Gothiſh and the barbarous rage
Of plague or peſtilence attends man's age,
Which neither force nor arts aſſwage;
Which cannot be avoided or withſtood,
But drowns, and over-runs with unexpected flood.

III.

On Ethiopia, and the ſouthern ſands,
The unfrequented coaſts, and parched lands,
Whither the ſun too kind a heat doth ſend,
(The ſun, which the worſt neighbour is, and the beſt friend)
Hither a mortal influence came,
A fatal and unhappy flame,
Kindled by heaven's angry beam.
With dreadful frowns, the heavens ſcatter'd here
Cruel infections heats into the air:
Now all the ſtores of poiſon ſent,
Threatening at once a general doom,
Laviſh'd out all their hate, and meant
In future ages to be innocent,
Not to diſturb the world for many years to come.
Hold, heavens! hold; why ſhould your ſacred fire,
Which doth to all things life inſpire,
By whoſe kind beams you bring
Forth yearly every thing,
Which doth th' original ſeed
Of all things in the womb of earth that breed,
With vital heat and quickening feed;
Why ſhould you now that heat employ,
The earth, the air, the fields, the cities to annoy?
That which before reviv'd, why ſhould it now deſtroy?

IV.

Thoſe Africk deſarts ſtraight were double deſarts grown,
The ravenous beaſts were left alone,
The ravenous beaſts then firſt began
To pity their old enemy man,
And blam'd the plague for what they would themſelves have done.
Nor ſtaid the cruel evil there,
Nor could be long confin'd unto one air;
Plagues preſently forſake
The wilderneſs which they themſelves do make.
Away the deadly breaths their journey take,
Driven by a mighty wind,
They a new booty and freſh forage find:
The loaded wind went ſwiftly on,
And as it paſs'd, was heard to ſigh and groan.
On Egypt next it ſeiz'd,
Nor could but by a general ruin be appeas'd,
Egypt, in rage, back on the ſouth did look,
And wonder'd thence ſhould come th' unhappy ſtroke,
From whence before her fruitfulneſs ſhe took.
Egypt did now curſe and revile
Thoſe very lands from whence ſhe has her Nile;
Egypt now fear'd another Hebrew God,
Another Angel's hand, a ſecond Aaron's rod.

V.

Then on it goes, and through the ſacred land
Its angry forces did command;

But God did place an angel there
Its violence to withſtand,
And turn into another road the putrid air.
To Tyre it came, and there did all devour;
Though that by ſeas might think itſelf ſecure.
Nor ſtaid, as the great conqueror did,
Till it had fill'd and ſtopp'd the tide,
Which did it from the ſhore divide,
But paſs'd the waters, and did all poſſeſs,
And quickly all was wilderneſs.
Thence it did Perſia over-run,
And all that ſacrifice unto the ſun:
In every limb a dreadful pain they felt,
Tortur'd with ſecret coals they melt;
The Perſians call'd their ſun in vain,
Their God increas'd the pain.
They look'd up to their God no more.
But curſe the beams they worſhipped before,
And hate the very fire which once they did adore.

VI.

Glutted with ruin of the eaſt,
She took her wings, and down to Athens paſs'd;
Juſt Plague! which doſt no parties take.
But Greece as well as Perſia ſack,
While in unnatural quarrels they
(Like frogs and mice) each other ſlay;
Thou in thy ravenous claws took'ſt both away.
Thither it came, and did deſtroy the town,
Whilſt all its ſhips and ſoldiers looked on;
And now the Aſian plague did more
Than all the Aſian force could do before.
Without the wall the Spartan army ſate,
The Spartan army came too late:
For now there was no farther work for Fate.
They ſaw the city open lay,
An eaſy and a boothleſs prey;
They ſaw the rampires empty ſtand,
The fleets, the walls, the forts unmann'd.
No need of cruelty or ſlaughters now,
The plague had finiſh'd what they came to do;
They might now unreſiſted enter there,
Did they not the very air
More than the Athenians fear.
The air itſelf to them was wall and bulwarks too.

VII.

Unhappy Athens! it is true thou wert
The proudeſt work of nature and of art:
Learning and ſtrength did thee compoſe,
As ſoul and body us:
But yet thou only-thence art made
A nobler prey for fates t' invade;
Thoſe mighty numbers that within thee breathe,
Do only ſerve to make a fatter feaſt for death.
Death in the moſt frequented places lives;
Moſt tribute from the crowd receives;
And though it bears a ſcythe, and ſeems to own
A ruſtic life alone,
It loves no wilderneſs,
No ſcatter'd villages,
But mighty populous palaces,
The throng, the tumult and the town.
What ſtrange unheard-of conqueror is this,
Which by the forces that reſiſt it doth increaſe!
When other conquerors are
Oblig'd to make a ſlower war,
Nay ſometimes for themſelves may fear,
And muſt proceed with watchful care,
When thicker troops of enemies appear;
This ſtronger ſtill, and more ſucceſsful grows
Down ſooner all before it throws,
If greater multitudes of men do it oppoſe.

VIII.

The tyrant firſt the haven did ſubdue;
Lately th' Athenians (it knew)
Themſelves by wooden walls did ſave,
And therefore firſt to them th' infection gave,
Leſt they new ſuccour thence receive.
Cruel Pyræus! now thou haſt undone
The honour thou before hadſt won!
Not all thy merchandize,
Thy wealth, thy treaſuries,
Which from all coaſts thy fleet ſupplies,
Can to atone this crime ſuffice.
Next o'er the upper town it ſpread,
With mad and undiſcerning ſpeed;
In every corner, every ſtreet,
Without a guide did ſet its feet,
And too familiar every houſe did greet.
Unhappy queen of Greece! great Theſeus now
Did thee a mortal injury do,
When firſt in walls he did thee cloſe,
When firſt he did thy citizens reduce,
Houſes and government, and laws to uſe.
It had been better if thy people ſtill
Diſperſed in ſome field or hill,
Though ſavage and undiſciplin'd, did dwell,
Though barbarous, untame, and rude,
Than by their numbers thus to be ſubdu'd,
To be by their own ſwarms annoy'd,
And to be civiliz'd only to be deſtroy'd.

IX.

Minerva ſtarted when ſhe heard the noiſe,
And dying men's confuſed voice.
From heaven in haſte ſhe came, to ſee
What was the mighty prodigy.
Upon the caſtle pinnacles ſhe ſat,
And dar'd not nearer fly,
Nor midſt ſo many deaths to truſt her very deity.
With pitying look ſhe ſaw at every gate
Death and deſtruction wait;
She wrung her hands, and call'd on Jove,
And all th' immortal powers above;
But though a goddeſs now did pray,
The heavens refus'd, and turn'd their ear away.
She brought her olive and her ſhield,
Neither of theſe, alas! aſſiſtance yield.
She lookt upon Meduſa's face,
Was angry that ſhe was
Herſelf of an immortal race,
Was angry that her Gorgon's head
Could not ſtrike her as well as others dead:
She ſat and wept a while, and then away ſhe flew.

X.

Now death began her ſword to whet,
Not all the Cyclops ſweat,
Nor Vulcan's mighty anvils, could prepare
Weapons enough for her.

No weapons large enough, but all the age
Men felt the heat within them rage,
And hop'd the air would it aſſwage,
Call'd for its help, but th' air did them deceive,
And aggravate the ills it ſhould relieve.
The air no more was vital now,
But did a mortal poiſon grow;
The lungs, which us'd to fan the heart,
Only now ſerv'd to fire each part;
What ſhould refreſh, increas'd the ſmart:
And now their very breath,
The chiefeſt ſign of life, was turn'd the cauſe of death.

XI.

Upon the head firſt the diſeaſe,
As a bold conqueror, doth ſeize,
Begins with man's metropolis,
Secur'd the capitol, and then it knew
It could at pleaſure weaker parts ſubdue.
Blood ſtarted through each eye;
The redneſs of that ſky
Foretold a tempeſt nigh.
The tongue did flow all o'er
With clotted filth and gore;
As doth a lion's when ſome innocent prey
He hath devour'd and brought away:
Hoarſeneſs and ſores the throat did fill,
And ſtopt the paſſages of ſpeech and life;
No room was left for groans or grief;
Too cruel and imperious ill!
Which, not content to kill,
With tyrannous and dreadful pain,
Doſt take from men the very power to complain.

XII.

Then down it went into the breaſt,
There all the ſeats and ſhops of life poſſeſs'd.
Such noiſome ſmells from thence did come,
As if the ſtomach were a tomb;
No food would there abide,
Or if it did, turn'd to the enemy's ſide,
The very meat new poiſons to the plague ſupply'd.
Next, to the heart the fires came,
The heart did wonder what uſurping flame,
What unknown furnace, ſhould
On its more natural heat intrude;
Straight call'd its ſpirits up, but found too well,
It was too late now to rebel.
The tainted blood its courſe began,
And carried death where'er it ran;
That which before was nature's nobleſt art,
The circulation from the heart,
Was moſt deſtructful now,
And nature ſpeedier did undo,
For that the ſooner did impart
The poiſon and the ſmart,
Th' infectious blood to every diſtant part.

XIII.

The belly felt at laſt its ſhare,
And all the ſubtile labyrinths there
Of winding bowels did new monſters bear.
Here ſeven days it rul'd and ſway'd,
And oftner kill'd becauſe it death ſo long delay'd.
But if through ſtrength and heat of age
The body overcame its rage,
The plague departed as the devil doth,
When driven by prayers away he goeth.
If prayers and heaven do him control,
And if he cannot have the ſoul,
Himſelf out of the roof or window throws,
And will not all his labour loſe,
But takes away with him part of the houſe:
So here the vanquiſh'd evil took from them
Who conquer'd it, ſome part, ſome limb.
Some loſt the uſe of hands and eyes,
Some arms, ſome legs, ſome thighs;
Some all their lives before forgot,
Their minds were but one darker blot;
Thoſe various pictures in the head,
And all the numerous ſhapes were fled;
And now the ranſack'd memory
Languiſh'd in naked poverty,
Had loſt its mighty treaſury;
They paſs'd the Lethe lake, although they did not die.

XIV.

Whatever leſſer maladies men had,
They all gave place and vaniſhed;
Thoſe petty tyrants fled,
And at this mighty conqueror ſhrunk their head.
Fevers, agues, palſies, ſtone,
Gout, colic, and conſumption,
And all the milder generation,
By which mankind is by degrees undone,
Quickly were rooted out and gone;
Men ſaw themſelves freed from the pain,
Rejoic'd, but all, alas, in vain:
'Twas an unhappy remedy,
Which cur'd them that they might both worſe and ſooner die.

XV.

Phyſicians now could nought prevail,
They the firſt ſpoils to the proud victor fall;
Nor would the plague their knowledge truſt,
But fear'd their ſkill, and therefore ſlew them firſt:
So tyrants, when they would confirm their yoke,
Firſt make the chiefeſt men to feel the ſtroke,
The chiefeſt and the wiſeſt heads, leſt they
Should ſooneſt diſobey,
Should firſt rebel, and others learn from them the way.
No aid of herbs, or juices power,
None of Apollo's art could cure,
But help'd the plague the ſpeedier to devour.
Phyſic itſelf was a diſeaſe,
Phyſic the fatal tortures did encreaſe,
Preſcriptions did the pains renew,
And Æſculapius to the ſick did come,
As afterwards to Rome,
In form of ſerpent, brought new poiſons with him too.

XVI.

The ſtreams did wonder that, ſo ſoon
As they were from their native mountains gone,
They ſaw themſelves drunk up, and fear
Another Xerxes' army near.
Some caſt into the pit the urn,
And drink it dry at its return:
Again they drew, again they drank;
At firſt the coolneſs of the ſtream did thank,

But ſtraight the more were ſcorch'd, the more did burn;
And, drunk with water, in their drinking ſank:
That urn which now to quench their thirſt they uſe,
Shortly their aſhes ſhall incloſe:
Others into the cryſtal brook
With faint and wondering eyes did look,
Saw what a ghaſtly ſhape themſelves had took,
Away they would have fled, but them their legs forſook,
Some ſnatch the waters up,
Their hands, their mouths the cup;
They drunk, and found they flam'd the more,
And only added to the burning ſtore:
So have I ſeen on lime cold water thrown,
Straight all was to a ferment grown,
And hidden ſeeds of fire together run:
The heap was calm and temperate before,
Such as the finger could endure;
But, when the moiſtures it provoke,
Did rage, did ſwell, did ſmoke,
Did move, and flame, and burn, and ſtraight to aſhes broke.

XVII.

So ſtrong the heat, ſo ſtrong the torments were,
They like ſome mighty burden bear
The lighteſt covering of air.
All ſexes and all ages do invade
The bounds which nature laid:
The laws of modeſty which nature made:
The virgins bluſh not, yet uncloath'd appear,
Undreſs'd to run about, yet never fear.
The pain and the diſeaſe did now
Unwillingly reduce men to
That nakedneſs once more,
Which perfect health and innocence caus'd before.
No ſleep, no peace, no reſt,
Their wandering and affrighted minds poſſeſs'd;
Upon their ſouls and eyes
Hell and eternal horror lies,
Unuſual ſhapes and images,
Dark pictures and reſemblances
Of things to come, and of the world below,
O'er their diſtemper'd fancies go:
Sometimes they curſe, ſometimes they pray unto
The gods above, the gods beneath;
Sometimes they cruelties and fury breathe,
Not ſleep, but waking now was ſiſter unto death.

XVIII.

Scatter'd in fields the bodies lay,
The earth call'd to the fowls to take their fleſh away.
In vain ſhe call'd, they come not nigh,
Nor would their food with their own ruin buy:
But at full meals they hunger, pine, and die.
The vultures afar off did ſee the feaſt,
Rejoic'd, and call'd their friends to taſte,
They rally'd up their troops in haſte;
Along came mighty droves,
Forſook their young ones and their groves,
Each one his native mountain and his neſt;
They come, but all their carcaſes abhor,
And now avoid the dead men more
Than weaker birds did living men before.
But if ſome bolder fowls the fleſh aſſay,
They were deſtroy'd by their own prey.
The dog no longer bark'd at coming gueſt,
Repents its being a domeſtic beaſt,
Did to the woods and mountains haſte:
The very owls at Athens are
But ſeldom ſeen and rare,
The owls depart in open day,
Rather than in infected ivy more to ſtay.

XIX.

Mountains of bones and carcaſes,
The ſtreets, the market-place poſſeſs,
Threatening to raiſe a new Acropolis.
Here lies a mother and her child,
The infant ſuck'd as yet and ſmil'd,
But ſtraight by its own food was kill'd.
Their parents hugg'd their children laſt,
Here parting lovers laſt embrac'd,
But yet not parting neither,
They both expir'd and went away together.
Here priſoners in the dungeon die,
And gain a two-fold liberty;
They meet and thank their pains,
Which them from double chains
Of body and of iron free.
Here others, poiſon'd by the ſcent
Which from corrupted bodies went,
Quickly return the death they did receive,
And death to others give;
Themſelves now dead the air pollute the more
For which they others curs'd before,
Their bodies kill all that come near,
And even after death they all are murderers be

XX.

The friend doth hear his friend's laſt cries,
Parteth his grief for him, and dies,
Lives not enough to cloſe his eyes.
The father at his death
Speaks his ſon heir with an infectious breath;
In the ſame hour the ſon doth take
His father's will and his own make.
The ſervant need not here be ſlain,
To ſerve his maſter in the other world again;
They languiſhing together lie,
Their ſouls away together fly;
The huſband gaſpeth, and his wife lies b
It muſt be her turn next to die:
The huſband and the wife
Too truly now are one, and live one life.
That couple which the gods did entertain,
Had made their prayer here in vain;
No fates in death could them divide,
They muſt without their privilege together
have dy'd.

XXI.

There was no number now of death,
The ſiſters ſcarce ſtood ſtill themſelves to bren
The ſiſters now quite wearied
In cutting ſingle thread,
Began at once to part whole looms,
One ſtroke did give whole houſes dooms;

Now dy'd the frosty haire,
The aged and decrepid years;
They fell, and only begg'd of fate
Some few months more, but 'twas alas too late.
Then death, as if asham'd of that,
A conqueſt ſo degenerate,
Cut off the young and luſty too:
The young were reckoning o'er
What happy days, what joys, they had in ſtore:
But Fate, ere they had finiſh'd their account, them ſlew.
The wretched uſurer died,
And had no time to tell where he his treaſures hid;
The merchant did behold
His ſhips return with ſpice and gold;
He ſaw 't, and turn'd aſide his head,
Nor thank'd the gods, but fell amidſt his riches dead.

XXII.

The meetings and aſſemblies ceaſe; no more
The people throng about the orator,
No courſe of juſtice did appear,
No noiſe of lawyers fill'd the ear,
The ſenate caſt away
The robe of honour, and obey
Death's more reſiſtleſs ſway,
Whilſt that with dictatorian power
Both all the great and leſſer officers devour.
So magiſtrates did walk about;
No purple aw'd the rout:
The common people too
A purple of their own did ſhew;
And all their bodies o'er
The ruling colours bore.
No judge, no legiſlators ſit,
Since this new Draco came,
And harſher laws did frame,
Laws that, like his, in blood are writ.
The benches and the pleading place they leave,
About the ſtreets they run and rave:
The madneſs which great Solon did of late
But only counterfeit
For the advantage of the ſtate,
Now his ſucceſſors do too truly imitate.

XXIII.

Up ſtarts the ſoldier from his bed,
He, though death's ſervant, is not freed,
Hath him caſhier'd, 'cauſe now his help ſhe did not need.
He that ne'er knew before to yield,
Or to give back, or leave the field,
Would fain now from himſelf have fled.
He ſnatch'd his ſword now ruſted o'er,
Dreadful and ſparkling now no more,
And thus in open ſtreets did roar;
How have I, Death, ſo ill deſerv'd of thee,
That now thyſelf thou ſhould'ſt revenge on me?
Have I ſo many lives on thee beſtow'd?
Have I the earth ſo often dy'd in blood?
Have I, to flatter thee, ſo many ſlain?
And muſt I now thy prey remain?
Let me at leaſt, if I muſt die,
Meet in the field ſome gallant enemy.
Send, gods, the Perſian troops again:
No, they 're a baſe and degenerate train;
They by our women may be ſlain.
Give me, great heavens, ſome manful foes,
Let me my death amidſt ſome valiant Grecians chooſe,
Let me ſurvive to dye at Syracuſe,
Where my dear country ſhall her glory loſe.
For you, great Gods! into my mind infuſe,
What miſeries, what doom,
Muſt on my Athens ſhortly come!
My thoughts inſpir'd preſage
Slaughters and battles to the coming age:
Oh! might I die upon that glorious ſtage!
Oh! that! but then he graſp'd his ſword, and death concludes his rage.

XXIV.

Draw back, draw back thy ſword, O Fate!
Leſt thou repent when 'tis too late,
Leſt, by thy making now ſo great a waſte,
By ſpending all mankind upon one feaſt,
Thou ſtarve thyſelf at laſt:
What men wilt thou reſerve in ſtore,
Whom in the time to come thou may'ſt devour,
When thou ſhalt have deſtroyed all before?
But, if thou wilt not yet give o'er,
If yet thy greedy ſtomach calls for more,
If more remain whom thou muſt kill,
And if thy jaws are craving ſtill,
Carry thy fury to the Scythian coaſts,
The northern wilderneſs and eternal froſts!
Againſt thoſe barbarous crowds thy arrows whet,
Where arts and laws are ſtrangers yet;
Where thou may'ſt kill, and yet the loſs will not be great.
There rage, there ſpread, and there infect the air,
Murder whole towns and families there,
Thy worſt againſt thoſe ſavage nations dare,
Thoſe whom mankind can ſpare,
Thoſe whom mankind itſelf doth fear;
Amidſt that dreadful night and fatal cold,
There thou may'ſt walk unſeen, and bold,
There let thy flames their empire hold.
Unto the fartheſt ſeas, and nature's ends,
Where never ſummer's ſun its beams extends,
Carry thy plagues, thy pains, thy heats,
Thy raging fires, thy torturing ſweats,
Where never ray or heat did come,
They will rejoice at ſuch a doom,
They 'll bleſs thy peſtilential fire,
Though by it they expire,
They 'll thank the very flames with which they do conſume.

XXV.

Then if that banquet will not thee ſuffice,
Seek out new lands where thou may'ſt tyrannize;
Search every foreſt, every hill,
And all that in the hollow mountains dwell;
Thoſe wild and untame troops devour,
Thereby thou wilt the reſt of men ſecure,
And that the reſt of men will thank thee for.
Let all thoſe human beaſts be ſlain,
Till ſcarce their memory remain;

Thyſelf with that ignoble ſlaughter fill,
'Twill be permitted thee that blood to ſpill.
Meaſure the ruder world throughout,
March all the ocean's ſhores about,
Only paſs by and ſpare the Britiſh iſle.
Go on, and (what Columbus once ſhall do
When days and time unto their ripeneſs grow)
Find out new lands and unknown countries too:
Attempt thoſe lands which yet are hid
From all mortality beſide;
There thou may'ſt ſteal a victory,
And none of this world hear the cry
Of thoſe that by the wounds ſhall die;
No Greek ſhall know thy cruelty,
And tell it to poſterity.
Go, and unpeople all thoſe mighty lands,
Deſtroy with unrelenting hands;
Go, and the Spaniard's ſword prevent,
Go, make the Spaniard innocent;
Go, and root out all mankind there,
That when the European armies ſhall appear
Their ſin may be the leſs,
They may find all a wilderneſs,
And without blood the gold and ſilver there poſſeſs.

XXVI.

Nor is this all which we thee grant;
Rather than thou ſhould'ſt full employment want,
(We do permit) in Greece thy kingdom plant.
Ranſack Lycurgus' ſtreets throughout,
They 've no defence of walls to keep thee out.
On wanton and proud Corinth ſeize,
Nor let her double waves thy flames appeaſe.
Let Cyprus feel more fires than thoſe of Love:
Let Delos, which at firſt did give the Sun,
See unknown flames in her begun,
Now let her wiſh ſhe might unconſtant proye,
And from her place might truly move:
Let Lemnos all thy anger feel,
And think that a new Vulcan fell,
And brought with him new anvils, and new hell.
Nay, at Athens too we give thee up,
All that thou find'ſt in field, or camp, or ſhop:
Make havock there without controul
Of every ignorant and common ſoul.
But then, kind Plague, thy conqueſts ſtop;
Let arts, and let the learned, there eſcape,
Upon Minerva's ſelf commit no rape;
Touch not the ſacred throng,
And let Apollo's prieſts be, like him, young,
Like him, be healthful too, and ſtrong.
But ah! too ravenous Plague, whilſt I
Strive to keep off the miſery,
The learned too, as faſt as others, round me die;
They from corruption are not free,
Are mortal, though they give an immortality.

XXVII.

They turn'd their authors o'er, to try
What help, what cure, what remedy,
All Nature's ſtores againſt this plague ſupply;
And though beſides they ſhunn'd it every where,
They ſearch'd it in their books, and fain would
meet it there;
They turn'd the records of the ancient ti
And chiefly thoſe that were made famous by t
crimes,
To find if men were puniſh'd ſo before;
But found not the diſeaſe nor cure.
Nature, alas! was now ſurpriz'd,
And all her forces ſeiz'd,
Before ſhe was how to reſiſt adviſ'd.
So when the elephants did firſt affright
The Romans with unuſual ſight,
They many battles loſe,
Before they knew their foes,
Before they underſtood ſuch dreadful troops
poſe.

XXVIII.

Now every different ſect agrees
Againſt their common adverſary, the diſeaſe,
And all their little wranglings ceaſe;
The Pythagoreans from their precepts ſwer
No more their ſilence they obſerve,
Out of their ſchools they run,
Lament, and cry, and groan;
They now deſir'd their metempſychoſis;
Not only to diſpute, but wiſh
That they might turn to beaſts, or fowls, or f
If the Platonicks had been here,
They would have curs'd their maſter's y
When all things ſhall be as they were,
When they again the ſame diſeaſe ſhall bea
All the philoſophers would now,
What the great Stagyrite ſhall do,
Themſelves into the waters headlong throw.

XXIX.

The Stoicks felt the deadly ſtroke,
At firſt aſſault their courage was not broke,
They call'd in all the cobweb aid
Of rules and precepts, which in ſtore they ha
They bid their hearts ſtand out,
Bid them be calm and ſtout,
But all the ſtrength of precept will not do 't.
They can't the ſtorms of paſſion now aſſwage
As common men, are angry, grieve, and rag
The Gods are call'd upon in vain,
The Gods gave no releaſe unto their pain,
The Gods to fear ev'n for themſelves began.
For now the ſick unto their temples came,
And brought more than an holy flame,
There at the altars made their prayer,
They ſacrific'd, and died there,
A ſacrifice not ſeen before;
That heaven, only us'd unto the gore
Of lambs or bulls, ſhould now
Loaded with prieſts ſee its own altars too!

XXX.

The woods gave funeral piles no more,
The dead the very fire devour,
And that almighty conqueror o'erpower.
The noble and the common duſt
Into each other's graves are thruſt.
No place is ſacred, and no tomb;
'Tis now a privilege to conſume;

Their aſhes no diſtinction had;
Too truly all by death are equal made.
The ghoſts of thoſe great heroes that had fled
From Athens, long ſince baniſhed,
Now o'er the city hover'd;
Their anger yielded to their love,
They left th' immortal joys above,
So much their Athens' danger did them move.
They came to pity, and to aid,
But now, alas! were quite diſmay'd,
When they beheld the marbles open lay'd,
And poor men's bones the noble urns invade;
Back to the bleſſed ſeats they went,
And now did thank their baniſhment,
By which they were to die in foreign countries ſent.

XXXI.

But what, great Gods! was worſt of all,
Hell forth its magazines of luſt did call,
Nor would it be content
With the thick troops of ſouls were thither ſent;
Into the upper world it went.
Such guilt, ſuch wickedneſs,
Such irreligion did increaſe,
That the few good which did ſurvive
Were angry with the plague for ſuffering them to live:
More for the living than the dead did grieve.
Some robb'd the very dead,
Though ſure to be infected ere they fled,
Though in the very air ſure to be puniſhed.
Some nor the ſhrines nor temples ſpar'd,
Nor Gods nor Heavens fear'd,
Though ſuch example of their power appeared.
Virtue was now eſteem'd an empty name,
And Honeſty the fooliſh voice of fame;
For, having paſt thoſe torturing flames before,
They thought the puniſhment already o'er,
Thought heaven no worſe torments had in ſtore;
Here having felt one hell, they thought there was no more.

UPON THE POEMS OF THE

ENGLISH OVID, ANACREON, PINDAR, AND VIRGIL,

ABRAHAM COWLEY,

IN IMITATION OF HIS OWN PINDARIC ODES.

I.

LET all this meaner rout of books ſtand by,
The common people of our library;
Let them make way for Cowley's leaves to come,
And be hung up within this ſacred room:
Let no prophane hands break the chain,
Or give them unwiſh'd liberty again.
But let his holy relick be laid here,
With the ſame religious care
As Numa once the target kept,
Which down from heaven leapt;
Juſt ſuch another is this book,
Which its original from divine hands took,
And brings as much good too, to thoſe that on it look.
But yet in this they differ. That could be
Eleven times liken'd by a mortal hand;
But this which here doth ſtand
Will never any of its own ſort ſee,
But muſt ſtill live without ſuch company.
For never yet was writ,
In the two learned ages which Time left behind,
Nor in this ever ſhall we find,
Nor any one like to it,
Of all the numerous monuments of wit.

II.

Cowley! what God did fill thy breaſt,
And taught thy hand t' indite?
(For God 's a poet too,
He doth create, and ſo do you)
Or elſe at leaſt
What angel ſat upon thy pen when thou didſt write?
There he ſat, and mov'd thy hand,
As proud of his command,
As when he makes the dancing orbs to reel,
And ſpins out poetry from heaven's wheel.
Thy hand too, like a better ſphere,
Gives us more raviſhing muſic made for men to hear.
Thy hand too, like the ſun which angels move,
Has the ſame influence from above,
Produces gold and ſilver of a nobler kind;
Of greater price, and more refin'd.
Yet in this it exceeds the ſun, 't has no degenerate race,
Brings forth no lead, nor any thing ſo baſe.

III.

What holy veſtal hearth,
What immortal breath,
Did give ſo pure poetic flame its birth?
Juſt ſuch a fire as thine,
Of ſuch an unmix'd glorious ſhine,
Was Prometheus's flame,
Which from no leſs than heaven came.
Along he brought the ſparkling coal,
From ſome cœleſtial chimney ſtole;
Quickly the plunder'd ſtars he left,
And as he haſten'd down
With the robb'd flames his hands ſtill ſhone,
And ſeem'd as if they were burnt for the theft.
Thy poetry 's compounded of the ſame,
Such a bright immortal flame;
Juſt ſo temper'd is thy rage,
They fires as light and pure as they,
And go as high as his did, if not higher,
That thou may'ſt ſeem to us
A true Prometheus,
But that thou didſt not ſteal the leaſt ſpark of thy fire.

IV.

Such as thine was Arion's verſe,
Which he did to the liſtening fiſh rehearſe;
Which when they heard play'd on his lute,
They firſt curſt nature that ſhe made them mute

So noble were his lines, which made the very waves
Strive to turn his ſlaves,
Lay down their boiſterous noiſe,
And dance to his harmonious voice,
Which made the Syrens lend their ear,
And from his ſweeter tunes ſome treachery fear;
Which made the dolphin proud,
That he was allow'd
With Atlas, the great porter of the ſkies, to take
Such heavenly muſic up, and carry 't on his back.
So full and graceful thy words go,
And with the ſame majeſtic ſweetneſs flow.
Yet his verſe only carried him o'er the ſeas;
But there 's a very ſea of wit in theſe,
As ſalt and boundleſs as the other ocean is.

V.

Such as thine are, was great Amphion's ſong,
Which brought the wondering ſtones along;
The wondering ſtones ſkipt from their mother earth,
And left their father cold as his firſt birth;
They roſe, and knew not by what magic force they hung.
So were his words, ſo plac'd his ſounds,
Which forc'd the marbles riſe from out their grounds,
Which cut and carved, made them ſhine,
A work which can be outdone by none but thine:
Th' amazed poet ſaw the building riſe,
And knew not how to truſt his eyes:
The willing mortar came, and all the trees
Leap into beams he ſees.
He ſaw the ſtreets appear,
Streets, that muſt needs be harmonious there:
He ſaw the walls dance round t' his pipe,
The glorious temple ſhew its head,
He ſaw the infant city ripe,
And all like the creation by a word was bred.
So great a verſe is thine, which though it will not raiſe
Marble monuments to thy praiſe;
Yet 'tis no matter, cities they muſt fall,
And houſes, by the greateſt glutton Time be eaten all:
But thy verſe builds a fame for thee,
Which fire cannot devour, nor purify,
Which ſword and thunder doth defy,
As round, and full, as the great circle of eternity.

VI.

To thee the Engliſh tongue doth owe,
That it need not ſeek
For elegancy from the round-mouth'd Greek;
To thee, that Roman poets now may hide,
In their own Latium, their head:
To thee, that our enlarged ſpeech can ſhew,
Far more than the three weſtern daughters born
Out of the aſhes of the Roman urn:
Daughters born of a mother, which did yield to admit
The adulterate ſeed of ſeveral tongues with it;
More than the ſmooth Italian, though nature gave
That tongue in poetry a genius to have,
And that ſhe might the better fit it to
Made the very land a foot.
More than the Spaniſh, though that in
The Mooriſh, Jewiſh, Gothiſh treaſures
And, juſt as in their kingdom, in their
Moſt quarters of the earth together thro
More than the courtly French, though th
pace,
And not trot o'er the tongue its race:
That has not any thing, ſo elaborate wit;
Though it by its ſliding ſeems to have m
in it.
Thy ſoul hath gone through all the Muſes'
Where never poets feet were ſeen before,
Hath paſs'd thoſe ſands where others le
wrecks,
And ſail'd an ocean through, which ſome t
had no ſhore.
Thy ſpirit has diſcover'd all poetry;
Thou found'ſt no tropics in the poet's
More than the ſun can do, haſt brought a
flower
To Mount Parnaſſus; and haſt open'd to ou
Apollo's holy land,
Which yet hid in the frigid zone did lie.
Thou haſt ſail'd the Muſes' globes,
Not as the other Drake, or Ca'ndiſh did, to
Thou haſt brought home the treaſure
Which yet no Spaniard can claim his d
Thou haſt ſearch'd through every creek
From the Eaſt-Indies of the poet's world, the
To the America of wit,
Which was laſt known, and has moſt gol
That mother-tongue which we do ſpe
This world thy greater ſpirit has run thr
And view'd and conquer'd too,
A world as round and large as th' other
And yet in it there can be no antipodes,
For none hereafter will go contrary to yo

VII.

Poets till now deſerv'd excuſe, not praiſe
Till now the Muſes liv'd in taverns, and th
That they were truly trees did ſhew,
Becauſe by ſucking liquor they did only gr
Verſes were counted fiction, and a lye
The very nature of good poetry.
He was a poet that could ſpeak leaſt truth
Sober and grave men ſcorn'd the name,
Which once was thought the greateſt fa
Poets had nought elſe of Apollo, but his yo
Few ever ſpake in rhyme, but that their
The trencher of ſome liberal man might
Or elſe they did ſome rotten miſtreſs paint,
Call her their goddeſs, or their ſaint.
Though contrary in this they to their maſter
For the great god of wit, the ſun,
When he doth ſhew his miſtreſs, the white
He makes her ſpots, as well as beauty, to be
Till now the ſiſters were too old, and therefore
Extremely fabulous too:
Till you, Sir, came, they were deſpis'd
They were all heathens yet,
Nor ever into the church could get;
And though they had a font ſo long, yet
were baptis'd.

VIII.

You, Sir, have rais'd the price of wit,
By bringing in more ſtore of it:
Poetry, the queen of arts, can now
Reign without diſſembling too.
You 've ſhewn a poet muſt not needs be bad;
That one may be Apollo's prieſt,
And be fill'd with his oracles, without being mad:
Till now, wit was a curſe (as to Lot's wife
'Twas to be turn'd to ſalt)
Becauſe it made men lead a life
Which was nought elſe but one continual fault.
You firſt the Muſes to the Chriſtians brought,
And you then firſt the holy language taught:
In you good poetry and divinity meet,
You are the firſt bird of paradiſe with feet.

IX.

Your Miſcellanies do appear
Juſt ſuch another glorious indigeſted heap
As the firſt maſs was, where
All heavens and ſtars incloſed were,
Before they each one to their place did leap.
Before God the great cenſor them beſtow'd,
According to their ranks, in ſeveral tribes abroad;
Whilſt yet ſun and moon
Were in perpetual conjunction:
Whilſt all the ſtars were but one milky way,
And in natural embraces lay.
Whilſt yet none of the lamps of heaven might
Call this their own, and that another's light,
So glorious a lump as thine,
Which chemiſtry may ſeparate, but not refine:
So mixt, ſo pure, ſo united does it ſhine,
A chain of ſand, of which each link is all divine.

X.

Thy Miſtreſs ſhews, that Cupid is not always blind,
Where we a pure exalted Muſe do find,
Such as may well become a glorified mind.
Such ſongs tune angels when they love,
And do make courtſhip to ſome ſiſter-mind above
(For angels need not ſcorn ſuch ſoft deſires,
Seeing thy heart is touch'd with the ſame fires).
So when they clothe themſelves in fleſh,
And their light in ſome human ſhapes do dreſs
(For which they fetch'd ſtuff from the neighbouring air):
So when they ſtoop, to like ſome mortal fair,
Such words, ſuch odes as thine they uſe,
With ſuch ſoft ſtrains, love into her heart infuſe.
Thy love is on the top, if not above mortality;
Clean, and from corruption free,
Such as affections in eternity ſhall be;
Which ſhall remain unſpotted there,
Only to ſhew what once they were:
Thy Cupid's ſhafts all golden are;
Thy Venus has the ſalt, but not the froth o' th' ſea.

XI.

Thy high Pindarics ſoar
So high, where never any wing till now could get;
And yet thy wit
Doth ſeem ſo great, as thoſe that do fly lower.
Thou ſtand'ſt on Pindar's back;
And therefore thou a higher flight doſt take:
Only thou art the eagle, he the wren,
Thou haſt brought him from the duſt,
And made him live again.
Pindar has left his barbarous Greece, and thinks it juſt
To be led by thee to the Engliſh ſhore;
An honour to him: Alexander did no more,
Nor ſcarce ſo much, when he did ſave his houſe before,
When his word did aſſuage
A warlike army's violent rage:
Thou haſt given to his name,
Than that great conqueror ſav'd him from, a brighter flame.
He only left ſome walls where Pindar's name might ſtay,
Which with time and age decay:
But thou haſt made him once again to live;
Thou didſt to him new life and breathing give.
And as in the laſt reſurrection,
Thou haſt made him riſe more glorious, and put on
More majeſty; a greater ſoul is given to him, by you,
Than ever he in happy Thebes or Greece could ſhew.

XII.

Thy David too—
But hold thy headlong pace, my Muſe;
None but the prieſt himſelf doth uſe
Into the holieſt place to go.
Check thy young Pindaric heat,
Which makes thy pen too much to ſweat;
'Tis but an infant yet,
And juſt now left the teat,
By Cowley's matchleſs pattern nurſt:
Therefore it is not fit
That it ſhould dare to ſpeak ſo much at firſt.
No more, no more for ſhame.
Let not thy verſe be, as his worth is, infinite:
It is enough that thou haſt learn'd, and ſpoke thy father's name.
He that thinks, Sir, he can enough praiſe you,
Had need of brazen lungs and forehead too.

EPIGRAM

ON A PIGMY'S DEATH.

BESTRIDE an ant a Pigmy great and tall
Was thrown, alas! and got a dreadful fall;
Under th' unruly beaſt's proud feet he lies,
All torn; but yet with generous ardour cries,
"Behold, baſe, envious world, now, now laugh on,
"For thus I fall, and thus fell Phaëton!"

THE

POEMS

OF THE

EARL OF HALIFAX.

ON THE DEATH OF

HIS MOST SACRED MAJESTY

KING CHARLES II.

FAREWEL, great Charles, monarch of bleſt renown,
The beſt good man that ever fill'd a throne;
Whom Nature as her higheſt pattern wrought,
And mix'd both ſexes virtues in one draught;
Wiſdom for councils, bravery in war,
With all the mild good-nature of the fair.
The woman's ſweetneſs, temper'd manly wit,
And loving pow'r, did crown'd with meekneſs ſit;
His awful perſon reverence engag'd,
With mild addreſs and tenderneſs aſſwag'd:
Thus the almighty gracious King above,
Does both command our fear, and win our love.
With wonders born, by miracles preſerv'd,
A heavenly Hoſt the infant's cradle ſerv'd:
And men his healing empire's omen read,
When ſun with ſtars, and day with night agreed.
His youth for valorous patience was renown'd;
Like David, perſecuted firſt, then crown'd:
Lov'd in all courts, admir'd where'er he came,
At once our nation's glory and its ſhame:
They bleſt the iſle where ſuch great ſpirits dwell,
Abhorr'd the men that could ſuch worth expel.
To ſpare our lives, he meekly did deſeat
Thoſe Sauls, whom wand'ring aſſes made ſo great;
Waiting till heav'n's election ſhould be ſhown,
And the Almighty ſhould his unction own.
And own he did—his powerful arm diſplay'd;
And Iſrael, the belov'd of God, obey'd;
Call'd by his people's tears, he came, he eas'd,
The groaning nation, the black ſtorms appeas'd,
Did greater bleſſings, than he took, afford
England itſelf was more, than he, reſtor'd
Unhappy Albion, by ſtrange ills oppreſs'd,
In various fevers toſt, could find no reſt;
Quite ſpent and weary'd, to his arms ſhe fl
And reſted on his ſhoulders her fair h
head.
In conqueſts mild, he came from exile ki
No climes, no provocations, chang'd his m
No malice ſhew'd, no hate, revenge, or pr
But rul'd as meekly, as his father dy'd;
Eas'd us from endleſs wars, made diſcords
Reſtor'd to quiet, and maintain'd in peace.
A mighty ſeries of new time began,
And rolling years in joyful circles ran.
Then wealth the city, buſineſs fill'd the po
To mirth our tumults turn'd, our wars to ſ
Then learning flouriſh'd, blooming arts did
And the glad Muſes prun'd their drooping
Then did our flying towers improvement k
Who now command as far as winds can blo
With canvaſs wings round all the globe the
And, built by Charles's art, all ſtorms defy
To every coaſt with ready ſails are hurl'd,
Fill us with wealth, and with our fame the
From whoſe diſtractions ſeas do us divide;
Their riches here in floating caſtles ride.
We reap the ſwarthy Indian's ſweat and toil
Their fruit, without the miſchiefs of their
Here in cool ſhades their gold and pe
ceive,
Free from the heat which does their luſtre
In Perſian ſilks, eat Eaſtern ſpice; ſecure
From burning fluxes, and their calenture:
Under our vines, upon the peaceful ſhore,
We ſee all Europe toſt, hear tempeſts roar:
Rapine, ſword, wars, and famine, rage ab
While Charles their hoſt, like Jove fro
aw'd;
Us from our foes, and from ourſelves did ſh
Our towns from tumults, and from arms th
For when bold Faction goodneſs could diſa
Unwillingly he us'd a ſtraiter rein;

ntle voice he lov'd to ſpeak,
h thunder harden'd rebels break.
hey wak'd the laws, his tender mind
b'd, in wrath ſeverely kind;
power, and urging to aſſume;
love did Semele conſume.
ak, when round his trunk the vine
wreaths and amorous foldings twine,
ht appears; the winds from far
ir noiſy forces to the war:
o gentle ſeems his outward form,
rength out-braves the loudeſt ſtorm:
nds, and boldly keeps the field,
ut minds, when unprovok'd, are

good man made the crowd preſume,
mſelf, and did the king aſſume:
in exceſs may be a fin,
tame, whom mercy cannot win.
fixes the unſtable ſea,
reſtleſs water conſtancy,
r the warm influence of bright days,
otion of each blaſt obeys.
ſtions, ſtop rebellion's courſe,
ods, vanquiſh without force;
good, bold ſtubborn foes ſubdue,
wrath, meekneſs in anger ſhew,
eat Charles's prudence only knew.
e bad, thus awful thunder rolls,
right bow ſecures the faithful ſouls.
y glory, Charles, thy laſting name,
n our proud neighbour's guilty fame;
than the ſpoils that battles yield,
npty triumphs of the field.
onquer, than to make war ceaſe,
t fighting, awe the world to peace:
triumphs from contempt ariſe;
h'd firſt the conqueror's arms deſpiſe:
are the gaudy marks of ſcorn,
the victor firſt, and then adorn.
l monarchs reign like gods: while

love, bleſs, reverence their throne.
ears, with all the ſavage hoſt,
s, ſtrength, and daring conqueſt boaſt;
t paſſions of a generous mind
ogative of human-kind;
image, on our clay impreſt,
attribute which heaven loves beſt:
good a man and king, we ſee
age of the deity.
more reſembled it! Oh, why
till more like, and could not die?
thoughts alone enjoy his name,
eas of our bleſſing frame!
the Ocean's darling, England's pride,
emblem of his reign does glide:
ſupport and glory of our iſle,
Tagus, or Ægyptian Nile:
rich ſand in him, no pearls are found,
joice, his meadows laugh around;
his boſom holds, leſs guilty ſtores,
iſts himſelf, t' enrich the ſhores.
rene the peaceful current flows,
am, no raging ſurges knows;

No dreadful wrecks upon his banks appear,
His cryſtal ſtream unſtain'd by widows tear,
His channel ſtrong and eaſy, deep and clear.
No arbitrary inundations ſweep
The ploughman's hopes, and life into the deep;
His even waters the old limits keep.
But oh! he ebbs, the ſmiling waves decay,
For ever, lovely ſtream, for ever ſtay!
To the black ſea his ſilent courſe does bend,
Where the beſt ſtreams, the longeſt rivers, end.
His ſpotleſs waves there undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
None ſee, how clear, how bounteous, ſweet, he was.
No difference now, though late ſo much, is ſeen,
'Twixt him, fierce Rhine, and the impetuous Seine.
But, lo! the joyful tide our hopes reſtores,
And dancing waves extend the wid'ning ſhores.
James is our Charles in all things but in name:
Thus Thames is daily loſt, yet ſtill the ſame.

ODE

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ANNE AND PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.

I.

WHILST black deſigns (that direful work of Fate)
Diſtract the labouring ſtate;
Whilſt (like the ſea) around loud diſcords roar,
Breaking their fury on the frighted ſhore;
And England does like brave Vienna ſtand,
Beſieg'd by Infidels on either hand;
What means this peaceful train, this pompous ſight?
What means this royal beauteous pair?
This troop of youths and virgins heavenly fair,
That does at once aſtoniſh and delight;
Great Charles, and his illuſtrious brother here,
No bold aſſaſſinate need fear;
Here is no harmful weapon found,
Nothing but Cupid's darts and Beauty here can wound.

II.

How grateful does this ſcene appear
To us, who might too juſtly fear
We never ſhould have ſeen again
Aught bright, but armour on the plain!
Ne'er in their chearful garb t' have ſeen the fair,
While all, with melting eyes and wild diſhevel'd hair,
Had mourn'd their brothers, ſons, and huſbands ſlain.
Theſe duſky ſhadows make this ſcene more bright;
The horror adds to the delight.
This glorious pomp our ſpirits chears; from hence
We lucky omens take, new happineſs commence.

III.

Thus when the gathering clouds a ſtorm prepare,
And their black force aſſociate in the air;
(Endeavouring to eclipſe the bounteous light,
Who, with kind warmth, and powerful rays,
Them to that envy'd height
From their mean native earth did raiſe)
A thoughtful ſadneſs ſits on all,
Expecting where the full-charg'd clouds will fall:
But if the heavenly bow
Deck'd like a gaudy bride appears,
And all her various robes diſplays,
Painted by th' conquering ſun's triumphant rays,
It mortals drooping ſpirits chears;
Freſh joy, new light, each viſage wears:
Again the ſeaman truſts the main,
The jocund ſwains their coverts leave again;
Again, in pleaſant warbling notes,
The chearful poets of the wood extend their tuneful throats.

IV.

Then, then, my Muſe, raiſe with the lyre thy voice,
And with thy lays make fields and woods rejoice:
For, lo! the heavenly pledge appears,
And in bright characters the promiſe bears:
The factious deluge ſhall prevail no more;
In vain they foam, in vain they rage,
Buffet in vain the unmov'd ſhore,
Her charms, and Charles's power, their fury ſhall aſſwage.
See! ſee! how decently the baſhful bride
Does bear her conqueſt; with how little pride
She views that prince, the captive of her charms,
Who made the North with fear to quake,
And did that powerful empire ſhake;
Before whoſe arms, when great Guſtavus led,
The frighted Roman Eagles fled.

V.

Whatever then was his deſire,
His cannons did command in fire:
Now he himſelf for pity prays,
His love in timorous ſighs he breathes,
While all his ſpoils, and glorious wreaths
Of laurel, at her feet the vanquiſh'd warrior lays
Great prince! by that ſubmiſſion you 'll gain more
Than e'er your haughty courage won before;
Here on your knees a greater trophy gain,
Than that you brought from Lunſden's famous plain;
Where, when your brother, fired with ſucceſs,
Too daringly upon the foe did preſs,
And was a captive made, then you alone
Did with your ſingle arm ſupport the throne:
Your gen'rous breaſt, with fury boiling o'er,
Like lightning through their ſcatter'd troops you flew,
And from th' amazed foe the royal prize in triumph bore.

VI.

You have your anceſtors in this one act out-done,
Though their ſucceſsful arms did this whole iſle o'er-run.
They, to revenge a raviſh'd lady, came,
You, to enjoy one ſpotleſs as your fame:
Before them, as they march'd, the country
And back behind them threw
Their curſes as they flew;
On the bleak ſhore, expecting you, they ſt
And with glad ſhouts conduct to land:
Through gaping crowds you 're forc'd t
your way,
While virgins ſigh, the young men ſhout,
ones pray.
And with this beauteous lady you may gain
(This lady, that alone
Of greater value is than any throne)
Without that rapine, guilt, and hate,
By a calm and even fate,
That empire, which they did ſo ſhort
maintain.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION

I.

HINC, hinc, Camœnæ, cedite inutiles
Nam cor potenti numine gaudium
Afflavit, exultanſque pectus
Corripuit moliore flammâ.
Taleſque cantus fundere geſtio,
Iſmene, quales auribus hauſeras
Utriſque, quandò Dithyrambis
Pindarus incaluit ſolutis.
Dum neſcit æquo flumine gaudium
Prolabi, et arctis limitibus, vagè
Nunc huc redundans, nunc retrorſum,
Vorticibus furit inquietis.
Adſis, triumphos dum canimus tuos,
Adſis, Cupido, illabere pectori:
Dum perſonamus te, decoris
Carminibus, bona Cypris, adſis.
Cypron beatam ſperne volatilis,
Huc, huc Amorum ſepta cohortibus,
Molire greſſus, ad Britannos
Cæruleos age, Diva, currus.
Fallor? an ex lævâ Converſi parte ſereni
Diva vocata venit?
Ecce! citis magnum (pendens in verbere pr
Tranat inane rotis.
Fronde comas, auroque premit pulcherrima, M
Qualis adire ſolet.
Gaudia, Blanditiæ, hilari vultuque renidens
Spargit ubique Jocos.
Laſcivus pictas jactantior explicat alas
Idaliuſque puer.
Adventu diſperſa Deæ ſunt nubila, venti
Nec fremuêre minis.

---

* From the "Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis. "tabrigiæ, 1683."—See the preceding pa Mr. Montagu, in Engliſh, on the ſame oc This Latin Ode (or rather MEDLEY) is better than his Engliſh piece. KNIGHT

Nymphas una ante alias formoſior omnes,
Dignaque cura Deæ,
una canit, cœlum et modulamine complet
Vox ſociata lyræ:

giam laudem, Venus, et ſpolia ampla refertis
, Puerque tuus; ſi Virgo Britannica victa
:at numen (mentem jam ſaucia) veſtrum.
s, ſi ſæva ullis inſueta moveri,
ecibus præbere ſuas tractabilis aures,
jam ſentit, quem non miſerata furorem eſt.
idus et Daniæ Princeps, cui prælia curæ,
ata Tibi) pictis et ſplendor in armis,
c militiam veſtram, nec caſtra, Cupido,
ſed flammas et inania ſpicula riſit,
'epidos Suecos ardens agit æquore campi,
:nerem accipiens invicto pectore totam,
it palmas ad numina læſa rebelles.

non bella placent, et lituo lyram
'ert, atque caput Itali caſſide ferreâ
:ri ſolitum, divitis Itali
Unguentum redolens, ſuæ

inat gremio Conjugis; immemor
ni, dumque vagis luminibus Deam
ıſtrat, roſeis oſcula quæ labris
Libavit ſitiens bibit,

nitque gravi militiâ latus
Tum in thalamo lætus amabili:
mercede juvant vulnera, ſic caput
Objeciſſe periculis.

lit, Dione, læta Britannia,
cruentum nec meminit mare,
ſosve Cives indecorè, aut
Regna Dano populata ſorti;

dum renidens vindicat omnia
ıris ocellis Anna, Georgium
cenſque captivum catenis,
Per thalamum graditur triumphans.

ue ſurgit laudibus Haſſnia,
ndo retrò ſecula præcinens.
m Cimber Anglo junctus omni
Det trepido ſua jura Mundo.

ne! Suecia jam canit,
ı colonos dum neque fulgidis
terret armis, nec tremendo
Georgius indomitus tumultu.

Par beatum, ter, ter et ampliùs,
bligatam ferte Deæ dapem,
ıperque amantes Hanc benignam
'erpetuo celebrate plauſu!"

CAROLUS MONTAGU,
Generoſus, et A. M. Trin. Coll.

HE MAN OF HONOUR.

OCCASIONED BY

STSCRIPT OF PENN'S LETTER.

all the threats or favour of a crown,
prince's whiſper, or a tyrant's frown,

Can awe the ſpirit, or allure the mind,
Of him, who to ſtrict Honour is inclin'd.
Though all the pomp and pleaſure that does wait
On public places, and affairs of ſtate,
Should fondly court him to be baſe and great;
With even paſſions, and with ſettled face,
He would remove the harlot's falſe embrace.
Though all the ſtorms and tempeſts ſhould ariſe,
That church-magicians in their cells adviſe,
And from their ſettled baſis nations tear,
He would unmov'd the mighty ruin bear;
Secure in innocence contemn them all,
And decently array'd in honours fall.
For this, brave Shrewſbury and Lumley's name
Shall ſtand the foremoſt in the liſt of fame;
Who firſt with ſteady minds the current broke,
And to the ſuppliant monarch boldly ſpoke;
" Great Sir, renown'd for conſtancy, how juſt
" Have we obey'd the crown, and ſerv'd our truſt,
" Eſpous'd your cauſe and intereſt in diſtreſs,
" Yourſelf muſt witneſs, and our foes confeſs!
" Permit us then ill fortune to accuſe,
" That you at laſt unhappy councils uſe,
" And aſk the only thing we muſt refuſe.
" Our lives and fortunes freely we 'll expoſe,
" Honour alone we cannot, muſt not loſe;
" Honour, that ſpark of the celeſtial fire,
" That above nature makes mankind aſpire;
" Ennobles the rude paſſions of our frame
" With thirſt of glory and deſire of fame;
" The richeſt treaſure of a generous breaſt,
" That gives the ſtamp and ſtandard to the reſt.
" Wit, ſtrength, and courage, are wild dangerous
" force,
" Unleſs this ſoftens and directs their courſe;
" And would you rob us of the nobleſt part?
" Accept a ſacrifice without a heart?
" 'Tis much beneath the greatneſs of a throne,
" To take the caſket when the jewel 's gone;
" Debauch our principles, corrupt our race,
" And teach the nobles to be falſe and baſe;
" What confidence can you in them repoſe,
" Who, ere they ſerve you, all their value loſe?
" Who once enſlave their conſcience to their luſt,
" Have loſt their reins, and can no more be juſt.
" Of honour, men at firſt like women nice,
" Raiſe maiden ſcruples at unpractis'd vice;
" Their modeſt nature curbs the ſtruggling flame,
" And ſtifles what they wiſh to act, with ſhame:
" But once this fence thrown down, when they
" perceive
" That they may taſte forbidden fruit and live;
" They ſtop not here their courſe, but ſafely in,
" Grow ſtrong, luxuriant, and bold in ſin;
" True to no principles, preſs forward ſtill,
" And only bound by appetite their will:
" Now fawn and flatter, while this tide prevails,
" But ſhift with every veering blaſt their ſails.
" Mark thoſe that meanly truckle to your power,
" They once deſerted, and chang'd ſides before,
" And would to-morrow Mahomet adore.
" On higher ſprings true men of honour move,
" Free is their ſervice, and unbought their love:

" When danger call'd, and honour leads the way,
" With joy they follow, and with pride obey:
" When the rebellious foe came rolling on,
" And ſhook with gathering multitudes the throne,
" Where were the minions then? What arm, what
" force,
" Could they oppoſe to ſtop the torrent's courſe?
" Then Pembroke, then the nobles firmly ſtood,
" Free of their lives, and laviſh of their blood;
" But, when your orders to mean ends decline,
" With the ſame conſtancy they all reſign."
Thus ſpake the youth, who open'd firſt the way,
And was the Phoſph'rus to the dawning day;
Follow'd by a more glorious ſplendid hoſt,
Than any age, or any realm can boaſt:
So great their fame, ſo numerous their train,
To name were endleſs, and to praiſe in vain;
But Herbert and great Oxford merit more;
Bold is their flight, and more ſublime they ſoar;
So high their virtue as yet wants a name,
Exceeding wonder, and ſurpaſſing fame:
Riſe, glorious church, erect thy radiant head;
The ſtorm is paſt, th' impending tempeſt fled;
Had Fate decreed thy ruin or diſgrace,
It had not given ſuch ſons ſo brave a race;
When for deſtruction heaven a realm deſigns,
The ſymptoms firſt appear in ſlaviſh minds.
Theſe men would prop a ſinking nation's weight,
Stop falling vengeance, and reverſe ev'n fate.
Let other nations boaſt their fruitful ſoil,
Their fragrant ſpices, their rich wine and oil;
In breathing colours, and in living paint,
Let them excel; their maſtery we grant.
But to inſtruct the mind, to arm the ſoul
With virtue which no dangers can controul;
Exalt the thought, a ſpeedy courage lend,
That horror cannot ſhake, or pleaſure bend;
Theſe are the Engliſh arts, theſe we profeſs,
To be the ſame in miſery and ſucceſs;
To teach oppreſſors law, aſſiſt the good,
Relieve the wretched, and ſubdue the proud.
Such are our ſouls: but what doth worth avail
When kings commit to hungry prieſts the ſcale?
All merit 's light when they diſpoſe the weight,
Who either would embroil or rule the ſtate,
Deſame thoſe heroes who their yoke refuſe,
And blaſt that honeſty they cannot uſe;
The ſtrength and ſafety of the crown deſtroy,
And the king's power againſt himſelf employ;
Affront his friends, deprive him of the brave;
Bereft of theſe, he muſt become their ſlave.
Men, like our money, come the moſt in play,
For being baſe, and of a coarſe allay.
The richeſt medals, and the pureſt gold,
Of native value, and exacteſt mould,
By worth conceal'd, in private cloſets ſhine,
For vulgar uſe too precious and too fine;
Whilſt tin and copper with new ſtamping bright,
Coin of baſe metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the buſineſs of the nation's turn,
Rais'd in contempt, us'd and employ'd in ſcorn;
So ſhining virtues are for courts too bright,
Whoſe guilty actions fly the ſearching light:
Rich in themſelves, diſdaining to aſpire,
Great without pomp, they willingly retire;
Give place to fools, whoſe raſh miſjudging fear
Increaſes the weak meaſures of their prince;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor ſee thoſe dangers which the others ſhun:
Who, ſlow to act, each buſineſs duly weigh,
Adviſe with freedom, and with care obey;
With wiſdom fatal to their intereſt, ſtrive
To make their monarch lov'd, and nation thrive.
Such have no place where prieſts and women reign,
Who love fierce drivers, and a looſer rein.

AN EPISTLE TO CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S VICTORY IN IRELAND, 1690.

WHAT! ſhall the king the nation's genius raiſe,
And make us rival our great Edward's days;
Yet not one Muſe, worthy a conqueror's name,
Attend his triumphs, and record his fame?
Oh, Dorſet! you alone this fault can mend,
The Muſes' darling, confident, and friend;
The poets are your charge, and, if unfit,
You ſhould be fin'd to furniſh abler wit:
Oblig'd to quit your eaſe, and draw again,
To paint the greateſt hero, the beſt pen.
A hero, who thus early doth out-ſhine
The ancient honours of his glorious line;
And, ſoaring more ſublimely to renown,
The memory of their pious triumphs drown;
Whoſe actions are deliver'd o'er to fame,
As types and figures of his greater name.
When Fate ſome mighty genius has deſign'd,
For the relief and wonder of mankind,
Nature takes time to anſwer the intent,
And climbs, by ſlow degrees, the ſteep aſcent:
She toils and labours with the growing weight,
And watches carefully the ſteps of fate;
Till all the ſeeds of providence unite,
To ſet the hero in a happy light;
Then, in a lucky and propitious hour,
Exerts her force, and calls forth all her power.
In Naſſau's race ſhe made this long eſſay;
Heroes and patriots prepar'd the way,
And promis'd, in their dawn, this brighter day;
A public ſpirit diſtinguiſhed all the line,
Succeſſive virtues in each branch did ſhine,
Till this laſt glory roſe, and crown'd the great deſign.
Bleſt be his name! and peaceful lie his grave,
Who durſt his native ſoil, loſt Holland, ſave!
But William's genius takes a wider ſcope,
And gives the injur'd, in all kingdoms, hope;
Born to ſubdue inſulting tyrants' rage,
The ornament and terror of the age;

ıge where afflicted nations find
rom thoſe oppreſſors of mankind,
laws reſtrain not, and no oaths can bind.
ıeir deliverer Europe does confeſs,
ues extol, and all religions bleſs;
, the Danube, Bœtis, and the Rhine,
in his praiſe, their wonder join;
in the public cauſe, he takes the field,
lter'd nations fight behind his ſhield.
themſelves dare not applauſe refuſe:
ll ſuch actions want a faithful Muſe?
ve this to boaſt: without their aid,
heſt laurels nipp'd by malice, fade,
ue to oblivion is betray'd:
udeſt honours have a narrow date,
ney vindicate their names from fate.
ho is equal to ſuſtain the part?
has numbers, but he wants a heart;
a penance, which is too ſevere
ing once the fool, to perſevere.
who knew the trade, have laid it down;
›king round, I find you ſtand alone.
Sir, can you, or any Engliſh Muſe,
ıtry's fame, our monarch's arms, refuſe?
ot my want of gratitude, but ſkill,
ne decline what I can ne'er fulfil.
ſing of conqueſts as I ought,
breath fails to ſwell a lofty note.
ny compaſs, and my Muſe's ſize,
s to ſport and play, but dares not riſe:
Rs, in this familiar way,
ıumbers looſely to convey,
ıtual friendſhip would at diſtance ſay.
aſſume another tone and voice,
ſtory's their theme, and arms their choice.
v heroes in the chace of fame,
e and heat, and fancy wing'd with flame.
›rds can paint the royal warrior's face?
lours can the figure boldly raiſe,
›ver'd o'er with comely duſt and ſmoke,
'd the foe, and thickeſt ſquadrons broke?
ſting arm, ſtill painful with the ſore,
n his people's cauſe, the pious father bore:
cleaving through the troops a glorious
ay,
ınited force of France and hell could ſtay.
›rſet! I am rais'd! I 'm all on fire!
my ſtrength could anſwer my deſire,
ng paint this figure ſhould be ſeen,
e his grandeur, and like Mars his mien;
s deſcending ſhould adorn the ſcene.
e! upon the banks of Boyne he ſtands,
vn view adjuſting his commands:
l ſerene the armed coaſt ſurveys,
cool thoughts, the different chances
eighs:
'd with fame and eager of renown,
to end the war and fix the throne.
ng to wing the ſquadrons bending ſtand,
e their ranks to meet their king's com-
and;
ns and trumpets ſleep, the ſprightly noiſe
ng ſteeds, and cannons louder voice,
l in attention, baniſh far
e ſounds, and huſh the din of war:

The ſilent troops ſtretch forth an eager look,
Liſtening with joy, while thus their general ſpoke:
" Come, fellow-ſoldiers, follow me once more,
" And fix the fate of Europe on that ſhore;
" Your courage only waits from me the word,
" But England's happineſs commands my ſword:
" In her defence I every part will bear,
" The ſoldier's danger, and the prince's care,
" And envy any arm an equal ſhare.
" Set all that 's dear to men before your ſight;
" For laws, religion, liberty, we fight;
" To ſave your wives from rape, your towns from
" flame,
" Redeem your country ſold, and vindicate her
" name:
" At whoſe requeſt and timely call I roſe,
" To tempt my fate, and all my hopes expoſe;
" Struggled with adverſe ſtorms and winter ſeas,
" That in my labours you might find your eaſe.
" Let other monarchs dictate from afar,
" And write the empty triumphs of the war;
" In lazy palaces ſupinely ruſt;
" My ſword ſhall juſtify my people's truſt,
" For which—But I your victory delay;
" Come on; I and my Genius lead the way."
He ſaid, new life and joy ran through the hoſt
And ſenſe of danger in their wonder loſt;
Precipitate they plunge into the flood,
In vain the waves, the banks, the men, withſtood:
The king leads on, the king does all inflame,
The king—and carries millions in the name.
As when the ſwelling ocean burſts his bounds,
And foaming overwhelms the neighbouring
grounds,
The roaring deluge, ruſhing headlong on,
Sweeps cities in its courſe, and bears whole foreſts
down;
So on the foe the firm battalions preſt,
And he, like the tenth wave, drove on the reſt;
Fierce, gallant, young, he ſhot through every
place,
Urging their flight, and hurrying on the chace;
He hung upon their rear, or lighten'd in their
face.
Stop! ſtop! brave Prince! allay that generous
flame,
Enough is given to England, and to fame.
Remember, Sir, you in the centre ſtand,
Europe's divided intereſts you command,
All their deſigns uniting in your hand:
Down from your throne deſcends the golden
chain,
Which does the fabric of our world ſuſtain;
That once diſſolv'd by any fatal ſtroke,
The ſcheme of all our happineſs is broke.
Stop! ſtop! brave Prince! fleets may repair
again,
And routed armies rally on the plain:
But ages are requir'd to raiſe ſo great a man!
Hear, how the waves of French ambition roar,
Diſdaining bounds, and breaking on the ſhore,
Which you, ordain'd to curb their wild deſ-
tructive power,
That ſtrength remov'd; again, again, they flow,
Lay Europe waſte, nor law, nor limits know.

Stop! ſtop! brave Prince!—what, does your Muſe, Sir, faint?
Proceed, purſue his conqueſts—faith, I can't:
My ſpirits ſink, and will no longer bear;
Rapture and fury carry'd me thus far
Tranſported and amaz'd———
That rage once ſpent, I can no more ſuſtain
Your flights, your energies, and tragic ſtrain,
But fall back to my natural pace again;
In humble verſe provoking you to rhyme;
I wiſh there were more Dorſets at this time.
Oh! if in France this hero had been born,
What glitt'ring tinſel would his acts adorn!
There 'tis immortal fame, and high renown,
To ſteal a country, and to buy a town;
There triumphs are o'er kings and kingdoms ſold,
And captive virtue led in chains of gold.
If courage could, like courts, be kept in pay,
What ſums would Lewis give, that France might ſay
What victory follow'd where he led the way?
He all his conqueſts would for this refund,
And take th' equivalent, a glorious wound.
Then, what advice, to ſpread his real fame,
Would paſs between Verſailles and Nôtredame?
Their plays, their ſongs, would dwell upon his wound,
And operas repeat no other ſound;
Boyne would, for ages, be the painter's theme,
The Gobelins labour, and the poets dream:
The wounded arm would furniſh all their rooms:
And bleed for ever ſcarlet in the looms:
Boileau with this would plume his artful pen:
And can your Muſe be ſilent? Think again.
Spare your advice; and ſince you have begun,
Finiſh your own deſign; the work is done.
Done! nothing's done! nor the dead colours laid,
And the moſt glorious ſcenes ſtand undiſplay'd;
A thouſand generous actions cloſe the rear;
A thouſand virtues, ſtill behind, ſtand crowding to appear.
The Queen herſelf, the charming Queen ſhould grace
The noble piece, and in an artful place
Soften war's horror with her lovely face.
Who can omit the Queen's auſpicious ſmile,
The pride of the fair ſex, the goddeſs of our iſle?
Who can forget, what all admir'd of late,
Her fears for him her prudence for the ſtate?
Diſguiſing cares, ſhe ſmooth'd her looks with grace,
Doubts in her heart, and pleaſure in her face.
As danger did approach, her ſpirits roſe,
And, putting on the king, dilmay'd his foes.
Now, all in joy, ſhe gilds the chearful court;
In every glance deſcending angels ſport.
As on the hills of Cynthus, or the meads
Of cool Eurotas, when Diana leads
The chorus of her Nymphs, who there advance
A thouſand ſhining maids, and form the dance;
The ſtately Goddeſs with a graceful pride,
Sweet and majeſtic, does the figure guide,
Treading in juſt and eaſy meaſures round;
The ſilver arrows on her ſhoulder ſound;
She walks above them all. Such is the ſcene
Of the bright circle, and the brighter Queen.
Theſe ſubjects do, my Lord, your ſkill command,
Theſe none may touch with an unhallow'd hand;
Tender the ſtrokes muſt be, and nicely writ,
Diſguis'd encomiums muſt be hid in wit,
Which modeſty, like theirs, will e'er admit,
Who made no other ſteps to ſuch a throne,
But to deſerve, and to receive, the crown.

WRITTEN AT ALTHROP,

IN A BLANK LEAF OF WALLER'S POEMS,

UPON SEEING

VANDYKE'S PICTURE OF THE OLD LADY SUNDERLAND.

VANDYKE had colours, ſoftneſs, fire, and art,
When the fair Sunderland inflam'd his heart.
Waller had numbers, fancy, wit, and fire,
And Sacharilſa was his fond deſire.
Why then at Althrop ſeem her charms to faint,
In theſe ſweet numbers and that glowing paint?
This happy ſeat a fairer miſtreſs warms;
This ſhining offspring has eclips'd her charms:
The different beauties in one face we find;
Soft Amoret with brighteſt Sacharilſa join'd.
As high as Nature reach'd, their art could loar;
But ſhe ne'er made a finiſh'd piece before.

VERSES,

WRITTEN FOR THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB, 1703.

Ducheſs of ST. ALBANS.

THE line of Vere, ſo long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with luſtre in St. Albans charms.
Her conquering eyes have made their race compleat;
They roſe in Valour, and in Beauty ſet.

Ducheſs of BEAUFORT.

Offspring of a tuneful ſire,
Bleſt with more than mortal fire;
Likeneſs of a mother's face,
Bleſt with more than mortal grace;
You with double charms ſurprize,
With his wit, and with her eyes.

Lady MARY CHURCHILL.

Faireſt and lateſt of the beauteous race,
Bleſt with your parents wit, and her firſt blooming face;

our liberties in William's reign,
alone that liberty reſtrain.

Ducheſs of RICHMOND.

ir Richmonds different ages boaſt,
s the firſt, and ours the brighteſt toaſt;
rs offerings prove who 's moſt divine,
ific'd in water, we in wine.

Lady SUNDERLAND.

e's charms in Sunderland appear,
her eyes, and as her reaſon clear:
ieir force, to men not ſafely known,
liſcover'd to herſelf alone.

Mademoiſelle SPANHEIME.

n Germany, ador'd in France,
ms to brighter glory here advance;
orn Britons own your beauty's claim,
their native toaſts enrol your name.

ON THE

TESS DOWAGER OF ****.

AGE, dear Moll, and drive away deſ-
pair.
who in her youth was ſcarce thought fair,
f age, experience, and decays,
r Charming, in her fading days;
r dim eyes to give one parting blow,
he heart of every ogling beau!
lly gooſe, all feather'd like a jay,
y vain, and ſo demurely gay,
t. t' adorn the court, did overload
buff forehead with a high commode:
were manag'd with ſuch tender art,
board had been a lover's heart.
air, in every glance, was ſeen
e ſtrange, 'twixt fifty and fifteen.
ſops about her crowding preſs;
himſelf delivers their addreſs,
e, accepting with a nice diſdain,
m her ſubjects, and begins to reign;
en of Fopland is her royal ſtyle;
the greateſt part of this great iſle!
id ne'er ſo equally divide
heart, 'twixt piety and pride:
ing-maids prevent the peep of day,
in order, on her toilet lay
ooks, patch-boxes, ſermon notes, and
aint;
' improve the ſinner and the ſaint.

Farewel, friend Moll: expect no
But if you would a full deſcriptic
You 'll find her ſomewhere in th
With Pride, Vain-glory, and Hy

VERSES BY LORD

FROM DR. Z. GREY

ALL the materials are the ſa
Of beauty and deſire,
In a fair woman's goodly frame
No brightneſs is without a flame
No flame without a fire.
Then tell me what thoſe creatur
That would be thought both cha

Go aſk but thy philoſophy
What gives her lips the balm,
What makes her breaſts to heav
What ſpirit gives motion to her
Or moiſture to her palm?
Then tell me, &c.

Ah Celia, then, be not ſo ni
For that betrays thy thoughts a
There 's not a feature or a grac
Bedecks thy body or thy face,
But pimps within for me.
Then tell me, &c.

ON

ORPHE

AND

SIGNORA FRANCISCA

HAIL, tuneful pair! ſay, h
charms,
One 'ſcap'd from hell, and one fr
When the ſoft Thracian touc
ſtrings,
The winds were huſh'd, and
wings;
And when the tawny Tuſcan ra
Rook furls his ſails, and dozes
Treaties unfiniſh'd in the office
And Shovel yawns for orders o
Thus equal charms and equal c
To him high woods and bendin
To her ſhrub Hedges, and tall

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[redacted]